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Harper's Magazine

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS • NEW YORK AND LONDON

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Harper's Magazine

VOL 191 No 1142 July 1945

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DETROIT'S ARMED CAMPS

The Collapse of Industrial Discipline

EARL BROWN

{ *Earl Brown, a correspondent for Life and Time, wrote "The Truth About the Detroit Riot" in the November 1943 issue of Harper's.* }

DETROIT is seething with industrial strife. Few people across the country realize how bad the situation is. Frank Rising, industry member of the War Labor Board in Detroit, recently prophesied: "There's bound to be an explosion here between labor and management after the war. I can't see anything that will stop it. Things are so bad it's the only way they can resolve their differences. This town is in a terrible mess."

It is indeed. The workers in some of the plants are uncontrollable. They don't know what discipline is. Wildcat strikes, slow downs, soldiering on the job, bloody fights, and many other kinds of industrial anarchy keep Detroit's war plants in a frenzy, and, more important, constantly

interrupt the flow of war goods. The workers, led by the lusty, politically-ridden Auto Workers Union, hate and suspect their bosses more than ever. On the other hand, the manufacturers, who are the best producers in the world, continue to make a mess of their labor relations. The government, which has asked Detroit to produce more war goods than any other city in the country, is caught in the middle of the incessant warfare between labor and management, is blamed by them for much of the trouble, and has no clear idea of its own how to keep the industrial peace and get more production.

One of the most serious characteristics of Detroit's trouble is that nobody—the union, the employers, or the government—can put his finger on the nub of it. The

employers are screaming at the union leaders, the union leaders are hollering "you're another" at the employers, and the government men are running round in circles not knowing exactly what to do. Everybody in the town has an angle and he is pushing it for all it's worth. Nobody is co-operating.

This state of affairs was aired publicly last March, when a subcommittee of the Mead Committee for the Investigation of War Production held hearings in Detroit on the manpower situation. The subcommittee, which consisted of Senators Mead, Mitchell, and Ferguson, blew into town in an army bomber on March 9, and blew out in one four days later. When it had gone, everybody was more confused about the manpower situation than before, because the union men and the employers used the hearings for the sole purpose of blaming each other for Detroit's industrial sins, and the senators neither did nor said anything to help clarify matters. In fact, after the subcommittee had returned to Washington, Senator Mead telegraphed to some of the "contestants" who testified at the hearings, asking them if there really was a manpower shortage in Detroit.

Although the testimony of the auto makers, their representatives, and the union men did nothing to clear up the manpower situation, it did emphasize the confusion, misunderstanding, and enmity which exist between the manufacturers and the workers. Charging the union with "muscling in" and trying to "usurp the function, the responsibility, and authority of management," George Romney, managing director of the Automotive Council for War Production—official front of the Automobile Manufacturers Association—testified that strikes and work stoppages were five times as numerous now as before the war; that "entire plants are being thrown into carefree disorder and unruliness" because most workers "can't answer the question, who's boss?" and that the union's efforts have reduced automotive production more than twenty-five per cent. The following are examples of irresponsible behavior which, Mr. Romney said, are typical of worker attitudes in Detroit's war plants:

One hundred and thirty-eight workers pulled their shirt tails out of their trousers and paraded through a plant in protest against management's order to obey safety regulations. A female employee in another plant set up a beauty parlor in the women's rest room and did a rushing beauty culture business, serving other women workers during working hours. Three hundred workers beat up a small group of labor relations men and plant guards and destroyed everything in the office. Six girls ganged around a seventh one at the gate of a plant and threatened to beat her up if she didn't stop working so hard.

The chairman of the shop committee in the plant of the Malleable Iron Company, according to Romney, had been up three times for discharge because of tardiness, absenteeism, and because he was an alien. He was late 325 times in two years. But when he was fired in January 1945, the other workers in the plant struck for half a day. An officer of the Army Air Forces assigned to the plant interceded for the worker, assuring the company that his conduct would improve. When the company pointed out to the officer that it could not give the worker another chance, he said: "The hell with it. Other people are doing it."

Sixteen test drivers and thirteen inspectors in a tank test department at a Chrysler plant refused to work because the test track was too dusty. The company had the track watered and then the men refused to work because it was too muddy. When the company refused to pay them for the time wasted, they refused to work at all. Forty-one repairmen struck for a day in sympathy with the testers. On December 19, 1944, two thousand workers at the Motor Products Company went on strike because a union man was fired for pulling a knife on a foreman. The strike lasted a week. Workers in another plant stopped work for a meeting on grievances, found they had none to mention, and went back to work again. Mr. Romney also related instances in which workers were caught sleeping on the job, selling liquor, gambling, and quitting before time. He said that every kind of breach of discipline that

could occur has occurred in most of Detroit's war plants.

REPLYING to Romney, Walter Reuther, vice-president of the Auto Workers Union, told the committee that management has taken unfair advantage of the no-strike pledge and has hoarded labor, and that individual companies have been engaged in black market reconversion. Edward L. Cushman, director of the War Manpower Commission in Detroit, corroborated Reuther's charge that last fall Republic Aircraft Division of Aviation Corp. diverted engineers from vital war work to do post-war toy planning.

Stating that "management's attitude toward labor is another factor blocking efficient utilization of manpower," Reuther declared that management has refused to bargain collectively for the elimination of grievances, has discouraged union efforts to settle differences, and has resisted the introduction of labor-management production committees, except in such non-production matters as recruiting blood donors and seeking war bond contributions.

In support of Reuther's statement, R. J. Thomas, president of the union, testified that workers had been transferred out of foundries into other production jobs at Packard, Dodge, and Ford, "though foundry work is the most critical bottleneck existing in the automobile industry today"; that skilled hammer men in the Dodge forge plant were put to work sweeping floors, or moving heavy machines in preparation for reconversion, while machinery for the production of 16,000 seventy-five mm. shells per day was standing idle; and that Alfred P. Sloan, chairman of the board of the General Motors Corporation, rejected an appeal made by Theodore K. Quinn, director-general of WPB's war production drive, urging the establishment of labor-management production committees in the company's plants. "Our union," Mr. Thomas said, "has refused to accept the position of management that problems of war production are none of our business."

At the conclusion of the hearings Senator Mead arose and, addressing himself to the warring auto makers and their

workers, said: "All I see that is needed here is ten per cent more harmony." Then after promising that the committee would return to Detroit to delve deeper into its industrial relations problems, he thanked one and all for their "splendid co-operation" and swept out of the room with the other members of the committee. After they had gone a high official of one of the multifarious government agencies doing business in Detroit remarked: "The Mead Committee came to town, opened Pandora's box, peeped in, and shut it tight again."

The day after the hearings I called on some of the men who had testified before the committee to see if I could piece together a sensible story about Detroit's muddled manpower and industrial relations pictures. I found all of them still fuming and unshakable in their beliefs that "it's the other guy's fault."

The first one I saw was Romney. His office is in the General Motors development, about two miles from Cadillac Square. With the assistance of three of his subordinates, Romney, who was a Washington lobbyist for the Aluminum Company of America before taking up the cudgels for the auto makers, pounded home to me their case. He was almost tearful about it. He shoved a gross of paper into my hand with hundreds of case histories of instances of worker dereliction in practically every plant in the Detroit area. He declared that his assistants had gathered the information first-hand and that the Automotive Council would back up every word of it. A fast talker, Romney rattled off additional examples of worker irresponsibility, including one about the workers at Willow Run smashing the windows of the plant in July to get more air; and another one about a worker in Ford's Rouge plant being caught nine times selling whiskey at 50 cents a shot before he was fired, and about the big business in the sale of policy slips in the plants. At the conclusion of the interview, Romney, full of emotion and with the confidential air of a man revealing something astounding for the first time, declared that the Auto Workers Union, with the help of the government, was trying to take over Detroit's plants. As I

left the room, his assistants were nodding in agreement.

I next went over to Dearborn, to the Ford Administration building, to see John Bugas, Ford's industrial relations man. All industrial relations men in Detroit have harassed looks and Mr. Bugas was no exception. "I've just come from the plant (Rouge) where they're striking," he said right off. "A hundred and fifty went out over there because we fired a guy for threatening a foreman. The union has a good grievance procedure but the workers don't pay any attention to it. They just go out any time they feel like it."

Asserting that Ford's production cost, in time, dollars, and cents, is higher than in peacetime, Mr. Bugas said that the main reasons for it were inefficiency of the workers and added cost because of irresponsible union leadership. "Mr. Ford said," Bugas stated, "that what he pays a worker doesn't make any difference to him, even if it's fifty dollars a day. All he wants is that a worker earns his pay." When I asked Bugas if Ford believed in collective bargaining he replied: "Many things will have to be weighed before we can say the union contract works"; and, with an ominous air, he added: "It runs to the end of the war."

Officials of the General Motors and Chrysler corporations and the Continental Motors Company talked in just about the same vein as Bugas and Romney. Harry W. Anderson, vice-president of General Motors, stated, however, that his company's labor relations were not really bad. His statement was verified in a left hand way by some union men who declared that General Motors has better industrial relations than any other company in Detroit. They added, however, that they are far from excellent.

II

THE causes of industrial strife in Detroit are both simple and complicated. Among the many reasons for it, however, are the following: 1) Detroit is still a mushroomed, highly industrialized town where human relations receive little or no consideration. 2) Hundreds of thousands of untrained, undisciplined, rural workers are employed in its plants. 3) The work-

ers have a constant fear of losing their jobs. 4) The union is riven with discord. 5) The industrial relations policies of most of the manufacturers are immature and often bigoted. 6) The Government agencies set up to handle labor disputes are too slow in rendering their decisions. 7) The city officials have failed to provide constructive leadership.

Mass production requires workers in the mass. As the automobile industry grew in a series of booms, Detroit also grew; the city bulged and mushroomed to its limits and then expanded further. In 1914, Henry Ford, to the consternation of Wall Street, set his minimum pay at five dollars a day. The news was literally flashed around the world, and it set in motion a renewed stream of migrants to Detroit which has never stopped. Before the First World War the wonder story of five dollars a day reached the gullies and draws of the Kentucky and Tennessee mountains, and the Southerners began to move. All through that war and the boom years that followed they kept on coming, black and white. The influx dwindled during the depression and then quickened again when the United States began to get ready for war. Negroes came from the Alabama cotton fields and cane country. The poor whites from the hill country came, the red necks and the crackers. In their wake came the ecclesiastical camp followers—the backwoods preachers, parsons of the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church, Southern white shouters and evangelists—all on their way to five golden dollars a day.

By 1940, the city had grown in a dozen different directions—the population of the incorporated city was 1,625,000—and still more were coming for war jobs. The War Manpower Commission estimated that about 700,000 persons moved into the Detroit area between June 1940 and March 1945. There are now estimated to be more than a half million Southern whites, about 250,000 Negroes, 350,000 Poles and 75,000 Jews in Detroit. One of the most polyglot cities on earth, it also contains thousands of Italians, Germans, Mexicans, and other nationalities scrambled in one huge ant heap of humanity. And all these people live in a town in

which the well-being of everybody depends absolutely on automobiles.

The bottom was knocked out of Detroit in 1929, though the auto manufacturers couldn't believe it. "These are really good times," Henry Ford said in March 1931, "but only a few know it." Five months later, in August 1931, he shut down his plants, throwing 75,000 men out of work. The other plants shut down, too, when a series of sensational scandals and crashes began bringing down the banks. Detroit became one of the most desolate places in the country.

The Motor City had never been a union town, but in the sorry days after 1930 there were numerous attempts to organize the auto workers. The Communists tried their hand at it and led three or four abortive strikes in the winter of '33. There were attempts by other groups, largely frustrated. But these moves alarmed the local manufacturers, and in 1931 the Detroit Union League, which included many of the most prominent industrialists of the city in its membership, called for strong action against the Reds and other labor agitators. The witch hunt was on, and the Union League's diatribe against the agitators ushered in a period of murder, mayhem, and relentless intimidation of auto workers, as well as demagogic exhortations of truly shocking proportions. The latter have never ceased.

The manufacturers maintained thoroughly organized units of labor spies who pried into every move their workers made both on and off the job. These pluguglies showed up at lodge meetings, in speakeasies, churches, social gatherings, union meetings—wherever the workers went. They hounded the men night and day, and whenever one of them reported anything at all against a worker, the worker was fired forthwith.

In the meantime, the auto workers were laid off for three or four months a year while the plants were being re-tooled. During their annual period of unemployment they were literally in hock to the small loan companies which dotted Detroit's business districts. In the days when the Motor City was the nation's most glorified company town the life of the

auto workers was indeed inglorious. But they kept coming for that mythical five dollars a day.

By the middle '30's, Detroit could boast at least one tub-thumper for every known variety of panacea, political nostrum, or agitation. All shades of opinion were represented, all races, all creeds, all political attitudes and beliefs. And the pickings were easy; the hill-billies, the field hands, and the foreigners were easy prey—financial and otherwise—for the thousands of quacks. They plied their rackets in the plants (sometimes with the encouragement of the boss, who preferred cultists to unionism for his workers), on the street corners, over the radio, in the store front, and in lofty churches.

Recovery brought Detroit back to life after 1933. Relief and other kinds of New Deal spending primed it for production once again. Efforts to organize automobile unions—in the form of the Associated Automobile Workers, the Automotive Workers Association, the Mechanics Educational Society of America and others—were redoubled, and after the National Recovery Act and Section 7A went into the statute book, they never let up. Eventually the early unions were consolidated into the United Automobile Workers (CIO), and in October 1936, Chrysler recognized them. The backbone of the opposition was broken in 1937 when General Motors surrendered, following the famous sitdown strike.

FOR a long period after the defense effort began, munitions production in Detroit was at cross purposes. For one thing the automobile manufacturers bucked against the idea of plant conversion, and, for another, Washington had not yet organized its production requirements. For still another, the Auto Workers Union (which vociferously backed the war) was plugging Walter Reuther's plan to consolidate idle plant resources in Detroit. The car makers would have none of it.

It was in this atmosphere that the great drive to organize Ford began. The thing that eventually turned the trick in this campaign was a wildcat strike which was not initiated by the union at all. The

union leaders, however, declared the strike official and redoubled their efforts to win over a few thousand Negro workers, whom Ford had persuaded to act as strikebreakers. They succeeded, and the result—as everybody knows—was a tremendous victory for the union in the ensuing N.L.R.B. election and the collapse of the last big opposition to the U.A.W.

The union now found itself the most important single influence in Detroit, with more than 350,000 members and new ones joining up every day. But when this great crowd of men was swept into the union, each individual carried his private ideas with him. It would be difficult to find a more heterogeneous crowd than the union embraces. There are Negroes and whites, Christians and Jews, shouting Baptists and Full Gospel men, Polish Catholics and Communists, Socialists and Democrats, Republicans and anarchists, followers of Father Coughlin and disciples of Gerald L. K. Smith. Factionalism is nothing new for the union. It has been present from the beginning; the first explosion coming in 1938, when the union president—a firebrand Baptist preacher from Kansas City named Homer Martin—was thrown out. The Communists were active in the early stages (they engineered the deal to throw out Homer Martin) and they are still percolating. The race and religious issues have smoldered constantly, intermittently bursting into flame.

There are two principal wings of the U.A.W. union. The right wing, supported by the Socialists, is led by Walter Reuther, the union's vice-president. The left wing, backed by the Communists, is led by George Addes, the international secretary-treasurer. R. J. Thomas, the president, has the job of trying to keep these two wings sufficiently balanced while simultaneously sweating to maintain his own position. Nicknamed the "Dead End Kids of the Labor Movement," these men and a few others at the top of the union heap are tough, smart, and determined.

In addition to the right and left wings, there are some half dozen lesser factions constantly allying themselves with first one and then the other of the two major

groups, and (in assorted combinations) with one another, in continual struggles to advance their own causes and leaders within the union. Among these factions are the Klan and its various splinters, the Catholics, the Jews, the Negroes, and dissident cells of Socialists and Communists who refuse to have any dealings with the major bodies of their political persuasions. This is the motley outfit which is the biggest power in Detroit today, poised as a counterbalance to the Big Three—Ford, Chrysler, and General Motors.

A FEW months after Ford had capitulated and the U.A.W. had swept the board clean in Detroit in 1941, the war broke. All of a sudden the union found itself with more members than it could handle and the members found themselves with more money than they could sensibly spend. Detroit industrialists, asked by the government to manufacture about one-sixth of all the war goods needed by the armed forces, scraped the barrel for workers at unheard-of wages. They put two-dollar-an-hour skilled men to work sweeping floors in order to make sure that they would have their services when more material came in. Some foremen told their men to "take it easy, just stay out of sight" when things were slow. Workers at Willow Run and other plants spent much of their time making steel rings, knives, and other gadgets and gave them to their bosses as presents. Union stewards came to work in their Sunday suits and hustled round all day trying to stir up some union business. Six men were put to work doing what three could have done, and some workers punched in and punched out without hitting a lick all day.

In the meantime, the international union leaders, relieved by the war of many of their purely union obligations to their men, such as fighting for higher wages, continued to heckle the manufacturers and accuse them of being anti-union. The manufacturers, in turn, denounced the international leaders and blamed all war production trouble on them and their followers.

In so far as their jobs went, the men were divided into two groups: the old-time

auto workers who were laid off for three or four months every year, and the hundreds of thousands of raw recruits who didn't know what industrial discipline meant. Shocked at first when their foremen told them to take it easy, the old-timers finally realized that they were on a gravy train, and what is more, many of them elected to stay on it. "Why I never saw anything like it in my life!" John (Black Jack) Blazevic, a Ford worker for twenty years, exclaimed in 1942. "They used to have twenty men and one boss on the job, now they got one man and nine bosses."

Of course, this kind of a production picnic couldn't keep up forever without somebody's getting into trouble, and finally it happened. Some of the plants fell behind in their production schedules, and the W.P.B., the Army, the Navy, and the Air Forces began to holler for their planes, tanks, trucks, and guns. The more they hollered the more confused the production picture became. The bosses tried to step up the output of their workers, who balked because they thought the bosses wanted them to work themselves out of their jobs, or because they didn't know what industrial discipline was. When told by his foreman to increase his production a worker at Ford's Rouge plant would ask: "What the hell you want me to do, take Miller Road for it?" (Miller Road is a highway running by the Rouge plant, used by the workers going to and from work, on which they travel home when they are fired or laid off.) Wildcat strikes began to pop all over the place; workers struck for anything and nothing.

Conditions became so bad that the union leaders finally had to take a stand against the irresponsible workers. In May 1943, 20,000 at the Packard plant struck when three Negroes were upgraded to better jobs. President R. J. Thomas called the strikers together at a huge mass meeting, told them that the union would not countenance racial discrimination, and ordered them back to work. When the men on the night shift reported for work, Thomas later testified to the Mead Committee, two or three officials of the company circulated among them, told them that they did not have to work with Negroes if they did not want to, and the men

walked out again. The strike lasted a week.

In May 1944, the union ousted fifteen officers of a rebellious local for participating in a wildcat strike against Chrysler. "Public opinion," Thomas said at the time, "has become inflamed against our union. Our union cannot survive if the nation and our soldiers believe that we are obstructing the war effort. Either we set our house in order at once, cease all wildcat strikes, or we face an attack no union can stand. We must restrain ourselves and our hotheaded brothers today. If we do not, there will be no union after the war." But these harsh words of the troubled head of the nation's biggest union fell on deaf ears. The wildcat strikes continue unabated.

So do the cut-backs. Ford has laid off about 60,000 workers in the last year, and Willow Run, always a white elephant, is going down soon. The War Manpower Commission announced last spring that by November 1944, manufacturing employment in Detroit had dropped by 98,300 from the peak of November 1943.

III

MR. RISING of the War Labor Board in Detroit, in addition to predicting that the city would blow up after the war, stated that the town would be plagued by more strikes than ever before. "They will be caused by management's efforts to increase production and labor's resistance to discipline," he said. "During the war management has overlooked many acts of worker irresponsibility, but management has never changed its mind about the right to enforce discipline. The union has stated publicly that discipline should not be invoked by management without first consulting the union. Of course, management objects to this.

"The union is too big, loose, and irresponsible," he went on. "The international has no control over its membership. In fact, the union is upside down. It tries to provide the ultimate in democracy but fails. This is proven by the fact that the leaders come in and say they will get workers to return to their jobs, yet strikes go on. The problem is primarily one of discipline,

but I don't believe you can persuade people by talk alone to appreciate discipline and responsibility. And that's why the blow-up is bound to come."

On the March 29 "Town Meeting of the Air" program Senator Wayne B. Morse, former public representative of the National War Labor Board, asserted: "Too frequently employers have taken advantage of labor's pledge not to strike by refusing to settle shop grievances quickly and fairly. Some employers have attempted to break a union by such well-known tactics as refusing to bargain, or by stalling bargaining, or by supporting a rival union, or by resorting to various forms of favoritism designed to stir up dissension, jealousies, and dissatisfaction between workers and union officials. The point that I want to make above all else is that not all of the blame for work stoppages should be placed upon the workers, because a few employers have failed to live up to their obligations, too, under the no-strike agreement."

"During this war, the public—at least in the headlines—has been fed strike news but little news about the unworthy conduct of some employers which too frequently has been provocative of labor unrest."

That the failure of the government to act intelligently and resolutely in the handling of labor-management disputes during this war has seriously injured war production and the chances of the unions and the employers getting together on any common ground, is the opinion of many well-informed, impartial observers. Both the U.A.W. and the auto magnates have been particularly wrathful in their condemnation of the government in this regard. The government not only broke faith with labor and management and with the War Labor Board when it did not leave the Board free to settle labor disputes, but it also pyramided the Office of the Director of Economic Stabilization and the Office of War Mobilization on top of the War Labor Board. Then on top of all that the government failed to define clearly the jurisdiction, policies, and powers of each, causing much confusion and resulting in the development of procedures which caused untold delays.

IF Mr. Rising's predictions are to be proved false and Detroit is not to be blown up by the workers and the employers of the auto industry, the warriors in both camps must recognize certain facts about production and economics. First and foremost, the workers must get it through their heads that strikes in wartime must not occur. Although strikes in peacetime may be chiefly against the employer, in wartime they are aimed directly at the heart of the country; they may prove to be as harmful to its security as an enemy army. Secondly, the workers can't solve their problem by stretching out the job. This is stupid at any time, but especially in wartime, because it means a loss of contracts, and, moreover, the war will end sometime anyhow. Thirdly, the workers should realize once and for all that discipline is the right and responsibility of management. Grievance machinery agreed to by the union as well as management is included in each contract and the workers should live up to it. There is no hope of labor peace in Detroit until the workers accept management's right to discipline employees.

On the other hand, management must stop mouthing pious platitudes about the right of workers to organize while knifing the unions in the back. It must stop provoking strikes, something that a part of it has been guilty of all during the war. Management's action in this regard is even worse than the union's, because it hides behind the headlines in the newspapers while the union must take it on the chin every time a strike occurs. Management must also cease being a bully toward the workers and disciplining them without good cause. This only confirms their contention that a leopard cannot change its spots, and causes them to hate and fear the boss more and more. If management demands more production per worker, it must be willing to pay higher wages for it. This would at least tend to keep the workers' ability to buy goods equal to their ability to produce them.

In the meantime, the workers know, of course, that our economic machinery may be thrown out of kilter by technological improvements and that consequently many of them will be jobless. This is one

reason why capable labor leaders such as Walter Reuther are going round the country making speeches about government-management-labor co-operation against the breadline during reconversion. In March 1944, in the course of a discussion with Eric Johnston and Henry J. Kaiser, Reuther said: "Our experience in World War I, and more so in the present war, has proven beyond question that without government initiative the effective mobilization of our national economic life and productive effort cannot be achieved. It has been necessary to accept government direction and co-ordination to meet the needs of war. We must be prepared to accept it to meet the peace."

He then plugged the creation of a Peace Production Board to be composed of representatives of government, management, labor, the farmers, and the consumers, and authorized to plan, organize, and direct

the reconversion to peace production "so as to achieve full and continuous production." So far Reuther's plan for industrial peace has been received by the employers with about as much enthusiasm as his plan for conversion to war production in 1940.

But some employers are convinced that management must co-operate with labor if either one is to survive and prosper. Whether Reuther's Peace Production Board is feasible may be beside the point. But co-operation between labor and management, particularly the union men and the auto makers, is mandatory if Detroit is to avoid a blow-up. The sooner each side mends its ways, the better off everybody will be. For with industrial relations in their present battered state, and with racial friction more tense than it has ever been before, an explosion in Detroit might set the whole country on fire.

What Word for Spring?

SYLVIA STALLINGS

WHAT word for spring, O men of the aircraft carriers?
 What April word for the pilots, hunters and harriers,
 At the falling hour, for the kiss of ship with the foam?
 Four days' leave, O seaman; days to stand
 In the wheat-bright, the beloved land;
 Time to remember ploughing and turn home.
 (For great blue plumes of lilac sway in the wind;
 Round narcissus and deep-belled hyacinths blow
 All over Carolina and a low
 Moon wakes the mockingbird, a slow, blind
 Moon at the full, heavy and high.)
 Sailor, four days of furlough in the spring: O take my
 Life with you on the voyage over and unwind
 The wealth of hours that so lightly lie
 Stretching endlessly before me and behind.
 When fog folds the convoy in its sheets and rain drips
 All night upon the loaded ships,
 Then wear my fortunate eye and see how the gold-
 Flounced sycamore rakes at the sky.
 Remember too wild pink azalea and the cold
 Creeks between the corn-planted river-bottom lands.
 Take also my heart into your hands,
 Since it is made of earth and flower and tree,
 And having these you cannot but have me.

{ *Mr. Allen, editor of Harper's Magazine and*
author of Only Yesterday and Since Yesterday,
was in San Francisco from April 22 to May 8. }

SAN FRANCISCO RETROSPECT

FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN



IMAGINE yourself in a sparkingly sunny city—a more compact, cleaner, whiter New York—in which ten of the chief hotels, clustering on the slopes and summit of a startlingly abrupt hill, are packed with visitors newly arrived from all over the world—foreign ministers, advisers, experts, aides, secretaries, and news correspondents.

Imagine a group of majestic buildings, constructed in the monumental Beaux-Arts-classical-civic-uplift style of architecture, separated by broad avenues from garages and cheap shops and carpenter-Gothic apartment houses. Imagine that in one of these buildings—the Opera House—there is being held each afternoon a strange show: a succession of solemn speeches from a rostrum at the front of the operatic stage, with klieg lights burning down from the sides of the auditorium upon the speaker and upon his immediate audience in the red plush orchestra seats, while a larger audience above, in the opera boxes and the balconies, listens and stares. Next door to the Opera House, the equally magnificent Veterans' Building is the scene of less spectacular but more continuous activities: official committee meetings in big conference rooms; the polite agitations of committee secretaries, technical experts, liaison officers, interpreters, translators; the hum of a mimeograph assembly-line, producing millions of pages of documents, minutes, reports, news releases; and the clatter and jabber

of news offices and broadcasting units sending other millions of words all over the world.

Meanwhile, back in those hotels on the hillside a mile and a half away, there are occasional quiet unofficial meetings in carefully guarded upstairs suites; there is a steady spate of office activity in bedrooms-turned-delegation-headquarters; downstairs in Parlor A or the Rose Room there is an occasional press conference, at which an official submits to cross-examination by a couple of hundred correspondents; outside, in the hotel lobby and on the sidewalks, there are staring crowds.

Imagine yourself wandering about, from Opera House to Veterans' Building to hotel lobbies to press conferences, convinced that the spotlight of world attention which is fixed upon this scene is far too bright. These deliberations are not even intended to settle half the problems that an eager public apparently expects them to. As you look about at the hundreds of newsmen hammering out copy, you wonder how they can produce front-page copy except by combining news-tip and rumor and guesswork to work up alleged "crises" that have little direct connection with the subject-matter of the Conference.

There is something else that depresses you too. At a time when nations are collapsing, cities crumbling, men and women dying in agony elsewhere in the

world, how dismally undramatic by contrast seem the processes of international organization: the prepared speech with copies released in advance, the stiffly worded committee report, the technical document, the compromise amendment.

Yet all about you there is in the air such high hope, reflected from the hopes of millions of men and women on every continent, that at the next moment your skepticism and depression dissolve. Here, you reflect, are gathered representatives of some three quarters of the men and women on this globe. Every one of them expresses good will and a solemn resolution that the Conference shall succeed, and you find the spirit of the occasion contagious. You are pleasantly excited, too, by the wide-eyed crowds, the parade of international celebrities, the sense of being inside the tent at what really is the greatest show on earth.

Imagine all this and you may capture just a hint of what it was like to be in San Francisco during the early days of the United Nations Conference.

AT Yalta, so the story goes, Secretary Stettinius heard a member of the American staff humming "Home on the Range" and exclaimed to himself, "San Francisco's the place! Make them go clear across our country"—and thereupon persuaded President Roosevelt. Whatever the truth of the story, the idea was a brainstorm. For not only is San Francisco a handsome city, which has done more to capitalize on its natural aesthetic assets, and less to uglify them, than any other American city that I can think of; not only does it combine a remnant of pioneer freshness and an exuberant hospitality with a subtly cosmopolitan maturity; not only is it disproportionately supplied with excellent hotels (the fourteenth American city in size, it claims to stand third in total number of hotel rooms); but to approach it for the first time from the east, across what was once called the Great American Desert, is an experience more moving than veteran continent-crossers can well realize.

To the delegates from Europe and Asia, as they traveled westward by plane or by train, it must have been a revelation to

become gradually aware not only of the vast extent of America, its industrial multiplicity, and its easy friendliness, but also of the fact that here beyond the desert lay a new land, facing away from the chaos of Europe, facing the next stage of the war, facing—possibly—the future. It was a good place to draw up the blueprints for a new tradition.

II

THE holding of an international conference is a complex business. After the preliminary diplomatic moves have been made and the invitations issued and accepted, consider what must be done—and quickly. Travel arrangements must be set up for the delegates and their staffs, for the personnel of the secretariat, for the press. Hotel accommodations, local transportation facilities must be readied. Hundreds of secretaries, aides, clerks, guards must be recruited—some brought along from Washington, others hired locally—and trained in their duties. A vast amount of apparatus must be assembled: furniture, typewriters, duplicating machines, presses, office supplies. Delegates, experts, and correspondents must be supplied with credentials and buttons, tickets for the plenary sessions must be carefully distributed, ushers and guards recruited and drilled. Press rooms, broadcasting studios, telegraphic and radio and cable outlets must be provided for. It is a little like organizing, on short notice, a large and complex business corporation—which will operate at full tilt for a few weeks and then be dismantled.

The State Department was no novice at this sort of job. Since Pearl Harbor it had set up five major international conferences: the food conference at Hot Springs, the UNRRA Conference at Atlantic City, the monetary one at Bretton Woods, Dumbarton Oaks, and the Chicago Civil Aviation Conference.

But the San Francisco Conference went beyond all precedent. It topped all previous ones in size, complexity, and importance. As of April 25th it represented 46 nations, with three more to be added later. As of May 7th the delegates and their staffs of consultants and advisers totaled some 1,722. The secretariat numbered

some 986. The press—including not only newspaper, magazine, and radio correspondents and photographers, but also their technicians, secretaries, and messengers—ran to the appalling number of 2,446. In all, the Conference thus involved well over 5,000 people. The distance from Washington and the war demands upon the railroads necessitated such ingenious expedients as renting or borrowing locally—from manufacturers, dealers, or government agencies—all the desks, chairs, duplicating machines, and typewriters that would be needed, except for a hundred special typewriters with French and Spanish accents that were shipped on from Washington. (Rounding up the furniture was something of a job, since one usual source—the hotels' reserve supplies—was closed; in San Francisco the hotels would need all the furniture they could lay their hands on.) As many as possible of the clerks must be hired on the Coast. All this must be done on short notice—a little over two months at the most.

Little wonder, then, that the machinery broke down here and there—as when the representatives of the press and radio, after jaunting across the country in two luxurious special trains, found themselves standing in line hour after hour at the desk of the Palace Hotel, which mysteriously didn't have anywhere near enough rooms for the highly vocal correspondents assigned to it.

LITTLE wonder, either, that a visitor to the Veterans' Building on Monday, April 23, two days before the Conference was to open, beheld a scene of majestic confusion. In the middle of the great marble-floored entrance lobby, a life-sized statue of George Washington presided calmly over stacks of green armchairs, over workmen still hammering away at the four horseshoe-shaped powder-blue counters that were to serve as registration and information desks, over correspondents and future members of the secretariat chatting in groups of armchairs rescued from the stacked piles. At one information counter, already in operation, an official was asking plaintively, "How do I get to my office upstairs when the passes

aren't ready yet?" There was a constant coming and going of carpenters and painters, and the air was full of the smell of fresh wood, the smell of paint, and the noise of hammering.

Down a long corridor one walked past massive doors still labeled "Ninety-First Division Association" or "American Legion, Department of California" to the office which was to serve as press headquarters. Here correspondents elbowed their way to a counter on which lay a few piles of press releases. "Credentials? Not ready yet; come back at eleven," the girls behind the counter were saying. (Later they said, "Come back at four.") The press releases included Mr. Hull's letter explaining that he couldn't come to San Francisco; bulletins on the expected time of arrival of Mr. Stettinius, Mr. Nelson Rockefeller, and others (including, for some reason, Mr. H. V. Kaltenborn); and a list of the forty-two organizations which, by invitation of the Secretary of State, would have "consultants" on hand at the Conference—including not only such plausibly eligible outfits as the Council on Foreign Relations and the Foreign Policy Association but others such as Kiwanis International, the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs, and the National Congress of Parents and Teachers.

In another corridor the carpenters were finishing work on a series of cubicles-within-offices from which NBC, ABC (the Blue network), CBS, Mutual, and the Canadian Broadcasting System would presently pour forth hour upon hour of radio news and comment. Down a narrow marble stairway, in the basement, some general news rooms were taking shape; in the largest of these, which had a counter at the end which would serve as a joint telegraph office for several companies, six long trestle tables had been set up to offer space for a hundred or so correspondents to write their dispatches at a time. Only a few typewriters had thus far been set up; the others were still in piles of crates. The few scribes already at work were typing to the accompaniment of a terrific hammering and sawing just outside the door.

That afternoon several hundred of us stood interminably in line in the corridor

leading to the press headquarters to get our credentials. We were a motley lot: in my immediate neighborhood in the line were Mrs. J. Borden Harriman, ex-minister to Norway, who rated as a radio commentator; a soldier who represented the Italian edition of the *Stars and Stripes*; E. B. White, for the *New Yorker*; Nick Parrino, an OWI photographer; and an Armenian photographer who had somehow got all the way from Cairo with no credentials except a picture of Parrino, which was supposed to be able to open all doors for him. The Armenian, who was short of film, was looking for somebody who could tell him what 6 x 9 centimeters was in inches. (Apparently the doors must have been opened for him and the film question correctly answered, for a few days later I saw him wandering about with his camera right on the Conference floor at a plenary session, a privilege granted to only a few photographers each day.)

By Tuesday morning—the eve of the Conference—the entrance lobby was beginning to look more orderly. George Washington no longer had to keep an eye on stacked armchairs; instead, he could watch incoming members of the secretariat registering at the horseshoe-shaped counters. Newspaper men, radio men, ex-League of Nations men, specialists in Latin-American affairs, veterans of Hot Springs and Bretton Woods, were renewing old acquaintance. The atmosphere was a little like that of freshman registration day—at a college that was simultaneously moving into new quarters and holding a graduates' reunion.

I wandered upstairs and through the whole big four-story building, trying whenever I passed an MP to look as much as possible like an assistant secretary of state on an inspection tour. Soldiers and sailors had been pressed into service to move furniture and run errands and they were everywhere, but not invariably active: in the entrance vestibule of one of the big committee rooms two soldiers were diligently playing chopsticks on an upright piano.

There were many committee-rooms, each with its long U-shaped table, topped with brown masonite and surrounded by green armchairs, with additional arm-

chairs ranged along the walls and a plethora of spittoons in lieu of ashtrays. There was a reference library, still short of its full quota of books. There were whole corridors lined with offices for the secretariat. And on the sky-lighted top floor, which ordinarily serves San Francisco as an art museum, the Cézannes and Rouaults had given way to a big radio-communications office manned by Army officers; to cubicles for translators and interpreters; to rooms for the filing of documents and counters for their distribution to delegates; and to a prodigious mimeographing establishment: some forty desks for stencil-cutters, rows of mimeograph machines, tables for assembling pages. Only a few of the machines were yet in operation—everybody in the Veterans' Building seemed to be waiting frantically for some bit of equipment that had not yet arrived—but this little Detroit was almost ready to go into action, producing orders of the day, journals, minutes, proposed amendments, committee reports, commission reports, press releases—words, words, words: the matériel of peace.

DOWNTOWN, that afternoon, the crowds were eager. The St. Francis had somewhat the aspect of a college-town hotel on a football-game Saturday. The sidewalks beside the entrance were jammed; the handsome lobby was dense with people attempting to look as if pausing momentarily for an old friend. For not only was the St. Francis, unlike some of the other hotels, right in the heart of the shopping district and accessible without alpinism, but it was also to house the Russian delegation and everybody wanted to see the Russians. I walked up Nob Hill to the Fairmont—an ascent of only four blocks but steep enough to discourage San Franciscans interested merely in the American, Czech, Norwegian, Saudi Arabian, South African, and Yugoslav delegations—and found its big marble-pillared lobby less crowded; but here too there was an atmosphere of big-game suspense.

Almost at the moment I arrived, out from an interior parlor strode Secretary Stettinius, strong, athletic, pink-skinned, half-smiling, at the head of a flying wedge of delegates, advisers, and (for all I knew)

guards. The loiterers in the lobby caught their breath; this was what they had been waiting for. Here was the white-haired local star of the international game—Ed Stettinius, captain of the home team.

Molotov was due at the San Francisco airport that afternoon, and later we heard about his arrival. Long before his plane was due, a dense crowd of Russian secret-service men were on hand, wearing newly-purchased American hats in which not all of them had bothered to make creases, so that they did not precisely resemble native sons. A Russian general was on hand, too, insisting that no photographers or reporters be allowed near the Commissar's plane when he arrived. Naturally this aroused vehement protests. The orders were slightly relaxed—a chosen few would be permitted to draw near.

Then suddenly, when the plane was almost due, the prohibition was withdrawn entirely, presumably on Molotov's own instructions by radio. The result was that when the C-54 came to a halt there was a grand melee. Molotov stepped out of the plane, raised his hand in a Russian salute, stood there a moment calmly, was photographed, said he was glad to be there, and walked down the steps—the photographer who described the scene to me was much impressed that he did not look down at the steps as he did so. The men with new hats, ably seconded by the FBI, closed about him and off he went to his limousine.

The Russians remained the focus of public attention, and were sufficiently guarded, in both senses of the word, not to outwear their glamour. The tenth floor of the St. Francis, which they occupied, became known as "the great frozen wastes"; the hotel staff reported that mysteriously they neither went out to eat nor patronized room service. Molotov arrived at meetings in a black limousine (with a small red flag, with hammer and sickle, on its right front fender) preceded and followed by blue limousines full of bodyguards. Once when they thus drew up before the Veterans' Building, the bodyguards leaping out to the sidewalk before he alighted, one group of them straightway leaped back in again and was off as if answering a fire alarm. The mys-

tery was soon solved: the Commissar had left his hat behind.

III

As 4:30 approached on the afternoon of April 25, the opening day, the Opera House had long been packed—orchestra, boxes, balcony, gallery—with an audience whose eyes were riveted upon the brilliantly decorated stage. Down front on this stage was the rostrum, consisting of a sort of longish counter or presiding officer's table with a reading desk at its center, and in front of that, some five feet below, a lower platform with another reading desk and two chairs. The whole rostrum was painted gray-blue, and out of each reading desk sprouted a nosegay of little microphones. Below the lower platform was an enclosure where several stenographers and stenotypists sat waiting at their tables and machines. Up on the stage, behind the counter, four empty gilt armchairs sat in lonely grandeur. At the back of the stage was a stand of the forty-six flags of the participating nations (arranged, for diplomacy's sake, in alphabetical order); and four mighty rectangular gold pillars rising against a spectacularly sky-blue backdrop, giving a very Maxfield Parrish effect.

For some time an offstage band had been playing airs as innocent of international connotations as "Stout-Hearted Men" (from "Naughty Marietta") and "The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise." Then, suddenly—

The band played a fanfare. From both sides of the auditorium klieg lights snapped on, drenching rostrum and orchestra floor with hot light. On to the stage from both wings marched seventeen members of the U. S. armed forces, nine men and eight girls. As they came to attention facing the audience in a row, four men strode briskly in from the wings on the right—the Secretary General of the Conference (dark-haired), the Governor of California (gray-haired), the Mayor of San Francisco (gray-haired), and the Secretary of State (white-haired). The first three seated themselves in three of the four gilt armchairs. Secretary Stettinius deployed neatly to the rostrum, smote three

times with a gavel, and declared the United Nations Conference on International Organization open. The show was on.

The Secretary called for a moment of silent meditation, sat down briefly, rose again, introduced the President of the United States, and sat down once more. There was a faint clicking noise and then the disembodied voice of President Truman came clearly over the loud-speakers—a rather flat, matter-of-fact, explanatory voice, a little hoarse at first, rehearsing painstakingly the clichés of international amity and high resolve. The audience listened quietly; from time to time, in the press section about me, there was a rustle of paper as correspondents armed with advance copies of the Truman script turned a page in unison.

It was a strange scene, curiously remote in atmosphere from both the destruction of war and the diplomacy of peace. The luxurious Opera House, the eager audience, the blue-and-gold stage set, the soldiers and sailors and WACS and WAVES at attention, the blazing lights, the side boxes full of photographers—all gave the occasion somewhat the air of a theatrical event, perhaps a first night; I heard one spectator murmur, "But where are the Rockettes?" The voice from nowhere droned on to its correct conclusion, with the inevitable reference to God. Applause. The Governor was introduced, and read words of welcome. Applause. The Mayor was introduced, and read words of welcome. Applause. Stettinius himself read somewhat more extended words of welcome and good will, in a rich, strong voice, in little bursts of phrases, lingering a trifle on the sibilants. Extended applause. The Secretary General announced two forthcoming meetings, and the show was over.

A first night? No, that wasn't it exactly. Hurrying down the marble stairs, I pushed out on to the crowding Opera House steps. The wind outdoors was nipping; the late afternoon sun slanted down on the crowd, on the limousines lined up to carry away the delegates, on the neo-classical City Hall dome across the way, on the half-masted flags straining at their lanyards. A striped awning led

down from the center door to the curb, and beneath it the delegates were slowly moving down the steps between craning rows of spectators. There was no doubt what *this* scene was like: the conclusion of a fashionable wedding.

Would the forty-six nations now united live happily ever after? Well, one reflected, at least on the day of the ceremony the proper mood was a hopeful one.

THE blue-and-gold stage set, the red plush seats, and the wide marble hallways of the Opera House were to become very familiar to us during the next week; for every nation must have its fling at oratory—that being one of the inalienable rights even of small nations—and there were forty-six nations. There was an odd similarity to these opening speeches. Nearly all began with a tribute to the Man Who Wasn't There; to hear this world-wide succession of eulogies, by men of several shades of color, speaking in several languages, was to be forcibly reminded how long a shadow Franklin D. Roosevelt cast. Nearly all followed with respectful references to the several sponsoring powers and their contributions to the war. All, without exception, concluded by insisting that the Conference must not fail. Nearly all the representatives of the smaller nations urged revision of Dumbarton Oaks to give them a larger place in the organization, usually asking for a larger Security Council, for the abolition of the veto power granted the five great powers, and for enlarged scope for the Economic and Social Council.

To hear such sentiments so constantly repeated would have palled in time on even the most ardent listeners, especially if they were seated warmly high up in a balcony at a great distance from the rostrum. We noted that Padilla of Mexico and Mazaryk of Czechoslovakia were eloquent; that Carlos Romulo of the Philippines was especially eloquent in a slightly corny way, with the wide gestures and grandiloquent intonations of a United States Senator; that Smuts of South Africa, an impressively erect, bespectacled, white-headed figure in uniform, was disappointing in that his speech, which was the only one to pay tribute to President

Wilson, looked backward rather than forward; but it must be confessed that some of us paid less attention to the content of most of the speeches than to various incidental aspects of the scene. We observed the calm immobility of Molotov as chairman, for example: he did not fidget as did Stettinius, or move about and converse with the man at his elbow as did Eden, but mostly sat stock still; he could remain motionless for minutes at a time with his hands lying limply in his lap. We delighted in the antics of the photographers just below the rostrum; especially when Molotov spoke they went into frenzies of genuflection and obeisance, one or two of them actually invading the secretaries' enclosure and leaning past the blonde stenotypist to pop their flash-bulbs almost in the Commissar's face, while he continued his oration (in Russian) just as imperturbably as if this were an everyday Soviet practice instead of the blessed impertinence of a free press.

But there was one speaker who really lifted the audience out of itself. Surprisingly, this was Anthony Eden.

Molotov had been speaking that afternoon. His speech, in Russian, had lasted some twenty minutes. It was followed by a translation into English—and then by an equally long translation into French. Before that ended the audience had become restive.

People were beginning to leave. Eden was called on. Wearing a short black coat and gray trousers, he stalked up to the rostrum with the long-legged, wide stride of an undergraduate about to make a Commencement address. He plunked down his notes on the reading desk and began to speak in a clear, resonant voice, forthrightly. His gestures seemed the half-graceful, half-awkward result of diligent training: he would grab the corners of the reading desk and pull back; pump up and down with both fists for emphasis, cheerleader fashion. Yet despite the coltishness of his speaking manner, what he had to say about the necessity for carrying the Conference to a successful conclusion was so clear and so eloquent, and had such a ring of sincerity, that he was interrupted again and again by sharp applause and ended his address to a thunder of it.

DURING those plenary sessions there was one bit of unpremeditated drama: The Battle of Argentina. Over Molotov's objection, a motion to admit Argentina to the Conference had passed the Executive Committee and the Steering Committee and had come before the plenary session of Monday, April 30. Unexpectedly, Molotov objected once more, in a speech of considerable length, asking that action be delayed; whereupon there was a succession of speeches on both sides of the argument. Eden, who was presiding, obviously wanted the issue out of the way; at one time he remarked unhappily that there were still five speakers who had asked to be heard. But there seemed no prospect of an end to the debate.

The break came late in the afternoon. A Peruvian had been speaking torrentially. Just behind him sat Roberto Sein, the incredibly capable red-haired translator, taking notes in a notebook on his knee (he knows no shorthand, just puts down key words). After a minute or two the Peruvian would desist; Sein would rise and, standing beside him, compose from his notes an orotund translation of the outburst; then the Peruvian would be off again with another deluge of words; then he would pause, brush back his long hair, and look defiantly at Sein, who would resume his miraculous translation. At last the speech and the translation ended, and Eden suddenly recognized "The Secretary of State of the United States of America."

Stettinius strode to the rostrum. In a short extempore speech—much more effective than his prepared ones—he urged an immediate vote. He said the matter had been argued out in meeting after meeting and supposedly settled, and he concluded earnestly, "I plead with you to act now on this matter, in order that we may get on with the sacred task for which we have met."

Hearty applause. Eden, obviously improvising a procedure for this unexpected situation, then asked the delegates if they were willing to take a decision now without any more speeches. A few faint *ayes*, no audible *noes*. "Good!" exclaimed Eden impulsively. Then he carefully put the next question: would the heads of

those delegations which favored postponing action on the admission of Argentina please rise? (At this point so many people in the galleries stood up to get a look at the floor, and there were so many loud cries of "Sit down!" that some delegates must have imagined that the American audience was trying to influence the voting.) Eden reported, "The number is 7." He asked those who wished to take action at once to rise, and reported, "Thank you, gentlemen. The number is 28." Now he asked for a vote on admitting Argentina—and the decision was 31 to 4 in favor, with a number of delegations (including Russia's neighbors) abstaining from voting.

"Thank you, gentlemen," said Eden again, and declared the admission of Argentina duly approved in plenary session.

It had been a famous victory for our team. And an uncomfortable one. In the opinion of many of us our government, in its zeal for playing ball with its Latin-American neighbors and following through on the decisions of the Mexico City conference, had got itself jockeyed into a position morally inferior to Molotov's. Yet at least there had been a certain exhilaration in seeing an international issue battled out on the floor under the klieg lights and decided by international vote.

IV

AFTER the first week the Conference retired behind closed doors. The Opera House went dark except for its basement cafeteria, possibly the only cafeteria in history with both a *sommelier* and a Pepsi-Cola counter. Now commissions and committees were being organized to dispose of the innumerable proposals for amending Dumbarton Oaks—no mean task, for these proposals totaled 700 typewritten pages, the Mexican delegation alone producing a 121-page document which read like a Ph.D. thesis. Meanwhile Stettinius, Eden, Molotov, and Soong, and sometimes also Bidault of France, were holding session after session—usually in Stettinius' penthouse apartment at the Fairmont—to decide in a hurry what amendments they would jointly accept; for Germany was collapsing

fast, European foreign ministers were becoming restive, and clearly a Big-Power agreement must be reached posthaste—the tacit assumption being that the small nations' subsequent objections would be diplomatically stifled and the Conference could then return to the Opera House, ratify, and adjourn.

Now we correspondents had to get our information at second or third hand, chiefly through press conferences. Word would be posted on the Press Room bulletin board in the Veterans' Building, and on bulletin boards in our hotels, that the American delegation would hold a press conference in the Rose Room at the Fairmont at 9:45 A.M., or that Lord Cranborne would hold a press conference in the Room of the Dons at the Mark Hopkins at 3 P.M., and off we would be up Nob Hill in a bleak wind. For as if displeased at the new secrecy, San Francisco was now turning on its brilliant sun only intermittently and was giving us a succession of gusty gray mornings.

These press conferences might be likened to college classes, with a hundred or two students seated in stiff chairs and as many more standing densely round the edges of the room—if you can imagine a college class (held in a paneled hotel parlor) at which the lecturer must submit simultaneously to close-range flash-bulb photography from every angle and to a barrage of questions, of which some are intended merely to elicit information and others are designed to put him on the spot on some embarrassing issue. For not only was San Francisco full of salesmen and press agents for everything from cable corporations to peace research foundations, all eager somehow to attract international notice; it was full also of defenders of minorities and propagandists of lost causes and some of these had their devoted representatives among the correspondents, who could be relied upon to throw into any discussion a question about India, Palestine, Spain, or the color bar. We therefore saw the principal figures of the Conference not only as expositors but as embarrassment-dodgers: an obviously unfair test of their statesmanship, but fascinating nevertheless.

As an artful dodger Stettinius main-

tained his amateur standing. He was carrying a terrific load of responsibility and presumably carrying it well, but obviously these conferences were an ordeal for him. No man could have tried harder. Handsome, erect, spruce, he smiled conscientiously, called as many correspondents as possible by their first names, seemed to be telling himself that he must parry every thrust successfully and yet with perfect good humor. But though he told us all he could and emerged at the end of each conference with the mechanical smile still on his lips, one felt that he had been concentrating more earnestly upon his performance than upon his subject-matter. Stassen offered a contrast. A tall, nice-looking fellow, with such a normal everyday American aspect that if he hadn't resembled Eisenhower so strikingly one might have sworn that one had last seen him on the 5:14 commuters' local, he was so full of his subject, so anxious to make it crystal clear, that he brushed aside awkward questions as the irrelevancies they clearly were and returned to the demonstration on which his mind was set.

Molotov—round-faced, with sandy-lightish hair brushed across a very round skull, with a small light mustache, a somewhat mandarin-like expression, a strong chin, and a rather light voice, not resonant but on occasion emphatic—dominated his press conferences coolly. He was clear, businesslike, sometimes humorous, brief, and definitely co-operative. The correspondents respected him because he played his lone hand with such serene skill.

Soong of China—young-looking, dark-haired, bespectacled, rather full-lipped—was aided by a perfect command of English and by the fact that his delegation was less unwilling than any other major one to yield real power to the international organization: it was ready to give up the veto power if the others would do so, and to grant compulsory jurisdiction to the international court. Soong was a nimble dodger. When asked, "Does China subscribe to the idea of the termination of Western domination in Asia?" he held a murmured consultation with his colleagues and came back neatly: "I believe the Atlantic Charter hopes to end the domination of anybody by anybody."

But the nimblest of the lot was perhaps Bidault of France—a handsome man with dark, shining hair and a smile of singular sweetness. He had little that was positive to reveal but seemed to revel in fencing with his questioners. When asked whether, speaking not as a statesman but as a private individual, he would favor admitting Spain to the Conference, he listened to a translation of the question as if hearing, with reflective pleasure, some secret music coming to him out of the upper air, and answered smilingly, "I should be happy to answer that question if the private individual and the statesman were separated, but at this moment they are too closely connected."

Eden gave no press conference while I was in San Francisco; the United Kingdom depended upon Robert Arthur James Gascoyne-Cecil, Viscount Cranborne, Secretary of State for Dominion Affairs, a smallish man with a dark mustache and bone spectacles, who remained seated during his session with the press and seemed ill-at-ease. He stammered, was hesitant, tentative, and vague. At the opposite pole was Evatt of Australia—or, as he would say, Austrylia, for his accent was incredible. A stalwart, square-faced, spectacled, gray-haired man in a brown suit, he looked the business man rather than the diplomat, went at his exposition of the trusteeship problem in a confident, businesslike way, and met awkward questions with unembarrassed matter-of-factness. When asked by an Indian correspondent some question about a trusteeship for India he came down like a ton of bricks: no, India didn't need a trustee, India was one of the United Nations; like the Philippines, it was well on the way to full self-government; it had made a massive contribution to the war. No fencer's foil there, but a blunderbuss of logical demonstration.

V

OUT of all these sessions, and whatever other straws of information we gleaned, one thing emerged clearly. No brave new world was going to be fashioned at San Francisco. Everybody wanted a world organization but nobody showed much inclination to throw any of his

country's present or prospective possessions into the pot to give the brew more body. France intended to hold on to Indo-China and its Pacific islands; Britain, to Burma, Malaya, and its African colonies. (The British announced that Burma would be granted full self-government—but it was Britain that would do the granting, not an international body.) The United States was willing to hold its new Pacific bases as a trustee, but didn't want the Security Council to rule on which ones it was to fortify. Neither Britain nor the United States apparently contemplated the international organization's being able to transfer territory from one trustee to another; the British didn't even contemplate letting the organization investigate the performance of trustees: instead, the trustees were to investigate themselves. Russia, which had little prospect of becoming a trustee, wanted the trustees explicitly bound to advance their wards toward independence, but the powers which were likely to hold trusteeships preferred to be less definitely committed. Russia for her part was, of course, adamant on maintaining a veto power in any dispute which might affect her. And so it went. Add all these reservations together, and it was clear that the best we could hope to get was the framework of an international organization which would be a sort of least common denominator of national policies.

And how many questions had to be pushed to one side to clear the way for this slender agreement! Poland—that ghost which haunted the San Francisco negotiations persistently. The future boundaries of Germany. The disposition of the Ruhr and the Saar. The decision as to a future German government. Reparations. The future military control of Germany. The boundaries and disposition of Austria. The future of the Balkan nations, now hidden behind a veil of Russian secrecy. European customs arrangements, currency-exchange arrangements.

Relief and reconstruction for Europe. The future status of cartels with German connections. Transfers of population. The status of Palestine and the Near East generally; of the former Italian colonies—Tripoli, Libya, Eritrea, Italian Somaliland; of Korea, Hong Kong, and the Pacific islands captured from the Japanese. The future basis of international trade.

Not only were those questions—and many others too—left unsettled by the San Francisco Conference; they will not even be subject to settlement by the international organization set up at San Francisco. They must be settled by negotiation—if not, unhappily, by unilateral action—and many of them must be settled within the coming year. And unless they are solved without gross friction the organization born at San Francisco will not be able to survive the storms of the years ahead, much less serve as a bulwark for peace.

BY THE time these impressions appear in print, traffic will presumably be running again along Van Ness Avenue in front of the Opera House and the Veterans' Building; the veterans' associations and the French masterpieces will be on their way back to the one-time committee rooms and mimeographing rooms of the Conference; American guests will again be occupying the tenth floor of the St. Francis; the last European delegate will have crossed the Great American Desert on his way home. And the San Francisco agreement, as finally subscribed to, will presumably be before the United States Senate. Imperfect though it will be, let us hope it passes the Senate decisively and promptly. For unless we Americans earn a reputation for supporting rather than hamstringing our negotiators, our voice in the settlements still to be made will be equivocal. And those settlements will call for all the astute and generous statesmanship that the world can command.

SISTER MALONE AND THE OBSTINATE MAN

A Story

RUMER GODDEN



SISTER MALONE had an extraordinary capacity for faith. She was in charge of the Out-Patients' in the Elizabeth Scott Memorial Hospital for Women and Children which was run by the Anglican Order to which she belonged. She needed her faith. Terrible things came under her hands.

All sorts of patients came in all sorts of vehicles: rickshaws, curtained or uncurtained; hired carriages that had shutters to close them into shut boxes; a taxi with an accident case lying on the floor so that its blood should not soil the cushions—perhaps a case that the taxi itself had run over, it was astonishing how often taxis did run over patients; a few patients came pillion on a bicycle; some walked and some were carried. There were fathers carrying children, mothers carrying children, small children carrying smaller children; there were whole families bringing one patient; servants of the rich bringing their charges, bringing their mistress, bringing themselves; there were Hindu women in purdah, Mohammedan women in birkas, white coverings like a tent that hid them from their heads to the ground; there were hill women walking free; there were beggar women; high caste, low caste, untouchables; all sorts of skins, dark, brown, pale;

all sorts of flesh, soft, pampered, thin, withered, sweet, ill-treated. There were diseased women, diseased children, burnt children, very very often burnt children; very very often tubercular children. There was gonorrhea and syphilis, more and more gonorrhea and syphilis and more and more tuberculosis. There was a great deal of ophthalmia and rickets and scabies; cases of leprosy and poisoning and fevers; there were deep and dreadful tubercular abscesses on breasts and in groins and armpits; and there were broken bones made septic by neglect. There were bites from rabid dogs and sometimes bites from human beings, and like a chorus, always, burns and gonorrhea and tuberculosis. This was not the result of famine nor of war, this was everyday, an everyday average in one of the departments of one of the hospitals in the city, an everyday sample of its pain and poverty and indifference and the misuse of its human beings. Sister Malone needed her faith.

The Sisters who were detailed to help her always asked to be transferred after a few months. They became haunted and could not sleep. Sister Malone had worked there seven years. "But, *Sister*, I . . . you . . . I . . . I cannot bear it, *Sister*."

"You must have faith," said Sister Malone and she quoted as she had quoted a hundred hundred times, "*And now abideth these three, faith, hope, and charity*." She paused, looking through the thick lenses of her glasses that had the effect of making her look a little blind. "God forgive me for differing," said Sister Malone, "but you know dear, the greatest to me is faith." A question, a little persistent question reared its head: was Sister Malone, then, lacking a little in charity? But no. Surely not. She was so splendid with the patients, but there was one small sign that nobody noticed: the patients called her "Didi," "sister"; she spoke of them as "they," a race apart. "If only," she said and she said this continually, "if only, they could have a little faith for themselves!"

She tried to give it to them. In the corner of the treatment room there was a shelf on which lay little paper-covered gospels translated into Hindi and Ghurkali and Bengali and Urdu. Sister Malone gave one to every patient. She walked sincerely in what she believed to be the footsteps of Christ. "It is seeing so much eye trouble and lepers," said Sister Malone, "that makes it so very vivid. Of course Our Lord knew that lepers are not nearly as infectious as is commonly thought. People are so mistaken about lepers," said Sister Malone. "I have always thought it a pity to use the word 'unclean.' I have known some quite clean lepers. Think of it, dear," she said wistfully, "He put out his hand and touched them and made them whole. So quick, and here it is such a slow, slow business. But of course," she said and sighed, "they need to have faith themselves for that."

Sister Malone herself was a small, firm, flat woman. Her hands probably knew more of actual India, had probed it deeper, than any politician's brain. These implements—yes, implements, because the dictionary definition of implement is "whatever may fill up or supply a want" and that is a good description of Sister Malone's hands—these implements were small and firm and flat too; they needed to be firm. The backs of them were covered with freckles, the mark on Sister Malone of her years of Indian sun. She could not often

go out into the sun herself, her day was heavily divided between hospital and chapel and refectory with the lion part for the hospital, but she often spoke about the sun to others. "Go and sit in the sun," she told the patients. "God gave it to you for medicine and it is free. It is God's medicine."

If they had asked, "Whose God?" the answer would have been "Sister Malone's."

AT EIGHT o'clock one blinding white morning in June, just before the break of the rains, Sister Malone, Sister Shelley, and Sister Latch walked into the treatment room. Over their white habits and black girdles and the ebony crucifixes on their breasts, they put on aprons; the crosses showed through the bibs. They turned up their sleeves and went across to the sink where the tap ran perpetually, to scrub their hands, nails, wrists and forearms, then immersing them in a basin of water blue with bionide of mercury. "Remember, dear," said Sister Malone to the young Sister Latch, "you scrub your hands between each patient and between each touching of a dirty dressing and be careful, don't let your hands touch your clothes." Holding her own hands high in the air to dry, she turned to the instrument table.

Sister Shelley and Sister Latch were helping in the treatment room that morning. Sister Shelley was pale, her face drawn and sensitive between the bands of her coif; her eyes looked as if she had a headache. Sister Latch was newly out from home. Her steps were firm and certain, her pink face was made pinker by the heat, her body, well-fed, solid, was already sweating through her clothes. She was cheerful and observant and sensible and interested. It was her first morning in the Out-Patients' department.

Through the window as she scrubbed her hands, she noticed two little green parakeets tumbling in a gold-mohur tree. She would have liked to have drawn the other Sisters' attention to them, but she did not.

The Out-Patients' was divided into the doctors' rooms, the waiting hall, the dispensary, and the treatment room that had

a small examination room leading off it. The patients waited in the waiting hall that was only furnished by pictures; they sat in rows on the floor. They went to the doctor in turn and then, with their tickets in their hands, were admitted to the dispensary for free medicine, and to the treatment room for dressings, examination, slight operations, or emergency treatment. "You let no one in without a ticket," said Sister Malone to Sister Latch, "and you treat no one unless the ticket bears today's date and the doctor's signature. You can let the first two in."

Sister Latch went eagerly to the door. There was already a crowd and they pressed round the door, a collection of dark faces, clothes and rags and nakedness and smells. Sister Latch held up two fingers and cried "Two" in her new Bengali, but seven edged past her into the room. "It's all right," said Sister Shelley in hereven toneless voice. "There are only two. The others are relations." She glanced for permission at Sister Malone and set silently to work on the first.

It was nothing, a septic ear; it was a woman of the sweeper caste who sat herself down on a stool and, clasping her ankles so that she was bent almost double, inclined her head to her shoulder so that Sister Shelley could conveniently clean her ear. She had a baby across her knees and two little boys with swollen stomachs, wearing coats as short as boleros and nothing else, pressed behind her.

The next two came and then another, an old woman. "You can attend to her," said Sister Shelley to Sister Latch. "She is an old case and knows herself what to do." Sister Malone was in the examination room with the doctor, Sister Shelley herself was dressing a burn on a child. Sister Latch went slowly up to the old woman. She was an old underdressed crone, wound in a meager gray-white cotton sari that showed her waist and breasts withered and filthy; her head was shaved and her feet were bare. She sat down on a stool and began to unwind a dirty, swollen-looking bandage on her thumb. "Don't do that," said Sister Latch. "Let me." "Nahin, baba," said the old woman unwinding steadily, "you can go and fetch the bowl for it to soak in."

Sister Latch looked round. "That is the bowl," said the old woman pointing to a kidney dish on the table. "The hot water is there and there is the medicine." She had come to the last of the bandage and she leaned her head back against the table and shut her eyes. "You can pull it off," she said. "It makes me sick."

Sister Latch pulled and a tremor shook her that seemed to open a fissure, a crevasse in her from her knees to her stomach to her heart. The thumb was a stump, swollen, gangrened. It had a terrible smell. "It—makes me sick too," said poor Sister Latch and ran to the back veranda.

When she came back the thumb was soaking in an E.C. bath and Sister Shelley was preparing the dressing. "She is a maidservant in a rich house," said Sister Shelley without emotion, "and they make her go on working, scouring cooking pots and washing with the thumb continually in water, and so of course it cannot heal."

Sister Latch was dumb with sickness and pity and indignation.

"It will never heal," said Sister Shelley.

At that moment Sister Malone came bustling back. "Ah, Tarala!" she said to the old woman in Bengali. "Well, how's your disgraceful thumb?" She took it gently from the bath. "Ah, it's better." She examined it. "It *is* better. It actually is. Look, Sister, do you see how it's beginning to slough off here? Isn't that wonderful? Sister, give me the scissors." Tarala began to whimper but Sister Malone firmly held the thumb. "We must cut a little here and here. Hold her shoulders, dear. That's right. Give her a little support. Hush now, Tarala. You want the use of your hand back, don't you? There now, it's done. Now the dressing, Sister, quickly." Her fingers wound on the bandage swiftly and steadily. She finished and lifted the hand and put it in the bosom of the sari. "There, that's beautiful," she said and the old woman crept out, still seared with pain, but obscurely comforted.

"But *how* can it heal?" asked Sister Latch with tears in her sympathetic eyes. "What is the use?"

"We must hope for the best," said Sister Malone.

Sister Shelley was silent.

"We must temper our work with faith," said Sister Malone. Through being steeped in ritual and reality Sister Malone's words were often accidentally beautiful. "We must have faith for them, Sister Latch dear. Sister Shelley, this child is for operation." She put a piece of brown paper under the child's feet as he lay on the table. He began to scream as Sister Shelley cleaned his forehead with spirit. Sister Malone lingered a moment, looking at Sister Shelley's face as she bent above the little boy.

He had an abscess on his forehead; he was a dark little boy and the skin round the abscess was stretched and strained with colors of olive green and fig purple. His eyes rolled to show the whites with fright, the charm he wore round his neck rode up and down and the muscles of his stomach were drawn in and tensed into the shape of a cave under his ribs. He screamed continually in short shrill screams like a pipe. The doctor came out of his room.

Suddenly Sister Shelley began to scream as well. She was holding the boy's hands out of the way while she cleaned him and now she beat them on the table. "Stop that!" she screamed. "Stop that! Stop! Stop! Stop! Stop that noise!" Sister Malone knocked her hands away and spun her round by the shoulders and marched her outside and came in quickly and shut the doors. "Take her place, Sister," she said curtly. "The doctor's here. Orderly!" she called. "Come. Hold his feet." And to Sister Latch, "Be strong."

"But—no anaesthetic?" asked Sister Latch.

"There's no money for anaesthetics for a small thing like this," said Sister Malone sadly. "Never mind," she added firmly, "he'll be better soon. It is over in a minute."

Sister Latch, more sick than ever, held her place, her hand each side of the child's head. Sister Malone took his arms and folded them on his chest and leaned the weight of her arm on them. The orderly pinned his feet as the doctor came in. Sister Latch trembled but she was taken by surprise by the quickness and skill of the

whole affair. The doctor took his knife from the bowl put ready and at the same moment Sister Malone covered the child's eyes with her hand. A cry rang to the ceiling. In a moment the doctor was gone.

"Qu—ick," quavered Sister Latch.

"Yes," said Sister Malone swabbing and dabbing. "Give him a sweetie, Sister," and she nodded to a glass jar of sweets on the cupboard. The little boy stopped crying as if a switch had been closed. Into the sudden quiet came other sobbing from outside.

"Sister—Shelley?"

"I'm afraid so," said Sister Malone. "She's maybe not strong enough for this."

THE morning went on growing steadily hotter, the smells steadily stronger, the light more blind and white. The heat in the treatment room was intense and both Sisters were wet, their hands clammy. In half an hour Sister Shelley, made curiously empty and blank by her tears, came back and took her place. Sister Malone said nothing. The patients came until Sister Latch lost count of them, and the wounds and the sores and disease and shame were shown and the room echoed with cries and screams and there were endless tears. "Rivers of tears," thought Sister Latch and she remembered in her tired confusion that she had learned that India was a land of large unstemmed rivers. She looked up and out of the window: The parakeets were still there in the bright air.

Then in the middle of the hubbub, quiet descended.

A car drove up, a large car, and from it two young men jumped down calling for a stretcher. They were two well-dressed young Hindus in white and between them they lifted from the car something small and fragile and very still wrapped in vivid violet and green. Sister Latch saw a fall of long black hair.

The stretcher was brought straight into the treatment room and the girl was lifted from it to the table. She lay inert, with the brilliant colors heaped round her. "She had not," thought Sister Latch watching Sister Malone's fingers on her pulse, "she had not finished dressing or the

sari had fallen away." Her face was a pale oval turned up to the ceiling, her mouth pale, her nostrils wide as if they were stamped with fright, and her eyes were open, glazed, the pupils enormous, her hair hung to the floor. She was very young. "Perhaps seventeen?" said Sister Latch aloud. "Sixteen? How beautiful she is. She is dead."

"She is breathing," said Sister Malone with her flat little hand spread on the girl's breast.

One of the young men was terribly unnerved. Sister Latch wondered if he were the husband. He shivered and shivered as he stood by the table; his lips shivered and the thin folds of his fine spotless shirt. "She t-took her own l-life," he said involuntarily. The other man, darker, stronger, said sternly, "Be quiet."

"Sh-she t-took her own life."

Sister Malone's gaze, blinded by the lenses of her glasses, turned towards him.

"She t-took her own life."

"And why? Why?" said Sister Malone's glasses but her lips said evenly, "Well, she didn't succeed. She is breathing."

"You th-think, th-there is—hope?"

"There is always hope," said Sister Malone, "while there is breath."

Then the doctor and orderlies came in with pails and the stomach pump and the young men were sent out of the room. Sister Shelley went to the window and stood there with her back to everyone and Sister Malone, after a glance at her, let her stand. "You will have to help me," said Sister Malone to Sister Latch. "Be strong."

"But—only tell me what it's about? I don't understand. I don't understand," cried Sister Latch.

"She has poisoned herself," said Sister Malone. "Opium poisoning. Look at her eyes."

"But why?" cried Sister Latch again. "Why? She is so young. So beautiful. Why should she?"

"It—is best not to be too curious," said Sister Malone.

"No," said Sister Shelley suddenly with her back to them. "Don't ask. Don't understand. Only try and drag her back—for more."

The doctor was busy with the pump. Sister Malone and Sister Latch were covering the gauze and chiffon with hospital blankets and began to rub the limbs. Sister Latch noticed the foot of the leg she was holding; the nails were perfect little half moons painted with crimson and the heel was stained with red; it was a little, jewelled, gaudy foot, ice cold. The permanganate water flowed lifelessly from the tube into the pail. "There's no reflex," said the doctor.

All the heat in the world seemed to be in Sister Latch as she rubbed, but none of it came into the thigh and leg she worked on. Her hands stuck to her face and neck, her habit stuck to her back, and her hands oozed out on the powder that Sister Malone kept passing her.

There was a sudden gurgle, a bubbling in the tube and the eyelids made an almost imperceptible little motion like a twitch. "There now," said Sister Malone. "Rub harder, dear. Rub harder. Harder."

A few minutes later the doctor paused, waited, bent, waited another minute; stood up and slowly, still carefully, began to withdraw the tube.

"No?" said Sister Malone, her hands still on the other leg and thigh under the blankets, her face glistening, her glasses blurred. "No!"

"Yes," said the doctor and the last of the hideous tube came from the girl's mouth. A little pink water ran down her chin, staining the sheet. He wiped it and gently closed her mouth and drew down her lids, but the mouth would not stay closed, it dropped open in an O that looked childish and dismayed, inadequate to the sternness of the oval of the face and sealed lids. "Snuffed out," said Sister Malone as she stood up and gently put the draperies back and looked down on the girl's shut face. "They have nothing to sustain them," said Sister Malone. "Nothing at all."

"A case for the police," said the doctor. "We shall have to give our statements."

Sister Latch began to cry quietly. The young men came in and carried the girl away and, from the window, Sister Shelley and Sister Latch saw the car drive away with a last sight of violet and green on the

back seat. A tear slid down Sister Latch's cheek. "Forgive me," said Sister Latch but no one answered; her tears slid unnoticed into that great river. "Forgive me," said Sister Latch, "she wore—exactly the same green—as those little parrots."

As she stood in tears and Sister Shelley seemed chiselled in stone, Sister Malone was tidying up the room for the next patients. "Nothing to sustain them," said Sister Malone and sighed. "Nothing at all."

AT THE very end of the morning, when they had finished and taken off their aprons, an old man came into the waiting hall from the doctor's room. He moved very slowly and led a small girl by the hand; he held his ticket uncertainly between his finger and thumb as if he did not know what he had to do with it. He was a very emaciated old man.

"Another," said Sister Shelley. "Oh no! It's too late."

"No," said Sister Malone with her faithful exactness. "It's one minute to," and she took the paper. "It's nothing," she said, "only stitches to be taken out of a cut on the child's lip. I remember her now. You may go, Sisters. It won't take me five minutes."

They hung up their aprons thankfully and went. Sister Shelley's head was bent with resolution as she quickened her steps; Sister Latch followed, stumbling a little; she was terribly tired and her face was not pink any more but flamingly red and her whole body was wet through.

Sister Malone was left alone with the man and the child.

As she lifted the scissors out with the forceps she caught his gaze fixed on her and she saw that he was not old, only emaciated until his flesh had sunken in. His skin was a curious, dead, gray-brown.

"You are ill," said Sister Malone.

"I am ill," said the man and his voice was calm.

Sister Malone turned the little girl to the light. The child began to whimper and the man to plead with her in a voice quite different from the one he had used when he had spoken of himself. He trembled with the effort as the soft Bengali words came

out, "She will not hurt you. Nahin. Nahin. Nahin."

"Of course I will not hurt you if you stand still," said Sister Malone. "See, if you hold her shoulders you can keep her still."

The man and the child stood breathlessly still while Sister Malone quickly nicked the stitches in the healed cut, and with her forceps drew out the two tiny threads. The child gave two small cries but she did not move, only the tears ran out of her eyes and the sweat ran off the man. When it was over and he could release his hands, he staggered. Sister Malone thought he would have fallen if she had not caught him and helped him to a stool. His arm in her hand was burning hot.

"You have fever," said Sister Malone.

"I continually have fever," said the man.

"What is it you have?" asked Sister Malone. "What illness?"

"God knows," he answered, but as if he were satisfied not wondering.

"You don't know?"

"I don't know."

"Not know? But you are very ill. Haven't you seen the doctor?"

"No."

"Then you must come with me at once," said Sister Malone energetically. "I will take you to the doctor."

"Thank you, no."

"But you must see a doctor."

"I do not need a doctor."

"But—how can we know what to do for you? How can you know?"

"I do not need to know."

"But you should have medicine . . . treatment."

He smiled. "I have my medicine."

His smile was so peculiarly calm that it made Sister Malone pause. She looked at him silently, searchingly. He smiled again and opened the front of his shirt and showed her where, round his neck, hung a silver charm on a red thread of the sort she saw every day and all day long round the necks of men and women and children. He held it and turned his face upwards and his eyes. "My medicine," he said. "God."

Sister Malone suddenly flushed. "That's absurd," she said. "You will die."

"If I die, I am happy."

"But, man!" cried Sister Malone, "you mean you will give yourself up without a struggle?"

"Why should I struggle?"

"Come with me to the doctor."

"No."

"That's sheer senseless obstinacy," cried poor Sister Malone. "If you won't come to him, let me fetch him to you."

"No."

"Obstinate! Obstinate!" Her eyes behind her glasses looked bewildered and more than ever blind. Then they fell on the child. "You came for her," she said, "then why not for yourself?"

"She is too young to choose her path. I have chosen." There was a silence.

"Come, Joya," he said gently, "greet the Sister Sahib and we shall go."

"Wait. Wait one minute. If you won't listen to me let the doctor talk to you. He is a wise good man. . . . Let him talk . . ."

She had barred his way and he seemed to grow more dignified and a little stern. "Let me go," he said. "I have told you. I need nothing. I have everything. I have God."

SISTER MALONE was furious as she washed her hands. Her face was red. Her glasses glittered. "Mumbo-jumbo!" she said furiously as she turned the tap off. "Mumbo-jumbo! Heavens! What an obstinate man!"

Souvenir (Jap Flag)

RAYMOND HENRI

MORE zealous guard or gentler manner
Was never tendered any banner
And, unimpaired, its import lingers
Though fondled in these alien fingers.

Your flag, fear not, will be as cherished
By winner as by you who perished
And flaunted with the pride you'd want it
Waved in were you here to flaunt it.

Fear not this sentimental docket
Slips to oblivion from your pocket,
For it will wave without surcease
Above an Adam mantelpiece.

{ A marketing specialist, who has written for a number of
business and professional magazines, Mr. Lebow is sales
and advertising manager of a large hosiery company. }

WHO WILL GET WHAT, WHERE?

New Kinds of Stores for American Shoppers

VICTOR LEBOW



IN THE midst of the greatest buying jamboree in history, the lines are being drawn for a knockdown, drag-out battle among the retailers; a battle which may revolutionize our shopping habits. Already the housewife can shop for her face powder in a supermarket, her stockings in a drug store, her husband's socks in a cigar store, her daughter's fingertip raincoat in an automobile accessory store, her own man-tailored suit in a men's clothing store, and her copy of Wendell Willkie's *One World* in the local candystore or in a sheet music and record shop. And in the years following the war she will find more and more items for sale in unaccustomed places.

These changes are in part, of course, merely tactical moves in the perpetual battle for the consumer's dollar. But they are also the symptoms of something more than that—the struggle to keep our economic system alive.

You and I, as consumers, will not be permitted to remain spectators, or simply beneficiaries, of these changes. As the battle warms up we will be urged to help protect the weak against the strong, the small business against the large, the independent storekeeper against the chain. We will be exhorted to write our congressmen and lend our support to the cause of keeping rubber tire manufac-

turers out of the retail business, or forcing supermarkets to stop selling vitamin pills and aspirin tablets, or eliminating cut-price selling generally. Interested parties in various quarters, exploiting the consumer's instinctive dread of monopolies in distribution, will do what they can to enlist us in the cause of coddling the inefficient distributor.

But if we keep our heads about us, we will remember that our primary need in the postwar period will be a healthily expanding economy, and we will recognize that such an economy can be achieved only if wholesalers and retailers discover ways to buy, stock, promote, and sell goods at prices sharply lower than those we have known in the past. This means that they will have to cut their costs and sell more goods at less profit than they have been accustomed to.

In the study, "Does Distribution Cost Too Much?" made by the Twentieth Century Fund, it was found that 59 cents of the consumer's dollar goes for the costs of distribution and only 41 cents goes to production. Not all of the distribution cost can be charged to the wholesalers and retailers, because the producers themselves spend vast sums for selling and advertising their products. But considering that one-third of the cost of distribution is directly chargeable to the retailers it be-

comes clear that full production, and the full employment that goes with it, cannot be attained if our costs of retail distribution remain so high that the American people cannot afford to buy the goods they produce.

II

THERE are already indications that many retailers, and some wholesalers, recognize the necessity of operating at still lower costs. The most spectacular trend in this direction among retailers has been that toward self-service. As Stanley Goodman showed in an article called "Come and Get It"—published in this magazine in September 1942—self-service got its start in the food supermarkets during the early 'thirties, and has since spread to other fields, especially under pressure of the manpower shortage during the war.

Within the past year the Philco Corporation has introduced wholesale radio-parts supermarkets in a number of cities. The Walgreen Drug Stores have been experimenting for a couple of years with the self-service idea in a store in Springfield, Missouri, and are now ready to install it in other stores. The W. T. Grant Co. has run a self-service junior department store in Glen Cove, Long Island, as an experiment and has stored up ideas and new techniques for the competition to come.

Grocers, independent and chain alike, have customarily operated at a low mark-up compared with furniture stores, drug stores, or department stores. But in recent years the chains in the food field, which normally operate at lower costs than the independents, have been taking an increasing share of the total food business (except for a setback during the war). The independents, therefore, are constantly being forced to improvise new and more efficient methods in order to meet chain competition. One of the most promising new developments is the so-called "superette" market—a modified form of supermarket, with self-service counters and bins and a dairy counter with one or more attendants, but usually with no meat counter—to which a number of independent grocers will convert in the near future.

Even more important from the point of

view of lower costs, however, is the movement toward establishing new co-operative wholesale companies, owned by their independent retail outlets, and expanding those which, like the Independent Grocers Alliance (IGA), have long been established. Keep in mind that it costs the old-line wholesale grocer nearly 10 per cent of the money he takes in from sales to pay his rent, wages, and other operating costs. The dealer-owned co-operative wholesaler needs no sales force and can therefore sell at an operating cost of less than 6 per cent. Of course the chain store warehouses, which perform a corresponding function for the chain stores, sometimes operate at costs as low as 4 or 5 per cent, but the co-ops help considerably in bringing down the independent retailer's costs to a point where he can compete with the chains and still give his customers better values. Furthermore, the success of the co-operative ventures will in turn force private wholesalers to trim their costs and offer more efficient service—or get out of business.

THE department stores, too, are discovering the benefits of greater economies in operation. During the war practically all of them have been forced by labor shortages to adopt partial self-service, and government restrictions on delivery and on use of paper have contributed further to reduce their expenses. The emergency, in other words, has forced them to adopt new techniques which are sure to be developed after the war, and shoppers can be certain that they will in the future encounter more and more self-service basement departments, supermarket-type food sections, stricter return goods policies, and charges for deliveries (at least on orders below a fixed minimum amount).

One of the most significant developments in the department store field is the group buying plan as it is being shaped for postwar operations. In Affiliated Retailers, Inc. (a sort of super IGA, as it were), some of the country's largest stores have combined their buying, especially of such "big ticket" items as refrigerators, washing machines, radios, vacuum cleaners, and air-conditioning equipment.

The stores included in this new purchasing unit are Macy's of New York, the May Company stores in five cities, Carson Pirie Scott of Chicago, Meier & Frank of Portland, Oregon, and other great emporia. They expect to control the manufacture of these household machines—and of shoes and socks and shirts, too, for that matter—by huge-volume specification buying. By doing so they hope to be able to offer refrigerators, for instance, at prices lower than those of the nationally advertised brands and—by backing up their products with the name and prestige of the local store—to capture a large share of the reduced-rate market now serviced by Sears Roebuck and Montgomery Ward.

A similar group-buying organization is the Associated Merchandising Corporation, owned by such stores as Abraham & Straus in Brooklyn, Bloomingdale's in New York, Filene's in Boston, Joseph Horne in Pittsburgh, Bullock's in Los Angeles, and The Emporium in San Francisco. The AMC plans for household equipment must be impressive, for Marshall Field of Chicago, which maintains its own New York buying organization, has just joined AMC for its "hard lines" alone.

By such means as these the department stores are reducing their expenses, but the plain fact is that, whatever savings they make, their elaborate buildings, expensive locations, and other overhead charges make them relatively high-cost distributors compared to some other types of retailers. There are inevitably many areas in which they invite competition, and in the postwar years they will be certain to get it. Already they are being challenged by increasing competition from small department store chains and from the retail stores operated by the mail order houses. Sears Roebuck plans to expand its present chain of some 500 stores to more than a thousand, and Montgomery Ward now operates more than 700 retail stores whose edge-of-town locations set the pattern followed by many "downtown" department stores when they open branches in outlying districts and in the suburbs of large cities. Many of the smaller mail order houses, already faced with a decline in catalogue sales, are also acquiring retail

outlets. Spiegel's mail order house has bought the Sally Dress Shops of Chicago and the Federal Outfitting Company's stores on the West Coast and is experimenting in Illinois with the plan of having filling station operators display its catalogue and take orders on a commission basis; and the Chicago Mail Order Company has plans for a chain of stores. Butler Bros. is adding to its two existing dealer-owned chains (the "Ben Franklin" variety stores and the "Federated" dry goods stores) a new mass outlet for house furnishings, to be called the "Homecrest" stores, a chain in which the participating retailers buy all their merchandise through Butler Bros., and must subscribe to certain Butler services in store management and merchandising.

III

THE recent shifts in retailing have made it clear that shoppers don't have any fixed ideas about who should sell them what. If a druggist insists on selling a fast moving article like vitamins at the same high mark-up* he gets for cough medicine and talcum powder, and if a supermarket—catering to hundreds and perhaps thousands of customers a day—offers vitamins at the low mark-up which fast turnover justifies, the shopper will get his vitamins at the supermarket.

All through the retailing business we are witnessing shifts and rearrangements of the channels of distribution as the various types of stores are shaken up and re-adapted to conform with the trend toward high volume at low profit. As shoppers we will have to shed any preconceptions we may still retain about where we can get what, for the types of stores we have been used to may in some cases disappear entirely and in others change so radically in their merchandising methods and in the types of goods they handle that we will scarcely recognize them.

The various types of stores have always

* Mark-up is the gross profit figured on the selling price. Thus an item which costs the retailer \$4.00 a dozen and is sold by him at 50¢ apiece (\$6.00 a dozen) is selling at a mark-up of 33½%. If the costs of operating a store are high, the mark-up on its merchandise must also be high. Otherwise the *net* profit will be low unless it has heavy traffic and a high rate of turnover.

operated on the basis of widely differing mark-up requirements. To illustrate this point, here is a table (based on average mark-ups) showing what you would have to pay for a pair of nylon stockings in different types of independent retail outlets if the wholesale price were \$6.00 for a dozen pairs.

Florist's shop	\$1.23
Bakery shop	1.12
Jeweler's	1.01
Fur shop	1.00
Radio store92
Furniture store89
Gift shop88
Department store79
Variety store74
Drug store73
Filling station67
Grocery store62
Combined grocery and filling station..	.61

Of course some of these types of stores would never carry hosiery; the table simply illustrates the effect of their typical mark-up requirements on the prices they charge. Obviously it will be those types of stores near the bottom of such a list which can capitalize most effectively on the current trends toward mass distribution.

Competition in retailing has in the past been most active between stores of the same type—between two grocery stores on the same street, for example. This kind of competition has been familiar to consumers chiefly as the battle between the independents and the chains, and there is a widespread misapprehension that the chains now completely dominate retailing in the United States. Actually there are fewer chain store units today than there were in 1929, and the chains do considerably less than half the nation's total retail business. It is true, nevertheless, that the overall peacetime record shows a fairly steady trend in favor of the chains. Look at these statistics on sales-per-store:

	1929	1935	1939
Independents...	\$27,614	\$16,738	\$19,333
Chains.....	\$65,681	\$58,231	\$73,484

Both chains and independents lost ground during the depression, of course, but by 1939 the chains had not only recovered but had shot well beyond their 1929 sales-per-store figure. The independents, on the other hand, had recovered only part of what they had lost between 1929 and 1935.

During the war this general trend appears to have been interrupted. At any rate, recently published figures indicate that in the drug store field, for example, the independents' sales increased 28 per cent in 1942 and 32 per cent in 1943 while the chains' sales increased only 23 per cent in 1942 and 23 per cent in 1943. It would, however, be a mistake to assume from these figures that from now on the independents will necessarily continue to capture a larger and larger share of the retail business. High wartime wages have made many shoppers less interested than they used to be in the few cents they would save by patronizing a chain store, and the gasoline shortage has prompted many of us to shop at independent neighborhood druggists or grocers rather than at the downtown chain stores. But when the war is over and we begin counting our pennies again, many of us will buy where the prices are lowest—even if we have to pay for gasoline to get there. That's apparently the way we are made.

Tied up with this conflict between the independents and the chains is the old battle between the "small" and "big" retailers. It is noteworthy that in recent years it has been the large independent stores which have been most successful in meeting the competition of the chains. The smaller independents apparently can survive only in those places where the chains do not wish to follow; they fill in the less profitable areas of the distribution map, rent the cheaper and less desirable locations, and serve a smaller or poorer traffic. For them, as one chain store operator put it, "Main Street is a couple of blocks too long."

In the years between 1900 and 1939 some 16 million enterprises opened their doors and about 14 million closed up. Most of the failures (including Harry Truman's store in Kansas City) were retailers. This is a record of economic waste and family tragedies. Perhaps even more serious, it is a kind of waste which breeds other waste and thereby imposes a severe drain on the entire economy. The risk of selling or accepting orders from merchants who may fail makes manufacturers increase prices to everyone in an effort to cover their losses, and the small

shipments to small dealers raise handling costs and thereby increase prices still more.

The solution, however, is not to put the small merchant out of business. It is rather to help him become efficient. He needs long-term credits and expert guidance in financing, management, and merchandising. The Department of Commerce, particularly, has an obligation to develop services for the smaller retailer which will aid him in as practical a fashion as the county agent and the services of the Department of Agriculture help the farmer. The Commerce Department should study the dealer-agency relationship as it has been developed, for instance, by the Western Auto Supply Stores of Kansas City and by the Gamble Stores of Minneapolis and its affiliates on the West Coast. Here are chain stores which bring their experience and methods to the independent merchant in the smaller towns. The wholesaler-dealer tie-up, like the Butler Bros. plan already referred to, also gives promise of helping to solve the problem. Group buying, co-operative wholesaling, pooled advertising like that of IGA, all help the small independent retailers to operate profitably, compete with the giants, and yet offer their customers values as good as the chains.

But as things stand now the typical small merchant serves as a sort of marginal distributor, and the prices he has to charge are so high that the more efficient distributors don't really have to extend themselves nor do they pass on to the consumer the full advantages of their methods of operation.

IV

ALL of us—consumers, manufacturers, and distributors—will be living after the war in a society striving toward full production and full employment. That calls for an end to thinking in terms of a limited market. Rising income levels and a floor to wages may set new and hitherto unimagined goals for consumption. Just as manufacturers will have to sell their increased volume of goods at lower prices, and with small profits, so merchants will have to operate at lower mark-ups. Otherwise retailing can well

become a deadly bottleneck in the great expansion of our economy.

Of course there is always room for the exclusive shop, the retailer who provides the super-smart selection or deluxe services. But we are principally concerned here with the great majority of the population who will, after the war, live on family incomes of between \$1,500 and \$5,000 a year. They must be able to consume the greatest possible volume of products grown, manufactured, and imported. Can we have maximum distribution of mass-produced, laminated plywood furniture through our present furniture stores with their high mark-ups? Or is some lower cost distributor—such as an auto accessory supermarket or a chain like J. C. Penney—the outlet which will sell the most at the lowest prices? Where are we going to buy the pre-fabricated houses of the future—may it not be at the local chain department store rather than from a high cost building contractor? Why should we have to buy our cars from the expensive and overlapping dealer organizations which the auto manufacturers used to maintain? Why not buy them from Sears Roebuck, or from an organization of dealer-owned filling stations which are accustomed to making their living by selling quantities of gasoline at minute profits.

THESE proposals are by no means fantastic. We are already seeing equally revolutionary changes in retail channels as the disciples of mass distribution in the various fields of retailing go after the fast-selling items in other fields.

One of the first successful experiments of this kind was the introduction of men's furnishings counters in the Schulte Cigar Stores. Here the principle was to concentrate on the minimum variety of shirts, socks, neckties, and underwear necessary to fill the average needs of possibly 80 per cent of the men patronizing these stores. In most articles there has been a single price range. The values given could not be equalled by the regular men's furnishings stores, but Schulte's—which had a traffic of several million customers a week passing through their stores—were accustomed to working on the tiny margins afforded by cigarettes and could

therefore sell men's accessories at little more than half the profit a department store requires, and still make money. Without adding to rent, lighting expenses, or even clerk hire, Schulte's substantially increased the dollar volume of their sales.

Drug stores, supermarkets, newsstands, variety stores, department stores, cigar stores, and filling stations are all heavy traffic retailers, and all of them have plans to encroach on the domain of others. A group of department stores, for example, headed by R. H. Macy, Marshall Field, J. L. Hudson (Detroit), and the Allied Stores Corporation (operating sixty department stores) have organized the Frozen Foods Institute to study food freezing, particularly of cooked foods. The Shell Oil Company has been experimenting with various items of general merchandise in a number of its filling stations, and the Atlas Supply Corporation plans to diversify the lines of merchandise which it supplies to the various Standard Oil Company filling stations—Socony, Esso, Sohio and the others. The United Cigar Stores have a long range plan for converting many of their stores into combination cigar-haberdashery outlets. Sherwin Williams and Devoe & Reynolds are both going to expand their retail chains and will carry decorators' accessories, garden tools, and home furnishings in addition to their paints.

Similarly, auto supply chains like the Western Auto Supply Stores and the Gamble Stores will soon be competing with the department stores on refrigerators and radios as well as on men's furnishings. And they and the supermarkets will also be fighting for the electrical appliance business (toasters, heaters, percolators) which has long been one of the department stores' best income-producers.

One of the most effective raids by one kind of retailer into another's traditional field has been the effort of the food stores to capture some of the business of the druggists and the candy-stationers. The independent grocers' national association reports that 60 per cent of its members now

carry shaving cream and tooth paste; over 40 per cent carry hand lotions, face cream, face powder, proprietary medicines, and vitamins; and 80 per cent carry cigars, cigarettes (when there are any), and tobacco. And the magazine *Supermarket Merchandising* recently revealed that 69 per cent of all supermarket operators report that they plan to carry drugs and cosmetics after the war.

The economic logic of these retail free-for-alls is easy to grasp. Though the drug and cosmetic items in a typical food supermarket account for only 3 to 4 per cent of the market's total sales, this nevertheless amounts to an average of \$13,000 per supermarket per year. Now, the drug and cosmetic sales of independent drug stores far exceed that figure, amounting on the average to about \$39,000 per year per store. But the druggist has to stock thousands of items, many of which sell very slowly, and his fast-moving items—selling at a relatively high mark-up—have to carry the others. Obviously, when food stores take on items from the drug and cosmetics field, they go after those which have the fastest turnover—and, by doing so, hit the druggist where it hurts the most.

DURING the war there has been so much money to spend, and so little to spend it on, that retailers have been able to sell almost anything at any price. The result has been that few high-cost retailers have been bothered by the kind of competition which big-volume-at-low-profits is building up for them. But when the war is over and shoppers again have a free choice of a wide variety of merchandise, the druggists will begin to feel the squeeze the supermarkets are putting on them, and the department stores will begin to worry more about the auto accessory and cigar store chains. Any retailer who wants to stay in business will either have to offer some specialty to a fairly restricted group of customers or adapt his store to the trend toward mass distribution. For that is the direction in which retailing is headed.

THE Easy Chair Bernard DeVoto



I HAD better offer this as personal opinion without trying to call it literary criticism. For my colleagues who have reported so far disagree with me unanimously, and this is one that cannot be talked out at Joe's. If they are right, then I am not only wrong but irretrievably wrong—fundamentally, from the first step on. But if I am right not only my colleagues are wrong but also some of the methods—and basic admirations—of what we have begun to call the art of radio.

Mr. Norman Corwin's "On a Note of Triumph" had been under way for a few minutes when I chanced to tune it in on May 8, but there was no mistaking who had written it or what radio was trying to do by means of it. It carried Mr. Corwin's signature and it was backed up by the full resources of CBS. Moreover, it was trying to do something that we wanted done, the millions of us who had spent most of the day at our radios and who spent most of the night there, too, after Mr. Corwin's broadcast was over. Our emotions of that day were inexpressible but we welcomed attempts to express them. We could take in only a little of the day and we knew how to understand only part of what we took in, but we were trying to give it order and recognition. We wanted instruction, realization, imaginative fulfillment. Nothing could fully have satisfied our desire or fully have lived up to the theme—but we were favorably disposed, and would have regarded any dignified and moving failure as an overwhelming success.

After the broadcast ended the air was full of proclamations that "On a Note of Triumph" was just that, an overwhelming success. By Sunday the book reviewers were agreeing that something momentous

had occurred; radio art had achieved a memorable triumph. And when the program was broadcast again on Sunday evening, the production had an aura of self-confident and generally admitted greatness. I listened to it again that evening, this time not as a civilian seeking emotional fulfillment on the day of victory but as a journalist and critic checking second thoughts against my original opinions and those of my colleagues.

I must report that my second impression was the same as my first. I listened with a distaste that only occasionally yielded to satisfaction but frequently intensified to distress. "On a Note of Triumph" fell far short of what was reasonably to be expected of the art of radio on May 8. It not only failed to live up to the greatness of its opportunity, it contrived to trivialize that opportunity and to touch with vulgarity the most tremendous events and the deepest emotions of our time. The factual broadcasts of CBS that preceded it on May 8—by John Daly, Bob Trout, Bill Henry, Major Eliot, and many others—had a professional cleanness and clarity that gave them an esthetic quality as well. Their reports roused and satisfied the very emotions that "On a Note of Triumph" tried but failed to satisfy. They fertilized the listener's imagination as Mr. Corwin did not. The reportorial and editorial aspects of radio were superb. But when an acknowledged master of the art of radio got to work on the same stuff, he was dull, windy, opaque, pretentious, and in the end false.

For some of this effect the conventions of radio may be to blame; the industry may be paying a fine for some of its practices. Take the interlocutor, the monologist, the voice, the emcee—whatever is the proper designation. He was called

on to convey to the audience awe, portentousness, triumph, bitterness, irony, commiseration, and a wide range of other emotions and states of mind by purely vocal means. That is not an easy job, though it is one all competent actors are trained to do. But this actor had to achieve his effects by means of conventions peculiar to radio, conventions which radio has developed for itself. It derived them originally from an obsolete and overblown oratory and then went on to associate them with the advertising business. Repeatedly when the voice of "On a Note of Triumph" was supposed to be attuning us to extremities of hope or tragic realization, it had to work with the exaggerated, unctuous, and richly phony elocution of any commercial announcer. However real the emotion of the part he was reading, the tradition of his medium required him to represent it as unreal. A convention was bringing in two echoes along with Mr. Corwin's program. One was an echo as of some cheap orator tearing a faked emotion to tatters. The other was an echo as of a thirty-second break in a dance program when some drug company commands us to move our bowels.

And not the voice of the interlocutor only. Radio has thought it necessary to develop specific Voices, character Voices, typed so that they will be instantly identified at the first syllable. It has chosen to compose many of them of pure glucose. There is the Candid Feminine Voice, the Voice of a Mother With All That Motherhood Implies, the Sweet Voice of a Girl, the Voice of a Tough Guy with a Heart of Gold. Sugary earnestness is their hallmark, they probe you for tears over the heroine's agony, and then they pump the same sugar into a candid, motherly, sweet, and golden message that you will save both your money and your stockings if you will only use our earnest soap. They are certainly no fault of Mr. Corwin's, but there they were. There they were vulgarizing and travestyng what the radio intended to be great. The mother of a dead aviator had to speak with the syrup of a morning shopper fishing for the change in a housewife's pocketbook, for radio holds that women must speak that

way. The awful symbols of the dead themselves, here to be given a voice, could be given no voice by radio except the phony one of Gangbusters and the cereal ads. Radio was impelled by its entire development to commemorate victory with the same saccharine, the same preference for the unreal, that it thinks effective in commercials.

Such things as these, and such further things as the shuffling steps of doom that fail to signify doom because they also signify Captain Midnight and the like, were, however, only the smaller part of what I found distasteful in "On a Note of Triumph." One might accept the conventions, in fact, as a kind of mechanical condition and presently disregard them. The failure of the program was the failure of an attempt, and perhaps also it was the failure of a conception of art, but it was not the failure of a medium. What was wrong with it was inferior imagination and bad writing.

An excellent contrivance had a hillbilly song reappearing throughout the program at opportune moments. I do not know whether it was a Tin Pan Alley hillbilly song or a real one, one of the spontaneous translations of real emotion into simple songs that ballad singers sometimes achieve by themselves. Whichever it was, it was an artistic success. It did what Mr. Corwin did not do; it was genuine, realized, achieved. Whenever that song, "Round and Round Hitler's Grave," came into the program there was a moment of emotion, comment, and effective highlighting. It invariably made Mr. Corwin's book sound tinny. The introduction of the Te Deum and the Psalms had exactly the same effect. So that at both a humble and an exalted level, genuine art showed up the counterfeit. The book could not meet the competition of either the Te Deum or the hillbilly song—you heard its pump working too clearly.

IN FORM "On a Note of Triumph" was a rhapsody. Radio reserves that form for its most solemn efforts and Mr. Corwin has worked in it before. Perhaps Mr. Pare Lorentz did not invent it when he composed "The River" for a different medium but it still has his impress. It

was not a particularly good model, for Mr. Lorentz's rhetoric was shoddy and his devices were not substantial, were in fact cheap. "Black spruce and Norway pine, Douglas fir and red cedar, scarlet oak and shagbark hickory"—well, yes, mildly, but at your risk when you use it more than once and Mr. Lorentz used it a dozen times. He did not bother to provide a reason inside his idea or his emotion why it should be black spruce rather than witch hazel, or scarlet oak instead of mountain laurel, or why we should stop at any given breathing place before some other tree got into the catalogue. It did not develop from within, it was something brushed on from outside; it tinkled pleasantly for a moment, perhaps, but it got irritating pretty soon. "Down the Mississippi, New Orleans to Baton Rouge, Baton Rouge to Natchez, Natchez to Vicksburg, Vicksburg to Memphis. . . ." The sequence had no significance and no necessity; there was no reason why we might not just as well travel the other side of the river and make it "Rosedale to Friar Point, Friar Point to Helena, Helena to Osceola," or for that matter, "Change here for Winchester, Ashuelot, Nashua, Keene, and stations on the *Fitchburg* line." Mr. Lorentz was not deeply engrossed with his words and failed to engross us. He played a slight tune, easily, with an easy rhythm, and left the rest to the waters flowing on his movie screen. No particular imagination went into the effort and no distinction came out of it.

Nevertheless radio took his hint and has since acted on it whenever it set out to be rapt, ecstatic, awful, or compelling. Mr. Lorentz kept coming through clearly in "On a Note of Triumph," and at the same time you heard a parody of Mr. MacLeish. Now Mr. MacLeish's ventures in the art of radio were frankly experimental. I don't think that his experiments altogether succeeded but he is a fine poet and the distinction of his language gave the instruments he was trying out a strength they have not got in other hands. To Mr. Lorentz's attack Mr. Corwin tried to add Mr. MacLeish's idiom. "Kentuckians are padding through the junglelands of Burma: Sailors from

Ohio navigating coral seas: Texas rangers bombing in pagoda country." That was the catalogue, all right, but why this particular series, why not Minnesota and Somaliland, why not any names from the Postal Guide and a directory of gainful occupations? And he missed out on the idiom. "And the tourists bought postcards in Estes Park, the Rocky Mountains taking the whole thing casually; and Kate Smith was in her usual good voice; and the Loyalists kept on in Spain." That falls a good deal short of Mr. MacLeish. It does not convince you that all can play the tune now since all have got the key. Played thus, the tune is cheap, not Mr. MacLeish's tune at all. But he was writing poetry, whereas in a preface, with an accuracy seldom repeated in the pages that follow, Mr. Corwin finds a word for what he was writing. He calls it a non-poem and that, I think, is right.

The truth is, "On a Note of Triumph" is bad writing. "Every leaf and every frond knows all about it, and the humus in the ground is hep (grass has an active international)." The parenthesis is intended to be knowing and the "hep" is meant to have impact but both are merely glib. Mr. Corwin is making a show of doing something that competent novelists and poets do on every page without any show at all, but he fails at it. Or "Hey nonny-nonny, achtung, and well-a-day," or "Next week, umbrella dance at Munich—Salomé bearing the head of John, the Czech." This is meant to be exceedingly hard but it is soft; it is meant to be caustic and embittered but instead it has a bargain-counter jauntiness. It doesn't look like poetry, or even non-poetry, even momentarily; you spot the costume as rented. "And in June, summer is icumen in with the sound of another broken treaty," "And the thoughts of the mother are tall, straight thoughts," "You must not forget to take along your homework in the barracks bag." Not sardonic; something too easily done, an essentially cheap achievement. "And the wave of the future swept all before it, and the Century of the Uncommon Aryan opened up ahead," "However, in the matter of the kid who used to deliver folded newspapers to your doorstep, flipping them

sideways from his bicycle," "For nature in all its wisdom and notwithstanding its proven generosity, made no allowance for blast"—no, definitely no. It pretends to have an elevation it simply has not got. It is a semi-clever talkativeness. It is bad writing.

Good writing, whether poetry or prose, would have worked this same material into symbols deeply felt and so capable of evoking a deep response. But these associations are commonplace and this imagination is vulgar. It is a flip rhetoric, a rhetoric so flip that it degrades the emotions presumed to have created it. It is radio beginning by being pretentious and so once more ending by being cheap. It is a mistake from the first line. Didn't Bernard Shaw once explain that he was in a hurry and so had to write a play in non-poetry because it took too much effort to write sound prose?

RADIO has shown a marked liking for this bastard form of speech, which has neither the discipline of verse nor the structural strength of prose. It has shown so marked a preference for it that some of my colleagues have impressively decided that this is "the language of radio." I do not think it is necessarily the language of radio. I do not think that radio has to force everything it can into the form of a drama and then, when it can dramatize no further, trick out everything else in spurious rhetoric. If the simple newspaperman's language of John Daly, hardly an hour earlier, could evoke the sorrow and exaltation which Mr. Corwin tried hard but failed to evoke with his non-poetry, surely the art of radio can find instruction in that plain fact. Mr. Corwin even supplies an example of his own. His script quotes an actual news broadcast by William Shirer, a description of Hitler at Compiègne. Its simplicity and directness get home: no hearer could fail to feel what he is meant to feel. And then in his own person, Mr. Corwin

immediately adds, "The gloating hour is to be remembered. File it away in a bomb-proof corner, if such there be, against a better time, if such can possibly arrive." Mr. Shirer's is good writing; Mr. Corwin will not deny himself the intellectual cliché, nor the jiggly rhythm, nor the pretentious phrase. "Elsewise, why the young mother in Baranovichi . . ." I think that does it in one word. Mr. Corwin brought a manner to the occasion, but what the occasion needed was a style. It needed a mind working on the situation and with words, a discriminating mind, a mind that could not possibly have written "elsewise."

I do not know whether the art of radio has fixed limits, whether this represents the best it can do with its present techniques. We are freely told that Mr. Corwin has mastered his medium, but it would be interesting to see whether a better writer might not be able to use the same techniques, limitations and all, to better effect. On the showing of "On a Note of Triumph," either poetry or prose would be much better than non-poetry. On the other hand, pretentiousness will fail in any medium, with any technique, and certainly pretentiousness, the radio's occupational disease, was a lethal mistake to have committed on May 8. Literature will need many years before it can achieve any adequate expression of that day, and the sternest, severest efforts conceivable were bound to fail. But we could have been spared the pretentious failure of "On a Note of Triumph." In the presence of those realities, those profundities, those significances, literature should have resolved to be what all arts most wisely are when they are compelled to deal with tremendous things—simple and direct and humble. The art of radio had been at work on its climactic program ever since "late in 1944." There was time, I think, to have worked through its conventions and its rhetoric to a decent realization of its opportunity.

{ *Soldier and newspaperman, Major Lessner* }
{ *traveled across Russia in 1941 on his* }
{ *way from Sweden to the United States.* }

RUSSIA'S STRATEGY IN THE PACIFIC

ERWIN LESSNER



IF RUSSIA joins the war against Japan—and there are strong reasons to believe she will—the main lines of her strategy can be predicted with considerable accuracy. Already, in fact, the Japanese apparently have worked out such a prediction, and are moving their forces to fend off the anticipated Soviet thrusts as best they can.

For the kind of war Russia would have to fight in the Far East is determined by three factors, all of which either are known or are by no means impossible to estimate. They are the Russian war aims in the Pacific; the size and kind of force which she could throw into the struggle; and, above all, the forbidding country over which the Soviet armies would have to fight.

SOVIET aims in the Far East have been reasonably clear for some time. No one supposes, of course, that Russia would undertake a major military effort simply out of gratitude to her Western Allies. Like every other Great Power, she is concerned first of all with her own special interests; and in the Pacific theater these are considerable.

Both San Francisco and the events in Europe since Germany's surrender plainly indicate that one of the main goals of Soviet foreign policy is to build up her own regional system in the areas she considers vital to her security—just as the United

States is doing in Latin America and the Pacific Islands, and Great Britain is striving to do in Western Europe and the Mediterranean. Along her European borders Russia already has established a chain of "friendly" satellite governments—by methods which our State Department sometimes finds shockingly crude—all the way from Finland through Poland to the Balkans. It would be surprising indeed if she does not do her best to create a similar protective chain along her Asiatic frontier.

The forging of this Soviet regional system in the Far East already seems, in fact, to be well under way. For a first link she has long held the puppet state of outer Mongolia. Just to the south lies Communist China. Beyond that is the savage wilderness of Sinkiang, where Russia and China shared an uneasy joint rule until 1943, when the Red troops withdrew to fill the gaps on the European front; within a month after the German collapse, the Russians apparently began to filter back into Sinkiang under the cloak of a "spontaneous" revolt of the Moslem tribes.

Once Russia has consolidated her foothold in these three areas, she need add only two more links to complete the chain. They are Korea and Manchuria, the bastions most essential to ward off an attack on Soviet soil by Japan or by any other Great Power in the Pacific. Their importance—both strategic and economic—

face navy consists of a few obsolete cruisers and destroyers, in no way adequate for an amphibious invasion of Japan. But her submarine fleet is large, fairly modern, and well trained; it should be highly effective in disrupting troop and supply convoys moving across the Sea of Japan to reinforce the Nipponese armies in Manchuria.

Similarly, the known Soviet air force in Siberia consists almost entirely of fighters and light bombers designed to support infantry attacks. Russia has never used long-range strategic bombers, so the destruction of Japanese home industries probably would be left entirely to the American air forces based on the Marianas and Ryukyu Islands, just as the bombing of German war factories was left to the Western Allies. (Incidentally, our experience in the European theater does not lend much encouragement to the hope that Russia might someday make her Siberian bases available to United States bombers; but such bases are no longer of vital importance, since our invasion of Okinawa and Iwo Jima.)

Russia's Far Eastern ground forces, on the other hand, have been kept strong and well equipped throughout the European war, even when the German threat to Moscow and Stalingrad was most desperate. They are organized into the so-called Independent Red Banner Armies, whose power is no secret to the Japanese. Through their many consular offices spread from Irkutsk to Vladivostok, the Japs have had ample opportunity to observe what may be in store for them. As long ago as 1941, the Japanese consul at Vladivostok used to wear a bitter, upset-stomach sort of grin when he rode in his sumptuous Buick limousine to places overlooking the almost impregnable fortifications which surround the ramshackle residential districts of that city.

IF THE Russian West can be described as a country with a strong army, then the East is a strong army with a country. Practically everything in Eastern Siberia and the Maritime Province—manpower, transport, agriculture, and industry—has long been devoted almost entirely to military needs. For several years the

army has consisted of some 70 over-sized divisions of about 20,000 men each. Trained reserves equal the first-line divisions in numbers and perhaps in efficiency as well. They have all had training up to four and a half years, depending on the branch of the service to which they belong. All weapons, strategy, and tactics are designed to fit the peculiarities of the country. Even the soldiers themselves are especially adapted to local conditions. They have been accustomed to outdoor life under actual battle conditions, learning to endure a climate with winter temperatures ranging from 30 to 60 degrees below zero. They also have been taught all the local tricks of their trade, from those used by the Mongols and Tartars to the latest refinements of technique developed in World War II.

The Independent Red Banner Armies have cavalrymen, mounted like Temudshin's hordes, who are able to give a performance worthy of Buffalo Bill's best standards. Their sturdy peasant infantrymen can march indefatigably from 12 to 14 hours a day at a rate of better than 3 miles an hour, under heavy loads and regardless of the weather. Out of desolate waste land emerge motorized troops with strange-looking modern equipment, operated almost without gasoline. Huge air fleets flaunt their might before the eyes of the trans-Siberian traveller. There are countless gun emplacements which no artillery officer can fail to notice. The guns to move into them are the same kind as those which Hitler's generals so fatally underestimated. There is grim traffic on the Amur River; the Russians boast that they have the world's greatest river speed-boat flotilla, backed up by slow monitors mounting heavy caliber guns. Along the river banks, fortification troops train outside of underground emplacements.

The Japanese reported that the Russians have 4,000 pillboxes in this area, and the Russians republished the report without comment. The Japanese also have mentioned figures for the Red air force in the East—3,000 first line planes, supposed to be increased in number up to 50 per cent of the total Red air force. Tank strength was estimated at 2,500 in 1939. This was enough to equip twelve full

armored divisions—with more to come. More did come. Since 1942 the Far Eastern armies have been considerably reinforced by a stream of Lend-Lease munitions carried by Soviet vessels from the American West Coast.

Commander in chief of the Far Eastern forces organized in the military districts of Vladivostok, Khabarovsk, and Chita—each of them representing one army—is General Josef Radionovich Apanasenko, outstanding expert in mobile warfare and hater of publicity. He is supervised by Marshal Klementi Voroshilov, former Defense Commissar and Stalin's right-hand man.

AN INTELLIGENT, black-haired Vladivostok girl told me the story of the creation of the Independent Red Banner Armies, one of the most remarkable feats of military pioneering in history. In 1919 the Japanese had invaded Siberia and penetrated as far as Irkutsk. Hard pressed in the West, the newly-organized Communist government saw little chance to hold Siberia, defended only by small and poorly-armed partisan bands. Red General Bluecher, ex-cavalry staff sergeant in the Czar's army, was dispatched as an observer to see what could be done. At this point, the girl whispered: "His name is not supposed to be mentioned any more. Bluecher later became the traitor Tukhachevsky's friend. . . . But Bluecher was no traitor. They did not try him. He simply disappeared. . . ."

Bluecher reported that Siberia could be held. The Moscow government put him in charge of Siberia's defenses—but that was all it could do, since it could send neither troops nor munitions. Bluecher recruited an army on the spot. Since there were only a few weapons available, he mobilized all civilians. Makeshift workshops sprang out of the wilderness. There was not enough food, so farmers were pressed to deliver most of their harvest to the army. Gradually Bluecher's forces grew, enabling Moscow to open negotiations with the Japanese which eventually loosened their grip on Siberia and secured the evacuation of Vladivostok.

Bluecher's army was intended to remain

largely self-sufficient, and in 1929 was christened the "Independent Eastern Army." European Russian officers, enthusiastically watching developments in East Asia, asked for transfers to that area. Among those who came were Ivan S. Koneff, later a Marshal of the Soviet Union and one of the conquerors of Berlin, and Grigory Stern—the most colorful army commanders of the East.

Much remained to be done before the Independent Eastern Army could gain enough strength to face the Japanese across the Amur River with confidence, and make the Soviet Union a major power factor in Asia.

The army had no solid hinterland; so settled regions were created, each of them self-supporting, in case a Japanese drive should cut the Trans-Siberian Railroad. Modern industries replaced makeshift workshops. They produced few consumer goods, but many tanks, guns, trucks, airplanes, uniforms, and much ammunition. Shipyards were set up to build fighting vessels for the new Amur River fleet.

Today the Baikal industrial region compares favorably with anything in European Russia. The Maritime Province industrial area, lying in the rectangle with Vladivostok, Khabarovsk, Komsomolsk, and Nikolaevsk at its corners, also has become a major manufacturing center. Most industries are within range of Jap airplanes; consequently the anti-aircraft defenses were so highly developed that they later were used as the pattern for Moscow's successful anti-aircraft installations.

"Sorry you cannot see Komsomolsk," the girl said. "No stranger is admitted. It has 500,000 inhabitants, twice as many as Vladivostok. It is all one huge factory . . . like America." That is how many Russians think of the United States.

In Siberia the Russians had nearly all the raw materials they needed—except enough oil. There is some oil in the Russian half of Sakhalin Island and a little more in the Maritime Province. It can either keep the planes in the air or the tanks rolling, but not both. So the Red Army turned to wood-gas combustion motors for their armored units. The engines are started on a few drops of gasoline

and then are switched to wood-gas for regular operation. The woodburners work reasonably well; their power is only about 25 per cent less than that of comparable gasoline vehicles. There is plenty of wood throughout the area. It is chopped into blocks a foot long and carried in small bags. The woodburning devices I saw resembled chestnut stoves mounted on the rear of the vehicles. They did not look especially trim, and soldiers riding on the tanks have to be careful not to burn their fingers. They probably have been supplemented in recent months with considerable numbers of standard Russian and American tanks and trucks, operating on gasoline stored in huge underground fuel dumps.

"Early in 1938," the girl concluded, "we were ready. Then we had the test battles of Changkufeng and Nomonhan, both ending in complete victory over the Japanese. The government bestowed the name of honor 'Independent Red Banner Armies' upon our forces and now we are waiting for the day of reckoning with the *tshort* Japs." (*Tshort* is a picturesque curse universally applied to the Japanese.)

Everybody I met in Vladivostok spoke of the battle of Changkufeng, the coming conflict with the *tshort* Japs, and General Grigory Stern, their pet hero. He is regarded as a sort of combination Babe Ruth and Marshal Suvaroff. Now 45 years old, Stern commands the First Independent Red Banner Army and the military district of Vladivostok. His fighting career started in 1918, when he organized a guerrilla band of students to fight the German invaders of his native Crimea. His skill in directing this group in their attacks on the enemy led the Germans to believe that their opponent was an experienced staff officer—an illusion which saved his life when he finally was taken prisoner. It never entered the heads of his captors that this frail, ragged boy could be the leader they were seeking. So they kicked him around—and let him go. Stern then was picked up by Red partisans and adopted as a "son of the Red Army." He has proved a faithful son, an unconventional military thinker, and a sponsor of many tactical and mechanical innovations.

III

IF RUSSIA plunges into the Far Eastern war, Stern is expected to lead the most important of three separate Red Army offensives. His forces have long been organized for a drive from the Vladivostok area down the coast, to overrun the Korean peninsula. Their first objectives presumably would be the air base of Rashin and the railroad terminal of Seishin.

Before Changkufeng—the "border incident" which involved more men on both sides than the Battle of Gettysburg—the Japs considered Korea invasion-proof. When it was finished, they had learned that the hills protecting the border no longer could be regarded as insurmountable barriers. On Zaozernaya Hill, the outstanding feature of the terrain, the best troops the Japs could muster were overwhelmed by Stern's dive bombers and woodburning tanks. However, the vulnerable sector seemed to be confined to a narrow coastal strip.

The Japanese hoped (and a good many Russians believed) that so narrow a strip could be heavily fortified and successfully defended in depth, even against superior forces. Stern, however, insisted that during the winter months he could move large forces across the frozen sea to outflank the Korean bottleneck.

In 1940, when Red forces attacked the Finns' strongly-defended Mannerheim line, Stern was invited to come along as a "guest general." Ahead of the Russian forces lay Koivisto, powerful fortress on the shore of the Gulf of Finland. A frontal assault would be costly, and a flanking move across the ice was thought to be out of the question—before Stern came. A few days after his arrival, three fully-equipped divisions marched over the rugged ice of the Finnish Gulf and outflanked Koivisto, which fell almost without firing a shot. Stern quietly returned to Vladivostok, leaving the Finns—as well as German and Japanese observers—gloomily wondering how he did it.

The sea off the Russian-Korean border is frozen for about 100 days out of the year. During this period Stern's First Independent Red Banner Army might be able to outflank Rashin and Seishin over the ice,

and force the Japs to choose between retreat and envelopment. The Jap air force facing the Maritime Province is concentrated at four major and many minor fields around Rashin. Their capture would greatly lessen the air threat to Vladivostok, and would leave the Jap air support crippled in the battle for Korea. Beyond Seishin, Stern's men can drive through a flat country as hard for the Japs to defend successfully against mechanized attack as the central plain of Luzon.

The country probably would be friendly to the Russians. The Koreans hate the Japanese. For years Stern's emissaries have been explaining to them that the Soviets do not practice racial discrimination, and that they would be quite willing to give the Koreans control of their own domestic affairs. In return, they asked for Korean collaboration in the war to come. Many Koreans, defying the Jap guards at their border, returned the visits and became frequent and honored guests in Vladivostok where they were lavishly entertained in the city's night spots.

Consequently, it probably is safe to assume that Stern's troops would be guided through the intricate paths and narrow valleys of northeastern Korea by native guerrillas. A small force in this rough country could protect the Russian inland flank, while the main drive strikes through Korea's capital, Seoul, and then turns south to the Strait of Tsushima. With luck, the Soviets might hope to complete such a campaign in about six months.

MEANWHILE, another offensive presumably will be launched by the Second Independent Red Banner Army from the area west of Khabarovsk through the Sungari River valley toward Harbin.

Through Harbin run most of the main communication lines of Manchuria. It is a key junction for some of the most important railroads and highways supplying the Japanese strongholds in Northern Manchuria—and these outposts are twice as far from Harbin as are the Russian forces at Khabarovsk. If the Reds get there first, a substantial part of the Japanese garrison may be hopelessly cut off.

Once Harbin is captured, the Russian campaign probably would continue south-

ward to Mukden, one of the largest of the war production centers which the Japanese have built up on the Asiatic mainland. And from Mukden, the invader's obvious route leads to Dairen and Port Arthur—once a Russian naval base, the target for the Japanese sneak attack in 1904 which set the pattern for Pearl Harbor.

In preparation for this drive the Soviets have built up Khabarovsk—a scene of decay for twenty years—into a major industrial city. Its excellent inland harbor is a main base for the Amur River gunboats, which look much more modern and trim than the Red surface fleet in the Sea of Japan. This flotilla serves as the first line of defense against a Jap counter-thrust into Siberia. Khabarovsk also is the principal base for the Second Army, a force—so far as it is visible to an outsider—impressive mostly for its artillery.

Maintaining a first-class military establishment in this area, independent of supplies from European Russia, would have been impossible if it were not for the Jews of Birobidshan. Twenty years ago the region west of Khabarovsk was only empty plain, with a few poor and scattered villages. There was plenty of fertile soil, however, which needed only pioneers to convert it into productive farms.

The Soviet government, therefore, offered the territory around Birobidshan to the Jews as an autonomous Jewish region. Gradually about two hundred thousand enterprising and hardy settlers moved in. They are tall, vigorous people with strong hands and determined expression. These Jewish farmers have converted their part of the Amur valley, which looks rather like the lower Hudson, into the most homelike place in Russian Asia. Their collective farms compare favorably with any American or European estate. Their equipment is partly American-made, partly Russian copies of American models; the trademark of the International Harvester Company is familiar to every child. Although residential quarters are grossly neglected nearly everywhere else in Siberia, here they are clean and well built, with flower beds, neat paths, and even an occasional bathroom with running water. The people seem to be cheerful enough, although they keep only a small share of

their harvest; the rest of it goes to feed the Second Army.

Northwestward from Birobidshan offensive preparations give way to defensive fortifications on a large scale. Here, on the Soviet side of the Amur, is the zone of the four thousand pillboxes, buried deep in ground which freezes in winter as solid as rock. They are backed up by a considerable force of cavalry, mounted on little horses which are said to be able to climb like goats and swim like ducks. These mounted patrols would be charged with the mission of protecting the Second Army's right flank and disorganizing the Japanese by raids behind their lines.

Still further to the northwest lies the Taiga, a mysterious swampland covered with small trees that fall and rot before they are full grown. It is a region of shifting rivers and the heaviest rainfall in Siberia: an almost perfect defensive barrier.

On the other side of this swampland is the Third Army district, with its main base at Chita. In the two decades after the Bolshevik revolution, when a Japanese offensive against Siberia was a constant threat, this area was expected to be the main theater of war; and the Russians prepared it for a defense in depth. Artillery emplacements and arsenals are hidden behind chains of barren hills, and narrow-gauge railway lines lead to underground storehouses. Most noticeable of all are the heavy plane concentrations. The sky is filled with aircraft of all types, many of them trainers.

In 1939 the Japanese attempted a "test battle" in this region, apparently to find out how difficult it would be to drive into the new industrial center around Lake Baikal. This border incident, which involved some two hundred thousand men and perhaps 30,000 casualties on both sides, was known as the battle of Nomonhan. It ended in a Japanese repulse.

In any Russian offensive operation, the Third Army presumably would push from the Chita area towards Tsitsihar, another important Manchurian communications center. It could count on the co-operation of the Buryat Mongolians, heavy-set, gloomy men, mounted on wiry little ponies and armed with tommy-guns. Their

marksmanship, even at a gallop, is said to be unequalled. They are commanded by the Mongol Marshal Choibalsan, a warrior of the type Genghis Khan once led in the conquest of the largest empire the world has ever known.

IN ADDITION to the three main offensives —toward Korea, Harbin, and Tsitsihar—the Russians might be expected to stage a lively sideshow on Sakhalin Island. They have never been reconciled to the Jap annexation of the southern half of this island, after the Czar's defeat in 1905; and in addition it offers tempting oil supplies and air bases capable of dominating Japanese home waters. If the Soviet submarines can hold off the depleted Japanese navy, enough Red divisions might be ferried from Nikolaevsk to sweep down on Shikuka and Ushiro, the Jap railway terminals, and from there to the La Pérouse Straits, opposite Hokkaido.

Still another secondary offensive might be mounted against Paramushiro Island, northernmost of the Kurils, perhaps with American naval aid. So long as it remains in Japanese hands, convoys with Lend-Lease supplies could hardly expect to get through from the United States. Once it is reduced, however, shipping should be able to move with reasonable safety across the Sea of Okhotsk to the mouth of the Amur River.

This problem of supplies is likely to be the gravest worry of the Soviet commanders in any war with Japan. Although the industries and agriculture of Siberia have been built up to maintain the three Independent Red Banner Armies, they probably could not support the large additional forces which would have to be moved in from European Russia in order to guarantee overwhelming superiority. These reinforcements would have to depend largely upon American supplies from across the Pacific, plus shipments from western Russia over the long and tenuous line of the Trans-Siberian Railroad.

Because the Trans-Siberian—then a rickety single-track road—could not feed his armies, the Czar lost the Russo-Japanese War in 1905; and this lesson has been heavy on the minds of Russian staff officers ever since. The problem became even

more difficult in 1931, when the Japanese armies finally moved into northern Manchuria, where they hold positions within eighty miles of the railway along some 1,200 miles of its length.

Consequently, the Soviets not only have double-tracked the Trans-Siberian, but also have paralleled it with at least one other major rail line several hundred miles to the north. This new construction makes the Russian supply arteries much more secure, but they cannot be considered entirely safe until the Japanese are driven out of easy bomber range; so the Russians have strong logistical, as well as political, reasons for aiming their main offensives at Manchuria and Korea.

In addition, they might be expected to delay the opening of hostilities until they can build up ample reserves of food and munitions, not only for the three Independent Red Banner Armies, but also for the reinforcement divisions. Nobody knows how much of the Lend-Lease supplies arriving at Vladivostok during the last three years went on to the German front; but there is evidence that a considerable tonnage has been stockpiled in Siberia. It might be a reasonable guess, therefore, that the rest of the necessary reserves could be built up and the redeployment of troops completed within six months.

If such an estimate is correct, a Russian attack on the Japanese might be anticipated sometime next winter. Such timing would co-ordinate it with the offensive from the Central Pacific by American forces, which also are scheduled to complete their redeployment in about six months. And it would give the Russians two additional advantages: the Sungari and other rivers of Manchuria become frozen in winter, and the Red troops are better adapted to cold-weather campaigning than the Japs.

THE Japanese unquestionably have made their own calculations somewhat along these lines. All through the war they have maintained a powerful force—usually about 55 divisions—of their best troops along the Siberian border. Since the end of the European war, there have been a number of indications that the Japanese are reinforcing their Man-

churian armies. For example, they gave up Foochow without a serious struggle—in spite of the fact that this is the very area in which an American landing on the China coast is most likely—in order to withdraw the garrison to the north. A similar northward shift of Jap troops seems to be under way from points as far distant as Burma; and some American intelligence officers have concluded that the Japanese may give up all of China south of the Yellow River in order to concentrate against the gathering Soviet storm.

If this is true, the Russian entry in the Pacific war—or, rather, the mere expectation of it—already is paying dividends. It means a lessening of pressure on weary China, and it may mean that U. S. forces can land virtually unopposed on the Asiatic mainland. If the expectation becomes a reality, and Russia manages to crush the Jap armies in Manchuria and Korea, the Pacific war would be shortened by months and thousands of American lives would be saved.

Such a development would, of course, be welcome to the United States, but it also would present America with an awkward diplomatic problem. For fifty years the preservation of China's territorial integrity has been a cardinal point of our foreign policy. The Open Door policy was first laid down, in fact, in an effort to halt encroachment of other nations in North China, Manchuria, and Korea. Non-recognition of Japanese conquests in this area was one of the steps which led to the present war. Presumably, therefore, the State Department cannot look with enthusiasm on the incorporation of these territories into the Russian regional security system.

Yet, on the other hand, the United States is hardly in a position to protest against Russia's building up of such a regional system, so long as we are busily engaged in building a similar one of our own in Latin America and the Pacific Islands. Consequently, it seems likely that in the coming months we may see a revision of our traditional foreign policy toward Asia, and that we eventually may acquiesce in the establishment of a belt of Russian satellite states in the Far East as well as in Central Europe.

(Well-known for his articles on politics
and economics, Mr. Grattan here takes up
the phenomenon of a book that astonished
its author by becoming a best-seller.)

HAYEK'S HAYRIDE:

Or, Have You Read a Good Book Lately?

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN



EVERY so often, as if in response to some admirable law of intellectual economy, a book appears which has an exceptional power to irritate many while offering others the consolations of revealed truth. How many have appeared in the last dozen years or so, during which I have been an especially willing victim of their wiles, I cannot say. I never counted them. But the list would surely include John Strachey's *The Coming Struggle for Power* (1932), Peter Drucker's *The End of Economic Man* (1939), and James Burnham's *The Managerial Revolution* (1941), to stick to a few fairly recent examples. Now we have Friedrich Hayek's *The Road to Serfdom*.

These books deal, in their individual ways, in a whither-are-we-drifting context, with the problem of what to do to be saved. But whereas the phrase has traditionally had a religious connotation, the saving here undertaken is in terms of economics and politics, or that amalgam of the two which used to be called political economy. They are secular prescriptions for dealing with secular disorders. The great popularity of *certain* books of this general description—for dozens are published annually which excite no more than casual remark—is clear evidence of the facts that we are conscious of deep disorders and that we are still alert enough,

after a decade and a half of terrific punishment by depression and war, to "give a hang" about being saved, if the remedy proposed is put up in an unfamiliar package and advertised spectacularly enough. Hayek's book offers an old nostrum attractively packaged. It might be described as Nature's remedy, even though it is not spelled backwards.

What Hayek is telling us is that the concentration of too much power in the hands of the government is dangerous on any grounds, and that under the conditions imposed by centralized economic planning, it is doubly dangerous. Under the latter conditions it is the road to serfdom. At first glance it seems odd that a people who have long quoted to one another the tag, "That government is best which governs least," should frantically embrace an Austrian-born, naturalized Britisher for repeating something like it to them. But times change and today we have a clamorous group to whom Jefferson's phrase has little meaning, even as a cautionary remark. They are of the persuasion that would constantly increase the range of the government's powers and responsibilities until *all* power and responsibility would be in its hands. They are the people who are deficient in that legitimate suspicion of government which is the mark of sound citizenship in a de-

mocracy. It is as an argument against them that Hayek's book has its greatest force. To that group it is, naturally, a blast straight from the infernal regions—the voice of reaction, The Enemy in person.

On any candid view Hayek's book is not gospel truth to be swallowed without inspection or question. Its greatest utility is as an irritant. Judging by the people it has enraged—like those distinguished planners and boorish controversialists, Professors Charles Merriam and Louis Wirth, who so desperately sought on radio programs to mark Hayek "F" (for flunked) and expunge him from the public record—it serves that purpose admirably.

MUCH of the roaring against Hayek is occasioned by his opposition to planning. Because planning is an ambiguous word of many meanings, it is a major misfortune that Hayek failed to define his terms early in the book. He does get around to defining his idea of planning after a while, but not until a good deal of damage is done to the reader's understanding. For everybody knows that planning is inherent in living, particularly social living, and to have it appear to be condemned out of hand is disconcerting to say the least. We know, too, that the government must plan its legitimate activities if it is to maintain even that degree of efficiency which we require of it—a not too high degree, I think.

But Hayek doesn't really mean planning of these kinds, which are so widely required of all men and governments. He is concerned rather to warn us against permitting the government to plan all production—to control the entire economy. It is his conviction that if this comprehensive power passes into its hands, it is only a question of time before a progressive invasion of all areas of human activity will be made on behalf of government authority. ("The control of the means of production is the control of the means for all our ends; and exclusive control of the means of production is complete control of the ends.") The upshot will be totalitarian tyranny—or "serfdom" for the masses of mankind. It may be a plush-upholstered serfdom. Hayek

doesn't mean that all power to the government planners will lead to mediaeval conditions of life in material terms. He simply means that men will be deprived of the possibility of thinking and acting on their own motion for their own purposes. They will act *and think* as the planners require—or else! This is serfdom to him, even though it is called a "new" or "higher" freedom by its partisans.

If this sounds like a bad dream, the question naturally arises whether Hayek isn't a victim of an apocalyptic nightmare. It would be easier to agree that he is if we had not, in the last three decades, seen something like this worked out in practice over wide areas of the earth. So before we toss Hayek aside as a Gothic romancer, it behooves us to form some kind of judgment of how far the circumstances in our own country point in the same direction. On the one hand, it is my considered judgment that we are not in any immediate danger of getting into the unpleasant box Hayek describes as the ultimate upshot of state planning; but, on the other hand, there are enough people advising us to get into precisely that box to make his warnings about it worth while.

For these people are terribly sincere and infernally ambitious. There are times, however, when sincerity is a minor virtue. Sincerity in a mistaken cause can be utterly disastrous. Good men have done an appalling amount of harm in the course of human history. It is futile to debate the sincerity and goodness of men bent on a course utterly fateful to the rest of us. There is no choice, in the end, between being done in by scoundrels or good men. In both cases the result is equally bad. These fellows, good or bad, are to be opposed because they hold mistaken ideas. There is still time to oppose them. That is our great strength.

II

IT is ironic that Hayek's warning against any system which is based on detailed planning at the center is used to try to bilk all government planning. Properly read, of course, Hayek gives no comfort to this nonsense. As he now says, "If I had to write the book again . . . I should take

greater care not to be misunderstood as being against all kinds of government action which are lumped together under the vague word 'planning'."

Opposition to all-over, centralized planning is the negative function of Hayek's book. It has a positive side, too. The odd thing is that both sides are applauded without understanding—or, what is just as ridiculous, accepted in fragments and misused for childishly partisan purposes.

Hayek allows for public works, a measure of social security, and the use of monetary policy to iron out the ups and downs of the business cycle. He draws, or tries to draw, a distinction between good and bad planning. Unfortunately it isn't a very clear distinction. The basic criterion of good planning, he says, is planning that doesn't interfere with the operations of the free competitive market. Bad planning is planning which does so interfere. It would take more expertness than most of us possess to judge particular plans on the basis of this distinction with any great confidence or finality (if, indeed, there is any such thing as government planning which doesn't interfere with the free market). There is thus a core of vagueness in Hayek's book that sadly diminishes its utility as a popular gospel—a utility which is further diminished by the character of his positive program. When one comes to it, one immediately has an uncomfortable feeling that one has attended this meeting before and that few sinners have ever been saved at such gatherings.

If too much power can be concentrated in the hands of government, so also can too much power be concentrated in the hands of those who control private business. A pressing problem of our day is how and where to strike a balance between these two basic systems of power, in the hope of preserving a maximum amount of freedom to the individual. Hayek says we must, to be free, prevent government from undertaking total planning. Well and good. But equally we must know how to be free from excessive power in the hands of private business, especially in the forms of monopolies and cartels—which are simply private planning to block the operation of the free market.

Hayek, on this question, advances a

three-pronged program: he says we can be free of excessive business power through free trade, breaking up of restrictions on patents, and enforcement of laws against monopolies and cartels (i.e., the old American pastime, "trust busting"). This is hardly startling stuff. Few Americans will come out for free trade (and really Hayek doesn't expect them to—all he hopes for is a sharp lowering of tariffs), but plenty are willing enough to advocate laws to free patents from restrictions, and practically everybody will give lip service to trust busting. Of the three, the first is so highly unlikely in this country as to be hardly worth arguing, the second may possibly come to something, and the third is such old stuff to the American public that it has become cynical about its utility. Taken together in the American context they do not look very impressive as policies designed to limit the power of business or to assist in returning the market to its place as arbiter, as Hayek desires. That is why, I think, so many readers feel let down by Hayek, especially American readers. They are more acutely aware of the problem of curbing the power of business than he is, and they fear that his weakness on this score plays into the hands of monopolistic business.

But what differentiates Hayek from most of those who would accept some or all of his program with regard to business, is his insistence on not interfering with the market. To him the free, competitive market is the prime regulator of a sound economic system, the factor in the social equation without which no satisfactory results can follow. He opposes central planning because it substitutes government fiat for the market as the basic regulator of economic affairs, because it interferes with or even abolishes the market. But he is also and equally against the efforts of private business to interfere with the free functioning of the market by wangling protective tariffs, guaranteed prices, and so on from the government, and seeking "security" by adopting so-called "administered prices," engaging in secret price-fixing agreements, engineering monopolies, cartels, etc. In relation to the market, Hayek is a man in the middle, distributing his blows to both the govern-

ment and business. He wants to root out the rigidities artificially imposed on the market system, no matter who introduced them or who benefits from them.

For Hayek is passionately concerned with the rule of law. He is against special privileges and the arbitrary use of power. Once the rules of the game are defined, and the counters to be employed are named, he doesn't want any players barred, any saved from the consequences of their bad judgment of market prospects, or the rules ever arbitrarily changed or interpreted by some government official who assumes authority over the game. If changes must be made, let them be made by due process of law, with full debate prior to the enactment of the new rules. As he is opposed to the concentration of excessive power in the hands of the government, so Hayek is against the government's using in an arbitrary fashion such power as it has in its hands. He would watch closely the tendency to grant discretionary powers to bureaucratic authorities, and guard against the constant increase of administrative law.

THE basic weakness of Hayek's book, quite apart from the judgment I might make on the prospects or desirability of realizing his program in our society, is the fact that he comes down hard on what he believes to be abuses of governmental power and defines the abuses chiefly in extreme forms, without making equally clear his opposition to the abuses of power on the part of private business. Consequently, because he didn't lay about himself with equal vigor in both directions, he has found himself being used as a pawn in a political game in a fashion which is hardly to his liking.

III

THE *Road to Serfdom* was written in London during the blitz. Hayek is a professor at the University of London. He was born in Austria where he rose to be Director of the Austrian Institute for Economic Research, and Lecturer in Economics in the University of Vienna. He has lived in London since 1931 and is now a British citizen. When the war broke

out he was at work on a long book in the field of the history of ideas. He was seeking to trace the influence of natural science and technology on thinking about social problems. As I understand it, he feels strongly that ideas appropriate to the one are inappropriate to the other, but that natural scientists and technicians are altogether too prone to think that they can manipulate society as they manipulate inanimate materials. Hayek found it impossible to concentrate on his task during the blitz and, being concerned with the direction English thinking on economic problems was taking, turned instead to writing a short book of warning, *The Road to Serfdom*, the fundamental ideas of which he had included in a pamphlet entitled *Freedom and the Economic System* published over here by the University of Chicago Press in 1938, with no resulting excitement whatsoever.

The story goes that the book was rejected three times for publication in America before it was accepted in December 1943 by the University of Chicago Press after reports on it by readers of contrary mind had been received. It was not expected to sell very well. Here are excerpts from the pre-publication reports:

- (1) . . . a masterly performance . . . the whole discussion is pitched at a quite high intellectual and scholarly level . . . the book is an able piece of work, but limited in scope and somewhat one-sided in treatment. I doubt whether it would have a very wide market in this country, or would change the position of many readers.
- (2) The current discussion between advocates and adversaries of free enterprise has not been conducted so far on a very high level. Hayek's book may start in this country a more scholarly kind of debate . . . the book is almost exclusively critical, not constructive. Its technique is black-and-white. It is impatient of compromises. It is written with the passion and the burning clarity of a great doctrinaire. Hayek has the sincerity of one who has had the vision of a danger which the others have not seen. He warns his fellow-men with loving impatience.

The book finally appeared on September 18, 1944, in a printing of 2,000 copies, a fair indication of the expected demand for what appeared to be a severely intellectual tract for scholars. A week later a second printing of 5,000 copies was ordered; and

sales have snowballed ever since. After it was well on its way to a very considerable success, *Reader's Digest* ran a condensation of the book in its April 1945 number, a condensation, by the way, of which Hayek has expressed entire approval. The Book-of-the-Month Club agreed to distribute reprints of the condensation at a small charge per copy. In the early stages of the book's career the people at *Fortune* were keenly interested in it, but they seem to have played no part in promoting it beyond a fulsome review. John Chamberlain, who contributed a foreword to the American edition, first read the book as a set of British proof-sheets lent to him by John Davenport of *Fortune*. This concentration of "big publishers" on the book seems to be an example of simultaneous discovery of a job toward which anyone at all knowing would expect all of them to be sympathetic. Anyhow, *The Road to Serfdom* became a sizable cinder in the public eye.

WHATEVER may have been in Hayek's mind when he wrote his book, it is obvious that the result was a made-to-order hand grenade for conservatives to hurl at planners—i.e., New Dealers, followers of Henry Wallace, the Communists and so on. It didn't matter that the all-inclusive planning power had never been assumed in Washington (except perhaps in time of war when Hayek himself would approve of it), and was hardly likely to be assumed under present political conditions. All that mattered was that the conservatives could seize upon the book with glad cries as supporting their position of opposition to what had been going on in this country since 1933. They could allege that even if we had not reached it, the drift was clearly toward the horrid end Hayek defined. It was not necessary to understand the book; it was not even necessary to read it. (Today Hayek gloomily writes, "I find far too many people talking about what I am represented to have said rather than about the argument that I have actually used.") In fact, it would embarrass many who point to the book with pride if they really read and understood it. If Hayek's pro-

gram were adopted in Washington it would be necessary to return Thurman Arnold to the Attorney-General's office, give Wendell Berge full authority to do his worst on cartels, junk Hull's reciprocal trade agreements program in favor of a really all-out blitz on the tariff, define a federal monetary policy aimed at ironing out business cycles, sterilize the gold held by the United States, accept the Bretton Woods proposals, and generally have fun—of a new but hardly quiet kind.

In short, Hayek, in spite of what he clearly intended to say, was caught up in a war not of his own making. Vastly important campaigns he did want to wage were thrust aside. If Henry Hazlitt in the *New York Times* "Book Review" saw in the book a contemporary counterpart of John Stuart Mill's *On Liberty* (1859); if Albert J. Nock, peeking out of the storm-cellar to which he retired several years ago, saw it as "an *ex post facto* pointing up" of Herbert Spencer's *The Coming Slavery* (1884); if Reinhold Niebuhr found it no "more profound or prudent than Herbert Hoover's book on *Liberty* written a decade ago," it was hardly cause for astonishment. These gentlemen were reacting as one would predict in advance of the appearance of their reviews. It was hardly unexpected, either, for the *Daily Worker* to condemn it intemperately, for *PM* to grumble at it as irrelevant, for McAlister Coleman to greet it with jocose vulgarities in the *Progressive*, or for Samuel B. Pettengill to promote it as best he could in his syndicated column with his usual sullen growls at Washington. All this was, so to speak, "according to plan." Truly the University of Chicago Press's adviser, who expected the book to convert nobody either way, was right. But the to-do about it started the sales zooming.

I SUSPECT that the book became a best-seller partly because Hayek finds the roots of planning in socialism, argues his conviction that Hitler's national socialism grew out of pre-Nazi German humanitarian socialism, and argues further that the movement from humanitarian socialism to planning to tyranny is being repeated in England (and by inference in the United States and elsewhere), and

generally ties up socialism, planning, and nazism into a complex bundle. Simpler minds have done as much. If, then, you regard New Dealism as socialism, or a close relative of nazism, and in any case as a highly objectionable kind of state planning, you are highly likely to take *The Road to Serfdom* to your bosom, no matter what else it may contain. You will recommend it to your friends, especially those with similar prejudices. But you won't give each one a detailed exposition of Hayek's intricate argument. You'll recommend it on the basis of a gross simplification; and the author will be terribly embarrassed. He has written (in the *Chicago Sun* "Book Week"):

For an author who never intended to write a popular book a reception like that accorded to *The Road to Serfdom* is a pleasant surprise but also something of an embarrassment.

The problems to which the book addresses itself are inevitably difficult, and if I had been asked to write about them for a large public, I should almost certainly have refused. The book was intended mainly for a small circle of people actively struggling with the difficult questions which arise in the field where economics and politics meet, and the chief purpose in writing it was to persuade a few leaders in the current movement of opinion that they were on an extremely dangerous path.

Perhaps I should add here, since I am frequently misunderstood on this point, that my contentions are mainly based not on historical parallels but on a theoretical argument which tends to show why, in the circumstances, the development which took place was inevitable.

I must confess . . . that I was at first a little puzzled and even alarmed when I found that a book written in no party spirit and not meant to support any popular philosophy should have been so exclusively welcomed by one party and so thoroughly excoriated by the other.

Books are very apt to have careers their authors never intended, and Hayek is not the first author to be embarrassed by the antics of his intellectual progeny.

But that is the way books become popular. The question is not whether Hayek's argument in all its intricacy is understood. The question is whether his basic warning, however dimly apprehended, was worth uttering. Hayek may find himself on a hayride he would hardly have chosen of his own free will, but if the residual effect is to the good, a little buffeting around won't do him—or us—any harm. I'd say the warning was decidedly worth uttering.

This is the warning as it comes through to me:

There is a basic conflict between freedom and organization. Too much organization, especially when there is also a concentration of power at one center, can gradually result in the extinction of freedom. If to master the problems of our day we need more organization than has been customary in the past, we must build it with a scrupulous attention to its effect on freedom. Should we plunge blindly forward into organization simply because we feel a strong need for more of it, we shall, by placing the emphasis on that side of the balance, endanger the future of freedom. Therefore, stop, look, and listen. This applies in equal measure to both government and business. Too much power in the hands of either can menace the well-being of the wayfaring citizen.

UNDERSTANDING so much, we can view Hayek's own peculiar program with whatever degree of skepticism we command. I myself find it hard to believe that the free market should be as sovereign a governor of our destiny as Hayek argues. Equally I do not believe that the market is as evil an institution as it has lately been alleged to be, for example by Karl Polanyi in *The Great Transformation*. I find myself wanting to occupy a position in the middle and, like many others, I feel strongly that history has hardly favored extremists of any variety. History has persistently shown itself more subtle than any argument.

It is for this reason that I think there is good sense in a remark by Sir Frederick Eggleston: "It is probably true to say that the ideological discussion at almost any stage of history is really out of touch with the real forces working at the time." As a defense of freedom against the wiles of organization, Hayek's book is admirable, but as gospel it is less convincing. It does not contain, to paraphrase Emerson, the bait that traps my intellect. I suspect that its ultimate utility, like that of many of its predecessors, is as an irritant to prevent us from sinking into complacency—from which fate may there always be writers to deliver us. But beware of the man who tries to tell you that Hayek has Truth by the tail at last!

{ *Morris L. Ernst is a well-known*
New York lawyer who has special-
ized in libel and civil liberties cases. }

FREEDOM TO READ, SEE, AND HEAR

MORRIS L. ERNST



MOST of us make a major mistake in our thinking about freedom of speech and of the press. We think of it as meaning only freedom for the writer or speaker to carry on without interference (as from government). But under the conditions of today something else is needed too—freedom for the rest of us to read and to hear; and that includes, if it is to be effective, chances to get information and ideas *from a number of sources*.

The basic assumption underlying our Constitutional guarantee of a free press is that if the marketplace of thought is kept open and free from artificial restraint, the truth will ultimately win out. But it is of little use to give writers and speakers unrestrained access to that marketplace if they cannot sell their wares because one man owns the only stall at which sales can be made. Or, to change the figure of speech, it does little good to permit everybody to speak his mind if one man has sole access to the only amplifier which will enable others to hear him. In that case the speakers may be free but the auditors are not. Only if they may hear a diversity of views have they that opportunity for choice which is the essence of freedom.

This is not a new concept of freedom of speech. It has been expressed again and again. But too few of us have grasped its importance for us today. And a great many of us must grasp it firmly if a few powerful agencies of mass communication

are to be prevented from monopolizing the American public's access to news and ideas.

Whether the handfuls of people who already dominate our present chief media of mass communication are good or bad is quite beside the point. For our salvation rests not upon the virtue of those who dispense news and ideas to us, but upon our being offered enough *varieties* of news and ideas—enough varieties of wrong-headedness, if you will—to be able to select what we deem to be true. Nobody, however public-spirited, is good enough to impose unanimity of thought upon America.

CONSIDER the present situation. We have a diversity of book-publishing houses in America—though there is an acute danger that when the cheap book business booms after the war, as it pretty surely will, two or three colossi of mass-production publishing may arise to get a stranglehold on that business. We have a diversity of magazines—though in these days when circulations mount into the millions the dire possibility of concentrated control must never be lost sight of. But it is not in these media that the problem is most critical, but rather in the three media which have the most immediate and overwhelming mass influence: the newspapers, the radio, and the movies.

Newspapers. Since 1910 the number of

newspapers in the United States has fallen sharply. The percentage of American towns in which there is only one newspaper has doubled. By 1939, there were 1,450 towns with daily papers, and *in 80 per cent of these towns there was only one paper left*. Although there are now more newspaper readers than ever before in our national history, less than one per cent of all our daily papers control roughly a quarter of the circulation pie, and just 19 Sunday papers command almost half the total Sunday circulation. It is quite true that the newspaper chains—Hearst, Scripps, and so forth—no longer cast a widening shadow; but we must remember that the disintegration of a chain after it has reached its maximum point of efficiency will not restore to life the papers that it killed in its destructive climb to power. In 1939, in West Virginia, *one man owned two thirds of the papers independently** published. What kind of marketplace is that for the survival of truth? At what point do we believe that one man's owning the mind of a state is a threat to its liberty?

Radio. Four networks dominate the American air. Two-thirds of all radio stations are affiliated with one or more of the networks, because they have found such an affiliation a practical necessity for profitable operation: approximately 40 per cent of an affiliated station's income is from the national networks.

Nor is that all. Because of the shortage of network time and the high cost of network productions, there are only a handful of national advertisers who can afford to buy radio time. In 1943 fewer than 150 advertisers gave the networks 97 per cent of their business. And in reality the concentration is greater than even that figure would indicate. Both NBC and the Blue Network receive about 60 per cent of their business from only 10 advertisers; and one-eighth of NBC's total advertising volume in 1943 came from *just one advertiser!*

One other fact about the situation in radio. Newspaper publishers have long been buying radio stations; indeed, about a third of the approximately 900 radio

stations in operation are affected by newspaper domination; and in over 120 areas, the only newspaper in town owns the only radio station. What chance, in those areas, for real diversity of sources of news and ideas?

The movies. Five major companies—Paramount, Loew's (M-G-M), Twentieth-Century-Fox, Warner's, and RKO—dominate the screen. They and their three satellites produce about 70 per cent of all features made in this country. They are interested in distribution too: the five major companies alone, in the five years preceding 1941, collectively released about 80 per cent of all features, and their three satellites released another 15 per cent. Finally, they play a major part in exhibition. In this latter field their three satellites do not venture. The five major companies alone control enough theaters to take in 70 per cent of the total motion picture box-office receipts of the nation.

The three-ply solidity of the major companies' position as producers, distributors, and exhibitors has enabled them to enforce many discriminatory trade practices at the expense of their independent rivals—block-booking, blind selling, percentage deals, advanced admission prices, etc. As the TNEC's monograph on the industry pointed out, "Thus integration in the motion-picture industry is complete, from the inception of an idea for a picture through to the actual exhibition of the film. The importance . . . of integration . . . lies in . . . virtual elimination of competition. The result is to deprive movie audiences of any effective freedom of choice except among the pictures funneled to them through this narrow channel."

WE MAY be sure that in the years to come things will not remain just as they are. Either the chief media of public information will fall into the hands of progressively fewer and fewer people, or we shall make at least a start toward restoring to the American people the right of diversity. Now—before the processes of consolidation go any farther—is the time for us to make up our minds which trend we prefer. Over this issue may be waged one of the fiercest battles of the next decade.

* We have considered two papers owned by one publisher in the same town as one paper.

How could the right of diversity be restored? A number of methods have been suggested, and some of them are already being pressed.

1. Long ago this nation adopted the principle that railroads might not own coal mines, railroads might not own steamship lines, banks might not own security affiliates, bank directors might not also be brokers, etc. This principle is being extended to the movie field through the government's efforts to divorce producers from theater ownership and to break up the exhibiting circuits. In the newspaper field, similarly, limitations might be imposed upon chain papers; for example, there might be a limit to the number of newspapers that any one interest could own within a state. In the radio field, the Federal Communications Commission has long questioned the advisability of permitting newspaper owners to own radio stations. It might be wise to divorce network ownership from station ownership.

2. The government might refuse to permit contracts which create servitudes in the agencies of information—as, for example, it now opposes block-booking, tie-in franchises, and exclusive first-run franchises in the movie field. What about contracts which provide weekly newspapers with a block-booking of boilerplate material with advertising, for example? All three media might be examined with a view to action which would prevent a marketer of thought using his copyright to restrict the market unless he is willing to sell to all comers at a reasonable price. (This is, in effect, the Brandeis position of thirty years ago in the AP case.)

3. In other respects our laws, especially our tax laws, might be revised so as to offer fewer inducements to concentration and more advantages to new and smaller entities. Does the income-tax deductibility of advertising, to the extent that it is now allowed, help big units unduly? Should the taxation of chains of newspapers (or of radio stations, or of magazines) follow such a principle as has been followed by some states in their anti-chain-store taxes—of imposing a franchise tax

which increases with each additional unit?

I am not, here and now, arguing on behalf of any of these suggested methods of restoring diversity. Each of them raises special problems which would involve us in numerous side issues. There may be better ways of achieving the necessary end. What I am arguing for is a focusing of the public mind upon the danger that confronts us, and a close study of any and all methods of meeting it.

ONE more point. The forces in opposition to my thesis are the very forces which can swing the mind of America against finding any remedies for the situation. I can almost hear their arguments now. Anybody who declares that the situation must be met by government action—who says that the government has not discharged its full responsibility for freedom of speech by refraining from restricting freedom of thought, but that it must also prevent monopoly of the marketplace of thought, by encouraging a wider and freer market—will be accused of wanting the government, itself, to enter into the business of dispensing information (as, for example, by what has been prettily called a “TVA of the air”). Let me say now, therefore, that I for one would be appalled at any such government action as this. The chance would be altogether too great that if the government went into the information business itself, it would in time dominate the whole area and shut off all criticism. We would have jumped from the frying pan into the fire.

I can hear critics of my thesis saying, too, that I am charging the present dispensers of information with being low and destructive fellows. Let me repeat once more, therefore, that I am doing no such thing. I am accusing them of nothing more than doing business so effectively under governmental privileges and sanctions that they occupy more of the field than it is safe for us to let anyone occupy. This is not a matter of personalities, but of principle; and the only safe principle upon which a free America can keep its freedom is that of the free and open market in ideas.

Another Man's Poison

REBECCA WEST



THE morning before V-E Day my husband, with the farm and garden staff, hauled tree trunks and brushwood up from the strips of woodland that fringe our property and piled them up on the village green outside our house. In the afternoon he went on a trip that would have been hard to justify to the petrol controller and brought back two barrels of beer. On V-E Day we were completely isolated—the two hundred and fifty people who make up this village—because the buses which are our only means of transport were cut off; and we felt that was appropriate, for all through the war isolation has been the hallmark of our lot. Other people have come to us from the cities but we have stayed here. If we have sometimes gone up to town it was in such discomfort that when we returned and found our accumulated duties lying in wait for us we resolved not to go again so long as we could help it. In consequence of this concentration of interests we know each other to the last eyelash and we like each other greatly.

On the evening of V-E Day we went to our church—all of us, Dissenters as well as Episcopalians—and filled it so that even the gallery, in which nobody has sat within living memory, groaned under the weight. We walked back to the schoolhouse and stood in the garden. On the table I set a portable radio and was amazed to reflect that it had been given to me years ago as a bread-and-butter letter by a man whose name I cannot remember, who had spent the week-end with my husband and myself in a furnished house we had taken one summer in Sussex.

Had I ever really known so many people that I could not remember their

names? Had people really ever given each other such expensive and casual presents? Had my husband and I really gone about the country spending money on taking other people's houses, and when we got there had we really just sat about having people to stay with us without endlessly working and fretting about machines and fertilizers and seeds and permits? I remembered what peace had been like and dreaded being asked to undertake that kind of life again. I have not forgotten the words "Let me not deny that world which had many achievements"; I am only saying that if it were re-created I would be unable to take part in it.

After the King's good and gentle speech we cheered and walked through an exquisite evening to the bonfire. There was sunshine but much moisture in the air, so that the white hawthorn trees and the green-gold beechwoods shone as if the paint on them were still wet. As we touched off the brushwood, curiosity rather than concern was expressed lest the heat of the flames should melt the telegraph wires.

Placidly we went ahead. Our farm bailiff, wearing a top hat draped with a Union Jack, appeared at a table under the beech boughs and dealt out the beer. The bonfire blazed up and others answered it from the Buckinghamshire ridges about us. Through the damp but un-raining night we stood round the fire, sometimes listening to Pete, the gardener's boy, whose gift for lewd song shows that the village if decorous is not naïve, and sometimes joining hands and dancing. And people said over and over again, "Well, at least nobody's being killed at the moment." That was all they hoped for

from this peace. They knew that these bonfires that had been lit to commemorate the defeat of the German Army were pin-points in a night that had not yet lifted. My sudden moment of fear lest the careless 'twenties and 'thirties should return was not justified.

AN automobile drew softly up. The flames disclosed a high-ranking RAF officer getting out, one of the most beloved personalities of the village, anxious to keep his tryst with his home on this evening. He had just come from Rheims. Of what he had been doing there he could not speak. Our governors do not pretend to believe any more that it is best for as many people as possible to know as much as possible of the truth, and the secret they keep most jealously is the reason for this change of belief. He talked, instead, of champagne. There was any amount of champagne in Rheims for three and a half dollars a bottle, but there weren't any bottles. You had to bring an empty one if you were to get a full one. It was fantastic, this shortage of containers.

Someone was reminded that it was difficult to handle the wheat which was being sent to starving Holland because there were no sacks. We shuddered to remember the amount of horror in the world, and the RAF officer mentioned that before he had gone to Rheims he had visited Buchenwald. It grieves us here that Buchenwald means beechwood, for our beechwoods are our special glory. He had been there on a ghastly errand; to take an important and gallant soldier belonging to one of the United Nations which has no special reason to feel confidence in its post-war state to recognize the corpses of his wife, his father, his brother, and his sister-in-law who had been killed in the last few days before the camp fell. The wretched man had been left by victory without a past or a future, but what had disgusted our RAF friend was not these or any other of the murders of which he had seen the traces; it was the cleanliness of the place. The cellar under the crematorium, where the people who were to be burned were hanged, had been whitewashed daily. Such efficient precautions had been taken against venereal disease that there was

none at all. The horror of Buchenwald came not from sluttishness but from deliberation. Of such stuff is humanity made. Of such iniquities we can all be capable if we say no to the world instead of yes, and God forgive us.

FOR years we intellectuals have derided those who made black and white answers. "What are we to do with Germany?" somebody asked, and the RAF officer answered, "There is no Germany. There are Germans—when we flew low over the country I saw them looking up and shaking their fists at us—but there is no Germany, the towns are gone. If, here and there, factories and offices and dwelling houses are still standing, too much is flat to let what remains work as an organism. For the moment, Germany is gone."

It was at that moment that the first discordant note of the evening, which was to be the only discordant note, whined and rasped through the flame-lit darkness. We all of us recognized it for what it was. Ethel was complaining, with complete injustice, that somebody had ill-treated her child. Even on this night of all nights Ethel could not behave.

We could not see her with the corporeal eye, for she was brawling on the edge of the beechwood where the beer was, but with the mind's eye we saw her well enough. We saw her lank black hair powdered with scurf, her lean body—which is so lean that she resembles the drawings that ill-instructed children make with straight lines on walls—her eyes which appear to squint (though I think the trouble is merely that each eye harbors a different resentment), her drab and tasteless clothes which are neither dirty nor clean, having been washed with a technical inefficiency which leaves them grubby and makes her so cross that her washing days are dreaded throughout the village.

We could not hear what she was saying, but we could recognize the phase she had reached. For some time past she must have been working slowly on her neighbors, setting out fancied grievances, elaborating them, giving them deft gargoyle touches, until she had provoked someone

to exasperated retort. Now she was well into the characteristic phase of her debauch in the disagreeable fusing of humbugging masochist tears with screaming sadist threats of violence. The noise approached us as she ranted past on her way back to the village, followed by her blond giant of a husband and her little boy, who is as skinny as any town-bred child because his mother's domestic incompetence and bad temper cancel all the benefits such as fresh air and a certain amount of wholesome food which country dwellers can usually guarantee their children.

Both husband and child walked with their heads down. For them the victory celebrations were over. Ethel would not suffer them to come to the sports tomorrow, or the singsong, or the supper and dance through the darkness. One of the village women said angrily, "That Ethel! I had her six months." And another answered, "And I had her eight."

WE have all had Ethel. Her husband is a skilled laborer doing essential government work in the district and he and his family have to be housed. There is not a vacant house for miles. This country lies on chalk and could not be farmed intensively until modern engineering brought it a piped water supply, but when the water arrived there was an agricultural slump and farming stayed as it was without increase in population or in houses. (This situation existed in many parts of Europe.) There was also the further complication that this valley, unspoiled as it is, is only fifty miles from London; therefore the larger farms were bought by prosperous business or professional people, who lived in the farmhouses and played at farming, or let the land go derelict, while many of the smaller farms and the laborers' dwellings were turned into week-end cottages for the slightly less prosperous. (This has happened all over England and, indeed, all over western Europe in the neighborhood of large towns.) But now we are farming intensively to the very limit of the power brought us by the water supply.

This means that we were bound to be short of houses anyway, even had London and the South Coast not sent us their

evacuees. What the situation meant was murmured through the darkness. "Such a dirty slut! I shan't forget the smell of the child's bedding." I shuddered reminiscently. Neither could I.

"They had Dad's workshop fitted up as a sitting room and we kept to the kitchen, but she would keep right after us, picking a quarrel. Say what you like it's wrong to have to share a home with anybody but your own flesh and blood." "It's wrong," said the voice of one of the most intelligent of the younger women, sharp with conviction, "to have to share a home with anybody but your husband and your children. Four years we have been with Aunt Lou and Uncle Bernard up on the common, and they couldn't have been kinder, but it's been hell, hell, hell because there wasn't room." "It's always so, not having your home to yourself," the agreeing voices chorused softly but bitterly, until Pete set us off with the song which laments

She's took the table and the old arm chair,
The three-legged sofa that we used to share,
She's took the kettle and the old coffeepot,
The cups and saucers and the old whatnot.

That was one that recalled the worst that war had done to us. Everybody there had been bombed. Our woods are scarred with craters left by thousand-pounders. We have all in our time pulled back the curtains and seen our fields and gardens gay with incendiaries. Many of us went through the London blitz as well. *That* we endured with fortitude, and it left no burdens on our minds, but sharing our houses—whether we were hosts or guests—drained us of vitality and peace. This does not mean that we were disagreeable, either in the way of being ungenerous or ungrateful. It does not mean at all that we were moved by class feelings at a time when we should have forgotten them. This was rarely so, even in the cases when the class difference was so marked that it involved environmental disadvantages resulting in uncivilized habits. We in England have got down to fundamentals in this matter and, believe us, it is much better to share your house with somebody who is kind and dirty than with somebody who is mean and clean. It is easier to introduce soap and water into a life hitherto destitute of it

than the milk of human kindness. The reasons against sharing houses are indeed not material at all. In the root of them lies the plain fact that a man must have his own home as he must have his own head, his own spine, his own intestines. We need to work out our personal dramas with the people to whom we are bound in the fundamental relationships of life.

Every human being is born the enemy of all others with the instinct to fight for his existence and appetites against his kind. Our fathers and mothers, our husbands and wives, our children themselves, hating egotists, find their egotism broken down by their irrational disposition to love us, and our own egotism is broken down by our response to their love. Divided both by our idiosyncrasies and by our fluctuating partisanship to love and hate we wrestle together, and out of this wrestling match we, the group, make a personal life and a philosophy. But the wrestling match must take place in private. Those who are outside our mystery, who cannot be trusted to see that however much we hate we also love, should not be permitted to observe us.

ALL the men and women and children round the bonfire are by nature good wrestlers of this sort. Even Ethel is working out a drama. Her husband, a clever workman, gentle in speech and very ingenious in finding occasions for kindly action, will never leave her. Theirs is a real marriage. To see them together is to realize that for him her rawboned meagerness is fragility, her whining rage the tremulousness of a captured bird, and that for her his strength is a challenge with which she must sometimes argue, a shelter which she must sometimes accept.

To prove some vital spiritual point, I can imagine that in the end Ethel may be a much better person than she is now; and certainly these men and women round the bonfire, who formed a civilized and sensitive community very free from cruelty, had drawn from their wrestling matches good personal lives and good philosophies. But for five years now most of them have had no privacy and have been obliged to

live under the sterilizing gaze of strangers. Families large enough not to have to receive strangers have their lives perverted in another way. Because the young people cannot get married, established life is brought to a standstill. The young lives do not get a chance to establish themselves.

The housing shortage is, of course, not so obvious or immediate in its effects as the shortage of food, but in its subtler way it enfeebles civilization as surely as famine, even to the degree in which it affected the people round the bonfire, and as things go today they can be counted as lucky.

IT is not easy for us with that experience behind us to understand how life can maintain itself on any civilized level among those who are unlucky; who squat together in the pit of rubble marking the obliteration of the city. Surely we were unique in history as we danced round the bonfire on V-E Day, for after no other great war have the victors celebrated their victory in full knowledge that their celebrations might be ironical, since maybe the argument had gone too far before it was terminated for it to be possible to terminate it.

We sang, we danced until midnight, but we knew that we were on the edge of doom unless the whole of humanity walked carefully. We knew we could not survive unless we rebuilt in the flash of a decade the solid framework which had been built up through the centuries to shelter man and is now destroyed. Society needs more food and more houses. The test of good government after the war will be the satisfaction of these necessities combined with the preservation of our liberties, without which bread becomes poison, houses prisons, and a beechwood Buchenwald. If any claim another test and create a state of disorder in which it will be difficult to attack these technical problems and maintain freedom, let them be accursed; for they are careless of such good people as sang and danced about our camp fire in exhaustion not to be dispelled, and in full consciousness of deep awards in their spiritual life.

{ *Mary Ann Jones is the wife of Gus T.* }
{ *Jones, retired FBI agent who broke* }
{ *many cases besides the one described here.* }

THE LEAVENWORTH PRISON BREAK

MARY ANN JONES



SEVEN of the most dangerous criminals in the federal penitentiary at Leavenworth, Kansas, forced their way out on the morning of December 11, 1931, taking with them as hostage Warden Tom White. They were armed with five pistols, a 30:30 Winchester rifle, a sawed-off shotgun, two bottles of nitroglycerine, and three dynamite bombs—each made from five half-sticks of dynamite with a two-inch fuse and dynamite cap attached.

None of the seven got very far. Whitey Lewis was killed, and Bill Green and Grover Durrel shot themselves when cornered a few hours later in a nearby farmhouse. Stanley Brown, Charles Berta, and Tom Underwood were captured shortly after by a posse. Earl Thayer, an old-time Western bad man who had been serving twenty-five years for train robbery, managed to keep ahead of the searching parties for four days, but was finally caught—suffering from pneumonia and with both feet frozen.

My husband, FBI Agent Gus Jones, was assigned by J. Edgar Hoover to find out how the escaped convicts got their weapons and organized their break. He selected Agents Joe Lackey and Hugh Larimer to assist him. Gus was especially determined to solve the case in every detail, because he and Warden White (who had been severely wounded by the criminals) had long been friends. They had been Texas Rangers together in the old

days, and Tom White had been one of the men who had brought home the body of my Ranger brother after he had been shot to death years before. Gus visited White as soon as he reached Leavenworth, but had only a brief talk with him as he was too badly wounded to be disturbed.

Gus found everything at the penitentiary in confusion. The break had come without the slightest warning and evidently it had been exceedingly well planned. A hurried investigation disclosed that Tom Underwood and Grover Durrel had obtained two blank passes authorizing them to see the warden at the regular 9:00 A.M. interview period, and had forged the name of the day Captain to them. As soon as they had passed the gate between the prisoners' quarters and the administration building, they drew pistols and took the keys from the guard. They were immediately joined by their five co-conspirators who were loitering in the corridor. Locking the gate behind them, these seven dangerous criminals—all serving long sentences for crimes of violence—marched the guard at gun's point toward the administration offices. There they took Warden White prisoner together with the chief clerk of the institution, two typewriter salesmen who were in the office trying to make a sale, and five convict clerks. After disconnecting the outside telephone they marched all the captives into the main corridor.

Although Warden White was completely taken by surprise when the convicts forced their way into his office, he didn't lose his head. He quickly guessed that they would take him as hostage and attempt to force him to drive them out of the prison in his official seven-passenger Buick. So, when the convicts commanded him to stand up, he tossed the car keys onto the rug under his desk.

The convicts, with the nine hostages in front of them, went to the main entrance of the prison where one guard was on duty. This guard was stationed between two steel-barred doors, one leading into the main corridor of the prison and the other leading to the outside. The arrangement was such that anyone desiring to enter the prison was allowed through the outer door, and the guard on duty then signaled for another guard. When that guard appeared, the inner door was unlocked and the visitor was conducted wherever he wished to go. This left the guard on duty at the main entrance locked in from both the outside and inside with keys to both doors in his possession.

Stanley Brown (who seemed to be in charge of the break) and Earl Thayer covered the guard with a revolver and the 30:30 rifle and ordered him to unlock the inner door.

"You'll be dead and in hell in a second if you don't open this door," threatened Thayer. The guard was an old timer in the service. He displayed coolness, daring, and remarkable nerve. He eyed the gang and replied, "I will be damned if I will. Only one man in this institution can make me unlock this door and that man is Warden White."

Brown pushed Warden White to the front and, taking a bottle of nitroglycerine from his pocket, gritted, "Warden, order this man to unlock this door or I will blow the front of this joint up and release every man in it." Warden White, who knew Brown would carry out his threat, answered, "All right, guard, open the door."

White said later he thought it wiser to take his chances with the seven convicts than to have this disaster happen to the institution which had been entrusted to him for safekeeping.

The doors were opened and the party

passed out. The convicts kept the hostages in front of them. There was only one more gauntlet to run—a guard on duty with a machine gun in a tower directly in front of the entrance. This man was an ex-soldier with plenty of nerve and experience. When he saw the group coming out of the entrance he jerked the cover from the machine gun and trained it on them. Brown shouted to the warden in a voice which carried clearly to the guard: "If he fires, we will kill you all. Order him to hold it."

Warden White knew the guard could not fire into the closely huddled group with any certainty that he would hit only convicts; so he held up his hand and shouted, "Hold it, guard."

As soon as the party passed through the main gate and reached the side of the warden's house, Brown ordered: "Get your keys and unlock this Buick. Then drive where I tell you to go."

"I do not have the key. It is on my desk in the office," replied White.

They searched White but of course did not find the key. Underwood then spoke up: "We have lost too much time already. Let's go to the highway and take the first car we see. We will take the warden, but to hell with these other birds."

The convicts then ran around to the front of the warden's house with White in tow. Mrs. White was sitting at a front window and saw them as they rushed past on a run to the highway. She displayed remarkable nerve. She ran into the hall and called the butler, who was a "trusty," to give the alarm. Then she ran out into the road and tried to overtake them. But they were too far ahead and she had to turn back.

Within a few minutes, heavily-armed search parties were in pursuit, and before nightfall all but one of the prisoners had been killed or recaptured.

II

ONE of the things Gus had to find out was how the firearms and explosives had been smuggled into Uncle Sam's largest penal institution, for the convicts obviously had had help from outside. Two days of intensive work were put in by Gus

and the other agents in locating the guns. Only two had been turned in immediately after the pursuit was finished. One more was found in the possession of a farmer to whom it had been given by a guard as a souvenir, and another was taken over from a local police officer who wanted to keep it as a memento of the escape. Once all the weapons were rounded up, Gus, Lackey, and Larimer went to work at the headquarters which they had established in the prison, trying to find out how the convicts had acquired them.

Charles Berta and Earl Thayer were in the prison hospital, the former seriously wounded, the latter suffering from pneumonia. This left only Stanley Brown and Tom Underwood available for immediate questioning. Gus knew he would have a tough job getting leads from two of the most hardened and least talkative criminals in the institution.

Night after night the FBI agents matched wits with the two convicts. Brown and Underwood were separated, of course, and were kept in solitary confinement, and Gus would take them on in alternate midnight interviews. He knew these interviews must be conducted without the knowledge of the other prisoners, all of whom were at high tension, wondering if either Brown or Underwood would break down and "squawk." To avoid the possible danger of mutiny these midnight interviews were so closely guarded that only the most trusted officials knew they were taking place.

No so-called third degree methods were used on the men at any time. Gus would talk for hours with them, sizing them up to find the weakest spot in their armor, and although he is referred to today as one of the old-time FBI agents, he is still—in my estimation—a master at digging information out of hardshelled criminals.

Gus found that Underwood was a happy-go-lucky type, not averse to talking about his past exploits and certain phases of the recent break. That is, he was willing to talk about the escape itself, but not about anything leading up to it.

Underwood finally began looking forward to these nightly visits, and it was from him that Gus at last got his first tip as to

how the munitions were smuggled into the prison. However, if old Tom were today accused of "tipping it off" he would no doubt vigorously deny it.

Stanley Brown was just the opposite of Underwood. He was hard and cynical. He expected all kinds of torture and mistreatment in an attempt to force him to talk and was the type of criminal whom no amount of unkind treatment could have caused to divulge a spark of information. But after two or three nightly talks, when he found that no mistreatment was forthcoming, Brown began to drop his cynical, suspicious manner and talk freely to Gus about everything, even the prison break—but always from the gate out, never about the engineering of the plot or about outside assistance.

By playing up the one incident which old Tom had inadvertently dropped, Gus finally caused Brown unwittingly to make a mistake and drop an even more important clue than had Underwood. If Brown were today accused of furnishing information that resulted in the whole plot being pieced together like a jigsaw puzzle, he would likewise heatedly deny the charge.

III

IN ORDER to make clear the way the whole break was planned and executed, it is necessary to describe the duties and working location of each of the conspirators.

Tom Underwood worked in the prison hospital, and had more or less the run of the institution.

Grover Durrel was first-aid man in the shoe factory, with freedom to move about the entire factory.

Earl Thayer and Whitey Lewis also worked in the shoe factory and were in close contact with Durrel.

Bill Green worked in the clothing department and was allowed to sleep in a room in that department. Since he worked where all new prisoners were first "dressed in" to the prison, the officials at first suspected that the munitions got into the prison through him. But this idea was later found to be false.

Stanley Brown and Charles Berta worked as plumbers in a new annex to the shoe factory that was being built. This annex

was a five story building with a basement. Carloads of cement, steel, brick, and plumbing supplies were brought in and stacked inside the prison yards. When major construction is going on within the walls of an institution housing thousands of dangerous inmates, it is most difficult for the best of guards to prevent articles being smuggled in.

At the time of the break this annex was about two-thirds complete; all the exterior was up and the rest of the work was being carried on inside the building. Brown and Berta were working inside the basement of the annex and, of course, had work benches and tools suitable for the installation of pipe and plumbing apparatus. In the same room were stored scores of toilets and wash basins for later installation. Since it was winter, they had a stove made from a fifty gallon oil drum, mounted on brick. This room and stove played an important part in their scheme.

FROM years of experience in the shoe factory Thayer and Durrel knew well the system used in obtaining supplies for the factory. They knew what firms had contracts to furnish these supplies. They had watched for years, scheming and planning with escape ever uppermost in their minds.

Finally they observed that someone had apparently grown careless and that barrels of shoe paste received from a St. Louis firm were not opened for examination at the prison gate. One possible explanation was that when a barrel is opened the paste hardens and quickly deteriorates, and as several extra barrels were usually kept on hand they were not opened until ready for use.

Here, then, was the chance of getting into the institution implements which might be used in executing an escape. Word must be sent to their old leader, Frank Nash, himself an escaped convict who was at the time leading the notorious Keating-Holden gang of bank robbers in the Northwest.

The conspirators decided that Stanley Brown should make the outside contact, because his cellmate was due to be discharged shortly. So Brown began to work on Monk Fountain, who was serving only a six-year sentence for smuggling

aliens from Canada to the United States (and was therefore considered a "punk" by the others, serving long sentences for armed robbery or similar crimes).

To the limited and curious working of Fountain's mind it was a compliment to be lined up with the "Big Shots." So he readily agreed to carry word to Nash and his mob that they were to do whatever they possibly could to aid in the break. The careful way a gang of this kind operates is indicated by the fact that Brown did not tell Fountain the names of any of the other outside conspirators. If he talked he could only involve Nash, who was then in Chicago.

The scheme was to lay the details of the plan before Nash, who would then finance it and put it into operation. After Fountain contacted Nash, he was to send a telegram to Stanley Brown at the prison, from St. Paul, Minnesota, reading substantially as follows: "Visited Mother today. She is fine," and sign it with the name of Brown's wife.

The prison records would show correspondence between Brown and his wife, and verify the fact that she was living in St. Paul. This telegram was to be the tip-off that the contact had been made and everything was working smoothly. The plan then called for Durrel to find out, from the convict who served as clerk to the manager of the shoe factory, when an order for shoe paste would be sent to the St. Louis firm, and smuggle out a letter to a certain address in St. Louis in order to supply their outside contact man with this information. This precaution was taken so that when a barrel of shoe paste was received there would be an order outstanding for it.

As soon as the contact man received this tip, he was to purchase from the firm a barrel of shoe paste similar to that supplied to the institution. He was to take it to a hideout, where it would be properly stenciled with the address of the "Shoe Factory, U. S. Penitentiary, Leavenworth, Kansas." Fountain had been furnished with an accurate description of the stencil used by the firm so that a duplicate could be obtained.

Finally, the contact man, impersonating an employee of the manufacturer, was to

take the barrel to the Missouri Pacific freight station in St. Louis for shipment. Then another telegram was to be sent to Brown reading as follows: "Mother is better. She left St. Louis today."

WHEN supplies were delivered to the prison it was customary for the freight agent in Leavenworth to telephone the chief clerk at the penitentiary that certain freight was on hand. A prison truck, driven by a trusty accompanied by a guard, would then pick up the shipment at the railroad freight house and take it to the east gate of the prison, where it was thoroughly examined by the gate guards. That is, all incoming freight except the liquid paste was so examined.

The paste barrels were merely unloaded at the shoe factory, signed for by a guard, and rolled to the oil storage house, a small frame shack midway between the old and new wings of the shoe factory. This storage house, in charge of a convict, contained all the stock of oils and pastes used in the manufacture of shoes.

In completing the work on the new wing of the building, a ramp had been built for the purpose of sliding sacks of cement and barrels of lime through a basement window. A large supply of such building material was stored in the basement near the improvised room where Brown and Berta worked as plumbers. The scheme was to skid the barrel of shoe paste down the ramp to Brown and Berta, who would roll it into the room where they were working. There they would knock off the head of the barrel and allow the paste to run down the drain of a shower bath in the room, break up the barrel, burn the staves in the stove, and secrete the iron hoops in a pile of rubbish.

The munitions were to be hidden among the stacks of toilets and wash basins stored in the room until they could be passed out to the other conspirators.

The scheme was perfect in both conception and execution. It worked precisely as planned.

IV

AFTER getting their first bit of meager information, Gus and his assistants were certain of the manner in which the

munitions had been brought into the penitentiary, but it took weeks to piece together the details. They carefully searched the sections of the prison where each of the conspirators worked, and at last found a box containing dynamite caps and several feet of fuse hidden among sacks of cement near the place where Berta and Brown worked. Gus placed these articles on the desk in the rear of his office, where they could be seen by Underwood and Brown at their next interviews. Gus asked no questions about them, but he watched closely the reaction of each man as he looked at these tell-tale pieces of evidence.

During these conversations Gus would joke with the two men, frankly telling them it was his job to find out how the stuff got into the institution and, of course, it was their job to keep him from succeeding. "But," he would say, "You know Uncle Sam is a patient old man, so don't feel that I'm overstaying my welcome if I'm here this time next year."

Finally Brown said: "I am sure getting interested in your efforts to solve this case, but you will never make it."

Gus would counter: "Why are you so sure? 'Never' is a big word and I have plenty of time."

As the days grew into weeks these two men looked forward more and more to their nightly talks with Gus. They displayed a greater curiosity each night.

One night Gus pitched on the desk the telegrams to Brown which had been found in his personal file. This rather confused Brown. "Getting mighty close," Gus told Brown. "I think we will find the empty barrel before long."

For the first time Brown lost his footing. His pride in his work got the better of his judgment and he blurted out, "You'll never find that barrel."

"Why are you so sure I won't?"

"Because I burned it," answered Brown, "and if the hoops will do you any good you will find them in the rubbish heap in the basement."

Gus concealed his elation, but immediately after this interview located the hoops just where Brown said they were. They bore the stenciling of the address, a clue which later enabled the investigators to find out where the stencils were obtained

by the prisoners' outside connection.

A further search uncovered a leg from a pair of cotton drawers such as the prisoners wore. One end was tied with a string and it was apparent that the other end had been similarly tied. A minute examination of the cotton-lined interior of the drawers leg disclosed that it had recently contained some metal object.

In the break, Underwood had carried a sawed-off shotgun. The drawers leg was the exact length to house this particular type of gun. At the next nightly interview, Gus carelessly exhibited the drawers leg with the remark, "Well, Tom, I'm getting a little closer. Did you have to ruin a pair of your drawers to house your shotgun? Why didn't you leave it in the original container that took care of it in the barrel of shoe paste?"

Underwood said coolly: "Damn if I don't believe you will make it. I did have to ruin a pair of drawers because that damned inner tube the gun was in was too conspicuous."

Inner tube! That was the first indication of how the munitions were protected inside the barrel.

MONK FOUNTAIN, Brown's former cell-mate who had been released about the time the conspiracy was in the making, naturally was suspected of making the outside contact. The investigation developed that he did more than simply carry the details of the plan to Nash. From his photograph he eventually was identified as the man who had purchased and shipped the barrel of shoe paste, and who had sent both the telegrams to Brown. Nash evidently had used the trusting and inexperienced younger criminal as a cat's-paw to handle all the dangerous jobs.

The difficult job of tracing the five revolvers, the rifle, and the shotgun had been progressing slowly. All of them were over twenty years old and were impossible to trace—except one pistol which was traced into a pawn shop in Fort Worth, Texas, and from there to a distributor of surplus pawnbroker goods located in Peoria, Illinois. A check of the records of this concern located a sales ticket covering the sale of this pistol just ten days before the prison break. On the sales ticket

were also listed the other six guns. The purchase of all the guns in one place at one time was an unheard-of piece of carelessness. Fountain was identified as the purchaser, and a man fitting the description of Frank Nash had been with him at the time.

In one of his nightly interviews with Brown, Gus produced a photostatic copy of the sales slip and remarked: "Monk was sure careless in buying all these guns at the same place and the same time."

Brown was shamed and remarked, as if talking to himself: "The damned little fool! Well, Mr. Jones, it looks as though you are going to make it."

The munitions had consisted of seven guns, fifty rounds of ammunition for each gun, fifteen sticks of dynamite, one box of dynamite caps, and about fifteen feet of fuse. The stuff had been placed in sections of an inner tube, the ends of which were then vulcanized. The shoe paste furnished a perfect cushion for the entire lot, especially for the dynamite. The barrel had been received and handled by the conspirators without the slightest slip. Later the equipment had been passed out to each of the conspirators, who had hidden their weapons about their persons and, later, in their cells. Bill Green, an expert with explosives, had successfully "boiled up" some of the dynamite into nitro-glycerine, and also manufactured the bombs from seven of the fifteen sticks. The break had been made two days after the barrel was received.

WITH this information Gus, Lackey, and Larimer broke the case. Because Brown, Underwood, Berta, and Thayer were already serving sentences which virtually amounted to life imprisonment, they were permitted to plead guilty to the escape charge and were sentenced to a few more years, so that they could never be released on parole. Fountain was arrested in Canada, brought back to the United States, and sentenced to 25 years for aiding prisoners to escape and smuggling firearms into a prison. Nash was killed a few months later in the notorious Kansas City massacre. And in 1934 Gus assisted in the transfer of the prisoners to escape-proof Alcatraz.

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MY JAPANESE PATIENTS

CHARLES MINER COOPER



WHAT kind of patients do the Japanese make? I have not infrequently been asked, for it was well known locally that I had quite a large Japanese clientele. This situation came about as follows: Sir Patrick Manson, an authority on oriental diseases, came to San Francisco in 1905 to deliver the Lane Lectures. One of the subjects on which he spoke was fluke disease of the lung which is not uncommon in Japan. This disease, unfamiliar to many physicians, gives rise to symptoms and physical signs not unlike those occasioned by pulmonary tuberculosis, with which at times it has been confused. Sir Patrick's description of the malady, the diagnosis of which depends upon the finding in the sputum of the characteristic ova, remained vivid in my memory.

A few years later I was asked by Dr. Fehleisen, of streptococcus fame, formerly of Berlin but then practicing in San Francisco, to see in consultation a Japanese patient who appeared to have, and yet apparently did not have, pulmonary tuberculosis. The doctor, the patient, and an interpreter came to my office. While there the patient had a coughing spell in which he coughed up some blood-stained sputum. In a specimen of it which was placed immediately under the microscope, we could all see a fluke's egg. A report of the case was later published in a medical journal, and the interpreter,

who acted as a sort of shepherd to the sick Japanese in northern California, began to spread news of the incident among his people.

In the years that followed this interpreter brought hundreds of his countrymen to see me, and from time to time other interpreters came with their clients. They saw that the patients understood the instructions given them, took them with the prescriptions to the drug stores, and when necessary arranged for their entry into the local hospitals. They charged the sick ones for their services, and not one of them ever asked for, or was given by me, any remuneration. They kept their flocks under control; when an interpreter brought a group the individual members walked behind him in single file, each in his allotted position, and if one of them broke rank the interpreter would wave him back in line.

Their familiarity with the English language varied considerably and I talked to them as they talked to me, never seeking to make my speech less pidgin than theirs, but on the other hand speaking grammatically to those who spoke grammatically. In due time a waiting room was specially reserved for them and their clients. A small desk was installed, the key to which was given to the chief interpreter, and at his request the legs of the chairs were shortened to suit these short-legged patients.

II

IMAGINE you are about to deliver a woman in the poor district of Paris," Napoleon is said to have advised the jittery obstetrician who was in attendance on the Empress. I could well appreciate the wisdom contained in this suggestion, as it was in ministering to my Japanese clientele that I was least influenced by extraneous considerations and that in consequence I was able to give them the best medical service of which I was capable. They would lend themselves without demur to any method of examination however disagreeable it might be. It would, however, take a little longer than usual to test their pupil reflexes, as in many of them there was but little contrast between pupil and iris. Moreover, many of them would repeatedly roll their pupils away from the beam of the examining light, and I would have to ask the interpreter, time and again, to tell them to keep their eyes open and motionless, which he would do with the manner and voice of a drill sergeant. They were otherwise admirable patients and they would follow to the letter the instructions given them through the interpreter, and for periods that would have palled on most Americans.

Thus, a vegetable or fruit grower would come who had a gastric or duodenal ulcer. He must continue to work in the fields during the period of his treatment. First, I would relieve him of any undraining foci of infection he carried, then instruct him through the interpreter not to drink any alcoholic liquor, and not to smoke. Then came his daily diet—two quarts of milk, one-half pint of cream, six eggs, two ounces of sugar of milk, all beaten up together and iced, then put into thermos bottles, two glasses every two hours from 8 A.M. to 8 P.M., a piece of dry toast with each feeding to be chewed thoroughly to keep the tongue from becoming too furred, and sufficient magnesia to insure proper elimination. Week after week, and month after month, he would remain on this unappetizing diet without the slightest objection and with generally a most satisfactory result. It was the same when it came to the question of an operation.

"What wrong with him?" the inter-

preter would ask after I had examined one of his flock.

"He have bad appendix."

"What do?"

"Take out."

"When?"

"Right away."

"How much cost?"

"How much he afford?"

The interpreter would turn to the patient, speak to him, and then translate his reply.

"He afford hundred-fifty—"—or hundred, or perhaps seventy-five—"dollar."

"All right. Take him Lane Hospital. I telephone for room, and get surgeon who fix. I be there, too."

At the hospital the interpreter would don a gown and watch the operation, sizing up for future use the skill of the operator, and nodding sagely when the inflamed appendix hove in sight. He visited the patient daily, noted his progress, and finally saw that he paid his bills, and then he would come to me for suggestions relating to the patient's immediate future.

I always told the interpreters the literal truth, never disguising the significance of a finding, a diagnosis or a prognosis. Thus, after I had examined a patient who had a pyloric carcinoma with a distant metastasis, I, in answer to an inquiry by one of them, would reply, "Patient have cancer stomach."

"You cure?"

"No. Nobody cure."

"How long he live?"

"Maybe six months, maybe one-two year."

"You do anything for him?"

"Yes. Can make opening in stomach to let food get out. Make easier for him."

"You think good for him?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"No hurry. When he ready."

"How much cost?" as before.

Then he would talk to the patient, for a few minutes.

"What you tell him?" I would ask.

"I tell him he have cancer stomach; he no get better; he live maybe six months, maybe one-two year; operation no cure but make him more comfort. He come back when he ready."

I never saw one of these patients who had been told such a dire truth change his expression, or his bearing, and they retained their composure as far as I could tell to the very end.

III

It is said that the Japanese have no sense of humor. That was not my experience with them. Two relevant incidents come to mind.

Having been much impressed by Dr. Billings' work upon the pernicious effect of undraining foci of infection, I decided to have eliminated in my Japanese patients all such foci. Devitalized teeth, as well as teeth with evident root abscesses, were extracted, infected tonsils removed, and bent septums that interfered with drainage from infected ethmoid regions straightened, etc. The net result was that many of these patients were relieved of the various pains, aches, and disabilities that had troubled them. Some years later the interpreter told me this story.

"You 'member when you begin send Japanese patients to have bad teeth and bad tonsils out, bad nose fixed?"

"Yes."

"When I take to specialist and say, 'Dr. Cooper send me. He want tonsils out,' (or nose fixed) they say, 'He crazy. Operation no help patient.' I say, 'I, too, see. You fix or I take other place.' He fix. Now when I take Japanese patient, same trouble to same doctors, they say, 'See bad tonsils. (Or bad nose.) We fix. Cure patient.' Then I laugh."

One day, some twenty years ago, this interpreter brought a patient who had severe, right-sided abdominal colic. Within his right kidney, as outlined on an X-ray film, was the shadow of a stone.

"What do?"

"Must take out."

A brisk conversation in Japanese was carried on. Then from him to me: "Patient have cousin. Surgeon in Tokyo University. He go there to be fixed. You give him picture to show cousin?"

"Yes."

Some months later they both came again to see me. The interpreter reported: "He go Tokyo see cousin. Show

him picture. Cousin say, 'Yes, you have stone; I make operation.' He make it. He no find stone. Patient stay hospital six week. He have no pain. Then he get up. Pain come back and now very bad. What do?"

"Tell him take off clothes." This he did. Then I said: "His cousin make operation wrong place. He think patient have gallstone. He have kidney stone."

The interpreter told the patient what had happened, and then both laughed almost uproariously to think that the latter had gone several thousand miles to be cut open in the wrong place by his cousin. The stone was later removed in San Francisco.

THE following incident perhaps illustrates the relationship which came to exist between many of these patients and myself. One Saturday morning, near noon, I was discussing his condition with a rather important individual when the telephone rang. It was a long distance message from a doctor: Could I come down to Watsonville that afternoon to see one of the town's prominent citizens in consultation with him? Having had a busy week and looking forward to an idle afternoon, I said I would rather not as I had something else in mind and he could readily get another man just as capable as I was to make the trip. After some protesting on his part, this was agreed upon. Hardly had I hung up when the telephone again rang. Again it was a long distance call, but this time a Japanese woman's voice came over the line, "You Dr. Cooper?"

"Yes."

"You 'member Kakota?"

"Kakota?"

"Yes. He very sick Lane Hospital last year. You cure."

"Yes, I 'member."

"He very, very sick again. He think you come you cure. He no want other doctor."

"How he sick?"

"He have big pain in chest. He very hot, and cough hurt. Now he no breathe."

"All right, I come. I take two o'clock ferry boat. You meet me at depot."

Replacing the telephone, I looked up.

The patient, who had been listening, was glowering at me. "I take it," he said, "that the last telephone message concerned a Japanese patient?"

"Yes."

"So you refused to go to Watsonville to see a prominent Watsonville citizen, and yet you are going equally far to see a Jap?"

"You can construe it that way."

He rose and, indignant, stalked out of the office, bidding me "Good day and goodbye."

I went to see the "Jap," taking with me a paracentesis outfit.

One side of his chest was almost full of fluid. I tapped him and left him fairly comfortable, and grateful beyond words. He recovered and I was more than repaid for the loss of the peppery patient who had said goodbye to me.

IV

THERE are some fine men with a high sense of honor in all countries. One day a Japanese merchant, who spoke excellent English, came to consult me. He said he had come because he had heard of me medically and had been told that I never lied to his countrymen. He was very sick and he must know whether his malady was a fatal one, as he had two sons and two businesses, and before he died he wished to separate these businesses so that he could leave one unfettered to each son. His weakness, his anemia, his lack of appetite, the absence of free hydrochloric acid in a test meal given and removed, the presence of occult blood in his dejecta, and a telltale gland above his left collarbone formed a syndrome which, with the X-ray evidence, could be due to only one thing—cancer of the stomach. I told him. He thanked me most courteously and left.

A few days later I was requested on the telephone to call upon a Japanese at one of the local hospitals. It was the gentleman who had visited me. He said that on leaving me he had met a friend to whom he had told his story. "You should have another opinion. Let me take you to the German Hospital where they will examine you and report to you their findings," his friend had advised. He went.

At the hospital they had removed the gland above his collarbone, under a local anesthetic, and had examined it and reported back that it was cancerous. Would I have him removed to some abode in the city where he would be made comfortable and where I could visit him frequently? This I did. Some weeks passed and then his abdominal cavity began to fill with fluid. When it became too burdensome I would remove it, at intervals, quarts of it.

Then one day he told me that his father in Japan wished to see him before the end came. Was there a chance that he would live until he got there? Yes, if there were a physician on board who could relieve him of the accumulation of fluid if this should become necessary. Why not come with the ship's doctor to my office? I would there again tap him and show the doctor the technique in case he should not be familiar with it.

This was arranged for and I tapped him accordingly, and showed to the doctor the instruments used and the details incidental to the procedure. The doctor, who when he entered genuflected several times, seemed to gather but poorly what I endeavored to instill into him, and it was with considerable misgiving that I entrusted my patient to his care. The patient, I afterward learned, died about midway across the Pacific. The day after he had said goodbye to me, this literally dying man had found time to write me a letter expressing his deep appreciation of the services I had rendered him.

There are many facets to the character of this alien race. Early in our acquaintanceship the interpreter took me to a Japanese boarding house to see a patient who, according to his Japanese doctor, was going to die. The periodicity of the intense chills and fever and an enlarged spleen indicated that the man was suffering from a severe malarial infection. So I said: "I no think he die. I send strong quinine medicine. You give him dose every six hour for week. Then come and tell me how he get along."

This the interpreter translated to the sick man's relatives and friends who almost filled the room, using, however, many more words than seemed necessary to convey its meaning. Some days later he

came to report and to bring the fee. He almost singsonged: "The patient have no more shakes. Japanese doctor say he die. You go. You feel belly. You say he no die. You give strong doses. He get well. Japanese think you know what come."

The interpreter took quite a little unction to himself as being responsible indirectly for the patient's recovery and, judging from the later behavior of many of the Japanese toward me, I came to the conclusion that he had lent himself deliberately to the embellishment and spread of the story. After this he would come and occasionally ask me to play the priest to one of his people. One day he reported: "Japanese philosopher, who translate very old Chinese writings into Japanese, is in hospital. He have big tumor in stomach. He going to die. His wife make such big noise they no let her stay with him unless she stop noise. She no stop. You go. You make her stop noise."

"How can I make her stop noise?"

"I no know. But you understand Japanese. You go and fix. I tell her you come."

So I went. I was conducted to an out-of-the-way room, the door of which the wailing Japanese woman opened to my knock. Paying no attention to her, I briefly examined the patient. The nature of his malady was as the interpreter had said, and it was evident that he had only a few weeks to live.

Looking up at the woman, who I felt was watching my every move, I beckoned her to follow me. Outside of the room, I gravely told her that her husband would shortly leave her, but that her separation from him would only be for a time, that then he and she would be together again and live together a new life, and that while he was with her she must cease wailing and wait upon him. She immediately got down on her hands and knees and touched the floor with her forehead two or three times. She then arose, dried her eyes, and rearranged her dishevelled hair, and for the remaining weeks of her husband's life she silently ministered to his needs.

One evening, some weeks later, Mrs. Cooper and I were dining alone when the door-bell rang. Through the glass doors which separated the dining-room from the

hall, I saw the maid conduct a Japanese woman, with six children in line behind her, into the living-room. It was the wife and family of the Japanese scholar. Upon our entering the room, the woman made obeisance to me and presented me with some Japanese prints, and then requested that I bless each of her six children, all of whom she was soon to take to Japan. Not knowing what else to do, and feeling internally very shamefaced, I went through the ceremony with each in turn. Again she made obeisance and, marshalling her brood, departed. Later I learned that the Japanese philosopher had instructed the interpreter to visit his widow some few weeks after his demise, and to beat her soundly if he found her wailing or mourning.

In explanation of this unusual incident I would say that I believe that the woman was one of those to whom the interpreter had given an embellished account of my visit to the man with malaria, and that when he had said, "I tell her *you* come," he had intimated that he was going to "build me up" to her.

SOME fifteen years ago I ceased to take personal care of my patients, turning them over to my associates and seeing them from then on only in consultation. Had it been feasible I would have liked to keep my old Japanese patients, so easy had it become for me to look after them. As this seemed unwise, I saw less and less of them, and fewer and fewer of the new patients whom the interpreters brought to the office. For a while, however, the chief interpreter would bring his most important new clients to me, saying: "You now old doctor. In Japan, old doctor, good doctor, same. You please 'xamine him." And periodically he would inform me: "New medicine not good for Japanese bodies. You tell other doctors old medicine, so they use."

Each interpreter had his idiosyncrasies. Thus the chief interpreter was always particularly intent that the doctor who examined his clients should not take their complaints too lightly. On one occasion, somewhat early in our association, in describing the previous plight of a woman client who was standing nearby, he, point-

ing at her, said, "He died last Thursday."

"He *died*?" I queried.

"Yes, he *died*," he again asseverated.

Not wishing to contest his emphatically expressed conviction, I merely replied, "I have nurse make *him* ready for 'xamination."

With the years he acquired considerable medical knowledge. One day, realizing that my work would soon come to an end, he told my long time secretary and technician, whose deftness in giving subcutaneous and intravenous injections he admired greatly, that he and she working together could carry on successfully with his clients, he to make "diagnose," she to make "cure."

Another interpreter was given to the use of "big" words. For example, he called the abdomen not the belly but the "ab-dobdomen," which in turn I would do in speaking of it to him. Once, in a spirit of mischievous inquisitiveness, I "outsyllabled" him, saying "abdobdobdomen" and thereby, as I rather thought would happen, gained additional prestige with him. One day he took a client to one of my associates, who, in referring to this part of the patient's anatomy, termed it the abdomen, whereupon he immediately lost caste in the eyes of this interpreter.

A third interpreter might have been an ambassador, so courteous and precise was he in speech and manner.

By reason of the appearance among us of competent American-trained Japanese physicians, the passing of the Japanese born in Japan, and the maturing of their American-born offspring, there will be less and less call for these interpreters. They, in turn, will pass. This in a sense I regret, as they rendered a supervisory service of a high order to the patients they brought to me, lightened my work among them, and gave to it not a little of its color and appeal.

In conclusion, I feel I owe it to myself to say that the appreciation I have expressed of my former Japanese patients as patients, and of their interpreters as shepherds of them, does not blind me to the fact that there is another Japan—a Japan which of late years has been controlled by an all-powerful upper crust, as ruthless, as brutal, and as menacing to world peace as Hitler and his following, an upper crust which by means of false, vicious propaganda has made the Japanese people believe that we are predatory and merciless and the mortal enemies of their legitimate aspirations, thus inflaming them to actions which such a belief incites. This propaganda the Japanese living in California during the period of which I write escaped, and I would expect our way of life to have so "conditioned" the large majority of their American-born-and-bred children as to render them immune to such falsities.

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on the Arctic; his latest, of which this article is
a part, deals with the food habits of hunting peoples. }*

LIVING ON THE FAT OF THE LAND

VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON



AN OLD Icelandic religious poem holds out the prospect that the blessed in Paradise will dine on fat and marrow, washed down with clear wine. It is a sentiment proper to Iceland; for, by usual belief, the people of northern countries love fat meats better than sweetmeats. But actually the source is Mediterranean, for the Icelandic is a paraphrase from the Hebrew, covering the Biblical passage that is rendered in English by Isaiah 25: 6, of the King James version:

"And in this mountain shall the Lord of hosts make unto all people a feast of fat things, a feast of wines on the lees, of fat things full of marrow."

Though it is from Palestine, our passage might well have had its origin in Iceland; for the concept that fat is the best of foods has been universal with mankind in all lands and climates. When Christianity spread northward beyond the Mediterranean, the Biblical phrase "to live on the fat of the land" was readily understood in Greece, Italy, and France; in Britain, Sweden, and up among the Lapps. In English speech fat food was called rich food, which was the highest praise.

The fattest was best, among men and gods, in most religions and in all countries.

The Bible, foundation of the Christian and some other religions, is at once history and holy book to the Jews; it can testify for them, a southern people, both on what they liked to eat and on what they be-

lieved, in that relation, about Jehovah.

The usual family Bible of fifty years ago, the huge kind with silver clasps, contained a "Dictionary of the Bible" by William Smith. Under the heading "Fat" it said:

"The Hebrews distinguished between the suet or pure fat of an animal, and the fat which was intermixed with the lean. Some parts of the suet . . . were forbidden to be eaten in the case of animals offered to Jehovah in sacrifice [because] the fat was the richest part of the animal, and therefore belonged to him."

Most anthropologists, and other students of the relation of man to his religion, seem to agree that the foods considered best for sacrifice, or thought to be most agreeable to gods and powerful spirits, are the same as those which the people themselves preferred when the religion was in its formative stage. Genesis, then, would represent, in what it says of the preferences of Jehovah, the preferences of the Hebrew people when they were living in the region of Babylonia and Egypt 3,000 or 4,000 years ago.

However that may be, the first reference to fat in the Bible shows both the preference of Jehovah for meat over garden truck and for fat meat over lean. It is in the fourth chapter of Genesis, from the second to the fifth verse:

"And Abel was a keeper of sheep, but Cain was a tiller of the ground. And in process of time it came to pass, that Cain

brought of the fruit of the ground an offering unto the Lord. And Abel, he also brought of the firstlings of his flock and of the fat thereof. And the Lord had respect unto Abel and to his offering. But unto Cain and to his offering he had not respect."

The passage which has made "to live on the fat of the land" a part of our common speech, with a clear and familiar meaning to the least erudite, is found in Genesis, 45: 17-18: "And Pharaoh said unto Joseph . . . Take your father and your households, and come unto me; and I will give you the good of the land of Egypt, and ye shall eat the fat of the land."

As with the sub-tropical Jews, so it was with the Greeks just northwest of them, beyond the Mediterranean; they, too, liked their meat fat and believed that their demigods and heroes preferred it so. Like most ancient peoples, they seldom got enthusiastic over foods and drinks other than fat meat and sweet wine.

There was, for instance, the case of "Agamemnon, king of men," who "slew a fat bull of five years to most mighty Kronion." That was in the second book of the Iliad. In Book IX, "Patroklos hearkened to his dear comrade (Achilles). He cast down a great fleshing-block in the firelight, and laid thereon a sheep's back and a fat goat's and a great hog's chine rich with fat." In Book XIII is the speech of Serpedon: "Verily our kings that rule Lykia be no inglorious men, they that eat fat sheep, and drink the choice wine honey-sweet."

And so with the literature of the rest of Europe as you go north in the time before the coming of sugar. That the British prefer their mutton fat is certified by their prose writers, among them Dickens, and by their poets, among them Peacock, who was beyond doubt in harmony with the national taste when he wrote:

The mountain sheep are sweeter,
But the valley sheep are fatter;
We therefore deemed it meet
To carry off the latter.

II

PEOPLE long for fat intensely if they get too little of it, and they are promptly satiated when they have had enough. Really

intense fat hunger does not occur except when one is unable to secure fat's approximate dietetic equivalents, the starches and sugars. Accordingly, you do not read much of fat hunger except in people who are unable to get these substitutes for the olive oil, seal oil, cream, bacon, or butter to which they are accustomed. So there are few signs of fat hunger in the records of grain-fed Egypt, although they are not absent. Neither is there much of this in the records of ancient China.

It is easy to see in the literature and history of western Europe during the last few centuries how the dominance of fat as a luxury and a delicacy has gradually waned, in step with the increased use of sugar. Shakespeare has many references to good food as rich, meaning fat. It would have been a compliment for him to say that the cooking in a boarding house was greasy. Indeed, this does not appear to have been a derogatory remark until within the last seventy-five years, during which sugar has risen from a negligible to a really commanding position.

Two hundred years ago sugar was as yet unimportant in the dietary of Europe. It remained until long after that a compliment to say that food was rich; and the history of the language makes it clear that sweetness is a more recent connotation of that word than fatness. Indeed we seldom, even now, call a thing rich just because it is sweet; it has to be fat as well.

This is not a study of the increase of sugar consumption, except incidentally; what we are concerned with is the decrease in the popularity of fats. It is barely possible that there is no causal relation; but it seems clear that as one of these foods increased in popularity the other declined.

Soldiers, at least those of the United States, are great hands at complaining about food, although it is said that there was less of this formerly—that the real epoch of bellyaching about the grub started with the Spanish-American War and was at its highest point in World War I. There was, of course, complaining about food even in the Revolutionary War. But a friend who lives in the Valley Forge neighborhood, and has studied the history and local tradition, tells me that the dis-

trekking winter spent there by the Continental Army brought forth no complaint on the score of sugar. Yet they had little or none. It seems that Washington's contemporaries looked upon sugar not as a food but as a condiment, and one of which they were not sufficiently fond to deplore its absence.

This apparently is borne out by the fact that the per capita consumption of sugar in the United States in 1791 was only seven and a half pounds a year. The consumption of sugar has risen steadily ever since, until in 1941—the last “normal” year before rationing—it reached 114.1 pounds per capita. If syrup, candy, and corn and maple sugars are included, the figure is 129.6 pounds.

It is a usual assumption that the increase of sugar in the diet has been paralleled by a decrease in the use of fats, and this is probably true. Still, it is possible that what has actually taken place is not so much a decrease in the popularity of fats as a decrease in the attractiveness of certain words used for fats, among them the terms fat, grease, and tallow. The same person who tells you he dislikes fat may add that he is very fond of butter, cream, and bacon. The man who tells you he dislikes beef fat may be fond of beef gravy and of suet pudding. In fact, many find that the expression “rendered beef suet” does not have a disagreeable connotation but that “beef tallow” does; yet the two expressions are synonymous.

The word blubber, even though you have never tasted blubber, or spoken with anyone who has, will likely give you a feeling of revulsion. But on trial, particularly if you are one of those who would rather eat cream than butter with a spoon, you would prefer some blubbers to any butter. To me, the fresh blubber of the bowhead whale, and of the other whales with which I am familiar, is reminiscent of fresh cow's cream, with a barely perceptible suggestion of walnut flavor. Nor am I peculiar in this. For instance, when Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, famous polar explorer, discovered that seal and whale blubber tasted delicious he protested: “Oh, call it not blubber!” He felt that the trouble was not with the thing itself but with the name.

IN A study of food tastes it comes out that people like what they are used to. It may have been poverty, or a desire to set money aside for a rainy day, that has induced parents to feed their children so largely on bread, potatoes, porridge, cake, jam, syrup, and sugar; but it is what many Americans have grown up on and they are the victims—or the beneficiaries, if you prefer—of established food habits according to which they like these cheap things because they are used to them. Not only that, there is a strong emotional bias in their favor as, in the popular opinion, the right food, good food, American food.

According to the Associated Press, the Committee on Food Habits of the National Research Council in 1944 reached the usual conclusion which, however, they state in an unusual phrase. Instead of repeating the hackneyed “You like to eat what you are used to eating,” they say “People like what they eat rather than eat what they like.”

While cheapness may create a liking for an article of food, through the establishment of a habit that derives from economy, there is also another and reverse tendency to favor a thing because it is costly, where you have the full application of Thorstein Veblen's “Doctrine of Conspicuous Waste.” We all know people who serve strawberries in January more frequently than in May and June, even though it is common experience that berries imported from afar, as out-of-season luxuries, are seldom of as good flavor as the neighborhood product is when in season. Here the desire to show off triumphs over the combined motives of economy and flavor.

Fat, a word now under a strong taboo complex of feelings, we do not eat if we can help it. However, this means only that we do not eat the things which we call fat. We do not eat tallow under the name of tallow; but we love beef gravy which may be largely tallow. We trim the fat off our steaks and leave it behind on the plate, not wholly or mainly, as Veblen might have diagnosed it, in order to distinguish ourselves by conspicuous wastefulness; rather we do it because this part of our steak comes under the taboo name of fat, for which reason we have avoided it from childhood, have scarcely ever tasted

it, and are sure we do not like it. Meantime we compensate by eating a lot of fat under its agreeable names of cream, butter, bacon, gravy, shortening, and salad dressing.

III

STILL, in spite of all taboos, there is a widespread understanding that fat hunger is not only possible but normal. At one stage of the present war we were trying to talk ourselves into various beliefs about the weakness of Germany; then it was frequently alleged that the Nazis were suffering from fat hunger, which condition would help in bringing them to their knees. Later we heard about fat hunger in occupied countries, from Norway south, and not least in the Balkans and Greece. To this degree, at least, and in spite of the common belief that fat is more necessary in cold than in warm weather, we realize generally that fat is desirable whatever the climate.

Except as tastes are controlled by propaganda and fashion, the longing for fat, summer or winter, depends on what else you eat. If yours is an exclusive meat diet, then you simply must have fat with your lean; otherwise you would sicken and die. On a mixed diet, since fats, sugars, and starches are in most practical respects dietetically equivalent, you eat more of any one of them if you decrease the combined amount of the other two.

Among hunting people, the chances of fat hunger increase as you go toward the Equator; for the animals on which they depend get more and more skinny as you work south, until in places like tropical Africa there are only a few species that accumulate fat, chiefly the hippo and the eland. Quite naturally, therefore, we get from central Africa and northern Australia the most extreme stories of fat hunger.

ONE of the most reliable and competent authorities on the tropics whom I have known personally is Sir Hubert Wilkins. When we were in the Arctic together, both living at times exclusively on meat, he gave me what remains my best single instance of how fats are crowded out.

Sir Hubert's father, the first white child born in South Australia, told that when

he was young, around 1840, the herdsmen, who were the majority of the population, lived almost exclusively on mutton (sometimes on beef) and tea. At all times of year they killed the fattest sheep for their own use; and when in the open, which was frequently, they roasted the fattest parts against a fire with a dripping pan underneath, later dipping the meat into the drippings as they ate.

Then gradually commerce developed, the use of breads and pastries increased, jams and jellies were imported or manufactured and, with the advance of starches and sugars, the use of fat mutton and fat beef decreased. Now, except that the Australians eat rather more meat than people do in the British Isles, the proportion of fat to the rest of the diet is probably about the same in Australia as elsewhere within the British Commonwealth of Nations.

We usually think of Sir Hubert as an Antarctic and Arctic explorer, which is right. But he is also distinguished for his tropical research through the two-year expedition he conducted for the British Museum in northern Australia, as told in his book *Undiscovered Australia*.

Long before Wilkins, the Swedish explorer, Carl Lumholtz, was in tropical Australia. He reported at that time that the natives ate their meals on the principle children apply when they raid a cupboard—they used up the best things first and did not eat anything but meat whenever they had enough meat; and the fatter the meat the better. This Wilkins confirmed, and added certain observations along the same line.

Wilkins found that the missionaries were having some trouble in breaking the natives of cannibalism, and that the difficulty was serious in proportion to the fatness of the deceased. When an emaciated man died, little was needed beyond a stern admonition; but when a corpulent man was buried, they had to stand watch over the grave, and corpses sometimes disappeared weeks and months after burial. Seemingly the natives liked their cadavers about as high as the English like their game and the Norwegians their cheese, or at least did not mind their getting that way if they were fat enough.

ANOTHER sidelight on tropical fat hunger comes from a medical missionary, Dr. G. W. Harley, who has been in Liberia most of the time since 1926, when he founded there the Ganta Mission of the Methodist Church, of which he is still superintendent. Dr. Harley wrote: "My own experience [in the tropics] for twenty years has been that of a person very active physically, consuming meat whenever available in amounts comparable to that eaten in temperate climates. It was not unusual for us to put up a whole hog in tin cans for our personal use. . . .

"On returning to the United States, I arrived during a heat wave, and hungrily devoured fat pork and country sausages in Washington, D. C.—was disappointed when I could not get sausages with pancakes in Boston because it was 'too hot for sausages.' . . .

"Men who work in hot places (stokers) do not avoid meat and fats, rather the opposite."

Such are the views of a doctor of medicine with long experience of the humid tropics. We turn from him to George H. Seybold, distinguished for success in the tropics as a business man rather than a scientist, who spent six years in the Philippines teaching school, more than a decade in Sumatra representing the U. S. Rubber Company, and then six years in Liberia for the Firestone interests. He came to believe, and to act on the belief, that much of the so-called enervating effect of a tropical climate is due to malnutrition. In the case of whites he believes the "enervation" is traceable to faulty theories of diet which physicians and others bring with them—particularly the theory that you should go light on meat in hot weather, and that if you do eat meat it should be lean.

Mrs. Seybold believes in varying meals a good deal, but allows her husband considerable fat meat. When she is away from home he has only two meals a day, noon and evening. At both he eats pork chops two inches thick, with at least three quarters of an inch of fat all the way around the outer edge of each. During one absence of his wife's, every meal he ate for six weeks consisted of these chops.

In the United States Mr. Seybold has

trouble getting food he likes at restaurants—the pork chops they serve are not thick enough nor fat enough.

Another believer in fat meats for tropical use is Earl Parker Hanson, who bases his view on four years as an engineer with a mining company in sub-tropical Chile, two years as an explorer of the Orinoco and Amazon basins for the Carnegie Institute, and several tropical years spent in Puerto Rico and elsewhere.

It seems Hanson retained throughout his first six years in the tropics the usual North American beliefs about South American food, to the effect that the local people were pretty well all wrong and that New York and London knowledge of dietetics enables us to devise regimens better suited to the humid tropics than what the people of those tropics were eating, and liking to eat. When he was at last gradually converted from this view he also began to learn, through what eventually became a wide reading of tropical literature, that others before him had arrived at the same conclusions by similar steps—but, of course, without influencing the prevailing dietetic theories of North America and Europe, which, in the main, are deduced from animal experimentation and from chemical facts, the matter of their applicability to humans being rather too easily taken for granted.

There was, for instance, Henry Wallace Bates, friend and contemporary of Darwin, who spent about eleven years living in and traveling all over the Amazon basin. In his book, *A Naturalist on the River Amazon*, one of the great classics of tropical exploration, he said:

"I had found out by this time that animal food was as much a necessary of life in this exhausting climate as it is in the north of Europe. An attempt which I made to live on vegetable food was quite a failure."

IV

THERE was in Washington, in the spring of 1943, a controversy within the Army as to whether pemmican, made from dehydrated lean beef steak and rendered beef suet, should be used as a military ration, or as an element in one. The chief argument against its use, except for the al-

legation that soldiers would not like it, was that, because of a high fat content (80 per cent of calories from the suet, 20 per cent from the lean) it was not an all-climate ration, but one useful only in cold weather, thus good only half the year in the temperate zone and no good at all in the tropics.

At this time Hanson was one of the resident tropical advisers of the Quartermaster General. From his own experience in the humid tropics, from the verbal reports of fellow explorers whom he met in the Explorers Club of New York and elsewhere, and from his reading of tropical literature, he was convinced that the high fat content of pemmican was no argument against its use in hot weather. He felt that if it was a good food in the Arctic it would be equally good in the tropics. So he decided to try it out through a part of the Washington summer, where the maximum temperatures of June, July, and August are demonstrably higher and, in Hanson's opinion, more discomforting than, for instance, at Manaos on the Amazon. In his report, dated February 29, 1944, Hanson said:

"My experience with pemmican grew out of the personal conviction that meat—including the proper amount of fat—is every bit as necessary for health and energy in the tropics as in the North. I have long wondered about the glaring discrepancies in the nutritionists' arguments to the contrary. On the one hand they say that fat is the most efficient energy food known; on the other they talk in doleful tones about the 'debilitating' effects of the tropical climate. Why you should be careful to avoid energy-giving foods in a climate that supposedly saps your energy is beyond me.

"My first personal experience with fat shortage came on my Orinoco-Amazon expedition of 1931-33, when my canoe Indians practically went on strike because I hadn't included sufficient lard or other fat in my supplies. Almost every newcomer to the Orinoco runs into that situation; his Indians make sure, before starting a journey, that he has with him plenty of fats.

"I bought enough fat to please my Indians, and then proceeded to eat on the journey from a separate pot, because I

'couldn't stand their greasy food.' It wasn't many weeks, however, before I avidly grabbed at every turtle egg I could get hold of—for its rich oil as I now realize—and at every Brazil nut, avocado pear, and every other source of vegetable fat, when I couldn't get animal fats. In those days I did not correlate that craving with my food tastes and habits; now I do. If today I were to go on another extended journey through the Amazon basin I would either take pemmican with me from the United States or spend some time, first of all, making it down in Brazil.

"Recently a lady ethnologist told me that I was all wrong in my claim that any healthy white man can stay in perfect health (as far as food alone is concerned) on any diet that keeps native populations and 'primitive' peoples in health. She said she had tried it for a number of weeks in Mexico, with almost disastrous results. But when I asked her if she hadn't had trouble adjusting her taste to the 'greasy' food of the Mexicans, she stipulated that 'of course' she and her companions, while eating 'exactly what the Mexicans ate,' has taken pains to prepare the food in an appetizing way, by leaving out the grease! Then she went on to describe her own subsequent troubles in the typical terms of fat shortage: constant hunger, a vague discomfort, lack of energy, distended stomach, etc."

During Hanson's Washington test there were available three kinds of pemmican, differing only in their proportions of lean and fat, the A-type deriving 80 per cent of its calories from fat; the B-type, 70 per cent; the C-type, 60 per cent. Although Hanson at this stage was thoroughly convinced of the equal suitability of fat in hot and cold weathers he himself had never eaten a high fat diet at any season, his convictions on this point having developed after he left the Amazon-Orinoco region, when he was analyzing the results of his expedition. Accordingly he started the Washington tests on C-pemmican, living exclusively on that, with sugarless tea, hot or iced. On this ration he soon noticed a discomfort, a sort of unsatisfied longing, which he thought might be due to an insufficiency of fat. This proved correct; for when he shifted to the A-type pemmi-

can, with its 20 per cent higher fat content, the discomfort vanished.

Pemmican, as invented by the North American Indians of the plains and used in the fur trade of the midwestern parts of the United States and Canada, was made of uncooked, sun-dried lean, which was powdered and mixed with rendered suet. But the lean element of Hanson's pemmican was beef which had been cooked before it was dried. It seems clear, from the records of the fur trade, that scurvy did not occur with pemmican made from sun-dried meat, but it appeared likely this trouble would develop with the cooked pemmican; so Hanson used Vitamin C pills as the only addition to the exclusive regimen of pemmican and sugarless tea.

HANSON reports that during the first five days on exclusive pemmican he had not merely the typical discomforts due to lack of fat, but other slight discomforts as well. He was used to bulky meals and was now living on food so condensed that his entire ration for 24 hours weighed only three quarters of a pound and would no more than fill an ordinary water tumbler. There was a hollow feeling which he appeased by drinking large quantities of water. On about the fifth day his stomach became reconciled to the lessened bulk, and the excessive drinking was cut down to what seemed less than it would have been with an ordinary mixed diet.

There was also a bit of psychological trouble. Hanson was surrounded by dietitians who explained to him (in part on the basis of a statement issued by the National Research Council) that it was inadvisable to attempt getting more than 35 per cent of one's calories from fat, and that health could not be maintained above a certain limit, which was variously stated at 40, 50, and 60 per cent from fat. Since he was deriving 80 per cent of his energy units from fat it seemed he was bound for trouble. He may have been sort of hypnotized into a fear that the dietitians might be right. However, he got over this within the first few days.

These beginner difficulties solved, Hanson enjoyed his all-pemmican diet and remained at a high level of physical and mental fitness to the end of the seventh

week. It then seemed to him that no scientific advantage would be gained by continuing the regimen longer.

From this experience, Hanson was strengthened in the belief that the so-called tropical enervation, which has been blamed by Europeans commonly upon the equatorial weather, is largely the result of faulty nutrition, caused by subservience to the current doctrine that in hot weather we should eat little meat and that what little we do eat should be lean. So when he was chosen in 1944 by the Foreign Economic Administration to head a mission for a two-year stay in Liberia he took with him supplies of pemmican, for the use of his family and for introduction to the whites and natives of those tropics.

ADMIRAL Sir Leopold McClintock, the famous British polar explorer, was called before an inquiry into the poor health conditions on an expedition which had been commanded by Sir George Nares. In his testimony he said that on his own expeditions, which had always enjoyed excellent health, he had made it a practice to pay no attention to the prohibitions of a dietetic theory, which happened to be in vogue among the doctors in a given year, if he knew that the food condemned by the theory had been found wholesome and in other ways desirable by large numbers of people through long periods. He considered it wisdom to prefer experience to theory whenever the two were in conflict.

We might, perhaps, in giving our adherence to the McClintock rule, suggest a corollary. It is that when a precept of the dietitians—like the one against fat in warm weather—is in conflict with the tastes and practices of many people in many countries through many centuries, then it is likely the dietitians themselves will eventually learn, through animal experimentation or by deduction from chemical fact, that the opposite of their precept is true.

So we may reasonably expect, within not too many years, that the dietitians will announce they have discovered Jehovah was right for Palestine, Achilles for Greece, the Australian black and the Amazonian Indian for the humid tropics, in liking meat in those climates and in liking it fat.

MISS PERCY'S WAR

A Story

NEAL GILKYSON



MISS PERCY had been in Washington for two and a half years, and as time went on she loathed it with a more persistent, stricken despair. She felt as though she had spent this time tunneling into dark, underground chambers. She told herself her life was a joyless death.

Miss Percy, who was not yet thirty, worked for the Intelligence Service of the Army Air Corps. She worked, furthermore, in a vast, dim cavern of brown linoleum and cream-colored walls in the center of the second floor of the Pentagon Building. It was there that she was unhappiest. The difficulty seemed to be that it was a philistine world. Neither the people she worked with nor the papers on her desk spoke her language.

Of the two dozen men in her office almost all had come to the Army fresh from selling insurance or manufacturing toothpaste. They read the funny papers, joshed the secretaries, and kept bottles of whisky in their desks. Only two were Regular Army men. One was old Major Carpenter, a relic of the last war, shuffling and vague. He was the anecdotal type. "My wife asked me the other day if I still loved her as much as when I married her," he would say cheerfully to any passer-by. "I says to her, 'Well, I must love you twice as much—you weigh twice as much.'"

The Major was highly regarded by the others. He set the conversational tone.

The other Regular was Colonel Freeman, chief of the entire office. He was impressive because he was young—people said around thirty-five—precise, fierce, and highly vocal. He pleased Miss Percy by being the only officer in the unit who dressed with any style, but he horrified her by the devotion to work that he demanded. As unit chief he sat in an inner office, but when he made an appearance among his staff he came exploding epithets, his small neat figure shaking with rage.

"God damn it to hell, Carpenter! Why didn't you count in half the probables in this number of destroyed? I've got G-2 on the phone now yelling bloody murder. Want me to tell General Arnold he's a bastard?" Miss Percy understood the Colonel was the youngest unit chief in the A-2, and she could see why he had got where he had.

Miss Percy had qualified herself to come to Washington by having lived in Germany with her parents from the time she was twelve till she was sixteen. In the fall of 1942 she did not go back to the girls' school in which she was teaching German; she came to Washington instead. She came full of hopes of either winning the war or finding a glorious husband in uniform or both.

At the end of her first tedious year she discovered that neither of these hopes remained. The men had been old and inglorious when she first saw them; now they were older.

All day long she translated pieces about airplane engines, perimeter tracks, and high-altitude sickness, and her imagination was not captured. She never knew what happened to the pieces she put in her out basket. She was not liked, and she was let respectfully alone.

This was the world Miss Percy worked in, and it was alien corn. So perverted were its values that the dreary technical details of war were placed above everything else; the only important thing was a vacuous good nature. What she considered her aesthetic tastes found such a world grotesquely wrong and fantastic. She came with her heart on her sleeve and she was snubbed.

THERE was one moment of Miss Percy's day, however, in good weather and when luck was with her, when she was at peace with herself and her world.

This was in the winter, when she saw the sun rise on her bus trip to work in the early morning, and in the spring and fall when the morning light was fresh. This was a bright and expansive moment indeed, and during a large part of the year it was her only look at the sun for the day. All winter she rose and dressed in the darkness of her apartment in the morning, disappeared into the cavernous halls of the Pentagon during the day, and emerged again into the last waning flicker of twilight.

Her day really opened with a five-minute walk through the chill dawn to the corner of 20th and C, where the Pentagon busses started. Miss Percy took seriously the matter of getting a seat in the crowded bus, and she developed considerable skill at it. She looked for the bus starter on the corner, for where he stood the first empty bus pulled up. Then she divided the distance from him along the curb into hypothetical bus lengths, figured where the third bus door would open, and worked her way firmly to that spot on the curb. If her calculations were not correct enough to enable her to get a seat by the

window on the left side, she would get off again and wait for the next one to come.

Once safely in her seat she put her elbow on the window sill, fastened her eyes on the east, and simply stared, with all her senses open.

The bus rolled away from the built-up section of C Street and headed into the park. As it drove past the Munitions Building, which stood in the middle distance, it came to the first stretch where the horizon was visible. And there, on certain winter mornings, was the sun. It climbed over the horizon, with dignity and solemn poise, shedding an orange light around it, making the scrubby little trees seem like black matches. But it was on the bridge across the Potomac that the view was at its unobstructed best. The river stretched away as far as the eye could see, a path of reflected sunlight running brightly down its middle. The universe was like a newly washed face. Spaces and freedoms were in the sky, and hope and strength were on the earth. Sometimes an airplane would fly right out of the sun, or underneath it, or on top of it, a swooping black dot coming toward the bus, skimming steadily and lightly on air. Then the symbolism of its play among fields of light was almost more than she could bear.

It would be difficult to overestimate the importance of this early morning spectacle to Miss Percy. She made of it a small emotional orgy. It was the only drama her present life provided in which the tensions were kindly and anonymous, and not directed against her.

She privately wished daylight farewell on the last lap of the trip, and when the bus drove into the underground terminal of the Pentagon the abrupt transition from light to darkness was final. By the time she emerged from the bus into the marble concourse of the building she was no longer even mourning the immediate past. She walked toward her office, accompanied by her nagging sense of being unhappy, unsuccessful, and misunderstood. Thus she met her failure every morning, and stifled it with hatred.

ONE day in February Miss Percy gathered her resolve, as she did about every two months, to ask for a day off.

Every civilian in the Pentagon knew by heart how much leave he was entitled to under Civil Service regulations. But every civilian also had had it made clear to him that in wartime he could not expect to get in days off what he was entitled to. In Miss Percy's office every leave had to be begged personally from Colonel Freeman. This was something of an emotional ordeal and kept leaves at a minimum. But Miss Percy's last had been before Christmas, and two months of ill-will and defensiveness had left her exhausted. She wanted to sleep late, have her hair done, and do an immense amount of accumulated shopping. She had set her heart on being given two days. Then, with Sunday, she would have three days in which to walk abroad a free woman. She felt she needed the time to repair the damaged battlements of her soul.

She sat quietly at her desk until after eleven, watching Colonel Freeman's office door like a cat. At half-past she saw gray Major Carpenter rise, hitch his trousers, suck his long lower lip, and go in, with his shambling, old man's gait. A few minutes later he came out again, rubbing his hands aimlessly together, obviously relieved. Miss Percy threw an article into her out basket and rose. Bravely she went in.

"Are you busy?" she whispered, and immediately cleared her throat.

Colonel Freeman sat hunching his slight figure over his neat desk. "It's all right," he said, "come in."

"I was wondering if I could take some leave next Friday and Saturday."

Colonel Freeman threw himself back in his chair and looked at her. "My God. Here's another one!" he said.

Miss Percy's heart flew to her throat. This was not at all what she had expected. She grinned at him helplessly.

"How long has it been since you had a day off?" he asked.

"Well—I had a day early last December. One day."

"Sit down," he said, and rose himself. This gave him an immediate advantage over her, for when they both stood she was taller than he was. He had a small, nicely shaped head, with lank blond hair that fell over his forehead. His eyes were

gray and his face was thin. His uniform hung like Brooks Brothers' best. Every time Miss Percy saw him she was grateful for this.

He moved to the front of his desk now, taking small steps. "Do you realize how much time this office loses on leaves? Well, I wish to hell some of you would. You're the third one this morning. Somebody comes whining in here every damn day for leave, and they think they can get it every time. Well, it's time they learned it isn't true."

Miss Percy rubbed her hands together, and was incapable of raising her voice. "This is rather important to me. I have to go see a friend of mine who's about to go back to the Pacific." The lie came out very easily.

"That's what they all say," he said roughly. He sat on the corner of his desk nearest her and swung a polished shoe. "Every damn one of you thinks she has some special reason. Do you know how long it's been since I've had a vacation? A year and a half. And Major Carpenter hasn't taken one since December 7, 1941. We're in the *Army*."

Miss Percy reflected that it sounded like a fate worse than death, but she said nothing.

"Let me tell you what it's like in here. Two people have already come in today asking for leave—you make the third. I have to sit at this desk and read about men who lose their lives flying airplanes—dozens every day—lives that this office might have saved. That's our job, and I'm supposed to see that it's done. When you and Mrs. Robinson and Miss Pratt come prancing in here, thinking you'd like to stay home for a day, what am I to tell you? I put it to you: what am I to say?"

Miss Percy remained silent with bowed head. His words stirred only wells of resentment.

"Well, by God, I'm going to see that it's done. Sure it seems dull in here sometimes. I know that. Every man in this office, including myself, has moved heaven and earth to get an overseas assignment. We don't because somebody has got to stay behind, so we keep plugging away at it and try to forget where we really want to be. And"—his voice dropped—"you

can thank God boredom is all you're suffering.

"Supposing I don't give you your damned leave. You'll raise a stink because I gave Mrs. Robinson hers and Miss Pratt hers. All right, you'll just have to go ahead and raise a stink. Understand this isn't just you. It's everybody from now on. A good soldier doesn't ask for leave unless it's a matter of life and death. You civilians can do the same."

Miss Percy at last raised her eyes to his face. "I've never taken all the leave I'm entitled to," she said, and instantly knew it was the wrong thing to say. His mouth curled in sarcasm. "Ahh—entitled! This is *war*, my girl."

Miss Percy rose, overwhelmed with disappointment, while matters of life and death presented themselves mistily in her mind.

"Yes, sir," she said. "Well, thank you," and she went out.

SHE returned to her desk in a tide of emotion. Still quivering, she launched into a violent interior dialogue that took up where the real one left off. "Justice, Colonel Freeman! Simple justice is all I ask. You seem to have forgotten entirely that you men are required by the Army to take a half-day every week for so-called exercise. You also seem to overlook the fact that you are married, you have your families with you, you have wives who cook and sew and scrub and shop for you. But we! We sit here, slaves. We don't have anyone who takes care of us at home. We live on the brink of exhaustion six days a week, and on the seventh day our bones ache, our thoughts are small and narrow, we have a week's chores to do, and we are unrefreshed. We are still subject to dreams. We're sapped," she hissed, almost aloud.

"What's the matter with *you*?" came Major Carpenter's voice pleasantly. "You look as though the baked beans in the cafeteria didn't sit so good."

"I haven't eaten yet," she said crossly. "I just asked the Colonel for a day of leave and he wouldn't give it to me."

Major Carpenter sucked his lower lip and his eyes grew serious. With a small sigh he dropped his hands like pale birds

on her desk and leaned on them heavily.

"So that's the trouble," he said at last. "All you girls ever think about around here is leave, leave, leave. Sure, I know how you feel. You think you need a day off—we all do." Miss Percy wished he would go away.

"But the thing you gotta realize is that this is a kind of battlefield in here, see?" He paused and met Miss Percy's hostile stare. But he went on, not unkindly. "Whenever my wife begins pestering and worrying me about taking a vacation, I just think of my son—he's in the Philippines now—and I wish to hell I could be out there doing his job for him. An old man like me—it don't much matter. I've had my day and it was a good one. But I tell myself at least I won't lay down on the job here. See what I mean?"

Miss Percy saw what he wanted her to see, but it was fantastically irrelevant to her own problem. "Aren't we civilians ever to get a day off? Not *once* during the year, even to get our hair cut?"

Major Carpenter's blue eyes smiled. "Ah—it won't kill you. Now take the last war. . . ." and his face looked happy. He had almost become a famous ace.

Miss Percy did not take the last war. Over her head the Major's voice recounted the story of the leave he had waited from 1916 to 1918 to get. But he still did not go. The Major was a sociable man. Conversation with him ran on.

"Yes sir, this war is a serious business. Colonel Freeman knows what he's doing. Putting a little discipline into the office. Remember last summer, when we all thought the doggone thing was about over? Ah, those were the days. Well, we sure learned better since then. No sir, this ain't the time for slacking."

He finally left and Miss Percy was able to continue in solitude her quarrel with disappointment. It continued through lunch in the cheerless cafeteria, and it was still continuing when she came back. She sat down, launching into a long, new interior dialogue with Colonel Freeman, when she saw him come out of his office and wave to Major Carpenter. The old man came toward him, a big grin on his face. They met at the coat rack and put on their coats together.

IN a savage, vindictive flash Miss Percy understood where they were going. They were on their way to Bolling Field, where they would fly. Colonel Freeman was only thirty-five, and the Air Forces decreed that he was not to lose his standing as a pilot. Sometimes he took Major Carpenter along for the ride, because he knew that to the older man flying was the source of all love and life.

They were going out into the afternoon free men, leaving Miss Percy, young Miss Percy, imaginative Miss Percy, condemned to her desk in the chambers of war. Her self-pity turned her rage to a great ache of sadness. "In the name of humanity and in the interests of self-development . . ." she pleaded to her gods.

The answer came like a candle lit in her brain. She would resign. Her hands trembled with pleasure and vindication at the idea. She would explain to Colonel Freeman—she saw the scene and heard her own brave, piteous voice—that she was not strong. She felt unable to keep up the long hours and the long weeks without rest throughout the year. Perhaps then he would see what a terrible sentence he had passed on her, but it would be too late.

Countering her resolve, small voices reminded her of past reasons for not resigning. There was her mother. Her relations with her mother were poor enough so that the prospect of admitting a shameful defeat to her stirred depths of angry pride. And unless she got a release she would have to live with her for sixty days. Then there was the almost overwhelming problem of money.

In her present mood, however, although she could not solve these problems, she was able to dismiss them.

The next morning she had not changed her mind. She had grown accustomed to her decision. She was even able to view the office as she wanted to view it—with amusement and tolerant scorn. By the time she reached the bus corner she felt in command of herself for the first time in months. A bus drew up and she was the first one in it.

With a rumble and a pungent smell of exhaust it jolted off. It was a steaming,

crowded world of green leather and nickel plate which the passengers shared, in sleepy, silent brotherhood. Miss Percy turned her attention to the window. There were the lemon sky, the match-stick trees by the Munitions Building, the black wasteland of the park. She remembered some lines of poetry and changed only one word.

Let us go then, you and I,
When the morning is spread out against the sky
Like a patient etherized upon a table . . .

They had a clinical flavor, but at the moment they seemed only fresh and clean. She was weaving familiar dreams of romance when the sound of her own name recalled her.

"Miss Percy. Saaay—Miss Percy." She looked up and found Mary, one of the secretaries from the office, standing in the aisle beside her. Mary was a quiet girl, but no less offensive to Miss Percy for that. She had excessively pale blue eyes which bulged slightly.

"Hello," said Miss Percy calmly.

Mary became very solemn instantly. "Have you heard about it? I mean have you heard the news?"

Miss Percy had time to reflect that Mary was certainly repulsive and her confidences unwanted before she answered, "No, what?"

"Colonel Freeman and Major Carpenter were both killed yesterday afternoon in an airplane crash."

Miss Percy felt her cheeks grow stiff and the bottom of her stomach fall.

"What?" she said.

"Yeah, isn't it terrible?" said Mary, and waited with dignity.

"Oh no! I can't believe it," Miss Percy exclaimed.

Mary leaned closer with authority. "It crashed somewheres in Virginia yesterday afternoon, about five o'clock. Captain Saunders told me about it. I just happened to meet him last night—I mean, I was goin' to a movie, and we just passed each other, you know what I mean? He said it was a pretty bad crash and they were probably killed instantly. He said probably the carburetor froze or something like that, you know what I mean? Anyways, he heard about it first and had

to telephone General Kirk to telephone Mrs. Freeman and Mrs. Carpenter. He was out at Bolling to meet them, so he heard about it first. Isn't it terrible?"

Miss Percy was deeply shaken. "It's too frightful," she said, to help herself believe it, and to her surprise gave a nervous titter.

Visions raced before her mind. With tight terror she saw the officers sitting at the controls, smiling, perhaps talking clumsily over the noise of the engines. They were relaxed. They had their confident plans for the future. Then suddenly the engine missed, they grew panicky, the plane went into a spin . . .

Frightful, frightful. It was terrible to think of their bodies smashed, together with all their vanities and frustrations.

THEN Miss Percy realized that these deaths had stolen the glory of her resignation. For a second she put the thought aside as unworthy, but she returned to it almost immediately. She saw the office under their impact. For a week at least everyone would be very grave, titillated by the excitement, and full of protestations to prosecute the war harder than ever to the finish. She would never get a release under those conditions. Her joy in the day was gone, and she

had only another bitter problem to face.

She took a last suffering look at the sun. It blinded her eyes and splashed over the earth, and then the bus pulled into the Pentagon.

Miss Percy fastened her War Department badge to her coat and began the long walk through marble halls to her office. Could she resign or couldn't she, could she or couldn't she? It seemed hours since she had got up. Her eyes and the top of her head already were prickling with weariness. This new problem was more than she could bear. She was so tired of the everlasting war and its complications that she wanted to cry. Old pressures began to work on her again. She had no money, no new job, and no courage. It was a revelation to Miss Percy, and one that shook her more profoundly than sudden death, that she, she herself, who wanted only beauty and some small leisure in her life, had to live in a world as brutal as everyone else's.

She entered her office. Some papers to be translated were already on her desk, she saw with irritation. She did not want to walk toward them, but there was nowhere else to go, really, where the same problems, created by the war, would not arise. She sat down, making herself face the fact that her future lay in ruins before her.

{ The editor of *Horizon* (*London review of literature and the arts*) produces some scattered reflections which will be incorporated in his forthcoming book, *The Condemned Playground*. }

ENGLAND AND THE ARTS

CYRIL CONNOLLY



IT is sad on a spring evening to walk through the bombed streets of Chelsea. There are vast districts of London—Bayswater, for example, or Kensington—which seem to have been created for destruction, where squares and terraces for half a century have invited dilapidation, where fear and hypocrisy have accumulated through interminable Sunday afternoons until one feels (so evil is the atmosphere of unreality and suspense) that had it not been for the bombers, the houses would have been ignited one day of their own accord by spontaneous combustion. Behind the stucco porches and the lace curtains the half-life of decaying Victorian families guttered like marsh-gas. One has no pity for the fate of such houses, and no pity for the spectacular cinemas and fun-places of Leicester Square, whose architecture was a standing appeal to heaven to rain vengeance down on them. But Chelsea in the milky green evening light, where the church where Henry James lies buried is a pile of red rubble, where tall eighteenth-century houses with their insides blown out gape like ruined triumphal arches, is a more tragic spectacle.

For here the life that has vanished with the buildings that once housed it was of some consequence: here there existed a fine appreciation of books and pictures, and many quiet work-rooms for the people who made them. Here was one of the last strongholds of the cultivated *haute bour-*

geoisie in which leisure, however ill-earned, has seldom been more agreeably and intelligently made use of. Now, when the sun shines on these sandy ruins and on the brown and blue men working there, one expects to see goats, and a goatherd in a burnous—"sirenes in delubris voluptatis"—pattering among them.

Meanwhile the bombs, which have emptied so many drawing-rooms, have also been blasting the reputations made in them. Our literary values are rapidly changing. War shrinks everything. It means less time, less tolerance, less imagination, less curiosity, less play. We cannot read the leisurely wasteful masterpieces of the past without being irritated by the amount they take for granted. I have lately been reading both Joyce and Proust with considerable disappointment; they both seem to me very sick men, giant invalids who, in spite of enormous talent, were crippled by the same disease, elephantiasis of the ego. They both attempted titanic tasks, and both failed for lack of that dull but healthy quality without which no masterpiece can be contrived, a sense of proportion. Proust, like Pope, hoaxed his contemporaries; he put himself over on them as a reasonable, intelligent, kind, and sensitive human being, when his personality was in fact diseased and malignant, his nature pathologically cruel and vacillating, his values snobbish and artificial, his mind (like a growth

which reproduces itself at the expense of the rest of the body) a riot of alternatives and variations, where both the neurotic horror of decision and the fear of leaving anything out are lurking behind his love of truth.

For Joyce there seems almost less to be said; Proust's endless and repetitive soliloquies are at least the thoughts of an intelligent man, while those of Joyce reflect the vacuous mediocrity of his characters; both relieve the past to the point of exhaustion. Both are men of genius whose work is distorted by illness, by the struggle of one to see and of the other to breathe; both seem to us to have lacked all sense of social or political responsibility.

Yet we must remember that the life which many of us are now leading is unfriendly to the appreciation of literature; we are living history, which means that we are living from hand to mouth and reading innumerable editions of the evening paper. In these philistine conditions it is as unfair to judge art as if we were seasick. It is even more unfair to blame writers for their action or inaction in the years before the war, when we still tolerate in office nearly all the old, beaming, second-rate faces, with their indomitable will to power, and their self-sealing tanks of complacency.

It would not be unfair to say that the England of Baldwin, MacDonald, and Chamberlain was a decadent country—"Cabbage Land," "Land of lobelias and tennis flannels," "This England where nobody is well"—its gods were wealth and sport; from any unpleasant decision it flinched in disgust; though assailed by critics from the right and left, it still wallowed supinely in a scented bath of stocks and shares, race-cards and roses, while the persecuted, who believed in the great English traditions of the nineteenth century, knocked in vain at the door.

Since Dunkirk we have seen the end of the political and military decadence of England. Whatever residue of complacency, sloth, and inefficiency there may be left, England is now a great power, and able to stand for something in the world again. When the war is over we shall live in an Anglo-American world. There will be other great powers, but the sanctions on

which the West reposes will be the ideas for which England and America have fought and won, and the machines behind them. We had all this in 1918 and made a failure of it. The ideas expired in the impotence of Geneva. The machines spouted Ford cars, Lucky Strike, Mary Pickford, and Coca-Cola. The new masters of the world created Le Touquet and Juan les Pins, fought each other for oil and reparations, blamed each other for the slump, and wandered blandly and ignorantly over Europe with a dark blue suit, letter of credit, set of clean teeth, and stiff white collar. Fascism arose as a religion of disappointment, a spreading nausea at the hypocrisy of the owners of the twentieth century. It is important to see that fascism is a disease, as catching as influenza; we all when tired and disillusioned have fascist moments, when belief in human nature vanishes, when we burn with anger and envy like the underdog and the sucker, when we hate the virtuous and despise the weak, when we feel, like Goebbels, that all fine sentiment is ballyhoo, that we are the dupes of our leaders, and that the masses are evil, to be resisted with the cruelty born of fear. This is the theological sin of despair, a Haw-Haw moment which quickly passes, but which fascism has made permanent, and built up into a philosophy. In every human being there is a Lear and a fool, a hero and a clown who comes on the stage and burlesques his master. He should never be censored, but neither should he be allowed to rule. In the long run all that fascism guarantees is a Way of Death; it criticizes the easy life by offering a noisy way of killing and dying. The key philosophies which the world will need after the war are, therefore, those which believe in life, which assert the goodness and sanity of man, and yet which will never again allow those virtues to run to seed and engender their opposites.

The greatest discovery we can make from this war, the one without which no Renaissance is possible, is what human beings are really like; what is good for them, what standard of living, what blend of freedom and responsibility, what mixture of courage and intelligence, heart and head makes for progress and happi-

ness. We find out what we need by having to do without what we think we need. All words and ideas must be tested and built up again from experience. When we have learned what kind of life we want, what kind of man should live it, a Renaissance becomes possible. Here are some conditions for it.

An artistic Renaissance can take place only where there is a common attitude to life, a new and universal movement. But no political movement can have the art it deserves until it has learned to respect the artist. The English mistrust of the intellectual, the brutish aesthetic apathy and contempt for the creative artist must go. Bred of the intolerance of public schoolboys, the infectious illiteracy of the once appreciative gentry, the money-grubbing of the Victorian industrialists, and the boorishness of the Hanoverian court, our philistinism, which also expresses the English lack of imagination and fear of life, should be made a criminal offense. There can be no dignity of man without respect for the humanities.

A Renaissance also requires a belief in spiritual values, for materialism distils nothing but a little rare dandyism, an occasional Watteau, and that will not be enough. The most sensible cure for materialism is a surfeit of it, which post-war science and economics should assure us. Yet we cannot get such a spiritual revival until the religious forces and the spiritual humanistic forces come to terms together, as did the Basque priests and the Spanish Republicans, as have Bernanos, Maritain, and the French Left. This is the hardest bridge to erect, but it will have to be done, and should not be impossible; for our civilization is impregnated with Christianity even where it seems unchristian; the foundations of our beliefs are those of Christianity and Greece, however those beliefs may have become distorted.

Regionalism, after the war, must come into its own. There is already a Welsh Renaissance in being; there is activity in Ireland and Scotland. Regionalism is the remedy for provincialism. Only by decentralizing can we avoid that process which ends by confining all art to the capital, and so giving it a purely urban outlook. England is one of those mys-

terious geographical entities where great art has flourished. We have the racial mixture, the uneven climate, the European tradition, the deep, deserted mine-shaft. We must reopen the vein.

The greatest danger, let us hope, to the artist in the England of the future will be his success. He will live through the nightmare to see the new golden age of the West, a world in which no one will be unwanted again, in which the artist will always be in danger of dissipating himself in the service of the State, in broadcasts or lecture tours, in propaganda and pamphlets. As in ancient Rome or China, or modern Russia or U.S.A., the artist will have a sense of responsibility to a world-wide audience, which he must control. But that should be the only temptation for him in what will at last be a serious world, a world in which the new conquerors avoid the mistakes of the old and bring to the opportunities of victory the wisdom and dignity that they learned in defeat.

II

WAR journalism and war oratory have produced an unchecked inflation in our overdriven and exhausted vocabulary. Dictatorial powers to clean up our language should be given to a Word Controller.

The first act of the Word Controller (Mr. Shaw would be a good choice) should be to issue licenses (like driving licenses) to all journalists, authors, publicists, orators, and military spokesmen. Without such a license it would be a criminal offense to appear in print or on the platform. The licenses would then be immediately canceled of all those found using the words *vital*, *vitality*, *virtual*, *virtually*, *actual*, *actually*, *perhaps*, *probably*. This surprise action of the Word Controller would at once eliminate most journalists and politicians, and all military spokesmen. These words should be unmolested, and protected, for several years. The words *democracy*, *liberty*, *justice*, *freedom*, *jackboot*, *serious consideration*, *island fortress*, *love*, *creative*, and *new* should be suspended for six months, and the license temporarily withdrawn of anyone found using them. Lists (constantly brought up to date) of forbidden

clichés with a scale of fines should be posted on every noticeboard. The Word Controller, at any rate during the few hours of office before his powers turned his head, would be non-political. His aim would be to reshape the English language to its original purpose as an instrument of communication, and an invention for expressing thought. Thus the expression "The town is virtually surrounded" would become "The town is, or is not, surrounded," "vital necessity" would become "necessity," and a scientific machine for weighing words would demonstrate that while such terms as "coronary thrombosis" are as full of content as when first minted, other verbal coins are worn too thin for the public slot machine and must be withdrawn from circulation. As he became more autocratic and more like other controllers he would find out that there is a connection between the rubbish written, the nonsense talked, and the thoughts of the people, and he would endeavor to use his censorship of words in such a way as to affect the ideas behind them, or, rather, he would give priority to statements of fact over abstractions, to accurate rather than incorrect facts, and so on.

Seen in terms of art, the Word Controller will remark that no great literature can be made out of the split-mind which is now prevalent. The unadulterated aggressive instinct creates its art; the detached and meditative attitude is also valid, but blended they destroy each other and produce the hotchpotch of standardized, lukewarm, muddled propaganda through which we are floundering. An artist must be in the war or out of it. He must go to Ireland or to prison if he wants to write, or else fight and read the newspapers: the moment he becomes undecided, well-meaning, and guilty, he is Hamleted out of service as a writer; however much he concentrates on the Atlantis of the past, or the Utopia of the future, he will be made to suffer in the present. For we live in an imperfect world: history punishes the ignorant and the mistaken; the wicked are left to punish themselves.

In the times in which we live a writer should not be able to put down more than two or three lines without making it ob-

vious whether he has anything to say. The Word Controller, by banning the verbal camouflage of those who doubt, who twist, who are on the make, or who hope for the best, would clarify propaganda and leave literature safely where it belongs, in the hands of the very sane, or the very mad.

We are all prisoners in solitary confinement: when at last we give up trying to escape through mass emotion or sexual union there remains for us only the wall alphabet in which we tap our hopes and thoughts. Nobody should learn this alphabet who can abuse it, who jerry-builds the English language as if it were the English countryside, who wastes the time of his fellow prisoners by tapping out stale rhetoric, false news, or untranslatable messages, and so brings a perfect achievement of civilization into confusion.

III

WHAT are the three characteristics of Puritan verse? Poverty of imagination, poverty of diction, poverty of experience—the characteristics, in fact, of Puritan prose and Puritan painting. If we examine a purely imaginary poet, for example James Weaver, "whose austere verse, eschewing all tricks and facile solutions, so clearly depicts the dilemma of the intellectual in the period of *entre deux guerres*," we find that he is any age between twenty and forty, is "the child of professional parents, was educated at a major university and a minor public school, has Marxist sympathies, and is at present trying to reconcile communism with religion, pacifism with war, property with revolution, and homosexuality with marriage." He will have been published in *New Verse*, *New Writing*, and *New Directions*, and will have produced one volume of poems [I am quoting from the Introduction], called *The Poet's Thumb*. "James Weaver is most actively interested in politics and took part in several processions at the time of the Spanish War. Indeed, his 'particularly individual imagery discloses an extreme awareness of the contemporary situation.'

Come, Heart, we have been handed our passports, Love's visa has expired.

The consulate of Truth is closed
And virtue's signature's no longer valid,

and many other poems show that he was among the first to await, like MacNeice, 'the gunbutt on the door.' "

For an interesting thing about Weaver is that, though several years younger than Auden and MacNeice, he is completely dominated by them. He imitates their scientific eroticism, their Brains Trust omniscience, without the creative energy of the one or the scholarship of the other, just as he assimilates the fervor of Spender and the decorum of Day Lewis into his correct, flat, effortless, passionless verse. And it is Weaver, now at an O.C.T.U. or in the Air Force Intelligence, who is responsible for some of the badness of war poetry, who used to write "Comrades we have come to a water-shed," and now talks about "Love's tracer bullets," even as his brother Paul, who once painted ascetic winter streets for the East London Group, is responsible, with his fossilized landscapes of tanks and hangars, for some of the badness of war art. An element of Puritanism is always present in a good artist, but only in a tiny quantity. The Puritan poet of the 'thirties has been nothing, else he has been afraid of life and repelled by it, and so has acquired no experiences to digest; caught in the pincer-movement of the dialectic he has picked up the modern vice of arrogant over-simplification, nor has he developed his imagination by reading or travel. As a person he is incomplete and therefore as an artist sterile, the possessor of a desiccated vocabulary which is not his own, but which he has timidly inherited from his poetic uncles. Auden and Spender made use of this vocabulary to chasten the Georgians, and, having served its purpose, it should have long been discarded. Such poets as James Weaver, who exist rootless in the present without standards or comparisons, are doomed to swift extinction, for the war has proved a godsend to bad artists, allowing them to make honorably and for their country's good that surrender to normality which in peacetime is only accepted after a long and terrible struggle.

There will always be poetry in England: it is the concentrated essence of the English

genius, distilled from our temperate climate and intemperate feelings, and there will always be critics who claim that it is dead. But poetry is going through a bad patch. The sophisticated intellectual poetry of the 'twenties is exhausted. Poetry was taken down a cul-de-sac to get away from the Georgians, and now it has to find its way back. The academic socialism of the 'thirties was not strong enough to revive it; we are waiting for a new romanticism to bring it back to life. This will happen when the tide of events sweeps round the lonely stumps on which our cormorants have been sitting and gives them a fishing-ground—for one of the difficulties of James Weaver has been the isolation of his mood from the uneasy fatuity of between-war England, and another, the hitherto sheltered, unwanted, uneventful character of his life. Now that events have caught up with his prognostic and he is no longer out of step with the rest of the population, his work will be deepened and simplified.

This process is only just beginning. As an industrial nation we lag behind: our factories are not the largest, our generals not the wisest, but as an ancient civilization that is not neurotic, where thought once more is correlated with action, and which fights for its beliefs, we should, in those invisible exports like poetry and fine writing, be in a position to lead the world.

IV

INTIMATIONS of the kind of world that will come into being after the war become clearer. It will be a world in which the part played by the English will be of supreme importance. In fact, one might say that the whole of English history, tradition, and character will be judged in the future by how they rise to the occasion of the postwar years. England will find itself in the position of one of those fairy-tale princes who drift into a tournament, defeat a dragon or a wicked knight, and then are obliged to marry the king's daughter and take on the cares of a confused, impoverished, and reactionary kingdom. That kingdom is Europe, the new dark continent which must perish if it cannot attain peace and unity and

which is yet in a constant eruption of war, economic rivalry, and race-hatred.

England is the weakest of the three great postwar powers: unless it has behind it a strong, united Europe it must be overwhelmed by America, either involuntarily or in a tug-of-war with a Communist Europe and Russia. If England fails to unite Western Europe it fails as a world power; if it succeeds and can hold a balance between American Capitalism and Soviet Communism, defending Western Europe from the reactionary imperialism of one and the oppressive bureaucracy of the other, it will prove itself the greatest and wisest middleman in history. To achieve this, England must resurrect that political wisdom for which it was once famous and produce a scheme for Europe which will incorporate the socialist idealism of Russia with the humanist individualism of America and which will lead toward the gradual atrophy of European race-hatreds and nationalist pretensions. Every European war is a war lost by Europe; each war lost by Europe is a war lost by England. When the struggle for our lives is over, the struggle for our standards of living will have only begun, for we live in an imperfect world.

To achieve and deserve this leadership will require courage and wisdom, with an appreciation of the complexity of European affairs and a sense of trusteeship for the European spirit which we are still far from possessing. But Europe is more than a political concept, it is still the chief breeding-ground of ideas, the laboratory, the studio, and the reference library of the world's art, science, and imagination. If England is to lead Europe, it must assume the cultural as well as the moral and political leadership of Europe, it must restore liberty of expression, economic security, and mental audacity to the world of art and ideas.

This is a most difficult task, because England—the only country in Europe where a man may still paint or write very much what he likes, and find a market for it—is nevertheless a philistine country. Worse still, the philistinism is an essential factor in the national genius, and forms part of the stolid, practical, tolerant, pleasure-loving, responsibility-taking English

character. There is no other civilization in the world so old, so mellow, so wise, and so polite which can yet get along so happily without respect for learning, love of art, or intellectual curiosity. The French are saturated in these things; the Americans worship culture even though they are inclined to do so for the wrong reasons; the English, to whom will fall the task of restoring paper and ink and paints and canvases to occupied Europe, dissipate their aesthetic instinct in ball-games, card-games, dart-boards, and football pools. Even the culture of England in wartime is a most haphazard affair.

A VISIT to the French Exhibition at the National Gallery (the best picture show since the war started) brings the problem closer. Why is not English painting better? Why in England do we raise Sargent instead of Renoir, Munnings instead of Degas, Pre-Raphaelites instead of Impressionists? The climate of the Île de France is hardly different from that of Southern England: many of the scenes chosen by the Impressionists are not in themselves beautiful; their gardens are inferior to English gardens; their tall, red-roofed villas almost as ugly as ours; their magical light is not peculiar to the Seine valley. What have they got that we lack?

Can the question be answered sociologically? The art of the Impressionists and their followers is the supreme flowering of bourgeois society. Most of the Impressionist painters were well-to-do people; they were not only secure in their patrons, they were secure in their investments; all through their lives (except for Van Gogh) they never had to worry about money. This is not all-important, but it is a great addition to a sense of vocation. They were also secure in their aesthetic philosophy.

They believed in devoting a long life to the worship of beauty and the observance of Nature. Politics, society, family were all represented, but they were not the important things. There was a certain Chinese humanism about them; they loved their friends and painted them admirably in their favorite surroundings; they enjoyed, in moderation, the good and

simple things of life; they were not ashamed of man's place in Nature, nor of urban civilization with its alcoves and café-tables, nor of old age with its arm-chairs and book-shelves.

If the highest expression of their art is such a landscape as the Renoir of Argenteuil, a vision of watery paradise, or the Seurat of a wood or the Pissarro of La Roche-Guion, there are two smaller pictures which perhaps betray more of their secret. One is a tiny Manet of a dark bistro interior, which reveals all the poetry of city-life; the other is Vuillard's portrait of Tristan Bernard in his garden. The garden is hideous—grass with a flinty rose-bed against the brick of a Normandy villa—and the bearded poet is rocking back in it on a cane chair. The effect is of a civilization as sure of itself as a poem of Li Po or Po Chü-i. One sees immediately that the English could not paint like that because Kipling or Meredith or Henry James would not rock about so irreverently—because the English imperialist bourgeoisie, though just as stable as the French, had that extra moral and mercenary conscience, had too much money, too much sense of duty, and so could never give off such a light and heavenly distillation as Impressionism. Whistler and Sickert succeeded because they were not English, and at the price of a Harlequin defence-mechanism which never left them.

When we restore the arts then to Europe, we can do one of two things: we can attempt to restore to bourgeois civilization sufficient order and stability to enable the cream of art to come to the top, or we can develop a civilization which will permit a new art to arise. If we adopt the second course instead of trying to put back the nineteenth-century Humpty-Dumpty on the wall, then we must radically change our attitude to art here: we must give art a place in our conception of the meaning of life and the artist a place in our conception of the meaning of the State which they have never known before. Never again must our artists be warped by opposition, stunted by neglect, or etiolated by official conformity.

THE danger is that the State will take over everything; the State everywhere has discovered its inexhaustible source of wealth—the working hours of the individuals who compose it. Here the discovery is only a few years old — and woe betide us if we had not made it—but more woe still if we cannot unmake it, if we cannot break the tyranny of State, here and everywhere else, after the war, or never again will we have an hour to call our own. Being a small State-owned country, we will have to work twice as hard to compete with the large State-owned countries, like some wretched Cockhouse at school whose members never dare break their training. For the State-owned nation will have nothing in common with the dream of international socialism, since it will be in competition with the others, and therefore have to ration and overwork its members while taxing both their work and their earnings. Its weapons will be propaganda, bureaucracy, and a secret police with every man his own informer. For every child born there will be one to spy on it. Our dossiers will open with the first words we say! And this will continue till a revolution is made and world Stakhanovism succumbs to the cry of "Liberty, Inequality, and Inefficiency."

The effects of State control are already apparent in art. We are becoming a nation of culture-diffusionists. Culture-diffusion is not art. The appreciation of art is spreading everywhere, education has taken wings, we are at last getting a well-informed, inquisitive public. But war-artists are not art, the Brains Trust is not art, journalism is not art, the BBC is not art, all the Penguins, all the CEMA shows, all the ABCA lectures, all the discussion groups and MOI films and pamphlets will avail nothing if we deny independence, leisure, and privacy to the artist himself. We are turning all our writers into commentators, until one day there will be nothing left for them to comment on. "A great work by an Englishman," wrote Hopkins, "is like a great battle won by England. It is an unfading bay-tree." How true that is to-day, and how tragic if *les lauriers sont coupés*.

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National Committee on Housing and the A.F. of L.* }

DON'T GET STUCK WITH A HOUSE

JOHN P. DEAN



IN THE next few years many unwary home-buyers, including many returning veterans, are going to endanger their financial futures. Houses bought in haste will provide unhappy places in which to repent at leisure; so the wary buyer will move slowly. He will discount many of the gaudy claims that "home ownership is the sure-fire way to get good housing at cheap cost." He will consider not only the present needs of his family but its probable future needs. He will appraise the special dangers of buying in the present hectic market. He will make his final decision only after he has considered all the possible alternatives by which his housing problem can be met.

Tradition and sentiment are strongly on the side of home ownership, and the building industry and the real estate interests are tirelessly at work to bind our futures to the supposed independence of our own firesides. Buying a house is the largest single purchase most men ever make, and as we commit ourselves somewhat reluctantly to so big a step, we have to be coaxed. The building and mortgage interests are the Lorelei. At their instigation Own-Your-Own-Home clubs have mushroomed all over the country. Home planning "institutes" have been organized under the joint sponsorship of lumber dealers, savings banks, and others for persons planning to build postwar homes. Banks are encouraging special

"plan-a-purchase" accounts with the slogan "Lay your 'Dream House' foundation NOW." Various manufacturers have issued booklets full of appetizing plans and pictures but with virtually no information on the costs of ownership or the pitfalls involved. Even War Bond sales are being promoted as a way that "you could be putting your dollars to patriotic use—and still be buying that DREAM HOME." Under such pressures as these the decision to buy a home comes easily and often thoughtlessly.

II

PREMATURE home purchasing is encouraged by the belief that the sooner one starts buying the sooner he will own his home. "Why wait? Let's get started. Think of the rent we'll save!" Actually, he who hesitates may be much better off financially and have greater peace of mind. Servicemen and their families, especially, and anyone whose life has been dislocated by war employment would do well to move into home ownership slowly. Let them consider the answers to the following questions and weigh them carefully before taking the plunge.

1. *What will be the needs of the family five, ten, fifteen years hence?* When we buy a home, we tie a dynamic, changing family to an immobile structure that is incapable of major change. The snug little Dutch Colonial dream home, which seems just

right when we buy it, cannot grow as the family grows, change as our tastes and needs change. As the children grow in size, in noise-making ability, and in social needs the house which once was ample seems to shrink, and privacy becomes a lost luxury. Then as the children marry and go away the house seems too big and the housewife yearns for a small home requiring less work. But somehow the family must keep adapting and readapting itself to the stubbornness of the house's structure and the implacability of its network of financial commitments.

2. *Are we sure that we are ready and financially able to commit ourselves to a permanent residence?* A 1941 nationwide survey found that more than half of the urban population had moved within the past five years, and after the war economic readjustments will cause even greater shifts in population. The principal reasons for our moving are probably dissatisfaction with current housing arrangements and the financial or occupational need to move. In either case, freedom from property ownership is a clear asset.

When young families buy a home, they forfeit some of their chances to strike out for new opportunities whenever and wherever they arise. After the war many young men will need time and freedom to shift from job to job until they find the ones that suit them best. The responsibilities of a home and a mortgage debt can seriously hamper a man's chances to move along. Until he is reasonably certain that he has a stable position which assures him sufficient income to meet all of his housing costs as well as to put aside savings for emergencies, he should beware of committing himself and his family to the burdens and restrictions of home ownership.

3. *Are we willing to tackle the legal obligations involved in buying a home?* If the home owner takes adequate precautions to guarantee that he gets a clear title, that taxes and assessments are paid up, that his house conforms to building codes and the city map, and that the mortgage contract is fair, he is likely to sail confidently ahead under the misconception that the house is full security against the debt represented by his mortgage. The fact is, however, that if he has to sell the house, either in the

open market or at a foreclosure sale, and the proceeds do not fully cover the mortgage debt, he is usually still liable for the balance. The current use of the mortgage as an installment purchasing device is likely to obscure the size of the personal debt the family has undertaken. The sheriff's gavel may rap out the truth of this with an unpleasant shock.

4. *Do we understand what it really costs to buy a home?* There is more to it than the down payment, the interest and amortization, and the taxes. Hidden costs can make home ownership a nightmare. You will probably hear it said that you can afford to buy a home worth up to two and one-half times your annual income. But to keep costs within the one-fifth of income usually recommended by home economists for housing, a family should buy a home which costs considerably less than twice its annual income. Here is a good rule of thumb: *determine what you can afford to pay monthly for housing (including heat, but not including light or refrigeration) and multiply it by 100 to arrive at an estimate of the maximum price you should pay for a house.* If heating costs or taxes on the new house promise to be low, you might be able to afford a somewhat higher-priced house.

According to this "100-times" rule, for example, a family which can afford to pay \$60 a month for housing can afford to buy a \$6,000 house. Here in tabular form, is a breakdown of the costs as they might appear under current liberal purchasing arrangements:

	Per Cent of Selling Price	Amount in Cash
Down Payment.....	15%	\$900
Closing Fees.....	2%	120
Annual Mortgage Costs.....	6.2%	\$372
Annual Taxes*.....	2.5%	150
Annual Fire Insurance.....	.3%	18
Total Annual Payments.....	9.0%	\$540
Maintenance and Repairs*....	1.5%	90
Heat.....	1.5%	90
Total Annual Costs.....	12.0%	\$720
Estimated Monthly Costs....	1.0%	60

*Although taxes may decline during the course of the mortgage, increases in maintenance and repairs will balance off the saving.

Even this is not the complete story, however. If you are going to buy a house you

should also reckon with the following which *may* involve additional costs over what you were paying before: 1) payments on range and refrigerator, if they must be bought extra, 2) gas, 3) electricity, 4) water, 5) possible special assessments, 6) telephone rental, 7) costs of transportation to and from work, 8) higher prices for food and supplies in the new neighborhood, 9) landscaping, and 10) new or additional household furnishings. Calculating it this way, the final figure is likely to seem curiously out of line with the so-called *cost-figure* which includes only mortgage payments and taxes. Actually the *cost-figure* as it is usually computed may represent only one-half or two-thirds of the total costs, and it is on the basis of this sort of underestimate that people often buy houses worth several thousand dollars more than they can comfortably afford.

It is easy to be misled by the argument that not all of the monthly payments are housing "costs," that home ownership is "an investment," and that by sinking money into a house one is gradually building an equity that ultimately mounts up to the full value of the structure—when the house is finally owned free and clear. But if it were true that this kind of investment is as attractive as the real estate dealers and builders claim, you can be certain that big investors would put their funds in large scale home purchasing instead of shifting the burden to the little fellow. Actually, depreciation of the house, during the early years when its resale value quickly decreases, will probably exceed the rate at which the mortgage is paid off. Even during the later years, when payments to principal exceed the rate of depreciation, the fluctuations characteristic of our business cycle cast a shadow of doubt over its worth. The size of one's equity at any given moment is almost always a matter of guesswork. Like the fish that swims backward to see where it has been, the homeowner often finds out the size of his equity only when he sells his house. As one confused owner said: "I'm still in a puzzle. I paid \$12,000 for my second home in 1917. In 1932 it was worth \$3,300 (home loan valuation by U. S. Government), was taxed for \$4,300 (city evaluation), and could sell for \$6,000." A

realistic, hard-headed home-buyer will look upon all the outlays for home purchase as housing costs, without counting on his equity too heavily.

III

AS THOUGH the ordinary risks of home purchase were not formidable enough, the home market for the next few years will be charged with special dangers, most of them obscured by our abundant faith in "home-ownership" and in the promise of the "Postwar World." According to the best estimates, the kind of house that sold for \$5,000 before the war will bring a retail price of \$6,500 *and up* after the war, not including range and refrigerator.

Second-hand homes are already selling at prices up to 50 per cent more than they could have brought before the war. Postwar home prices will reflect not only the general increase in price levels caused by freer circulation of money but also will represent an inflated write-up resulting from too few homes for too many people. It looks as though the wartime savings cherished by many families for their dream homes will be called upon to bridge the price gap between the prewar and the postwar house. If mortgages are kept at about the same size, down payments will have to be proportionately larger. Carrying costs will stay much as they were before. But larger down payments will mean increased financial risk for the home purchaser.

Not enough is known yet about new construction techniques to tell how much savings, if any, they may yield. It is certain, however, that dealers in the materials that go into a house can scarcely keep down the price of houses by lowering the prices on the one or two items they may handle . . . too many different materials and too many operations go into the construction of a house and into the determination of its selling price. The attempts of prefabricators to rationalize the housebuilding industry do not promise any immediate wonders, either, but there is real danger that the public, under the spell cast by the high-pressure incantations of "prefabrication" promoters will pay fancy prices for some houses which are no bet-

ter than the standardized prewar houses.

Ever since bright and shiny equipment modified houses from "boxes with holes" to "machines for living," builders have put their hopes in gadgets to sell homes—and they have seldom been disappointed. The postwar housing industry will not hesitate to play up the "out-of-dateness" of prewar houses by sharp comparisons with the "newest" and "latest." With a constantly changing battery of selling points (taking their cue from the automobile industry) builders may even try to hasten obsolescence in new models as fast as they are built.

With FHA encouragement, standards of planning houses and neighborhoods have gradually improved in the past decade, and the lessons that have been learned, added to the enormous accumulated need for new housing, will provide large building concerns with an unusual opportunity to benefit the nation after the war. They can take over and erect communities with all the services and facilities that balanced neighborhood life requires.

Unfortunately it may not work out that way. In the rush to skim the cream off the housing demand, builders will probably continue to knock together much the same kind of houses they have been building right along. Vendability may supersede serviceability. Standards may yield to the pressure of a shortage that is likely to make even a shoddy house attractive. If badly built homes can be sold, why build better?

Two special hazards confront the purchaser in this inflated market. High carrying costs for a bright new house may seem reasonable even when all the hidden costs are considered. But remember that years from now the family will still be paying just about the same as now for its housing even though the house will be older, the equipment dated, and the neighborhood on the down grade. And second, even though it may seem cheaper to buy than to rent, remember that when the shortage of dwellings is over, inflated rents will come down but the costs of owning a home which was bought when prices were high will remain pegged at the peak and may well prove exorbitant for the quality of housing obtained.

THE period immediately following the war will probably be the worst time to buy a home. Those who do buy should at least keep their eyes open and try to avoid the more serious pitfalls. Home ownership is an arrangement in which the purchaser always assumes the main risk. No agency, not even a government agency, has taken away that risk. The purchaser should make certain that he knows just what cards are stacked against him, and then decide whether or not he wants to play. There are several ways in which he can reduce the odds.

First, by buying an "FHA" house, the purchaser receives some measure of protection. Contrary to a widespread misconception, the Federal Housing Administration does not lend money, nor does it build houses. It merely insures qualified mortgage lenders against loss on defaulted mortgage loans. Hence it is the lender not the borrower who gets the greater protection.

But the FHA, to avoid having bad risks tossed in its lap, will not insure a mortgage on a home that does not measure up to the standards it establishes, and this is a real protection to the home-buyer. The FHA requires that the construction and utilities of a house, its design and plan, its neighborhood location, the financing arrangements, and the borrower's ability to pay all meet its standards. The standards are not particularly high, but they do make it more difficult for the home-buyer to make a seriously unwise purchase.

The purchaser, however, should not be complacent just because a house is considered worthy of FHA mortgage insurance. If the roof leaks in an FHA house, there is nothing the FHA can or will do about it. If a house does not comply with FHA standards because an inspector failed to do a thorough job the purchaser has no recourse; the FHA will hear about it only if the owner defaults on his mortgage and the FHA has to take over.

The value placed on a property by the FHA is, however, a helpful guide to a purchaser, and he should take advantage of it. When the selling price is higher than the FHA valuation, the buyer has to make up the difference by a large down payment. But it should be remembered

that the protection supplied by the FHA is just about the bare minimum a sensible purchaser would want: it gives you a fair idea how much the house is worth and it tells you which houses it won't insure and which, therefore, you have reason to be wary of.

THE man who plans to build rather than buy will do well to take advantage of the Registered Home Program of the Federal Home Loan Bank Administration. This program provides technical guidance on design and planning of a house and architectural supervision while it is being built. Advice on methods of home financing is also part of the service. In practice, however, the protection the purchaser receives is not as inclusive as it sounds. Local standards of architectural service and financing—both good and not so good—will probably prevail, but the purchaser who takes advantage of this plan receives assistance not always available to the free-lance home-buyer, and his home will be automatically eligible for FHA mortgage insurance.

The veteran is in a special category of home buyers. Everything will be done to help him to get his dream home; everything, that is, except removing the usual risks of home ownership. The G.I. Bill may make buying look quite attractive, but before the veteran takes advantage of the special borrowing privileges it guarantees him, he had better look to the future. He will owe money just like anyone else who borrows to buy a home, and he will owe it not to the Veterans Administration but to a bank or other commercial lender. The Veterans Administration will guarantee 50% of a loan to a veteran as long as the loan does not exceed \$4,000, but these "G.I. loans" will not go far by themselves toward paying for a home. If, however, a veteran wants to purchase a house that meets FHA standards, he can use the G.I. loan for the down payment. In this way the veteran can use his loan plus his FHA insured mortgage to purchase a house without putting up any money of his own at all. But it does not follow that the veteran takes no risks. He is liable for the full amount of both debts regardless of what happens to his home.

There are other plans for financing the purchase of a house that are tailor-made by the mortgage lenders, and they sound attractive. The lenders would have us believe that what is good for the lender is good for the borrower, but it does not work out this way in practice. The lending agencies stand to gain from high interest rates and from safeguards that protect them rather than the purchaser, and it is to their advantage to encourage indiscriminate home buying and mortgage financing—as long as the borrowers are reliable.

There is a distinction between the financing plans which assist the home-buyer and those which are merely merchandising devices. Plans to include range and refrigerator in the mortgage financing, to offer a period of grace in case of default on monthly payments (as long as one makes them up), and to decrease the interest rate over the course of the mortgage from 5% (when the debt is large) to 3½% (when it is small) must be considered realistically in terms of actual housing costs. In some cases these attractive offers may merely divert the home-buyer and induce him into commitments which he cannot afford. Unfortunately not all counsellors in home-financing can be counted on to be disinterested or impartial.

IV

SOME families are going to avoid buying homes in an inflated market in spite of the pressures brought directly or indirectly by the missionaries of home ownership. If they want to move or have to move, what alternatives are open to them?

Renting is the most obvious, and when the rental market favors the tenant, renting can have most of the advantages of ownership. The greenery around a rented house is just as green as around a house one owns. The space is as spacious, the privacy as private. But a landlord is not going to allow a tenant to stay on indefinitely in his house if he has a chance to sell it at a handsome profit in an inflated market. During a shortage, then, the advantages of being a tenant may prove illusory, and to the family which faces the prospect of being on the street, buying a house looks unusually attractive. Fami-

lies caught in such a position frequently buy houses which were rented to other families; those other families in turn do the same thing, and so on. Homes bought in "chain sales," as they are called, may seem the only expedient at the time they are bought, but they have a way of becoming a burden that is very difficult to shake off.

Even the most cunning and habitual renter knows that houses or apartments that exactly meet his needs and tastes are scarce commodities under the most favorable conditions. During a housing shortage they tend to disappear entirely. After the war, however, the rental situation may be eased in some areas as new houses are built and as families remigrate from the war production centers. Many houses that were purchased under war housing provisions will be abandoned and can be rented. As materials become available, old houses will be renovated, and in those cases where attention is paid to taking advantage of whatever patch of green is available, they will make attractive rentals. Some FHA housing was built to be rented from the start, and more may follow. But in the long run it is the ingenuity and persistence of the renter that will determine how adequate will be the housing he will find for himself and his family. It may not be necessary to watch the obituary columns after the war, but it will still be a good idea to keep track of who is going to move out and when.

Many of the advantages of both renting and owning are offered by "mutual home ownership," and it eliminates some of the disadvantages of each. A participant in this plan is technically a co-operative owner of a housing development purchased from the federal government through a non-profit corporation. Each resident has a right to perpetual occupancy of his home, and he pays the corporation monthly a sum to cover carrying costs including maintenance and repairs. Since the monthly payments somewhat exceed the funds needed by the corporation to carry the houses, a cash equity is built up which is available to the resident if he moves or becomes unemployed or physically incapacitated. The plan has other advantages, including a low interest rate and

no down payments, and offers one of the best alternatives to individual home ownership for families with modest incomes.

The next few years will see many new opportunities for mutual home ownership. The Lanham Act requires that the permanent housing projects erected by the federal government during the war be sold off to private investors after the war. The tenants of the Channel Heights project in San Pedro, California, which comes in this category, have already expressed their intention of applying for mutual purchase.

It would be folly to confuse this kind of mutual home ownership with the co-operative purchase of apartments from private investors. During the 'twenties many builders who wanted to rid themselves of the burdens of management and ownership sold off their developments under co-operative arrangements to individual families. Buying an apartment, as you can well imagine, has the disadvantages of both renting and owning, and few of the advantages of either. During the 'thirties this practice disappeared, but the current housing shortage has again brought some owners out into the market hopeful that desperate house-hunters will take their burdens off their hands.

We can hope for increased construction of new rental developments after the war. If they are built with adequate attention to space, sunlight, gardens, and facilities for the care of children, it will be a fortunate break for thousands of families. Speculative builders in recent years have been inclined to avoid investing in rental housing except where special FHA provisions enabled them to cover all of their costs with the mortgage money and so free their funds for other ventures. If the FHA again makes these provisions, the new housing of this sort will probably be superior to most rental housing now available. Even more hopeful is the likelihood that large banks and insurance companies will undertake investment housing projects, especially if the federal government finds a way to make it attractive to them.

NO ONE doubts that we will have a building boom after the war. The question is, what kind of housing will be built? Unless a sizable portion of the

new construction is in houses and apartments for rent, we may get a large crop of disillusioned home-owners patching up shoddily built dream homes that cost a good deal more than they were worth. Operative builders quick to cash in on the shortage will throw together houses in pretty subdivisions, spotted with model homes, spick and span in their white paint, fresh shrubs, and furnishings lent by the local department store. With no attractive place to rent, families will find the temptation to buy almost irresistible. Under such conditions home-hunting families might best shelter wherever and however they can—in whatever niche or cranny they can stuff themselves into—until the situation eases and good housing becomes available.

Mortgage lenders, builders, real estate men, materials dealers, and manufacturers of equipment should face the fact that they can go a long way toward weakening the American tradition of home ownership if they allow themselves to grab at quick profits in the present shortage. Sentiment turns sour in a house that leaks. Tradition becomes a burden when its promises fail. If the man who can safely buy is sold an honest home by honest methods and if he is given a chance to make sure the home is suited to his full family needs, then the tradition of home ownership will perhaps fulfill its promises. But if too many families are hoodwinked by over-selling, we may someday look back upon the nineteen forties as those fabulous days when men were fools enough to buy their own homes.

*For editorial comment on articles and contributors,
see Personal and Otherwise among the following pages.*

Harper's Magazine

VOL 191 No 1143 August 1945



ODDS AGAINST ANOTHER WAR

JOHN FISCHER

{ *Mr. Fischer, one of the editors of Harper's, was formerly with the BEW and FEA in Washington and (for a year) in India. Among his recent articles have been "How to Help Britain and Ourselves" and "India's Insoluble Hunger."* }

THE hundreds of able reporters who watched the painful carpentry at San Francisco all seem to be agreed on at least one point: the Conference did *not* build world peace. It did not settle the many tensions and conflicts which already have appeared among the victorious Great Powers. It didn't even try. Its sole purpose was to build a kind of arena, in which it might be possible over the course of years to argue out and compromise some international conflicts before they reach the shooting stage.

While the arena was a-building, the conflicts waiting offstage began for the first time to arrange themselves into a clear-cut pattern. Consequently, it is now possible to make some tentative estimate of the kinds of problems which the new World Security Organization must try to handle—and of its chances of solving them before

they break out of the arena of peaceful discussion.

IT is clear, first of all, that there are now only two nations—America and Russia—of really predominant power. They alone possess the resources to wage war on a global scale. If there is another world war, it must be between them. If the conflicts arising between these two can be settled peacefully, there cannot be a truly major war.

Each is deeply suspicious of the other, and neither has any great confidence in the nascent World Security Organization. No doubt both hope earnestly that it may work; but so far they regard it as at best a second line of defense. Both we and the Russians, therefore, are hurriedly building our own regional security systems. As a result, most of the lesser nations are now

being drawn by a sort of Law of Political Gravity into the orbits of one or the other of the two Super-Powers. So far neither Russia nor the United States has yet completed its protective belt of satellites. Some areas are being tugged both ways, like small planets caught between two great stars.

The few areas subject to such conflicting pulls are the danger spots. They will remain so until they finally are drawn into the strategic zone either of America or of the U.S.S.R.—or until both big nations agree to quit tugging, and abide honestly by that agreement. (At the moment this latter solution seems rather unlikely.)

While the process of pulling and hauling goes on, relations between America and the Soviets will remain tense, and from time to time quite possibly will get a good deal worse than they are now. This period may last for several years. Such a period of grinding adjustment to the new centers of power follows every great war; and it is always an uncomfortable and hazardous time.

IF, HOWEVER, each of the Super-Powers finally succeeds in putting together a security system which it deems adequate; if this process can be accomplished without an open fight; and if Russia and America each recognizes and accepts the vital sphere of influence of the other—then the prospects for a long-term peace should be reasonably good. From that time on, a major war could occur only if one of the great regional systems mounts a deliberate, full-scale attack on the other. Such an attack—from either side—would be very difficult to organize, and its chances of success would be small.

Consequently, the immediate job of the Super-Powers and their junior associates in the new World Security Organization is to work out the painful adjustments of the next five years without touching off a major explosion. It will be no easy task. Both Russia and the United States must make certain difficult concessions. Several small nations, which don't want to be yanked into anybody's sphere of influence, will have to give up some of their independence. Often somebody will be tempted—as the French have been in Syria—to

settle an issue with tanks rather than compromises. Yet the chances of our getting through the danger period peacefully are fairly good—if for no other reason, simply because both America and the Soviets will be too exhausted to risk another full-scale war so soon.

II

THE shape of the regional system which each of the Super-Powers is trying to build—and the danger spots where the two regions brush together—are already fairly plain.

The American orbit will consist of the entire Western Hemisphere, plus a chain of islands running the length of the oceans on either side. Because we are primarily a naval power, these outlying bases are vital to our whole scheme of defense. So long as they remain within our strategic control, no hostile force can get within striking distance of our main centers of industrial strength. (*Strategic control does not necessarily mean political control.* Some islands—such as Iceland and New Zealand—will of course remain entirely independent, but firmly tied to America by explicit or implicit understandings; others—such as Cuba and Bermuda—may remain independent except for small areas leased to the United States for air and naval installations. Nor does strategic control need to result in "imperialism," or meddling in the affairs of our smaller neighbors; Canada has been within the American strategic zone for fifty years, without noticeable suffering from Yankee interference.)

In the Pacific, our strategic island chain will run from New Zealand north to the Aleutians. Its main links will be the Philippines, Hawaii, and the Caroline and Marianas groups which we are taking at such bloody cost from the Japanese; and, until all danger from Japan is clearly past, probably Okinawa as well. For intermediate links we probably shall require base rights on some islands in the Gilbert, Solomon, Fiji, and New Hebrides groups, which belong to the British or are jointly controlled by the British and French, and in Formosa which presumably will revert to China. In order to get them, we may have to do some delicate horse trading.

It may even be necessary for us to put a little pressure—reluctantly and with averted eyes—on our good friends the British, French, and Chinese. This might result in some bruised feelings, but it would not lead to war. None of these nations, nor all three together, could ever dream of challenging American power in the Pacific.

Future events may lead us to decide that we also need a permanent foothold in the Kuriles, where Japan now has a substantial naval base on Paramushiro Island. If so, this might then turn out to be a real danger spot—for, as we shall see, Russia might regard the Kuriles as part of its own strategic zone.

IN THE Atlantic a similar chain curves from Ascension Island north through the Caribbean, Bermuda, Newfoundland, Greenland, and Iceland to Great Britain. Of all these islands, the British Isles are strategically by far the most important to us. So long as they are available as a base, we can blockade every major water route to Europe. If they are lost, we would lose not only this supremely important advantage; our command of the entire North Atlantic would be threatened as well, and our own northeastern seaboard would be liable to attack. Twice we have gone to war to prevent the islands from falling into the hands of the dominant European power; their protection has become a settled part of our diplomatic and military policy.

Our strategic position in the Atlantic is complicated by the fact that the British Isles (which are vital to our security) trail behind them a long and sometimes embarrassing attachment, the British Empire (much of which is not vital to us at all). Moreover, England—for centuries a Super-Power herself and even now the third power in the world—has a sort of subordinate regional system of her own. She takes this sphere of influence very seriously indeed, and is in fact trying desperately to enlarge it.

In the British view, it should include all areas commanding the communications lines to distant parts of the Empire, especially India. This means that England will do her utmost to keep strategic control of the key points along the Mediter-

anean route—Greece, Egypt, the Middle East, Sicily, and, if possible, Italy and Spain. Whenever a dominant Continental power begins to extend its military influence toward the Mediterranean, the British react immediately and with arms—as France learned in the last century, as the Kaiser discovered when he played with the idea of a Berlin-to-Baghdad railway, as the Communist-leaning EAM in Greece and Tito's Partisans at Trieste can testify today. Similarly, the British may be expected to protect the eastern end of the Imperial life-line by hanging on for all they are worth to the Persian Gulf and the former Italian possessions in East Africa and Ethiopia. (Here, again, strategic control does not always mean direct rule; the favorite British technique is to maintain "independent but friendly" monarchs, such as Haile Selassie, King Farouk, and Ibn Saud. Hence the British eagerness to restore the royal families in Greece and Italy.)

Finally, Great Britain is working hard to build up a strategic cluster of junior partners in Western Europe, from Scandinavia to Portugal. For five hundred years the very cornerstone of her foreign policy has been to prevent the Channel ports from falling into potentially hostile hands. For this reason, France and the Low Countries, in particular, are tied to the British by the tough cables of strategic geography—just as the British Isles, in turn, are tied to the United States. In practice, the British and American security zones are so closely linked that they form a single—though as yet ill-defined—Anglo-American orbit.

THIS set of facts probably will give rise to the most difficult problems in foreign policy we are likely to face during the next decade. There is no obvious strategic reason, for example, why we should go to war to keep Russia from acquiring her long-coveted access to a warm water port in the Persian Gulf. Yet every imperial instinct of the British would call for vigorous resistance to any such Soviet move. And if England became embroiled in a squabble over Persia (or Macedonia or Trieste or any of half a dozen similar areas), it might eventually flare into an

all-out conflict, jeopardizing the British Isles themselves. At that point we would have to intervene, however reluctantly—not to save the Empire, not even because of any sentimental affection for the British, but simply for the sake of our own security.

It follows, therefore, that the United States will be compelled in the future—however unwillingly—to share in the formulation of British foreign policy. So long as the ultimate responsibility for the defense of the British Isles rests largely on us, we must inevitably hold some part of the authority which goes with such responsibility. If we fail to do so, we may someday find ourselves being dragged into a war which we do not want, arising over an issue of no real importance to the United States.

This means that we must decide in advance precisely how far we are willing to back England up—and then make that decision unmistakably clear to the British government. Are we willing *in our own self-interest* to risk a major war in order to maintain British influence in Trucial Oman? In Abadan? In the Dodecanese Islands? In Greece? In France?

In some cases the answer clearly is no. In others, we have not yet made a firm decision. Mr. Walter Lippmann, for example, has argued that an extension of the Russian orbit to the shore of the Atlantic "would be intolerable for the Western World." Are the people of the United States ready to accept this view and to insist (with force if necessary) that all the Atlantic countries of Europe must remain within the Anglo-American orbit? It is important that we make up our minds; because if we do not have a policy, when this or any similar issue arises, we are almost certain to be dragged along willy-nilly behind the British.

For the British nearly always have a policy. Usually it is a sensible one, commensurate with their real power and that of their allies. And if the British know in advance that they cannot depend on our backing in a controversy over, say, the Persian Gulf or Greece, they are not at all likely to permit that controversy to reach the shooting stage. Indeed, one of the things which seems to bother the British Foreign Office most is its difficulty in find-

ing out—or guessing—the extent of America's future commitments. When we decide precisely how far we are prepared to underwrite British foreign policy—when we define sharply the limits of the Anglo-American orbit which we will stand ready to defend—it will be a great help to the British as well as ourselves. And it will be in the interest of a stable peace.

In passing, it is worth noting another minor complication: one of the junior associates within the Anglo-American orbit is in a neurotic state of mind. France finds it difficult to get used to the idea that she is no longer a major power. (This is hardly surprising; there is no adjustment so difficult for a nation or an individual as a downward step in status. Remember all those stockbrokers who were jumping out of hotel windows in 1929?)

At the moment, therefore, France is still trying to act like a power of the first rank, although she obviously does not have the industrial or military strength to support such a policy. This is the reason for her unfortunate behavior in Syria and Lebanon, and for the chronic petulance of General de Gaulle. Until France can make the mental adjustment to her reduced power status, we must expect her to continue to act in a manner which is irrational by normal standards of power politics; and neither we nor the British should be alarmed at such behavior. We must recognize that France is going through a sort of imperial menopause, and is subject to all the irritability, tender feelings, hot flushes, and occasional hysteria attending that difficult state. Under such circumstances it is incumbent on us and the British to handle her with firmness and understanding, as we did in the Syrian incident. We don't want to wound her feelings; but we can't let her upset the rest of the family unduly either.

III

THE outline of the regional system which Russia is building also is becoming clear. So far it consists of a chain of small states running across the narrow waist of Europe, from Finland through Poland and the Balkans to the Black Sea. There is every reason to believe that she

intends to extend this ring of satellite nations through the Middle East and Asia, until she has "independent but friendly" neighbors on every border. Already the Soviets have announced their intention of negotiating a new treaty of alliance with Turkey. A little to the east, the Iranian government recently was changed under indirect Russian pressure. Still farther east, Communist infiltration apparently is being felt in Sinkiang Province of China. In North China and Outer Mongolia friendly regimes are firmly established. Finally, if Russia joins the war against Japan, her first step probably will be to move into Manchuria and Korea, as Erwin Lessner pointed out in the July issue of *Harper's*. (So far there is no evidence that the Soviets intend to force communism on the satellite nations; in Finland, Bulgaria, and the other Central European areas occupied by the Red Army, the capitalist economic system up to now has been left essentially intact.)

Once this circle of buffer states is completed, Russia presumably will feel free from that dread of foreign intervention which has obsessed her—with good reason—ever since the founding of the Soviet Republics. And if we have any hope whatever of a durable peace, we must accept in good faith the Russian assurance that she has no intention of aggressive expansion outside her security zone.

A GLANCE at the map and at the latest newspaper indicates the points where friction is likely to arise between the Super-Powers during the period while they are putting together their two regional systems. There are five main danger spots, all lying along the margins where the Soviet and Anglo-American orbits rub together:

1. Poland, where Great Britain and America balked at the installation of a Russian-sponsored regime.

2. The northern shore of the Mediterranean, where one of Russia's junior partners, Yugoslavia, has been reaching toward the ports of Trieste and Salonika against firm British opposition.

3. Iran, where the U.S.S.R. probably will try to get access to a port on the Persian Gulf and a share in the great

Iranian oil concessions—again in the face of British opposition.

4. Manchuria and Korea, areas where the United States has attempted to maintain a policy of local independence and the Open Door for more than half a century.

5. Germany, where the two great power systems confront each other across an artificial military boundary.

IN THE first four instances, at least, the chances for a peaceful settlement seem reasonably good.

In Poland, it appears probable that the Russians ultimately will have their own way. The Red Army is there; Britain and the United States could not possibly bring to bear enough force to affect the issue; and in any case, the Anglo-American stake in the area is negligible beside Russia's. England had to make some protest, because the immediate issue which brought her into war with Germany was Polish independence—and it is now embarrassing to have to acknowledge that unqualified independence for Poland is not feasible. The United States strung along with the British, perhaps in part because Mr. Roosevelt felt the Polish and the Catholic vote was important in last November's election. Sooner or later both of us probably will have to back down with whatever grace we can muster. The Russians apparently are trying to make the process less uncomfortable for us by accepting one or two of the London Poles temporarily into the Lublin government.

(The Baltic States might be regarded as a sore point much like Poland, since the United States still recognizes their refugee governments, in spite of the fact that the countries themselves have been incorporated into the Soviet Union. Our refusal to recognize the new status of these states can hardly be regarded as anything more than a weak bargaining position, however; we could no more restore the independence of Latvia than Russia could restore the independence of Texas, and any real conflict over the issue is out of the question.)

In the Trieste and Salonika controversies, Russia has carefully avoided taking an open position in support of Tito. In these areas her stake is minor, while the



THE REGIONAL SYSTEMS EACH OF THE SUPER-POWERS IS TRYING TO BUILD ARE FAIRLY PLAIN. THE DANGER SPOTS ARE (1) POLAND, (2) TRIESTE AND SALONIKA, (3) IRAN, (4) MANCHURIA AND KOREA AND (5) GERMANY

British interest is relatively great; and here the British navy could bring really important forces to bear. Consequently, it seems likely that England will come out on top; Trieste will remain Italian and Salonika will remain Greek, both under British protection; and the Soviet region will have to get along without a major naval base in the Mediterranean. Yugoslav feelings might be somewhat soothed if she were granted customs-free traffic rights through the two ports. (It is noteworthy that in this instance, and also when Britain suppressed the EAM in Greece, Russia rigidly respected the British sphere of influence—although in both cases her refusal to support the local Communists must have seemed like gross betrayal to every good comrade, inside the U.S.S.R. and out. In other words, Stalin made a real political sacrifice, risking disillusion and discord within the ranks of his own party.)

In Iran it might be a good guess that some compromise will be worked out under which Russia would get her warm water port plus a special military position, while the British and American oil companies would be assured a share of the Iran petroleum concessions and protection of their investments in the area. (The British-owned refinery at Abadan is one of the world's largest; while American interests have a comparable stake at Bahrein just to the south.) In addition, England probably would demand some guarantee against Soviet political interference in India. Here, again, the decisive factor is the degree of power which each side can bring into focus on the critical spot. The British and American navies could command the Persian Gulf; but they could hardly hope to offset completely Soviet land power so close to the seat of its strength.

Similar considerations will weigh heavily in the outcome of the Manchuria-Korea issue. Russian dominance in these areas would be hard for Americans to swallow, in view of our traditional Far Eastern policy. Yet we are not apt to try to oust the Red Armies by force. After all, if they come in, their ostensible purpose will be to help us in the struggle against Japan—and to push them right out again would be both ungracious and exceedingly difficult. Moreover, we have never been willing to

fight to maintain the integrity of Manchuria and Korea. We have contented ourselves with protests and "non-recognition" of their conquest by Japan. As everybody knows, such a policy has proved not only futile but also rather fussy and undignified. Next time perhaps it would be wiser simply to accept whatever regime the Soviets may install, realistically and without any pious uproar, in the interest of long-term Russo-American relations.

THE danger of a conflict over Germany is much more serious, and the means of avoiding it are by no means apparent. If the United States has any policy regarding Germany—aside from reparations and preventing a revival of German military strength—our State Department has not yet announced it. Yet in the absence of a strong, clear-cut Anglo-American policy, Germany is likely to go Communist by default. And a combination of Red Russia and Red Germany—the strongest military and industrial powers of both Europe and Asia—inevitably would be regarded as a grave menace to the Anglo-American system.

Consequently, the working out of a mutually satisfactory policy toward Germany is the most urgent task confronting the Super-Powers. Should we leave Germany split indefinitely into Soviet and Anglo-American zones? Should we try to re-establish it as an intact but much shrunken and largely de-industrialized state? Should we partition it into a number of separate nations, and endeavor by threat of force to prevent their reunion? Each of these alternatives, like several others which have been suggested from time to time, is open to many objections. And we may be sure that whatever solution we adopt, the Germans will try to wreck it by sowing suspicion between the Russians and the Western Powers, and inviting them to bid against each other for German favor. Nevertheless, we must agree with the Soviets on *some* policy, however far from perfect, and try earnestly and in good faith to make it work. If we don't, all the pacts manufactured at San Francisco or at a dozen similar conferences cannot guarantee a lasting peace.

IV

IF WE assume that some kind of solution can be found to the conflicts of the transitional, region-building period, we can look forward at the end of that time to a world organized on a basis quite different from anything in past history. These probably will be its salient characteristics:

1. For the first time the world will be organized into two great power systems, instead of being split among seven or more major powers and dozens of little ones. Consequently it might be expected to prove a more stable organization. So long as there were several Great Powers, all roughly comparable in strength, there existed an almost infinite opportunity for intrigue and combination. Every nation had to be perpetually uneasy about what its neighbors were doing; they might gang up at any moment. And in real or imagined self-defense, each sought to improve its own system of shifting alliances. In the future there obviously will be far less room for this sort of dangerous maneuver.

2. For the first time the two greatest powers will be widely separated, rather than face to face across a fortified border or narrow seas. War between them would appear to be less likely, simply because either one would find it almost impossible to reach the vital centers of the other.

3. The *nature* of the military strength of the two Super-Powers is entirely different. America is primarily a naval power, Russia a land power. An American general staff could hardly contemplate an invasion of the vast land masses of the Soviet Union, in the face of Russia's incomparably greater resources in military manpower. (This disparity will continue to grow; long-term population trends will give Russia a sharply increasing proportion of its people within the military age brackets, while the proportion of Americans of military age will decrease.) Conversely, Russia—which has no navy of consequence—could hardly challenge the American fleet, which will come out of the current war stronger than that of all the other navies in the world combined. As Lippmann has suggested, a struggle between the two would be almost as improbable as a fight between an elephant and a whale.

4. Within both Russia and the United States, certain internal factors will tend to discourage a warlike policy. In Russia the memory of the tremendous casualties of World War II should serve as an inhibiting influence for a long while. Moreover, after the prolonged economic strain of the war and the revolutionary years which preceded it, Russia urgently needs a period of reconstruction and rest. In the United States, the traditional anti-war sentiment will be reinforced by the towering public debt, a swarm of domestic economic problems, and the approaching exhaustion of certain strategic materials—notably high-grade iron ore, bauxite, copper, and oil.

5. Finally—as Hanson Baldwin and other military students have pointed out—there is no fundamental strategic conflict between Russia and the United States. Each can build an adequate security zone without threatening the other.

6. Within the great regional systems, minor wars will be far less likely to occur than in the past. Each of the Super-Powers has the responsibility for protecting the members of its family; and such responsibility inevitably carries with it the obligation to keep order in the family circle. Normally such intra-regional squabbles will be settled through the machinery of the World Security Organization or such regional agreements as the Act of Chapultepec. In cases of emergency, however, or where no adequate diplomatic apparatus exists, the old-fashioned spanking will have to be used—as it was in the Syrian incident, where Britain (with American support) bluntly ordered France to quit kicking the babies around.

THE techniques by which Russia and America will control their respective orbits will differ markedly, because of the difference in the nature of their strength. Naval power is highly mobile and can make itself felt over great distances. Our fleet at anchor in Pearl Harbor exerts a continual influence in, say, Buenos Aires just as truly as would a great American army drawn up on the Argentine border. Moreover, the fleet brings to bear the same pressure *at the same time* in other points as far distant as Melbourne, Ice-

land, and the Kuriles, because it could strike in any of these areas as readily as in the River Plata. Therefore, American control can be exercised lightly, intermittently, almost imperceptibly.

Russian land power, on the other hand, is far less mobile and flexible. Because the weight of an army is felt only over a relatively short radius, the Soviets must keep a considerable garrison in the immediate neighborhood of every potential trouble spot. The result is that Russian influence often will appear to be heavy-handed and menacing, while American influence will seem to be less meddlesome and more "democratic." An army mobilized near the frontier of a small country produces a much more frightening and oppressive effect than a fleet anchored five thousand miles away—yet the fact of overwhelming power is equally present in both cases. We might do well to take this fact into account, whenever the Soviets' technique seems to be a little rough; they just don't have our fortunate ability to use a more suave tactic.

IF THE world of the future, organized around the two Super-Powers, does turn out to have these six characteristics, then the chances of a long peace would appear to be fairly promising. It is true that the Russian and the Anglo-American orbits will have totally different social and political philosophies; but ideological differences *alone* do not necessarily make war inevitable. After all, America got along on excellent terms with Czarist Russia for several centuries, although the Czars' regime was based on serfdom, tyranny, and terror; our philosophical differences with Stalin certainly are no greater than they were with Nicholas I.

There is an important distinction, however, between the peace of two armed and hostile camps and the peace of friendly neighbors. If the Super-Powers ever hope to get on a footing of mutual confidence and good will, both of them will have to abide by certain fundamental rules of neighborliness.

First of all, each one must convince the other that it has no ambition to expand its orbit. Above all else, both Russia and the United States must resist the

temptation to attempt to draw the three key peripheral areas—Germany, Japan, and South China—into their respective spheres. If Russia were to push into Western Europe, for example, the Anglo-American community would be certain to feel gravely alarmed. Similarly, if the United States were to try to convert a conquered Japan into a puppet state aimed at Siberia; or if we encouraged the Chungking government to try to regain Manchuria and the Chinese Communist areas—then Russia could not help but regard us as an implacable enemy.

In Europe, what happens to the German railways may be an important clue to Russian intentions; if the Soviets change the tracks east of the Stettin-Trieste line from the old standard gauge to the Russian broad-gauge, then it would be fair to assume that they hope to extend their influence into Western Europe. Economic and military dominance almost inevitably would reach to the limits of the broad-gauge rail system. Another strategic clue may be Russia's naval program; if she attempts to build a really powerful deep-water fleet—a task of at least twenty years—America would be warranted in expecting eventual Soviet aggression. (In that case, we would doubtless want an air and naval base in the Kuriles, which would close the northern exit from the Sea of Japan, as Okinawa closes the southern.)

IN THE second place, the tension between the Super-Powers is not likely to disappear unless each refrains from meddling in the internal affairs of the other's region. So long as local Communist parties, guided or financed from Moscow, behave as disrupting influences within the Anglo-American orbit, the Western Powers will remain in an irritable and suspicious frame of mind. And so long as the Anglo-American region supports regimes such as the present dictatorships of Spain and Argentina, which agitate openly against Russia and shelter groups of anti-Soviet conspirators, the Russians will continue to be mistrustful. (Incidentally, tempers might be improved all the way around if the Soviet press would quit referring to Wendell Willkie and similar well-meaning

people as "fascist," and if certain American newspapers would refrain from calling Stalin "Bloody Joe." The behavior of the Russian newspapers is of course more annoying, since they are official organs, while few people take the screeches of Hearst and McCormick very seriously; but the Russians seem to be abnormally sensitive to press criticism.)

FINALLY, the cause of peace will be served if each of the great regions keeps its own defenses strong and its own people contented and prosperous—for weakness and disorder always invite aggression. For the United States, this means that we must learn to make our own economy work better than it has in the past. A depression here spells economic collapse in much of Latin America and hardship in England, China, and every other country dependent on American markets. And if we have another full-blown slump, like that of the 'thirties, communism and disunity inevitably will boil up everywhere—with or without Russian encouragement. In the long run, full employment may prove to be the very keystone of our defense policy.

For the same reason, we must accept some responsibility for encouraging rising living standards throughout our whole orbit. This will entail lower tariffs, loans to help build industries in backward areas—in rare cases perhaps subsidies. (It may cost us money; being a great power never comes cheap.) Moreover, we need to make it plain that we are on the side of democratic self-government everywhere in our region. We dare not support reactionary Latin American dictators—as some of our State Department people occasionally seem tempted to do—on the short-sighted grounds that such pint-size Fuehrers will stamp out radicalism. Nor can we permit our close working relationship with the British to seduce us into indifference toward self-government for the

Indians and other subject peoples; on the contrary, we should throw our weight in favor of independence at every opportunity. Democracy and freedom are still potent weapons: we can't afford to let them slip out of our hands.

DURING the years immediately ahead, then, we may expect many alarums and excursions and a continuing tension between the Western Powers and Russia, as the two great regions gradually take shape. It is by no means inevitable, however, that these tensions will lead to war. On the contrary, no fundamental source of conflict is apparent in the new grouping of nations; it may, indeed, simplify considerably the job of international peace-keeping.

Perhaps the greatest hazard lies in the fact that both we and the Russians are amateurs at world politics. The surge of circumstances has thrust upon these two nations—both isolationist by instinct—the necessity of thinking, consulting, and acting in world terms as never before. If either country, bewildered and perhaps a little heady in its new rôle, begins to wield its power for power's sake—if it becomes too eager to win minor advantages, and takes advantage of every magnanimous gesture to drive a hard bargain—then we shall be heading for trouble. This does not, of course, mean that either of us should act the appeaser and surrender on every point in disagreement. It does not preclude tough bargaining. But it does mean that both of us must remember that the point at issue in any given bargain is unimportant in comparison with the overwhelming necessity of keeping the peace.

If we and the Russians together can learn this lesson—if we can learn to behave with the responsibility and restraint of true Super-Powers—we may in time build a real peace of mutual confidence instead of an armed truce.

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WINDS THAT BLOW STRAIGHT UP

WOLFGANG LANGEWIESCHE



A PUFF of wind comes down the street. An old newspaper stirs in the gutter, jumps up on the sidewalk, spirals up to second-story height and flaps about there for a moment; then, with a new burst of energy, it sweeps upward again, and when you last see it, it is soaring high above the roof tops, turning over and over, blinking in the sunlight.

The wind has picked up a piece of paper and blown it away. What of it? A generation ago, in philosophical discourse, one might have chosen this as an example of an event completely void of significance, completely chance. But not in the air age. The tiny occurrence demonstrates an important fact concerning the air ocean—one that is only now becoming the practical knowledge of practical airfaring men: there are winds which blow neither east nor west, neither north nor south, but in the third dimension: straight up.

These upward currents run in all sizes and strengths. Sometimes they are barely able to lift pieces of paper and bits of dust, and not very high at that. Sometimes they do not blow at all. Sometimes they are upward hurricanes which blow clear up to the stratosphere and would be strong enough to lift a man. There is a story going around the airports now that a man was caught in such an updraft, after bailing out of a disabled airplane; and that the updraft carried him up and killed him by cold and lack of oxygen before he came

down far from the scene of the wreck. The story is probably apocryphal; it is told sometimes of Europe, sometimes of the South Pacific, and can't be pinned down. But it is not impossible; the laws of chance say that it will happen someday.

These upward winds answer an amazing variety of questions—some of them vague questions perhaps, but some of them very old.

The soaring of birds, for example—how does an eagle, a buzzard, a hawk manage to fly on out-stretched wings, without flapping, apparently without effort? Now in retrospect one wonders that this puzzle did not drive men crazy. Yet the answer is simple. The bird seeks out one of these upward winds and lets himself be blown upward, precisely as that piece of paper was blown upward.

Had Leonardo da Vinci seen the plain evidence of these upward winds—the flying leaves, the soaring birds—the air age might have begun in his time, and the airplane developed along with the sailing vessel. For these upward winds also explain the soaring of gliders. And a glider is nothing but a wood-and-fabric replica of a hawk; there is nothing in it that Leonardo could not have designed, built, and flown. It used to be that motorless airplanes could fly only over carefully selected sites, where a steep hillside faced a strong wind and deflected it upward. But today, with no new equipment but a clear

mental image of these upward winds, men can fly without motors for hundreds of miles across country, even across flat plains, without machine power of any kind, riding on these updrafts.

The updrafts also are an important ingredient of all weather. In fact, it is but a small exaggeration to say that they *are* the weather. They explain why some days are clear, others smoky, still others showery. They account for cloud shapes; one kind of cloud particularly—the white puffy kind you find on a summer afternoon—is nothing but an updraft become visible. And the updrafts explain thunderstorms: by modern understanding, a thunderstorm is nothing but an updraft of terrific strength; the rain and the hail, the thunder and the lightning are merely by-products of this upward rush of air. Thus the puff of wind which lifts a piece of paper is nothing but a thunderstorm in embryo.

II

WHAT MAKES the air rise in these updrafts is heat. The air is not being blown from below, nor being sucked from above; it rises because it is warmer than the surrounding air and hence less dense and hence buoyant—it *bubbles* up. You have seen those shimmering, trembling "heat waves" over a sun-heated pavement: those waves are really blobs of air that have been heated by contact with the warm ground, have thus become light and are ballooning away; and this sort of air is the stuff which feeds those upward winds.

These winds themselves—if we could see them, perhaps on a summer afternoon when they are most nicely developed—would appear as giant columns, mile-high, standing all over the countryside at intervals of miles; chimney-like shapes within which warm air is flowing upward. One such chimney might stand over a little town, draining the warm-air bubbles off its pavements and roofs. Another might stand over a sunny hillside; still another above some dark, plowed field; any particularly hot spot of ground is likely to cause an updraft. One chimney might stop spouting for a while and fade out. Another might form nearby and start blowing. But always these winds would

be, not a general widespread upward drift of all the air, but narrow, fast-blowing jets.

That's why pilots did not become clearly conscious of these updrafts until the middle '30's, although anyone who rides in an airplane will feel these updrafts often. On a day when the updrafts blow, an airplane is bound simply by chance to run into one every minute or so. It then gets an upward shove, felt by the occupants as a bump. But because the updraft is so narrow, the airplane flies out of it, usually a couple of seconds later. The sudden fading of lift then makes the occupants feel as if they were dropping. People used to call that an "air pocket," and used to imagine that they had fallen into a hole in the air. Thus, through three decades of flying there had been plenty of experience with updrafts. Any old-timers remembered some quite powerful, big updrafts: "There I was, with my throttle clear back and my nose down, and still going up a thousand feet per minute!" And they knew also that certain types of clouds tended to suck you in as you passed underneath. But pilots, proud of their motors, did not see any use in such commotions, nor any pattern; they were merely annoyed by them and called them "rough air."

As for the glider enthusiasts, they were indeed always looking for updrafts that would hold them up. But they looked for them over sites where an ordinary wind—a level-blowing wind—was caught in a trick configuration of terrain and forced to flow up a steep hillside. Such "slope soaring" had first been proved possible by Orville Wright, in a little-known exploit in 1911, 12 years before the famous German gliding meets on the Rhone, when he soared a glider for 13 minutes over the dunes of Kitty Hawk. In the '20's it was proved again and again, and pilots stayed up in such slope winds literally for days. It finally ceased to make much sense, even as a sport, for it was easy as shooting fish, and you could fly, by this technique, only back and forth, back and forth over some carefully selected hill.

But all the time the hawks and buzzards knew better. The trick by which the soaring bird plays the updrafts is amazingly simple: when he enters an updraft, he



Warm air bubbles up from heated areas to make giant invisible columns a mile high.

has sense enough not to fly out on the other side. Instead, he banks around and circles—thus staying within the updraft. This technique is particularly obvious in the case of the turkey buzzards of the South because they do their hunting at low altitude, and at low altitude the updrafts are narrowest so that the bird can sometimes stay within them only by flying quite steeply banked, in tight and accurate circles. Higher up, where hawks and eagles fly, the updrafts are wider, so that those birds' circling is less steeply-banked and less regular.

Not until the early '30's did glider pilots begin to see the light: that a glider, too, flown by a hawk's technique, can fly on these heat-updrafts, and that it therefore can fly anywhere, even over plains, on any day when the updrafts are blowing. Today, a sailplane is launched from any ordinary airport. An automobile pulls it into the air with a long rope, much as a boy launches a kite by running with it against the wind. At 800 feet or so, the pilot pulls a lever which releases the tow rope. He then glides along, steadily losing altitude of course, just as an airplane glides with the engine throttled; and he hopes to hit a bump. If he fails to hit one, he keeps on coming down for a forced

landing; and then is towed up for another try. If he does hit one—it may be so gentle that it can't be felt but only shown by a sensitive instrument—he lays the sailplane over into a steeply-banked turn and then jockeys so as to stay within the updraft. Thus, circling like a hawk, he is slowly, steadily carried upward. And so new is the idea of these currents, even today, that his delight is flavored with a strong admixture of unbelief.

III

THE UPDRAFTS don't blow every day all day. They depend on the weather, just as they are in turn the weather's most important mechanism.

For example, it happens several times each month (in the course of world-wide, almost rhythmical commotions of the air ocean) that a flood of cold air from the polar regions sweeps southward across the northern United States, when the pavements, the fields, and the woods are still warm from a previous warm spell. Then the whole country acts as one giant hot-spot; the ground everywhere warms the air which comes in contact with it. The entire bottom layer of the atmosphere becomes light and buoyant, and updrafts



Factory smoke caught in updraft bubbles upward.

bubble up everywhere, practically at random. On such a day you can see factory smoke being caught in the updrafts. Instead of flowing away in a smooth trail, it breaks up into individual puffs which bubble upward as they drift away with the wind. That's how those extra-clear days come about: the smoke from forest fires, factories, railroad yards, and kitchens pours forth on such a day just as on any other. But the updrafts carry it up with them and wash it out into the immense spaces of the upper air, where it disappears. Thus an especially clear day is usually an especially cool one. By the same token, the lively updrafts which keep the air extra-clear also make it extra-rough for flying.

Again it happens several times each month that a wave of warm air from the Caribbean streams north across the continent. By comparison with such tropical air, the ground of the northern U. S. is cool—even in summer. Thus the entire bottom layer of the atmosphere is then cooled by the ground. It becomes heavy and wants to stay at the bottom. Even a hot-spot—such as a city or a sunny hillside—is then not hot enough to produce light air. No updrafts can develop.

On such a day factory smoke drifts lazily from the stacks, hangs about low, even sinks to the ground. And you soon begin to miss the scavenging action of the updrafts. The lower layers of the atmosphere fill with smoke. The stockyards can be smelled downtown. Looking down a city street you can see the bottom-heaviness of the air—motor fumes and dust are thick at street level, making a bluish-gray, ill-smelling haze, while even at 10th-story height the air is clearer.

Three days of such up-and-down calm in the atmosphere, and you can't quite tell whether the day really means to be "good" or "bad." Straight up, the sky may be blue, but toward the horizon it is gray or yellow. A solid week of up-and-down calm—a rare occurrence—and the air becomes so smoke-laden that your eyes smart. The sun seems yellow. Most flying stops. The "smog" of St. Louis comes about largely that way, and so does the traditional London fog.

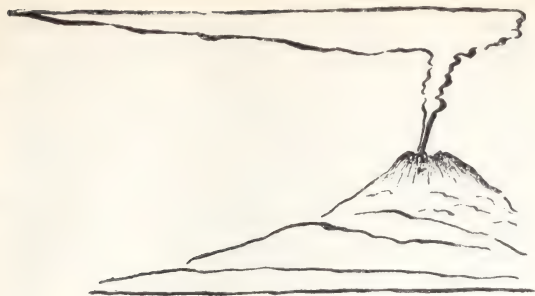
In the South, such days are less likely to develop—at least in summer. The ground is warmer, and updrafts do develop, even in this tropical air, during the hot hours of the day. They clear the air of smoke and water vapor, keep the sky blue, and toward afternoon make big, puffy clouds, showers, and thunderstorms. That's why the Southern summer, even though hotter, is actually so much more pleasant than the steamy season of New York, Pittsburgh, or St. Louis.



When there are no updrafts the smoke hangs low.

ANOTHER typical sort of day is caused by an "inversion": the ground is warm enough and the air is cool enough to *start* updrafts. But a few thousand feet aloft there lies some warmer air; and such a warm layer forms an invisible lid which stops the updrafts short.

You have seen an updraft run against such a lid and die. The peculiarly-shaped smoke cloud of Mt. Vesuvius—so often photographed and painted—is caused by just that condition. This smoke is, of course, nothing but a very hot updraft rising from an unusual sort of hot-spot. On most days it rises practically straight up in the narrow, chimney-like shape typical of updrafts to a height of a few thousand feet above the mountain's top. At that height it stops rising abruptly and spreads out level across the Bay of Naples. The explanation is simple: on most days



The curious cloud shape above Mt. Vesuvius is caused by an inversion.

the lower air layers in that region consist of cool, Mediterranean Sea air; compared to such cool air the smoke is warm, has good buoyancy, and rises briskly. The higher air layers consist of warm African desert air; compared to such warm air the smoke is cool, has no buoyancy, and cannot rise.

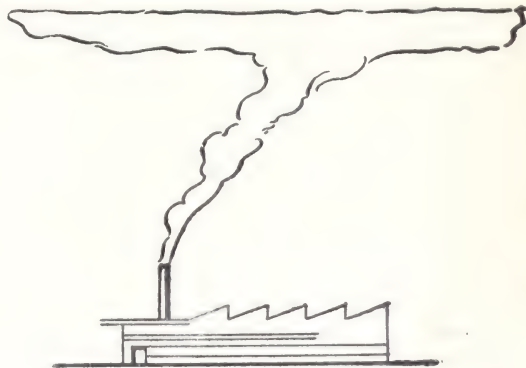
This condition is called an inversion because normally, and on the average, the higher up you go the colder the air. That's why mountain resorts are cool, and why aviators wear fur clothing. A layer of relatively warm air aloft is thus a reversal, locally at that altitude, of this general arrangement.

Such inversions are almost always present at some altitude. If you watch for them, you will often see ordinary U. S. working smoke assume the Mt. Vesuvius pattern. Sometimes the inversion is very low. During a summer night, for example, the ground cools off and in turn cools the lowest layer of air. At daybreak, then, the smoke from the kitchen fire may rise only 20 feet above the roof of a farm, and there hit that invisible lid and spread. This "morning inversion" has recently caused some concern at Wichita, Kansas. Normally Wichita burns natural gas which is smokeless. But in the new housing, hastily built for B-29 workers, coal ranges had to be installed because of wartime shortages. First thing you knew, the smoke from innumerable breakfast fires, spreading out underneath the morning inversion, formed a low blanket across the airport. The airliners had to pass up their stops, and the B-29's had to postpone their morning's test flying.

These morning inversions are tenuous

things, broken up by the wind and the sun before most people are up and around. More persistent inversions often lie a mile or so up in the air, for days at a time. Such an inversion is characteristic, for example, of the tropical, moist air masses which spread from the Caribbean Sea across the U. S.—in summer our typical summer air. It is what makes the usual summer days of the Atlantic seaboard—those hot, muggy days which are almost gray in the morning, turn blue and a little clearer in the early afternoon, and gray and smoky again at night. It is that mile-high inversion holding down the industrial smoke, the dust, and the moisture. Only during the early afternoon is the ground heated enough so that it starts updrafts hot enough to pierce that inversion and thin out the pollution a little. And the whole stagnant condition won't break until an entirely new air mass, cooler and without a strong inversion, sweeps the old one away.

From the ground, you feel that high-up, oppressive blanket more than you see it. But from the air a strong inversion sometimes makes a dramatic sight. It looks like a lake. A flat, sharp, grayish surface spreads in all directions all the way out to the horizon, completely, mathematically level. This is the top surface of the murk. Sometimes this haze level is so clearly defined that you can let your plane wheels trail in the smoke, as you might let your hand into the water from a rowboat, while the rest of your airplane is in the clear air. Looking down through the smoke, you see the ground dimly, as you might see the bottom of a lake. Above you, the air is



An inversion is caused by a layer of warm air aloft that stops the updrafts short.

clear and the sky dark blue, almost black; just because all the smoke, dust, and vapor is being held down, the upper air is almost completely clean.

IV

EVEN ON a day with no such lid aloft, the updrafts still don't keep going up and up, mile after mile. Every updraft has a built-in brake which tends to bring it to a stop.

As soon as each warm air bubble starts away from the ground, it begins to cool. What cools it is not, as one might think, its contact with the cooler air aloft. Warm air and cool air never mix well, and never heat or cool each other appreciably. That's why there is such a thing as a cool draft in a heated room: some cool air current stubbornly refuses to mix with the rest of the air, or to be warmed by its warmth. In the same way, the updraft-air stubbornly remains a separate entity. What cools it is a process akin to mechanical refrigeration. Each updraft bubble, as it balloons upward, runs into lower and lower atmospheric pressures. Hence it expands, and this expansion cools it. This is another general fact about air—it always heats up when you compress it, and cools when you let it expand. You know this if you have ever felt a tire pump get hot, or if you have ever released pressure from a tire and felt the icy coldness of the escaping air.

The soaring pilot experiences both—the expansion and the cooling. The expansion, by making the updrafts bigger in diameter, makes them easier to find, easier to stay in than they are near the ground. Once a soaring pilot has climbed a few thousand feet, he can easily hop from updraft to updraft, and thus fly across country. As for the cooling, it soon makes him shiver, and it also makes him wonder. Though the currents he is riding are technically warm air chimneys, they can feel mighty cool.

This sounds like a paradox, but it isn't. The same climb which expands the updraft air and cools it also takes it up into the colder air layers aloft. Compared to this colder air, even the cooled-off updraft is then still warm and still has lift. Near the ground, it was hot air rising through

warm air. Higher up, it is cool air rising through cold air. Still higher up, it may be cold air rising through ice-cold air. But eventually, the expansion cooling wins out. Eventually the rising air finds itself cooled to the same temperature as the air which then surrounds it. It loses its lift and comes to a stop—usually about a mile or so above the ground. The brake has worked.

And a good thing, too. If all the updrafts always kept going up and up, mile after mile, the atmosphere would be a witches' cauldron of perpetual thunderstorms and the earth would be uninhabitable.

But sometimes the brake is taken off. And then—look out.

V

IT BEGINS mildly enough with a little cloud. The updraft consists of moist air, and somewhere on its way up, expansion makes it so cool that it can no longer hold all the water vapor which it held easily when it was warm, near the ground. The water condenses out in the form of tiny droplets, so small that they don't fall, but float like dust. These droplets, dancing on the updraft and glistening white in the sun—that's a cloud.

Thus on a bright, blue summer morning about 10 o'clock, puffs of white cloud often appear quite suddenly all over the sky, all at the same altitude. Those are the updrafts reaching, after a morning's climb, the altitude where they start clouding; and from then on, until late afternoon, they keep growing bigger and higher.

Each of these clouds, then, is the top-most visible spearhead of an updraft. At the seashore or on the Great Lakes on a typical summer day banks of white, towering clouds build up everywhere inland; but over the water the sky is blue all day. That's because the land is hot and sends up updrafts, but the water is cool and does not.

Right here, another of those old, vague puzzles explains itself—the long ocean voyages of some Pacific islanders. How do they manage to find a tiny island, across hundreds of miles of ocean, without sextants, chronometers, or star tables?

Here is the answer: The ocean is cool and sends up no updrafts. In it the island, sun-heated, forms a hot-spot. Moist ocean air which flows across it heats up, becomes light, bubbles up and turns into cloud. Thus a bank of cumulus clouds floats high above the island throughout the day, while the surrounding sky is clear. A low, palm-studded island is visible to a man in a boat for perhaps 8 miles; but the cloud acts as a beacon, and marks the location of the island for perhaps 80 miles around!

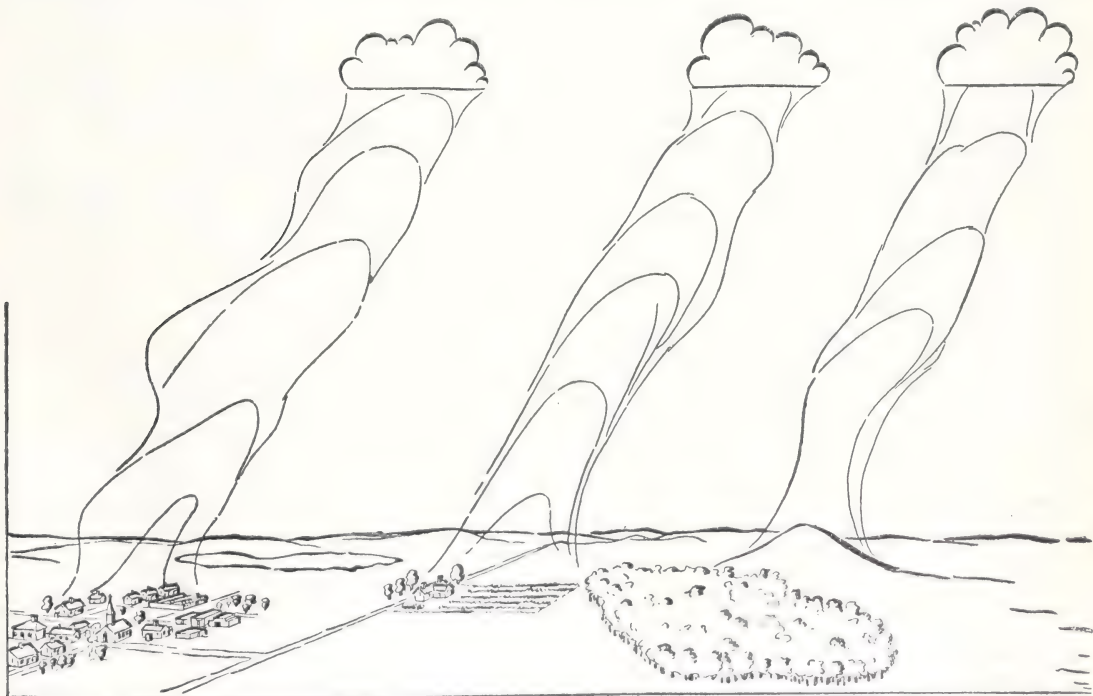
Now, as a cloud, the updraft is still an updraft. True, is it now cool, foggy air; but the clear air which surrounds it up there is downright cold. Compared to this cold air, the cloud is warm. It is buoyant. It still wants to go up.

On some days the clouds can't make it. On some days the clouds run out of moisture and die. On some days they run into a strong inversion and flatten out. On some days they form so close to one another that they make a solid deck which then keeps the sun from the ground. A pilot knows as many varieties of cumulus as a botanist knows of orchids. There is *cumulus humilis*, *c. castellatus*, *c. mammatus*, *fracto-cumulus*, *strato-cumulus*, *cirro-cumulus*,

cumulo-nimbus and so forth. But one thing all these clouds have in common: They *want* to go up. For this account, we pick a day with warm, moist air and no very strong inversion.

On such a day, the clouds keep growing upward until by mid-afternoon they are towering mountains. Looking up straight from the ground you may not appreciate just how high they are, because in that perspective you see only the base. But they show up clearly out toward the horizon, where you see them in side view. The typical cumulus cloud has a mathematically flat base—and the bases of all the clouds in the sky are at exactly the same height. That is the level at which the updraft-air turns foggy. Above that level, each cumulus cloud looks remarkably like the billows of smoke rising from a bonfire. And that's not chance. What the two air shapes have in common is that hot, live air is pushing its way up through cold, inert air.

For something paradoxical happens to the updraft once it has turned into cloud: it develops heat within itself. It is as if a fire had been lit within the cloud, *driving* it upward. This invisible fire is really sun-heat—but old, preserved sun-heat.



*Puffs of white cloud appear all at the same level,
on the invisible columns of rising wind.*

Weeks ago the sun shone on some tropical sea or on some hot, moist field, and evaporated bits of water into the air. In this hidden form, then, as water vapor, sun-heat is contained in the air, although you can't feel it as warmth. The air is then caught in an updraft, and expansion-cooled by its rise. The vapor is turned back into water and in the process the sun-heat is freed again and now, as actual feelable warmth, goes back into the air. It isn't enough to make the air actually warmer; but it is enough to keep it from getting as cold as its expansion-cooling would otherwise make it.

And that means the brake is now off! Up to the clouding stage the updraft was continually being braked to a stop by its own internal expansion-cooling. Now that the cloud-making has begun, the uncorking of this preserved sun-heat counteracts the expansion-cooling. The cloud still cools as it rises, but at a much slower rate. Now, as it penetrates into even cooler layers of even higher air, it finds itself, by *comparison* with that cold altitude air, more and more of a hot air balloon. The higher it rises, the more lift it gains. The more lift it gains, the faster and farther it wants to rise: it becomes a runaway.

To the pilot of a sailplane, a well-developed cumulus is a beautiful sight because it marks a really live updraft—a sort of spiral staircase to the upper air. Even well below the cloud, he can feel its lift. As he circles, the cloud's flat, dark underside rapidly becomes larger above him, and then all of a sudden the air around him turns into mist, and he is in it.

Once he is inside, the cloud mauls him roughly. He is flying blind. Water is running in rivulets on his windshield. The thing which seemed so soft and vapory from the outside is vicious and rough inside. Vast powers are on the rampage. Hard, slamming gusts shoulder him upward. He has to work hard to keep control, but all the time he is going up—sometimes at the rate of an express elevator.

IF A cumulus cloud grows high enough, it produces a shower. "Yes, sure," you might think, "with all that vapor turning back to water, it's bound even-

tually to drop out." But it isn't so simple—nothing about the weather is simple. The water droplets which make up the cloud are much too small for rain. It takes ten thousand of them to make one raindrop. And for fundamental reasons of physics, having to do with vapor pressure, surface tension, etc., the droplets of a cloud do not run together voluntarily or even by chance. They stay apart. Considering their minute size, they are almost as far apart as the moon from the earth.

Yet the cloud does eventually drop out a lot of rain, and drops it with a bang, suddenly. Here is how. As the up-flowing air reaches higher and higher, clouding as it goes, it finally becomes so cold that it no longer makes cloud droplets. Instead, ice crystals materialize directly out of the air. In summertime the updraft has to go at least three miles up before it will be so cold. It is then *still* a hot-air current—for the clear air around it up there is way below freezing.

And the ice crystals do it. As the cloud's turbulence mixes crystals and droplets together, the water droplets which could not coalesce with one another can adhere to the much colder ice. Each ice crystal becomes the nucleus of a raindrop; and heavy with the water adhering to it, it drops.

That's why a shower comes so suddenly: just as there was one certain moment when the updraft first turned into cloud, so there is one certain moment when it reaches the crystal-making level. And at that moment, the rain breaks loose.

VI

THE FINAL, most spectacular stage of an updraft is the thunderstorm.

Seen from the ground as it goes over you, a thunderstorm is merely a confused sequence of events—low, dark clouds, puffs of wind, rain and hail, thunder and lightning. But sometimes you can see one on the horizon, in side view. Or you may see one from the air—clear of the low cloud-scud which usually hides the storm-cloud itself from the ground observer. Then you see that a thunderstorm is really one monstrous thing—a thing which has



If a cumulus cloud grows high enough it produces a shower . . . but it isn't so simple as that.

its own characteristic shape—just as a breaking wave, a tornado, a flame each has a shape of its own. It is a cumulus cloud of gigantic proportions and ferocious energy.

What drives this giant cloud upward is the same invisible fire which drives an ordinary cumulus cloud; the hidden heat, contained in water vapor, suddenly turned back into actual heat.

What makes it so ferocious is a particular set of conditions. The most important of these is that the air be warm and muggy. If it were warm and *dry*, it would not contain enough of that hidden heat-energy, because it would not contain enough water vapor. If it were moist, but *cool*, it would not actually contain much water. That's why thunderstorms occur almost always in warm, muggy air.

Thus in a thunderstorm this heat comes flowing in such vast waves and so suddenly that the driving fire resembles more nearly an explosion. A motion picture of a thundercloud's growth, reeled off in fast motion, actually looks remarkably like a slow-motion picture of an explosion!

Essentially then, what happens in a thunderstorm is the story you already know. The characteristic difference lies

in the incredible violence of the updraft. The usual shower mechanism triggers off a violent rain, but the updraft catches many of the raindrops and won't let them fall. That is, the drop keeps falling and falling through the air; but the air itself rushes upward about as fast as the drop can fall.

But a raindrop, falling through air, is not a stable thing. When it first starts falling, it takes on a nice streamlined shape—the "tear drop" shape which much resembles an airplane's fuselage. Thus it slips easily through the air and picks up speed. But at the higher speed, the air then presses it out of shape. It flattens out, becomes short and squat. For that shape it is then falling too fast: it splatters itself into bits.

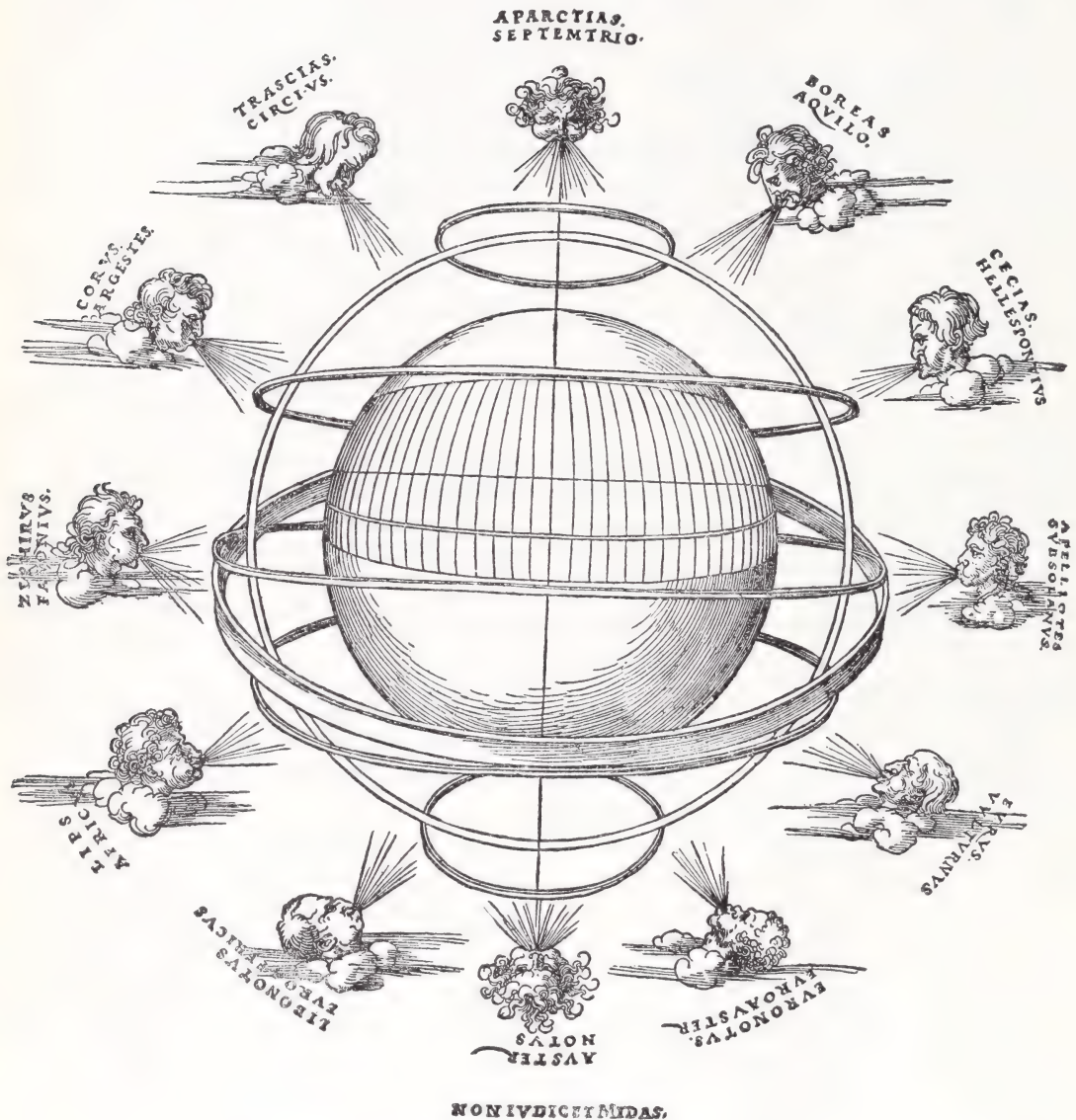
This tearing of rain from rain has an effect which is electrically analogous to pulling a sweater off yourself, or a cellophane wrapper off a cigarette package: as you tear apart what had been together, the small, split-off fragments of each raindrop come away charged with "negative" electricity; the main part of each drop itself keeps the "positive" charge. The small fragments, being lighter, are blown back up into the cloud. The main parts of the drops, being heavier, soar around in the lower part of the cloud and eventually fall to the ground. Thus high tension is built up between the upper and lower parts of the cloud, and between the cloud and the ground. Lightning then jumps across as a gigantic spark.

OFTEN THE updraft inside a thunderstorm is so strong that the raindrops are blown clear up into the icy top of the cloud—perhaps 4 miles above the ground. Up in that sub-zero region, the drop freezes into a chunk of solid ice—a hailstone. The stone finally is kicked out of the lively part of the updraft and starts falling. But further down in the cloud, in the rainy part, it is often caught again in a renewed upward gust and soars upward again. Meteorologists have dissected freshly-fallen hailstones and found that they consist of many layers, onion-like. This suggests that a hailstone must have taken many trips up into the ice zone to freeze, down into the water zone of the

cloud to pick up more water, and up again to freeze the water on as another coat. That's how the big ones are made that kill sheep and wreck car roofs. Wind tunnel tests show that to make an object of such

weight and size soar upward takes a wind of 200 mph—straight up!

That's the dynamite packed in the puff of wind which picks up a piece of paper.



Woodcut by Albrecht Dürer, 1525.

The Romantic

DON GORDON

A village was shining in my thoughts
like a ship in a bottle,
The roofs steep as the visible mountains,
the doorstep
A lake without a feudal swan. Remember
the color of grain
In the valley under the starched clouds,
the color
Of the young girls' hair under the
regional headdress!

(. . . perhaps a postcard the child saw
or words in a book of princes;
something the grandfather said
or a memory brought on a ship
in a year of migration . . .)

Eroded with the dust of western cities,
some unendurable day
The ox-route would lead me into the traditions
of another people.
It would be harvest time or marriage time
or time of birth.
I would hear folk music if it were summer;
or in winter
Observe the Maypole, without hope of leaves,
stand for its belief in spring.

* * *

They gave a partisan
a night's dream
of home.

Whether the village was in the mind
whether it was in the real mountains
whether an idea stated in continuous houses
was settled by
the Luftwaffe.

It took fifty thousand planes to tear up
the postcard world.
We are in actual time and deep in many countries:
the romantic
Was only a tourist at heart, he would have been lost
in a landscape of infinite dimensions.

{ *The author of The Late George Apley, H. M. Pulham, Esq., and So Little Time went to the Pacific last spring as correspondent for Harper's.* }

LUNCH AT HONOLULU

A Story

JOHN P. MARQUAND



THE house was off Nuannu beyond the cemetery where Hawaiian royalty lay with symbolic tabu sticks at the corners of their burial plots. It was a fine clear day by the sea, but rain was falling up by the jagged skyline of the mountains. Mr. Huntley knew that in Honolulu they called it liquid sunshine.

The house to which he was invited for lunch was built of rough coral stone and redwood, and a porte cochère covered the drive. The house might have been in Redlands, California, except for the ornamental planting. It was said that almost anything could grow on the Hawaiian Islands. By the time the taxicab had stopped beneath the porte cochère, Mr. Huntley had identified upon the lawns a traveler's palm, an Alexandra palm, a Norfolk Island pine, ginger flowers, hibiscus, and a bed of calla lilies, snapdragons, and forget-me-nots. There was also some bamboo and banana. This dizzying combination gave its own horticultural evidence that Honolulu was the melting pot of races and the crossroads of the Pacific.

Even before Mr. Huntley had climbed the steps, a middle-aged Japanese maid had opened the door. Her hair was done in Japanese convention. She wore the kimono and the obi. When she bowed and took his hat, she looked like a part of the chorus of Madame Butterfly. Inside,

the long living room was cool and shadowy, paneled with a glistening darkish wood. There were reed mats on the dark, highly polished floor. There were comfortable American upholstered chairs and Chinese lacquered tables. There were Hawaiian calabashes filled with ginger flowers. There was a large Capehart phonograph, and on the walls were Chinese ancestral portraits, an oblong of old tapa cloth, and some Malay weapons.

The Japanese maid smiled. Before she put her hand in front of her mouth, she revealed three black teeth and one brilliant gold one. She drew in her breath politely.

"Mr. Wintertree, he waits, on the back lanai, please," she said. "This way, please."

As Mr. Huntley followed her, he had a glimpse of himself in a cloudy ornate Italian mirror. His image was disturbing in a shadowy room that was heavy with the scent of tuberose. He was an incongruous stranger, a moist, dumpy, middle-aged interloper in a wrinkled Palm Beach suit.

Mr. Wintertree was on the back veranda. The veranda, furnished with wicker chairs, potted ferns, and hanging air plants, looked over a deep green tropical gorge to the darker jagged mountains. To the left, far below, were the streets and houses of Hono-

lulu and the docks and the Aloha Tower, and the harbor and the sea. Mr. Wintertree was a tall cadaverous man. He was dressed in an immaculate linen suit. His face was deeply tanned. His hair was as white and as smooth as his coat.

"Aloha, Mr. Huntley," he said. "It's very kind of you to come and take pot luck. Mrs. Wintertree was dreadfully sorry she couldn't be here. It's her day at the Red Cross, so it will be a stag party—just five of us. Admiral Smedley is coming with Captain Rotch, his Flag secretary. Henry D. Smedley—you know the Admiral?"

"No, I have never met him," Mr. Huntley answered. "I hope I'm not too early."

"Oh, no, no," Mr. Wintertree said. "They'll be here any minute now. Just the Admiral and a Captain Rotch, and Lieutenant—" A slight frown appeared on Mr. Wintertree's face. "What the devil is his name? Oh yes, Wright. A Lieutenant Wright. He's just off a carrier. Walter Jones wrote me about him, too. He's a naval aviator. Did you ever hear Walt mention him?"

"No, not that I remember," Mr. Huntley said. "It's very kind of you to have me here."

"It's always a pleasure to see a friend of old Walt's," Mr. Wintertree said. "Maybe he told you, we were together in the class of '08 at Yale. When did you last see Walt?"

"In New York last month," Mr. Huntley told him. "Walt told me to be sure to look you up."

"I wish you could see this place the way it used to be before the war," Mr. Wintertree said. "It's the duty of kamaainas to make malihinis like the islands, but Honolulu is a madhouse now. Army, Navy—they're into everything. They'll be taking over the golf club next."

"What's a kamaaina?" Mr. Huntley asked.

Mr. Wintertree smiled.

"That's a Hawaiian word. Roughly translated it means 'oldtimer,'" Mr. Wintertree said. "I'm an oldtimer and you're a malihini. This is a kamaaina house. Father built it in 1880. Honolulu was just a small town on a small Pacific island then. My God! how it's

changed." He leaned back in his chair.

"You have a beautiful view from this porch," Mr. Huntley said.

"Lanai, not porch," Mr. Wintertree told him. "I suppose we're eccentric the way we cling to Hawaiian words. This is a lanai, and that couch over there is called a hikkiai. It's a real Hawaiian hikkiai, not just a couple of mattresses the way they make them now. You can see it is made out of lahala mats, the woven leaves of the pandanus tree."

"Hikkiai," Mr. Huntley repeated.

"Good," Mr. Wintertree said. "That's the way to say it."

"What do you do with it?" Mr. Huntley asked.

"Why, you lie on it," Mr. Wintertree said. "Do you want to lie on it?"

"No thanks, not now," Mr. Huntley answered. "You do have a beautiful view from here."

"Those light-colored trees that you see on the side of the mountain are kukui trees," said Mr. Wintertree. "They have small round nuts called kukui nuts. In old times the Hawaiians would string those nuts on a reed and use them for candles. My father used to say that when he was a child his father—we come of missionary stock—used to say, 'Children, one more kukui nut and it's bedtime.'"

Mr. Huntley glanced at a low table, hoping to find a cigarette.

"When my father was a boy," Mr. Wintertree said, "he spoke of seeing a little crowd of native Hawaiians on the docks, about where the Aloha Tower is now. We were all friends in those days. Those Polynesian boys were looking at something and laughing—two bluebottle flies. Yes, they had never seen a fly, and now we have everything—flies, Marines, planes, battleships. I suppose you're out here for the Government, Mr. Huntley."

"Yes," said Mr. Huntley. "I'm out for the OWI."

"What's the OWI?" Mr. Wintertree asked.

"That's a native American expression," Mr. Huntley said.

"Now, now," Mr. Wintertree told him. "Don't forget that we're just as native American here as any other part of America." He looked at his wrist watch.

"I've never known Admiral Smedley to be so late. Wait—I'm wrong. I think I hear him now."

BRISK, and somewhat heavy steps sounded on the floor of the living room. It was Admiral Smedley, followed by Captain Rotch. The Admiral's glance was sharp and direct. His face was set in tranquil lines, like the bust of a Roman emperor. His gray hair was cut very short. He was dressed in fresh khaki. He wore two tiny silver stars in his shirt collar. On his finger was a Naval Academy ring.

"We're just waiting for one other guest," Mr. Wintertree said. "A friend of a friend of mine. He is just off a carrier—Lieutenant Wright."

"That must be the *Great Lick*," the Admiral said. "She ran into a little difficulty. What did you say the officer's name was?"

"Wright," Mr. Wintertree answered.

"I don't know him," the Admiral said. "Rotch, did you ever hear of anybody named Wright?"

"No, sir," the Captain said.

"Well, it's a big Navy," the Admiral said. "And the Pacific's a big ocean."

"We might have something to drink while we're waiting," Mr. Wintertree said. "Would you care for something, Admiral? Sherry or a Martini?—or a little of our Island drink, Okulehau?"

"Okulehau, I haven't had any of that since I was stationed here in '32," the Admiral said. "We used to call it Oke. How about you, Rotch?"

"If the Boss falls off the wagon, I guess I can fall, too," the Captain said, and he laughed. Admiral Smedley smiled faintly.

"I hope you'll excuse me if I don't join you," Mr. Wintertree said. "I very seldom indulge in the middle of the day, but Taka and Togo will give you anything you want. Would you care for a Martini, Mr. Huntley?"

"Thank you," Mr. Huntley said.

The Japanese maid came through the door on the far end of the porch, which evidently led to the dining room. She carried a large tray of dark wood, upon which were small plates of olives and other

appetizers. Behind her came an old Japanese in a white coat with bottles, ice, and glasses.

"Taka and Togo have been with us for thirty years," Mr. Wintertree said, and he lowered his voice. "They were very unhappy on December 7th."

"So was I," the Admiral said. "Do you live out here too, Mr. Huntley?"

"Oh, no," Mr. Huntley said. "I'm with the OWI. I've only been here about a week."

"Oh, a writer, are you?" the Admiral asked. "Well, there's a lot to write about."

"You have a beautiful view from this veranda," Mr. Huntley heard Captain Rotch say to Mr. Wintertree.

"Yes, we think it's a very pleasant lanai," he heard Mr. Wintertree answer. "You see it faces both Mauka and Makai. Those are the old Hawaiian words for the sea and the mountains, Captain Rotch. They form two of the cardinal points on our island's compass. Those light-colored trees on the mountainside are called kukui trees."

"Let's see," the Admiral said to Mr. Huntley. "I think I have read something that you have written. Didn't you write an article for the *Saturday Evening Post* about trailers?"

"No, sir, that must have been someone else."

"Yes, maybe it was someone else. Did you fly out, or come by boat?" the Admiral asked.

"I flew out," Mr. Huntley told him.

"You can get places flying—anywhere in the world in two days' flying," the Admiral said. "It's a great place, Honolulu. We're certainly lifting its face for it. Give us another year and we'll make it look like Pittsburgh. No one's ever going to say again that America can't fight a war. Thank you." He took a glass from the tray that was passed him.

The Japanese houseman bowed and smiled. He was a very polite old-time Japanese.

"This is like the old days," the Admiral called. "This is real Oke, Wintertree."

"It comes from the big island," Mr. Wintertree answered. "They used to make it in the old days—that was during

prohibition—but there were only two kinds of Okulehau, the right kind and the wrong kind. This is the right kind. It was made from the root of the ti plant. You've seen its leaves on dinner tables, Admiral. In the old days the Hawaiians would break off a ti plant and sit on it and slide down a mountain slope. It was one of the old royal sports."

"Yes, I've heard they did," the Admiral said. "In my spare time I've been making a little study of the Polynesians. I've got a dictionary of Hawaiian words."

"It will be useful to you," Mr. Wintertree said. "Hawaiian words still crop up in kamaainas' conversations."

"Some of the words are very expressive," the Admiral said. "Do you know the word for cat?" But Mr. Wintertree did not answer. He was moving to the living room door, to shake hands with the last of his guests, Lieutenant Wright. Lieutenant Wright had a piece of adhesive tape above his left eye, but even so he looked very fresh and young. His voice was loud and mellow.

AND how do you do, sir," Lieutenant Wright said. "Thanks for letting me aboard. I hope I'm not too late to snap onto a drink."

"Oh—not too late at all. I am very glad you could come, Lieutenant," Mr. Wintertree told him. "As soon as I heard from your uncle Walt . . ."

Lieutenant Wright laughed so loudly that Mr. Huntley saw the Admiral's forehead wrinkle.

"Uncle Walt would have given me hell if I had passed you up," Lieutenant Wright said. "Yes, sir. Uncle Walt told me if I ever hit this rock to look you up, sir, and now I've hit it." He looked at Mr. Huntley's glass. "Is that a Martini I see him drinking?"

"Yes, that's a Martini," Mr. Wintertree said. "And this is Admiral Smedley, Captain Rotch, and Mr. Huntley."

"How do you do, Admiral," Lieutenant Wright said. "Sorry I'm late, but I don't mind catching up." He took a Martini from the tray. "Make me another one, boy," he added gently. "Maybe you better make me two. This is really a nice place you've got here, Mr. Winter-

tree." He drank his Martini quickly.

The conversation had died. There was a silence while Lieutenant Wright picked up another Martini. The Admiral cleared his throat.

"I hear you're off the *Great Lick*," the Admiral said.

Lieutenant Wright laughed loudly, although there appeared to be no reason for his laughing.

"Yes, sir, the old Lick and promise. That's what the kids call her, Admiral, sir," Lieutenant Wright answered. "And she's mostly Lick." Lieutenant Wright laughed again. "She really is, sir. She really took them aboard, sir, but we knocked off one of their BB's."

The Admiral turned to Captain Rotch. "How many did you say she took?"

"Three of them, sir," the Captain said.

"She really took them," Lieutenant Wright laughed again. "Oh boy! She really took them."

The Admiral glanced at Mr. Huntley and then at Mr. Wintertree. He seemed to feel that the occasion compelled him to say something but not too much.

"Occasionally," he said, "in the course of an air battle a Japanese plane crashes on the deck or superstructure of one of our ships—a suicide plane. It naturally causes considerable damage."

Lieutenant Wright whistled. He was on his third Martini and, as far as Mr. Huntley could see, rank did not disturb him.

"Did you say damage, sir?" he asked.

The wrinkles deepened on the Admiral's forehead.

"Just one minute, please," he began, but the Lieutenant raised his voice.

"It's really rugged when one of them comes in at you," the Lieutenant said. "Now this first that hit us—it was about eighteen hundred and thirty hours—he came in from the port side. We gave him everything we had. You could see the 40's going into him like red-hot rivets."

"Just a minute," the Admiral said. "Just a minute, son," but the Lieutenant's voice was louder.

"That kid must have been dead, but he still kept coming in. You got the idea there was nothing you could do but stand and take it. It was a very rugged feeling."

"Rotch," the Admiral said to the Captain. Captain Rotch's manner reminded Huntley of that of a kindly policeman. He rested his hand on Lieutenant Wright's shoulder and whispered something. As he listened, the Lieutenant's face looked blank, and his thoughts seemed to drift away from him and he was back again where he had started, right on Mr. Wintertree's lanai.

"I'm sorry, sir," he said. "I didn't know it was restricted."

"That's all right, son," the Admiral told him. "That's all right."

"Down in Numea we had a song about it," the Lieutenant said. "Some of the kids made it up at the club. 'I'm forever whispering secrets.'"

Mr. Wintertree's voice interrupted.

"I think luncheon is ready now," Mr. Wintertree was saying.

"Well, let's skip it," Lieutenant Wright said. "As long as pop here says luncheon's ready."

"If you'll just lead the way, Admiral," Mr. Wintertree said.

IN THE dining room a narrow dark table was set for lunch. There was a center decoration of breadfruit and green leaves. There were Chinese plates and small wooden bowls filled with a gray paste-like substance that Mr. Huntley knew was a native food called poi. The Admiral was at Mr. Wintertree's right, Mr. Huntley at his left. Captain Rotch was beside Mr. Huntley and the Lieutenant was beside the Admiral.

"I'm forever whispering secrets," the Lieutenant was singing beneath his breath. He lifted up his plate very carefully and set it down. Then Mr. Huntley saw him staring at his bowl of poi. The servants were passing plates of clear consommé.

"I'm sorry there isn't a sixth to balance the table," Mr. Wintertree said. "This is Mrs. Wintertree's day at the Red Cross. I see you looking at the table, Admiral. Do you know what wood it's made from?"

"Yes," the Admiral said, "Koa wood."

"No, no," Mr. Wintertree said. "It's made from the monkey pod tree."

"Have they got monkeys on this rock?" the Lieutenant asked.

Mr. Wintertree went on without an-

swering. "Now, the chairs we are sitting on are koa. They are our best wood, very close to mahogany. The koa is a very handsome tree, Mr. Huntley, long, graceful curving leaves. You still find specimens in the mountains, but our most beautiful wood came from the kou tree."

"I never heard of the kou tree," the Admiral said.

"As long as it isn't the cuckoo tree," Lieutenant Wright said and he began to laugh.

"The old calabashes were all made from the kou," Mr. Wintertree said. "You can see one of them—a very handsome one—on the sideboard, but the kou is nearly extinct. When ants appeared on the island, they ate the kou."

"What did they want to eat it for, pop?" Lieutenant Wright asked.

"They ate the leaves," Mr. Wintertree answered.

"Well, bugs do eat the damndest things on islands," Lieutenant Wright said. "At Hollandia something ate the seat right out of my pants. Maybe it was ants. Ants in my pants, pop."

"Mr. Wintertree," the Admiral asked. "Do you know the Hawaiian word for cat?"

"Why, yes," said Mr. Wintertree. "Poopooki."

"I suppose you know how the word was derived?" the Admiral asked.

The soup was finished. Mr. Wintertree glanced at the servants and they began to take away the plates.

"Oh yes," he said. "Of course I know." But the Admiral went on telling him.

"Well, Huntley ought to hear it," the Admiral said. "Mr. Huntley can write it down sometime. It seems that there didn't use to be any cats in the Hawaiian Islands."

"No cats, no ants," Lieutenant Wright said. The Admiral glanced at him sideways.

"And no Naval Reserve officers," the Admiral said. "It seems the missionaries brought the cats."

Lieutenant Wright smiled.

"And the Navy brought in the Reserve officers, Admiral, sir. They had to, to win this war."

Captain Rotch cleared his throat.

"Perhaps the Admiral would like to finish what he is saying," he said gently.

"Sorry, sir," Lieutenant Wright said quickly. "Aye, aye, sir. The Missionaries brought the cats. . . ."

"You see, none of the Kanakas had ever seen a cat. They didn't have a name for it," the Admiral went on. Mr. Huntley saw that Mr. Wintertree winced when the Admiral used the word "Kanakan." "Then they must have heard one of the white missionary women call her cat 'poor pussy' and that's how you get it—poor pussy—poopooki."

"By God, what do you know," the Lieutenant said, and he whistled. "You come to an island and it's like every other island, and all the native Joes and Marys are just alike. Coral, palm trees, a lagoon, and then out come the canoes—and there you are, like that." He snapped his fingers. "Pretty soon you beat a drum and start singing."

"You have never been to Honolulu before, have you?" It seemed to Mr. Huntley that Mr. Wintertree's voice was sharp. "I think you'll find it different. These fish are mullet. The old kings used to keep them in the royal fish ponds."

"There's nothing better than good mullet," Captain Rotch said.

"Back out there," the Lieutenant waved his hand to illustrate back out there, "we used to chuck a stick of dynamite in a lagoon and get mullet, and did the natives go for those fish? You ought to have seen them go for them. Once when I was out with a sub over in the Zulu Sea—all right, Admiral, sir, security."

"I'm sorry we can't hear about it," the Admiral said.

"This is one-finger poi," Mr. Wintertree told the table. "There's a shortage of good poi, like everything else, but some of my native friends help me."

Mr. Wintertree stopped, because Lieutenant Wright had begun to laugh for no apparent reason.

"You know, they tell a story about me out there, pop," the Lieutenant said, and he waved his hand again, to illustrate out there, "and I guess I can tell it to you without breaking security. It's rather a funny story." He laughed again as he

remembered it and pushed his plate away. "One of the CPO's who was working with me came up to me one day and he said, 'Lieutenant, sir, I ought to get a little leave. This country here is getting me queer.' Well, I didn't blame him. So I just told him to relax and tell me what was the matter. And he said: 'It's this way, sir. All these dark women begin to look to me as though they were white.' And do you know what I said to him? At least, it's what they say I said to him." The Lieutenant paused and beamed at everyone. "I said to him, 'Kid, what dark women?'" The Admiral smiled. Mr. Huntley laughed, although he had heard the story several times before.

"We are having papaya for dessert," Mr. Wintertree said. "It isn't quite the season, but I'm proud of my papayas."

They had small cups of very black coffee out on the lanai. Mr. Wintertree explained that it was Kona coffee, so named because it was grown on the slopes of the Kona coast on the big island of Hawaii. That was an island too big to be spoiled, Mr. Wintertree said. The ghosts of the past still lingered over the Kona coast. You could still see the old burial caves in the cliffs that fringe the bay where Captain Cook was killed. You could still see the black walls of lava rock that marked the compounds of the native villages.

As MR. HUNTLEY sat listening, he was thinking of the irrational chances that threw people together. In a few moments this party on the lanai would be breaking up. The Admiral would return to his office. Mr. Huntley would return to his hotel. He wondered what the Lieutenant would find to do. Very little, he imagined, now that Honolulu was a garrison town.

"They still sing the old meles on Hawaii," Mr. Wintertree was saying. "Those old word-of-mouth songs have been passed on for centuries."

The Lieutenant looked at his small cup of coffee.

"Would it be out of order to turn this in for something else?" he asked.

"Turn it in?" Mr. Wintertree repeated.

"For a Scotch and soda," the Lieuten-

ant said. "If you wouldn't mind, pop."

"Oh, certainly," Mr. Wintertree answered. "A Scotch and soda, Togo."

"Double," the Lieutenant said. "If you wouldn't mind."

"Some time you should hear an old Hawaiian chant—a mele," Mr. Wintertree told the Admiral. "It's a living page of history."

The Lieutenant clapped his hands together and drummed his foot on the floor.

"Boom-boom," he said. "Yai, yai, boom-boom. One night at Tanga those Joes began singing— Oh, thanks."

Togo was back with a double Scotch and soda, but the Lieutenant had grown restless. He prowled back and forth across the lanai, withdrawn from the conversation, but Mr. Huntley could still hear him, muttering . . . "Yai, yai, boom-boom." He was still moving about restively when the Japanese maid appeared. She said some officers in an automobile were calling for Lieutenant Wright. Lieutenant Wright looked very much relieved.

"I thought those boys could wangle some transportation," he said. "You've

got to see these rocks when you hit them. Well, I'd better be shoving. Thank you, Mr. Wintertree. Good-bye, Admiral, Sir. So long, Captain. So long, Mister."

There was a moment's silence when Lieutenant Wright left. They could hear him cross the living room.

"Boom-boom, boom-boom," he was still chanting. "Yai, yai, boom-boom."

The Admiral looked at his empty cup, and then he looked at the Captain.

"That was a pretty fresh kid," the Captain said.

"Yes," the Admiral answered. "It's quiet, now he's gone."

"You never can tell about a new guest," Mr. Wintertree said. "I'm sorry."

The wicker chair in which the Admiral was sitting creaked as he leaned forward to set down his cup on a little table.

"That's all right," he said. "Every now and then they act that way. You and I would, too." The chair creaked again as the Admiral rose. "Will you see if the car is outside, Rotch? It's only that the boy was glad—and that's natural—just glad he is still alive."

*Mr. Thompson has for many years been engaged
in financing the lumber industry and knows most
of the large timber operations at first hand.*

WHAT'S HAPPENING TO THE TIMBER

ROY A. H. THOMPSON



IF THAT postwar building boom fails to get under way quickly and on the sweeping scale which millions of job-hunters and overcrowded families are hoping for, one of the reasons will be a shortage of lumber. It is still the most important of all homebuilding materials, and America is running out of it fast.

During the war—and long before it, for that matter—the “inexhaustible virgin forests” which we learned about in our grade-school geography books have been exhausted at an alarming rate. In the thirty years before the war, almost 40 per cent of all the nation’s standing saw timber disappeared. After Pearl Harbor the rate of cutting rose sharply, because wood is a prime military resource. Some twelve hundred different items of equipment—ranging from barracks to photographic film—are made from wood, and altogether the armed forces use a greater tonnage of forest products than of steel. Consequently, the drain on our forests increased to about seventeen billion cubic feet a year, exceeding by 50 per cent the annual growth.

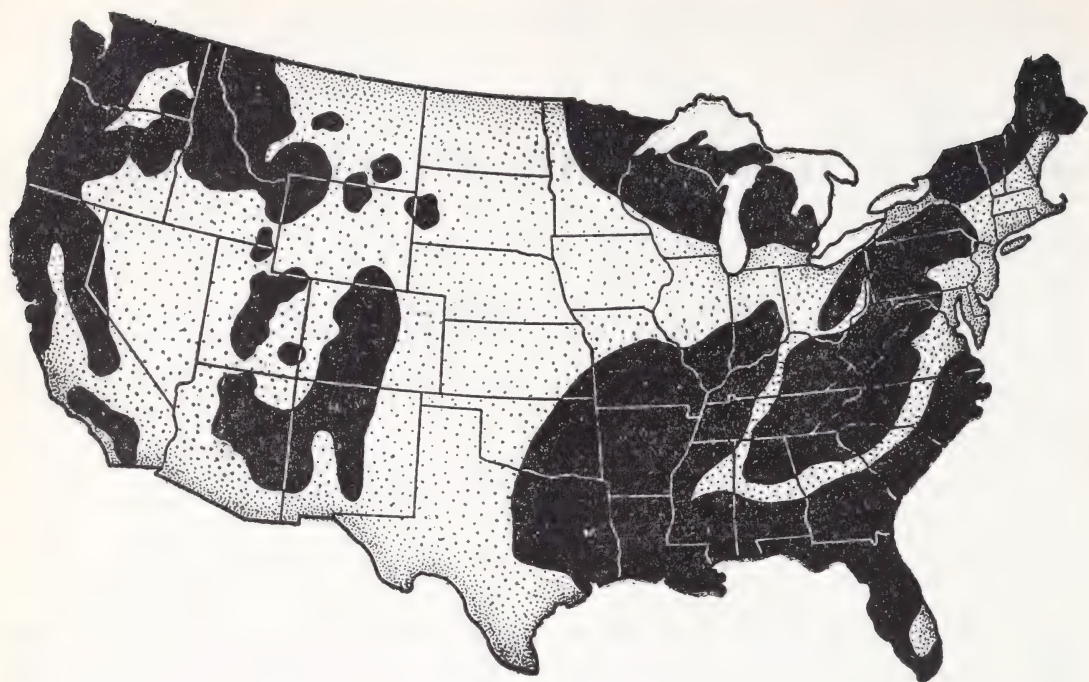
We will come out of the war with considerably less than 100 million acres of virgin timber still standing, out of 462 million acres of potential commercial forest growing land. About a third of what is left lies in mountains so rugged and remote that it cannot be harvested economically—and still more is poor quality in

comparison with the trees already gone. Most of the remaining high-quality virgin timber is located in a relatively small area of the Pacific Coast states, and can be hauled to the big eastern markets only at high cost.

Another dark touch is added to this already gloomy picture by the fact that wood is one material we simply can’t do without. It goes into thousands of essential products—paper, clothing, automobile tires, railroads, many chemicals—and all the ingenuity of the plastics-inventors has not yet produced adequate substitutes. On the contrary, many of the new plastics are derived from wood.

II

IN MY opinion, based on almost forty years experience in financing the lumber, paper, and wood-pulp industries, the blame for the destruction of America’s forests does not rest on any particular shoulders. It is neither fair nor useful to berate the lumber companies or the wood-using industries. Until fairly recently, neither the government nor private businessmen knew either the extent or the utility of our forests. Nor did they realize back in 1880 that the population of the United States would almost treble within sixty years while the demand for wood products would jump even more rapidly. (How many industries—or government agencies



VIRGIN FORESTS IN 1850

—are now planning sixty years ahead?) Consequently, farmers cut trees lavishly for houses, barns, fuel, rail fences, or just to clear the land. Lumbermen cut equally lavishly, often clearing away every tree so that today some 77 million acres of once-rich woodland are ruined and produce virtually no second growth.

Tree farming, which is generally practiced in Europe in order to produce a steady, perpetual yield from nearly every forest, was almost unknown here until recently; and in the experience of the American lumberman it did not seem necessary. Always there was more and often better timber to be had a little further on. Many people believed—and still believe—that our forests were so vast that there was no need for worry or to mend our destructive methods of cutting. Even today some lumbermen like to point out that we deplete only about two per cent of our standing raw timber for lumber every year. They forget that the drain is almost as much more in the cut for pulp, fuel, and other uses; that there are further heavy losses from fire, insects, and storms; and that much of our remaining timber cannot be reached at reasonable cost. And our fine virgin timber is being cut *five* times as fast as it grows.

THE GREAT westward migration after the Civil War, with its accompanying railway construction and building of new cities, created an immense demand for lumber. This in turn led to the growth of big lumber companies, which assembled large tracts of timber land, so grouped that the trees could be cut and milled in volume. Then began the era of big profits. Frequently timber was purchased on the stump for as little as 10 or 15 cents a thousand board feet, with the land included; later much of it—especially the long-leaf pine of the South—was sold for \$12 to \$15 a thousand, still on the stump. After it was cut—again at a good profit—much of the cleared land could still be sold to farmers for several dollars an acre.

There were, of course, neither laws nor business codes to provide for reforestation. Nobody ever thought of such a thing, except a few people who had traveled in Europe, and they were generally regarded as crackpots. Even the government did not get around to organizing a Division of Forestry in the Agriculture Department until 1898. In 1905 it was expanded into the Forest Service—with eleven employees and a budget of \$28,000. Four years later the lumber industry reached the peak of production and profits.

By the middle of the 'twenties, profits were slipping markedly. Shortly before there had been a large-scale building of new lumber enterprises in the Pacific Northwest, particularly in the yellow fir, ponderosa, and sugar pine regions. A number of big operators, who had almost run through their acreage in the South and elsewhere, wanted to keep their organizations going by moving into new territory. Prominent among them were the Long Bell Lumber Co., largest in the South, the timber division of the Central Coal and Coke Co., C. D. Johnson, Edward Hines, Pickering, C. A. Smith, and others with both established reputations and capital.

The problems such firms faced in their new locations were far different from anything they had known before. Because the country was so rough and mountainous, they had to sink a lot of money in high-cost railroads and logging equipment. These heavy investments were worth while only when spread over a large volume of timber; so the companies had to invest still more money in buying extensive acreages. Consequently, most of the larger operators sank nearly all of their own capital in their new ventures, and in addition borrowed equal or larger amounts in the form of first mortgage bond issues on their timber and plants. There

was keen competition for the bond issues among the few strong investment houses which specialized in such business; their past experience with the big lumber companies had been thoroughly satisfactory, especially in the South where the rise in timber values had been rapid and loans had been liquidated promptly.

Both the lumber companies and the investment houses which financed them were confident that this experience would be repeated. While they might have to pay as much as \$1 to \$3 per thousand board feet for standing trees, they expected that in ten years or so the same trees would be worth \$10 a thousand or more—and would then go higher.

UNFORTUNATELY for them, history did not repeat itself. In the middle 'twenties good roads were spreading throughout the South, and trucks were able to haul both logs and lumber over long distances. Moreover, small portable saw mills began to spring up in great numbers. As a result, a considerable volume of timber began to flow to market from farm woodlots and small tracts of timber which previously had been isolated.

The quality of the lumber from these sources was not equal to the former product of the big Southern mills nor to the cut



VIRGIN FORESTS IN 1945

just beginning to come in from the Western forests. But the tonnage was—and still is—quite large. It was enough to keep down lumber prices in the main centers of consumption. Low prices, combined with higher operating costs and long freight hauls, made it difficult for the Western lumber companies to keep alive—much less to reap the profit they had expected from an increase in the value of their standing timber. Until 1939 the annual increase seldom amounted to enough to cover taxes and interest. Furthermore, the flood of low-grade lumber from the little Southern mills prevented the Western lumberman from getting cost for his lower grades—and this was important, because he needed to make a profit on the run-of-the-mill of his entire output.

When the depression was added to this already staggering accumulation of financial problems, the result was disastrous for many of the big lumber companies. Most of the industry, in fact, went into receivership, undertook bankruptcy reorganizations, or depended on RFC loans. By the time World War II arrived, moreover, nearly all the big operators had used up the bulk of their timber holdings. Some had gone out of business. Others survived by purchasing logs from independent loggers who worked the smaller and more isolated tracts. The exceptions were a few of the richest corporations which had accumulated their timber acreage on a large scale before the rush, and had been able to carry it without borrowing.

Since the beginning of the defense program, increased production and higher prices have given the lumbermen better profits. Today many of them are out of debt for the first time in years. But few have accumulated much surplus.

III

THE FUTURE of the lumber industry looks far from promising. There is no question that the major timber stands of the Northwest which can be harvested at reasonable cost are now almost gone. I believe I am conservative in estimating that two-thirds of the sawmill capacity of Puget Sound will be dismantled in a relatively few years because of lack of logs.

In the Columbia River Basin, the remaining forests will not maintain half the present mill capacity, and in the future Oregon's major cut will come from the southern part of the state where the timber is of poorer quality.

As the cutting of fine timber comes to an end, the reduced output of lower-grade lumber will be handled principally by the independent operators, using improved trucks and new logging techniques to assemble logs from small, isolated stands. Even they will be dependent to a considerable extent on government aid, in the form of road construction into the areas where private owners cannot afford to build access routes. (These roads need to be built anyway, for the protection of the remaining old forests and new second-growth from forest fires.) The smaller units into which the industry is breaking up obviously cannot afford to finance the growing of more timber.

I have emphasized conditions in the Northwest because our main high-grade soft wood production is now coming from this area. Most of the rest comes from the South, where all but a few of the big mills were through some years ago. The cut from the South's small mills and portables has held up surprisingly well, but it cannot be maintained at the present rate without extensive reforestation and forest management. The rest of the country—from the Great Lakes region, whose forests once gave so bounteously, to the Appalachians—has little timber of harvestable size except for scattered patches of hardwoods, inferior pine and spruce, and some hemlock, all eagerly sought by the small sawmills and the pulp and paper companies.

The most notable exception probably is the great timber holdings of the Weyerhaeuser interests. They have enough fir, hemlock, Idaho white pine, and sugar and ponderosa pine to keep their mills going for a long time. This is especially true since the Weyerhaeusers started their reforestation program, which would be an excellent example for the rest of the industry—if the other operators had the vast backlog of virgin timber and the great capital necessary to carry on for the eighty to one hundred years which it takes to grow commercial lumber. Unfortu-

nately, most of them have not. In Arkansas and Oklahoma the Crossett and Dierks firms years ago laid out programs intended to put them on a sustained yield basis, and Crossett built a pulp mill to use the thinnings from its land in accordance with accepted practice in Sweden and Finland. A few other companies have set admirable examples, but they are still exceptions rather than the rule.

The national and state forests, of course, provide some backlog of timber, but their importance is far smaller than most people believe. About one-fourth of the total commercial forest acreage is under public ownership, and is being managed scientifically to produce a sustained yield. But, generally speaking, this is the least accessible, most difficult to log, and least productive of the nation's woodland. Consequently, about 90 per cent of the country's potential timber-growing capacity is still in private hands.

THE PROGRESSIVE exhaustion of American forest resources has been felt for some time in the pulp and paper industries. One result is the import from abroad of considerable tonnages of wood products—more than \$268,000,000 worth in 1939, of which 95 per cent was pulp, pulpwood, and paper. Before the war, in fact, we bought more of these items abroad than we produced from our own forests—a situation which is largely responsible for the shortage of paper and paper products since the European sources were cut off. (It is a sad commentary that most of our imports came from Canada and Scandinavia, which have only one-tenth of the commercial forest area of America, and which on the whole have poorer climate and soil for tree-growing.)

Normally the Pacific Northwest produces more of certain pulps than can be manufactured in the region, and the surplus goes to Eastern mills. The very fine Alpha pulps which are produced by Rayonier, Inc., go to DuPont and other manufacturers of high-grade cellulose products. But it is significant that when this firm recently enlarged its capacity, it chose Florida as the site for its new plant—indicating that it was more certain of future pulpwood supplies there than on the

Pacific Coast. Moreover, Crown Zellerbach, the biggest pulp and paper company on the Coast, has discouraged most of the Eastern pulp and paper interests from building new plants in the Northwest, by pointing out that the wood reserves would not support a larger capacity.

The paper industries of Michigan and Wisconsin could not live without Canadian and Scandinavian pulpwood and pulp. Marathon Paper Co., Nekoosa-Edwards, and a few others still own good stands in these states, but there is not enough timber left to support a quarter of the states' paper mills.

In New England, the Great Northern Paper Co., which owns about a million and a half acres, probably has an independent supply; but it, too, buys Canadian pulpwood. The Brown Co., largest New England manufacturer of high-grade pulps, has extensive holdings in Maine and New Hampshire, but they are not enough to back up even its mills at Berlin, N. H. Consequently, it draws both wood and pulp from its Canadian holdings. (This firm is one of the largest American owners of Canadian timber—its land in Canada and the United States together make up an area as large as Connecticut.) Other pulp and paper companies are similarly dependent on imports, except a few firms such as Parker-Young at Lincoln, N. H., which gets its timber largely from nearby national forest land. Several New England plants—notably four major units of the International Paper Co.—have been dismantled because of the exhaustion of their pulpwood supplies.

The same process has been going on in the Middle Atlantic states, where the West Virginia Pulp and Paper Co. is assembling large acreages in the Carolinas in order to protect its supply, and where such plants as the Cherry River Pulp and Paper Co. and Parsons Pulp and Paper Co. have been dismantled because of lack of raw material.

Further south, along the Southern Atlantic and Gulf Coasts, a number of large pulp and some paper mills have been built in recent years—enough to more than balance the eliminated capacity in the North. These are the result of the comparatively new process for making fine

sulphate pulps from Southern pines. Here, too, there is reason to fear that the new mills will prove too great a drain on the available timber. Until their plants were in operation, most of the southern firms apparently did not realize the pulpwood limitations of their territories. Now, however, they are wide awake to their problem, and are buying all the acreage their capital will permit. In addition they are trying to teach farmers and small land owners the value of their woods when properly cared for—particularly when protected from fire. Southern Kraft—a subsidiary of International Paper—alone has acquired a half million acres of southern pine-land, mostly cut-over.

It is a safe prediction that the broadening use of wood and cellulose products will make the forests of the South the basis for that area's greatest industrial expansion—if they are well managed. If they are not, we may see a repetition of the history of many other forest areas: exhausted timber, dismantled plants, ghost towns.

IV

WE CAN salvage what is left of our forests, and restore much that has been destroyed; and we probably shall, simply because no country can afford to throw away a resource so vital to its industries and its national defense.

It is not a theoretical problem. Commercial forests can be grown for profit. They have been grown commercially in Europe for centuries. We know how long it takes a tree to grow from seed to harvest-size, and we know what trees grow best in different locations. We have skilled foresters, and we can train as many more as we may need—as the Civilian Conservation Corps program demonstrated. We know what it costs to plant trees and care for them; and although the harvest is long in coming, we know that the selling price shows a sturdy profit.

The main problem is financing. A study of the financial resources of the lumber, paper, and pulp industries as a whole proves conclusively that they do not have the capital to engage in scientific tree farming. If they had the large sums required, it would pay them to plant forests

and manage them carefully for fifty to seventy years in the South and from eighty to a hundred years in the Northwest, before beginning to harvest the crop. (Even then, most of the trees would not be large enough to yield top-quality lumber.) Only a handful of the richest operators have the money to embark on such long-term investments; most of them also have timber reserves to keep them going during the decades before the new plantings mature. These firms should be lauded and encouraged—but at best they can handle only a tiny fraction of the job.

Other private companies could go into tree farming, if they were properly encouraged by the government; and most Americans probably will agree with my conviction that private enterprise *should* be encouraged to do so, up to the very limit of economic possibility. A first step to this end might be long-term, low-interest federal loans to capable operating companies which want to engage in sustained-yield lumbering. The loans should be made payable, both principal and interest, only when harvesting starts. Estates, foundations, and insurance companies should be encouraged to offer similar long-term financing. Tax laws might be revised, as they already have been in some states, in order to postpone payment on growing forests until they reach the cropping stage. Farmers—who own nearly one-third of all commercial forest land—should be taught that trees can become one of their most dependable and lucrative crops, and state and federal programs for aiding farm forestry should be expanded.

Even under the most favorable conditions, however, private enterprise could never shoulder the entire responsibility for conserving and rebuilding America's forests. A large part of the job must be handled by the government, because in many areas it alone can supply the funds and management personnel and stand the long wait for the harvest and the profits. As the states build up the necessary capital and organization, they properly can take over large acreages. But for the beginning—which is now—it is a federal job.

Today about 196 million acres of forest

land are in public ownership; federal, state, and local. Probably an additional 90 million acres should be acquired by the federal government and administered as national forests. Still another 50 million acres should go into state and community ownership. The cream of the forest land would still remain in private hands. Public agencies would buy up, in general, only that land which is so unproductive or inaccessible that private capital could not afford to grow timber on it. It would, of course, contain some pockets of good timber. Much of it, however, would be acreage which has been so completely stripped of vegetation that it cannot hope to produce income for many decades. Such land usually is chronically tax delinquent. If it can be started back on the road toward producing some revenue, the taxpayer stands to gain in the long run. Moreover, aside from the question of restoring timber resources, much of this land should be in public ownership to protect watersheds, in the interest of irrigation, city water supplies, and river navigation.

As a business man (and, I think, a conservative one) I am constantly aware of the burden of public debt, and the many demands on the federal purse which may be expected after the war. Therefore, it seems to me important to note that government operation to restore commercial forests will not impose an additional load on the taxpayer; on the contrary, it should return a tidy profit. (It will also be necessary, of course, for the government to reforest some land which has been denuded by fire or destructive cutting, not in hopes of a direct profit, but to protect vital watersheds.)

Since 1911 the government has purchased 18 million acres of cut-over land. Under systematic management by the Forest Service, this acreage now is worth far more than was paid for it. It is producing a rapidly increasing revenue from thinning and the cutting of mature second-growth. The raw material which it furnishes to local pulp and woodworking plants keeps many small communities thriving.

An example is the Osceola National

Forest in Florida, which has produced an average annual income of \$43,270 for the last eight years from the sale of saw logs, poles, pulpwood, naval stores, and other products. Of this sum 25 per cent has been turned over to the local county governments in lieu of taxes for roads and schools. Another 10 per cent was spent for roads needed for fire protection and lumbering operations. Since there are about 158,000 acres in the forest, the annual return amounted to more than 27 cents an acre from land which otherwise would have been almost entirely unproductive. And this forest is still growing and largely immature.

In the ponderosa and sugar pine regions of Oregon, Washington, and California, the government is a large owner and sells mature trees on a sustained yield basis to local mills and loggers. Only a few private owners in the same area have enough capital to follow similar practices, with the result that many lumbering communities are short-lived and there is a constant drift of population. These regions would continue to produce very profitably for an indefinite period, if the government could add both virgin and cut-over areas to its holdings and spread costs and income over the entire acreage. This type of forest is ideal for perpetual cutting. If such a program were put into operation promptly, it would mean a stable population and a permanent foundation for local forest industries. In the long run, it would probably turn out to be a paying proposition in the saving of relief costs alone.

UNDER THE long-range plan which seems to me most practicable and economical, some 294 million acres of forest land would remain in private ownership. This would include the best and most easily worked commercial timber property, most of which would be held by the lumber, pulp, and paper industries. Aided by long-term financing, they would be able over the course of years to replant and manage it for a steady yield. Destructive cutting should be halted, by law if necessary. About a third of the privately-owned commercial timber land would still be held by farmers, who should

be able to double or treble its output through better management. The remaining 336 million acres of forest country, including nearly all tracts with no commercial value, gradually would be bought up by public agencies—federal, state, and local.

Under this sort of arrangement, the sawmills and veneer, pulp, and paper plants would buy a large percentage of their timber from farm woodlots and public agencies. The lumber industry would stop depending on the speculative increase in value of its timber holdings—its main source of profit in the past—and would make a steady and reasonable profit out of manufacturing lumber and other wood products.

The publicly-owned forest land would be managed primarily to restore trees to cut-over or fire-damaged areas, and to produce a gradually rising income as the new growth gets large enough to cut. But this acreage also would be handled with a number of other important objectives in mind—to provide grazing areas, to protect wild life, to control run-off in the watersheds which are vital to irrigation, flood control, electric power, navigation, and domestic water supply. At the same time, the public forests would insure for all time an ample opportunity for camping, hiking, hunting, and fishing—the kind of outdoor recreation which is growing increasingly popular.

As the restored woodlands come to maturity, we would reap an important indirect benefit in lower freight costs. For example, the cost of moving Northwestern lumber to Chicago, one of its greatest markets, is \$17 a thousand board feet. When a considerable part of our timber once more is produced close to the areas which use it, the saving in transport expense may run into the millions every year.

This program will need to be rounded out by protecting our forests much better than we do today against their two greatest enemies, fire and insects. Every year some two hundred thousand forest fires destroy 60 to 70 million dollars' worth of commercial timber and lumbering equipment. Even more costly is their damage to cut-over land, since fire wipes out the seed and small growth which is the founda-

tion of a new forest. Sometimes they even burn into the soil itself, so that reforestation is almost impossible. Tree-destroying insects are less spectacular but almost as deadly as forest fires, since they do up to \$150 million worth of damage annually.

At the end of the war, this country will have an unparalleled opportunity to stop these losses and to begin replanting our forests. The job is a big one. It means building thousands of miles of roads and fire-fighting trails, plus bridges, air fields, radio stations, and telephone lines by the hundreds. It means the construction of dams to control run-off and create pools and lakes for fire-fighting. It means cutting fire-breaks and clearing inflammable material away from thousands of miles of highway and railroad track. It means setting out billions of seedlings—800 to the acre—for which seeds should be planted now.

Most of the equipment needed for this work—bulldozers, trucks, concrete mixers, tractors, and air compressors—will be available from army surpluses. What is more important, we will have thousands of young men trained to use this equipment and experienced in building everything from roads to air strips on the most difficult terrain.

A pattern for the undertaking was established by the Civilian Conservation Corps, which carried through the first large-scale reforestation in our history. Statistically its accomplishments sound impressive—nearly two and a half billion trees planted, 126,000 miles of road built, 506,000 miles of trails and roads improved—but in fact it made only a fair beginning. Perhaps the most important thing it did was to hammer out the methods and the type of organization—welding together the know-how of the Army, Forest Service, and Interior Department—which will enable us to go on with the job on a bigger scale after the war.

Much of the old CCC housing is still standing in forest areas where it is most needed. Some army camps are located where they might be used as supply bases and repair centers. Tents, portable housing, bedding, cooking equipment, and similar supplies presumably can be drawn

from the Army's leftovers. The Forest Service has the plans ready; there can be no hesitancy about what work is most important, or what to do first. In short, there would seem to be no reason why a really big forestry program could not be thrown into high-gear on short notice.

THIS POSSIBILITY may prove welcome indeed, if unemployment becomes a major problem during the demobilization period. Probably as many as two million men could be employed to good advantage. We must not make the mistake, however, of classing these workers as dependents or relief cases. They will be doing skilled work, which eventually will yield a profit any businessman could be proud of, and they should be paid regular wages. Not all such work need be directed by the government. Much of it could be done under contract, with whatever regulation may be necessary to insure preference to veterans and decent working conditions.

Forest management also would provide part-time jobs for many nearby farmers and industrial workers, who could spend their slack seasons in logging and caring for the woods. And it would be work with a future; an experienced forester is a well-trained and well-paid man. We will need more of them, together with scientists and research workers specializing in this field.

Small business also might be expected to benefit from any program to put our forests on a permanent producing basis. As the lumber industry shifts into smaller units, it will provide opportunities for

operators with small capital in milling, logging, and finishing. More important will be the new industries using wood as their primary raw material. It is one of the most versatile of materials, since it can easily be shaped, machined, distilled, or put through a whole series of chemical acrobatics. Consequently, the already long list of wood-using industries is growing—their products already range from fine fabrics to prefabricated houses, laminated trestles, furniture, and fiber board. Most of these items should be manufactured near sawmills and pulp plants, for economy in transport and to utilize scraps and sawdust. There is no more excuse for waste-burners in this country than in Europe, where they are unheard of.

In the past the industries dependent on wood and the public in general rarely worried about the depletion of our forests, largely because lumber prices were not excessive and did not rise in step with the exhaustion of the timber supply. The market was kept low, primarily because the great lumber companies were forced to keep cutting at little or no profit in order to meet the interest and maturing principal of their huge indebtedness. In the process most of their timber reserves were used up.

The day of low lumber prices and apparently unlimited supply is almost over. When businessmen and home-builders demand vast quantities of lumber for the post-war housing boom, they probably will have trouble getting it and the prices may provide an unpleasant shock. And at that point, the nation may finally decide to do something about its forests.

THE Easy Chair *Bernard DeVoto*



LAST fall the Board of Regents of the University of Texas dismissed the president, Dr. Homer P. Rainey. Since then a violent fight over academic freedom has been going on in Texas. It has aroused far more people than such struggles usually do and, in fact, has spread all over the state. Even at this distance it is clear that Dr. Rainey was fired because he was precisely the kind of president a good university would normally want and had been administering Texas according to the ideals of liberal education—so one's first desire is to classify this particular suppression. Is it a kind with which we are all too familiar up North but which has gradually been growing less common and more easily withstood—an isolated, sporadic attempt to get rid of one particular thorn in the side of someone, a single individual whose ideas had proved offensive to a particular person or group? Or do the tactics used against Dr. Rainey and more particularly the character of the opposition to him indicate that this may be suppression of a more sinister kind? Is the University of Texas, that is, belatedly making the routine fight which most universities have had to make in order to get the academic decencies established there? Or is the episode a sign of the times that foreshadows an attack likely to be made on many educational institutions as the United States rounds into the postwar era?

Here in the North it is sagacious to realize that the fight in Texas is complicated and that it involves issues specific to Texas and others specific to the South as well as the basic issues of freedom common to all colleges. No Northerner knows how much to allow, for instance, for the vested interests of Galveston in the medical school, whose proposed removal to

Austin helped to precipitate the show-down. None of us knows how much of the trouble may be due solely to gang friction in Texas politics—though if such full-blown roses of Texas politics as come to national attention are concerned at all, probably we do not need to know more than that. But at any distance anyone can recognize a state of mind, and we may begin there.

Testifying before a committee of the state legislature, one of the regents said that no particular harm would be done if the American Association of University Professors should blacklist the University—which would mean that thenceforth no self-respecting teacher from outside the state would join the faculty—but that unfavorable action by the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools would be “quite serious.” That may be a clue and perhaps it is reinforced by the remark of another regent that “powerful forces” working from outside the state were responsible for the whole affair. Those vicious organizations turned out to be the AAUP and the American Civil Liberties Union.

Asked if he believed that a professor should never question any law, a regent answered, “I don't think anyone has a right to question or violate the law.” He told Frank Dobie, a distinguished member of the faculty who was just back from representing American education at Cambridge University, that “we should be non-political in our views, which of course precludes any faculty criticism of the Board of Regents.” One of his colleagues said for the record that “if he [an instructor in economics] did not think the sit-down strike the most damnable thing in American life, he didn't deserve a place on the University's faculty.” Another

one believed that all faculty members should be subjected to a "patriotism test" and prepared a questionnaire which was to reveal their economic and political beliefs. Conceivably it would have protected the University from hearing about one "most damnable thing in American life," but it develops that in Texas there is more than one. The author of the questionnaire held that a novel to which young Texans had been exposed was "the dirtiest, most obscene, most perverted book ever written in the English language." This was John Dos Passos' *U.S.A.*, the last third of which had been put on a reading list in the engineering school. This regent, a professional lobbyist currently working for a chain of movie theaters, was the one who told Dr. Rainey that as president "he was just an employee of the Board [of Regents]—as senators are employees of the state—and should follow the regents' leadership."

ALREADY a state of mind has been defined. When such men attack academic freedom no weapon is too vicious, too dishonorable, or too dishonest. They invariably invoke mass prejudice and mass fear, and they invariably discover that the college involved is a hotbed of homosexuality and of communism. So of course our professional lobbyist found that homosexuality was "a cancer . . . gnawing on the vitals of the University" and he and his gang found communism everywhere. Every once in a while one of the unfortunates called inverts does get on a college faculty but in attacks on academic freedom homosexuality is a gift from the gods to the attackers; a homosexual is simply anyone who cannot be brought to heel and a communist anyone who holds ideas which the suppressors do not like. Such terms are sheer mob incitation, and this particular gang, being in the South, had available others just as useful. Thus Dr. Rainey had been working to widen the educational opportunities of Negroes: he belonged to an organization which tried to bring about better race relations, he was trying to improve Negro colleges, he had said in public that there were problems which had to be faced. So his enemies were able to wave the banner of

white supremacy and invoke against him the deepest terror in the South. Again, though the regents might seem to be arguing that boys elsewhere have better minds and girls elsewhere less fragile virtue than in Texas, only in the South could the use in an English course of a Dos Passos novel be made a weapon of terrorism.

That one is worth lingering on. From any point of view *U.S.A.* is one of the most revealing and most significant novels of our time, and from any point of view it is a work of art and a moral book. It is hard to see how any college that wants to instruct its students in either the life or the literature of modern America could fail to assign them *U.S.A.*, and in fact it is assigned to college and prep school students, regardless of age or sex, all over the United States. But to one of the regents it was "the filthiest book in the English language," and his gang tossed it into every public discussion, finding it a club capable of beating down not only Dr. Rainey but all intellectual inquiry. One of them distributed a six-page mimeographed pamphlet throughout the state, a pamphlet composed of extracts from the book and designed to show Texans the vileness their children were exposed to at the University. This may be the only case on record of a university official's distributing wholesale what he thought, or at least said, was obscenity.

The allegation of obscenity was a powerful weapon in itself, but it was a preliminary one. Scattered through the pamphlet's quotations of profanity and allusions to sexual experience are other quotations, revealing ones. These are taken from the book's well known reflections on the economic and social system; socialism and communism are mentioned; it is suggested that justice may sometimes have economic roots; Russia is praised; the sufferings of the exploited are alluded to. And here is the real offense. The regents were trying to shock the citizenry with profanity and sex, but what they were afraid of was education in the facts of modern life. What they were afraid of was education.

Thus, over Dr. Rainey's efforts to safeguard his faculty, the regents had fired three economics instructors—fired them,

the regents said, because they had been discourteous to the chairman of a rigged public meeting and no Texas teacher could be permitted bad manners, but really because they had been teaching economics. Another member of the faculty, who could not be fired unless the system of academic tenure were broken down, had been trying to lead his students to find "ways of making democracy work in the then unusual time of the progress of the New Deal." Another had discussed "the reduction of inequality of income, such as progress[ive] income and inheritance taxes, profits taxes, social security taxes, and the like." Still another had lectured on other forms of government besides ours, including "the underlying philosophies of fascism and communism." Several were known to have supported the administration of President Roosevelt. It was recalled that Dr. Rainey himself, besides being a "nigger-lover" in that he "had been associated with nigger-white groups," had come to Texas under suspicion to begin with. The president of a powerful life insurance company had warned the regents that he was "a little liberal."

In a word, Dr. Rainey was administering a university; he was maintaining the freedom of discussion and inquiry which alone makes a university possible; he was permitting the students of his university to be educated. That was exactly what the regents would not stand for and so they fired him. And, determined to root out the evil forever, they broke down the system of academic tenure. Henceforth the regents would subject every faculty member to scrutiny of his ideas and behavior and would fire him when they did not like either. Henceforth a professor at the University of Texas would teach only what the regents told him he could teach. Henceforth a student there would hear about only such ideas, theories, and principles as the regents might think safe, taught in such ways as the regents might think proper.

II

A GROUP of unscrupulous but very clear-minded men, then, have destroyed the University of Texas as an educational

institution—destroyed it, at least, for so long as they or anyone who represents their point of view may remain in control. Mr. Frank Dobie does not scruple to call them native fascists. He is using the word carefully: they have faithfully repeated the Nazi attack on the central mechanism of democracy. The service of the regents is to entrenched wealth, privilege, powerful corporations; they are agents of ruthless industry and finance. But clearly they could neither have won nor maintained their victory if they had not succeeded in getting the support of many Texans who want no truck with fascism and are not enlisted on the side of privilege.

Many thousands of profoundly troubled Texans honestly believe that the regents have been defending their state from outside domination, that they have struck a triumphant blow for individual freedom, that they have saved Texas from terrible evils—that in a way the Republic of Texas has been renewed. To an outsider it is clear that instead they are regressive and anachronistic, that they have only reared a wall against modern government, modern thinking, modern literature—in short against the modern world. But there lingers in Texas the ghostly memory of an unindustrialized society. Of a frontier where lack of economic and political safeguards actually worked against the hardening of class lines. Of pioneer simplicities when frugality and enterprise and minding your own business were enough in themselves to make life excellent. To that golden nostalgia the wall against the modern world seems a defense against all that has proved grievous in the experience of our generation and a promise that Sam Houston will come again.

That is a powerful sentiment, and one easily polarized by a rabble-rouser or an honest deluded man. The communists were responsible for the New Deal and they intend to inflict a labor dictatorship on us. They want to debauch your daughters with free love and marry them to Negroes. They want to destroy private enterprise and white supremacy. They want to destroy initiative and profit, business and freedom, the individual and the United States. And for this the evil things

they teach our children at the University are responsible. Get rid of the communist professors—who are all homosexuals and New Dealers anyway—and everything will be all right once more. We will be back in the days before there was a depression, before the New Deal conspiracy was hatched, before labor unions had to be dealt with, before the sacred rights of corporations were invaded, before socialists and bureaucrats in Washington could tell us Texans what we had to do and whom we had to hire and how much we had to pay him, before the foundations of our society were undermined by atheism and bolshevism. . . . Before Texas became the greatest producer of cotton in the United States, before there were oil wells there, before the most rapid industrialization any American state has seen got under way. Before the modern era began.

HERE is a naked form of the old terror: thinking is dangerous. Here are subversive, clear-minded men winning the support of honest, troubled men to another panic-stricken attack on education in the belief that education, which might be the interpreter and enlightened guide of change, is the begetter of change. In more hopeful times we used to believe that such an effort could never succeed—that truth must eventually win, that education could not finally be controlled, that freedom of thought and inquiry were in the end irresistible. We were wrong as hell itself. We have seen the forces of suppression win time after time, destroy a dozen nations, and come within an inch of destroying the world. They can still destroy

it—and now we have seen them win here at home, in Texas. Education is no longer education in Texas. The University of Texas can no longer seek the truth, discover the truth, or teach the truth. It has been taken over by a dictatorship.

So the attack on it was not an attack old style on academic freedom: it is the first of a new model. As the waves of reaction gather strength in the years immediately ahead of the United States, this same attack will be made repeatedly, in many colleges, always by the same kind of men representing the same interests and forces, employing the same or equivalent means. What has happened to the University of Texas has happened to us all. A Texan, in acute fear of democracy, making an assault on the academic freedom that is one of its implements, assaults everyone who does not fear democracy. That Texan has not only attacked the University of Texas, he has put Yale and Stanford in peril too—and there will be many others dressed in shirts of the same color to take up where he leaves off. The academic community is one, the world of inquiry and appraisal, of the search for truth and progress, is one. When Texas has lost its freedom we have lost ours.

Dr. Rainey has been fighting our war. So have the thousands of Texans who have been roused to support him. It is an excellent thing that this struggle has not been passed off in Texas as a trivial squabble among pedagogues, but that the state has been deeply shocked and has come to see what is at stake. They have sounded an alert to the Republic, notifying the rest of us that we must be on guard.

{ *James Rorty, author of American Medicine Mobilizes, here* }
{ *collaborates with Dr. Norman, a New York clinical nutritionist,* }
{ *on a subject about which they will shortly publish a book.* }

ALL THE FOOD THAT'S FIT TO EAT

JAMES RORTY AND N. PHILIP NORMAN



BY way of beguiling the tedium of food rationing and black markets, and of forgetting that starvation still hovers over most of Europe and much of Asia, this country can look ahead to what's coming soon after V-J day—the biggest food jamboree in our history.

All the experts agree that by 1950, and probably before, we shall have huge agricultural “surpluses,” and that the situation will be aggravated by rapid advances in every field of science and technology connected with food. To call it revolution a-coming would be an understatement. What the American housewife may expect during the immediate postwar years is a pandemonium, a six-ring battle royal of nutritionists and plant breeders, of dehydrators, canners, and quick freezers, of locker plant operators and air transport carriers.

Advertisers of synthetic vitamins and amino acids and of super-duper nature will spell it backwards and forwards and sideways in the attempt to escape rational price competition and to dilute our diet with as much literal and figurative hot air and water as possible. The Federal Trade Commission will brandish a feeble broom. The Food and Drug Administration, lacking more authority than the present law gives it, or more nearly adequate appropriations than it is likely to receive, will continue to wring its hands and do its best. The consumers' best

hope probably lies in the co-op stores, which (with the backing of organized labor) are growing fast. They may provide a badly-needed yardstick for both price and quality.

Not even Clarence Birdseye, pioneer quick freezer and prophet extraordinary of the food industry, would venture to chart in advance the course of the coming battle over food or to pick the winners. It is possible, however, to sketch the terrain and to list the armaments of the principal contenders—with the warning that new “secret weapons” may come out of the laboratory or the pilot plant before this article is in print.

II

NUTRITION starts with the soil, the climate, and the characteristics of the plant. Already direct-by-mail food distributors are getting premium prices for whole-grain flour milled from wheat grown on the highly mineralized soils of Deaf Smith County, Texas, where the people have practically no tooth decay—although that's possibly due in part to the fluorine content of the water. A number of small-time entrepreneurs are processing and selling the products of their “mineralized gardens.” Others are marketing with some success their compost-fertilized vegetables, fruits, and cereals—a business which in Europe before the war attained

considerable proportions in the hands of the "biodynamic" disciples of the extraordinary Rudolph Steiner.

Big business, in both its fertilizer and food departments, would like to lump all these more or less heretical pioneers together and give them a tidy brush-off as food faddists—which is neither fair nor practicable, for by this time the heretics are able to cite a good deal of perfectly orthodox science on their side. By general admission, compost-heap fertilization is a good and conservative (though still rather expensive) way of insuring balanced plant nourishment. And, as the United States Plant, Soil, and Nutrition Laboratory at Cornell has pointed out, some of the principal truck and fruit growing regions of our eastern seaboard are so deficient in essential minerals that the actual nutritive content of the "protective" foods which they supply our great cities may be questionable.

That laboratory has also discovered that winter-grown hothouse tomatoes contain only half as much Vitamin C as do tomatoes of the same variety grown in full summer sunlight. Reviewing these and other experiments, Dr. L. A. Maynard, director of the laboratory,* has suggested that future "yardstick" requirements for Vitamin C, when expressed in terms of tomatoes, had better specify whether summer or winter-grown tomatoes are meant.

Logically, the official nutrition standards should also specify the variety of the tomato, since some kinds have twice as much Vitamin C as others. The difference in vitamin content of different varieties runs even higher for onions, cabbage, lettuce, and other vegetables. A Northern Spy apple, for example, contains five times as much Vitamin C as a Mackintosh. There are similar variations in Vitamin A content and other food factors.

GIVEN SUCH differences, would it not be possible to step up the American diet *at its source* by concentrating on the production of high-vitamin varieties, grown in favorable climates on naturally fertile or completely fertilized soils? It certainly would. Moreover, the plant breeders have already proved that it is just as practicable to breed for-vitamin content as for

productivity and resistance to disease. In fact, many eminent nutritionists, especially those with an agricultural background like Dr. Maynard, suggest that the improvement of the American diet is primarily the job of the soil chemist, the plant breeder, the dirt farmer, and the food processor, rather than that of the manufacturer of synthetic vitamins, amino acids, and other synthesized food fragments.

A case in point is wheat and the flour, bread, and other foods that are made from it. The standard commercial wheat of our west is Marquis, which is rust-resistant. But two other rust-resistant varieties, Renown and Regent, contain over 25 per cent more Vitamin B. Approximately the same differences between varieties appear no matter where the wheat comes from, although soil and climate also affect both the vitamin and protein content of the grain. For example, Professor William A. Albrecht of the University of Missouri, has shown that the protein content of wheat rises step by step from east to west across the state of Kansas, depending upon the thickness of the underlying layers of limestone and their nearness to the surface.

Further improvement of the best available wheat varieties, plus concentration of wheat growing in the favored areas, plus recently developed techniques of selective milling, plus transfer of the milling operation to the store or home in order to conserve vitamins and prevent spoilage—all these actual or prospective developments are likely to give some brisk competition to the millers who now are fortifying their flour with synthetic vitamins. Moreover, if we can do this with wheat, we can almost certainly do it with other cereals and, indeed, with most of the staple plant foods of the American diet.

III

ANOTHER major development which awaits the lifting of priorities is a huge expansion of food refrigeration in all its branches. As a result, we may expect not only a substantial improvement in our eating habits but, in addition, a new freedom for both farm and city housewives.

The weapons that will win us this freedom are the quick-freezer, the refrigerator locker plant, the big zero cabinet for the farm, and the small one for the city apartment. Supporting this four-pronged offensive is the growing public appetite for cheap power, which the TVA and the REA have whetted and which the release of our war-expanded power resources may in some degree satisfy—pending further power development by the proposed Missouri Valley Authority and similar projects.

While the canners and the dehydrators were scrambling to fill huge Army and Navy contracts, the quick-freezers, whose products were not rationed, mopped up on the home front. As a result, the industry more than doubled its volume during the war. The 1944 pack of quick-frozen foods totaled over a half billion pounds and estimates for 1945 run as high as 800 million pounds, according to *Quick-Frozen Foods*, the industry's leading trade paper. In 1930 there were only 30 quick-freezers in the country; by 1945 the number had risen to nearly 500 plants. Some canners and dehydrators have hedged their futures by adding quick-freezing departments to their factories.

Research and technical advances have been continuous. Production costs have been reduced and retail prices have also dropped, although not as much as they should, and will, when postwar competition brings them into line. The nutritional value of quick-frozen foods will also be enhanced, both by the selection of high-vitamin varieties, grown in the best soil and climate, and by the improvement of quick-freezing methods.

Starting with fish, the quick-freezers have learned how to process practically every food in the vegetable and animal kingdoms.

TVA has made an important contribution to our postwar food economy by developing a new kind of river barge which (with auxiliary processing barges in tow) is now successfully quick-freezing all sorts of little-known fish, including carp, buffalo, drum, and spoon-bill sturgeon. At a trading post in Hudson's Bay a new plant is freezing whitefish, northern pike, and golden muskellunge.

AMONG the most promising of the many new products developed during the war is a frozen fruit purée called Velva Fruit, which originated at the government's Regional Research Laboratory in California. Made from off-size and off-shape fruit, it looks and tastes like ice cream, and is nutritionally excellent. The Grange League Federation Co-operative, serving New York and parts of Pennsylvania and New Jersey, has demonstrated the practicability of freezing bread. Home bread makers, if they like, can freeze a big batch of batter at the beginning of the week and bake it as needed.

In Chicago some of the more prosperous homes are being supplied with frozen soup, chicken à la king, beef stew, spaghetti and meat balls, shrimp gumbo, welsh rarebit, and other dishes prepared by a locally famous restaurant. In the East several of the big department stores are preparing to do the same thing. In Southern California, a cafeteria king is planning to cook his food in central kitchens, freeze it, and distribute it to a nationwide chain of restaurants.

Smelling a new market, Sears Roebuck and Montgomery Ward are reported to be negotiating a hook-up with grocery chains, under which the local stores would supply frozen foods to stock the home zero cabinets which the mail order houses are planning to sell.

So far, one of the main bottlenecks of the quick-freezing industry has been the delay in making and distributing home freezing cabinets because of wartime priority restrictions. Within two years after the war, the industry expects to sell over a million of these units. Eventually, they may be as common as electric refrigerators and washing machines are now. The smallest home freezer will have a capacity of four to five cubic feet, will—or should—cost around a hundred dollars, and will add about 300 kilowatts to the annual electric bill. Distribution of these units probably will be handled by the refrigerator locker plant operators and frozen food stores as well as by electrical appliance dealers. Both plan truck delivery direct to the consumer, on a weekly schedule which will keep the housewife's unit stocked with frozen foods.

This unit may be either in the city apartment or in the basement of the apartment house. In the suburbs, if the housewife has wisely chosen to maintain her victory garden, she may prefer to freeze her own vegetables and fruit, or to have them blanched, frozen, and stored for her by the nearest locker plant. The preparation of fresh vegetables for freezing, for which the Department of Agriculture provides detailed instructions, involves less trouble than an ordinary home canning operation, and the frozen product is superior, both in flavor and in food value. Even after six months of storage, frozen foods show little loss of nutritive content.

The sub-zero revolution may also solve the servant problem, according to the enthusiasts of the industry. Once a month a cook will come into your home and prepare complete meals, which will be stored away in the zero cabinet to be drawn on for weeks to come. The same zealots also foresee the passing of the butcher with his gory paraphernalia of saw and cleaver and chopping block. Meat will come pre-cut, packaged, and of course, quick-frozen.

On the farm the zero cabinet, in the farm size of seventeen to twenty cubic feet costing around \$300, will not only emancipate the farmer's wife from the burden of canning, meat curing, and pickling, but will also salvage, for either home consumption or later sale, much fresh produce that might otherwise be wasted. Thus far, the farm market for freezer units has not even been scratched, because the expansion of refrigerated locker service has taken precedence. Eventually it is expected that every moderately prosperous farmer will have his own unit, as well as rented space in the nearest locker plant.

By the end of 1944 over 5,500 locker plants were in operation, and the War Production Board had applications for many more. The minimum expectation of the industry is 15,000 plants by 1950, and some experts double this estimate. This does not seem impossible, since by 1943 Iowa alone had 571 locker plants. Theoretically, a completely equipped locker plant is capable of making a given community, with its tributary producing area, almost wholly independent of out-

side food supplies. In addition to refrigerated storage, many locker plants provide complete facilities for blanching, processing, and packaging fruits and vegetables; for slaughtering and dressing livestock and poultry; for curing and cooking hams and bacon, rendering lard, and making sausages. If the locker renter buys his food at wholesale prices through the locker plant, he saves from 25 to 40 per cent on his food dollar; if he brings his own hogs, fruit, and vegetables to the locker plant, he benefits even more.

Nobody has tried to estimate how much local waste and spoilage of food is eliminated when a locker plant is established in a community, but the amount must be considerable. There are also important gains in sanitation, brought about by the elimination of much food handling; even greater gains will be made when the use of the ultra-violet ray steri-lamp in processing and wrapping rooms becomes general.

IV

QUICK FROZEN vegetables at their best taste better than the wilted offerings of Joe's vegetable stand—and contain more vitamins. As the sub-zero revolution unfolds, then will the market for off-season fresh vegetables decline? What will happen, for example, to the "factories in the fields" of the Imperial Valley of California, where the soil is as fertile as the local food barons are tough?

You may be sure that the big shipper-growers have thought of that one. Their best answer—short of joining the revolution themselves, as some of them have already done—is air transport.

It takes four to fifteen days to ship fresh fruits and vegetables from California, Texas, Arizona, and Florida to the east by railroad freight. By airplane it will take six to eight hours. Strawberries picked in Texas Monday afternoon can be bought by the Chicago housewife Tuesday morning. Moreover, they will be *ripe* strawberries; now the usual practice is to pick almost all fruits and vegetables when they are green to prevent spoilage in transit.

Freshness and flavor will be the best sales arguments of the airplane companies in developing their postwar cargo busi-

ness. To that end they are asking farmers to supply produce. That won't be easy at first. For a century nurserymen have been trying to breed fruits and vegetables that would withstand the gruelling journey from the farm to the urban retailer. For that reason, many of the more delicate-skinned and sweetly-flavored varieties are no longer grown. The airplane will help to reverse this trend. It will also add variety to the American menu by bringing us tropical offerings from Mexico and our Central and South American neighbors.

As to costs, Chicagoans are now paying twelve cents more for ten ounces of airborne California spinach wrapped in cellophane than they do for locally grown unwashed and untrimmed spinach. It is believed that eventually California lettuce shipped by air to Chicago will cost only five cents a pound more than the same lettuce shipped by rail.

IN 1939 there were fewer than 60 companies engaged in any phase of dehydration. By the fourth year of the war, some 600 dehydrators were producing more than 2,000,000,000 pounds of dehydrated products. How much of this huge war-born industry will survive the peace? Perhaps ten per cent, in the opinion of most experts. While it is an exaggeration to speak of dehydration as the "graveyard of vitamins," it is true that to date the dehydrators have failed to solve their basic problem, which is the retention of *both* vitamins and flavor.

Dehydration got a bad name in the army in this war, as in World War I. The prevailing GI view was expressed by the parachutist who said, "The guy who invented dehydration of potatoes, milk, and eggs should also have invented cooks who know what to do with dehydrated foods, or soldiers who would like them."

Dr. Clive M. McCay, nutritionist for the Navy, did not invent dehydration. But he did find a good cook. As a result, he had a big contingent of Seabees standing in line for dehydrated foods. Apparently, therefore, the obstacle of consumer resistance will not be insuperable, when the food technologists have licked some of their current problems. Admittedly, however, the major contributions of dehy-

dration to our food economy are still in the laboratory.

General Mills has announced a five-year research program in dehydration. Many other food processors are investing large sums in dehydration research, most of it concentrated on the thus far unsolved problem of retaining Vitamin C or ascorbic acid.

Because of its role in building resistance to disease, many nutritionists believe most people would benefit by consuming several times the daily requirement of Vitamin C given in the Food and Nutrition Board's official "yardstick." Fresh fruit and vegetable sources of ascorbic acid are relatively expensive, however, and most processing destroys it—the pasteurization of milk alone destroys more Vitamin C every year than is contained in our entire annual citrus crop. Consequently, studies of low-income diets frequently show alarming deficiencies of this vitamin.

Dehydration has already solved the problem in the laboratory, and at least one of the solutions is rapidly moving into the pilot plant stage. It is a hugely magnified, belt-line adaptation of the "sublimation" process by which blood plasma is concentrated through successive stages of freezing, centrifuging, and dehydration in vacuum at low temperatures. This process can be used to dehydrate vegetable and fruit juices of all kinds, including sugar cane juice, which in its natural state is extraordinarily rich in both vitamins and minerals.

In the laboratory of a Middle Western food engineer who has over fifty profitable patents to his credit, the writers tasted some of this new sugar. It is a light golden, non-caking powder, rich in retained vitamins and minerals and rather more exquisite in taste than premium maple sugar. What is even more startling, the engineer insists it will ultimately cost less to manufacture than the present vitamin-drained sugar, of which we in America eat perhaps four times as much as we should. (The Army during this war has been eating seven times too much, and the present writers remain unconvinced that Quartermaster General Gregory was acting in line of duty when he appeared with Eleanor Roosevelt in one

of the sweetest broadcasts ever aired, sponsored by the National Confectioners' Association.)

At least two other well-known food processors are developing large-scale adaptations of the blood plasma type of dehydration process. Others have let it be known—with prudent concealment of details—that they are exploring various approaches to the problem of conserving Vitamin C, including the use of infrared lamps, radio frequency energy, and dehydration in inert gases and in vacuum. One of the most promising candidates is the mega-therm process developed by the Federal Telephone and Radio Corporation. This process heats inside and outside simultaneously and removes 99 per cent of the moisture. Already it has been used successfully to advance the sub-zero revolution by supplying a practical defroster.

ONE of the most important food developments of the war is the increased use of mixtures in which vegetable proteins serve as complete or partial substitutes for the more expensive and less plentiful animal proteins. In 1935 German nutritionists devised the first of these mixtures—the famous “bratling”—as a part of Hitler's preparations for World War II. Bratling powder is essentially a food supplement rather than a food. As prepared by the quartermaster department of the Reichswehr it consisted of a balanced mixture of dehydrated soybeans, grain, and milk albumins, spiced with various herbs. This mixture was used both as an emergency field ration and to extend the protein content of sausages and soup.

In 1936 our own Bureau of Home Economics devised a somewhat similar mixture for use after the Mississippi flood in feeding refugee families camped on the levees. This mixture was composed of one-third dry skim milk, one-third rice polishings, and one-third corn meal. It found considerable acceptance and was later used by the FERA in its early distribution of surplus foods to relief families.

Systematic experiments with cereal food mixtures were conducted over a period of years by Robert S. Harris of the Nutrition Laboratory of the Massachu-

setts Institute of Technology. The Harris mixtures consisted of various combinations of whole cereals and legumes with soybean flour and dried milk. They looked and tasted like pre-cooked breakfast cereals, but were balanced and checked to assure a full complement of vitamins, minerals, proteins, and calories—sufficient not merely to support life, but to sustain a “buoyant” level of health and energy. Several of these mixtures were successfully used by the Byrd Antarctic Expedition, and in 1941 Dr. Harris caused a considerable sensation by announcing that a day's ration of his food mixture could be supplied at a cost of about six cents a person.

One of the most tragic wastes of the cereal industry is the destruction in milling of the most vitamin-packed part of the corn kernel. Its removal from the diet of the Southern sharecropper, when the degerminated product of the milling industry displaced the whole corn meal and grits formerly turned out by the local water mill, was a major factor in the spread of pellagra in the South. Recently a process has been perfected for taking most of the oil out of the corn germ and thus preventing the meal from turning rancid. Consequently, the return of the vitamin-rich corn germ to the South—perhaps in a cheap soup mixture—promises to ease the burdens of back country physicians and health officers.

A FOOD new to America but long a staple in Russia, is sunflower seed, which is hailed by nutritionists and agronomists alike. It contains 52 per cent of protein, all of it available for human nutrition, as against the 40 per cent protein content of the soybean. Sunflowers grow readily and yield heavily on many American soils, and a sunflower harvesting machine has been invented which rivals the corn harvester in efficiency. Another excellent potential source of vegetable protein is grapefruit seed, most of which is now wasted.

In the wartime search for the scarce animal proteins, one of the most important discoveries was the once-despised menhaden. Though almost as delicious as shad, this fish is even bonier—hence in

pre-war days no sensible fisherman would think of trying to sell menhaden for anything except chicken meal or fertilizer. In 1943, however, government scientists, working with the fish industry, found a way of dissolving the bones by long cooking under pressure. Canned with tomato sauce, menhaden became "silver herring." The British Food Ministry ordered it in quantities, and by the end of the war the annual pack is expected to reach over a million cases. After the war it should sell for as little as ten cents a can.

Another wartime sea harvest is the pilchard. Ground up—entrails and all—it can be made into a highly nutritious fish loaf. Other "trash" fish, formerly discarded by the fisherman, are the burbot, blue runner, whiting, and the smaller sizes of spot, trout, mullet, squid, and croaker. Mixed in the same grinder, all these fish enter into a canned fish meal used for relief feeding in the occupied countries and likely to appear in some form on the domestic market after the war.

V

THERE ARE some quite sober and reputable nutritionists who believe that we could largely eliminate hunger in both its "hollow" and "hidden" forms from the list of our postwar problems, merely by utilizing systematically the prodigious feeding potential of the yeast plant.

To the average American, yeast is merely something that bakers use in baking bread and brewers in making beer. More recently, radio savants, with their pseudo-medical goatees wagging back of the microphone, have told us to conserve our morale by buying yeast tablets and extracts at from three dollars to four dollars a pound at the drug store. You may be interested to know that in 1943, through the efforts of nutritionist Clive M. McCay and the Grange League Federation Co-operative, the people of Ithaca, New York, were enabled to buy food yeast at their co-op store, not at three to four dollars but at forty-two cents a pound.

But that is only a beginning. As soon as we regularly salvage, dry, and debitter all of the two hundred million pounds of brewers' yeast that ordinarily has gone

down the drain pipe every year, the price should drop to perhaps twenty-five cents a pound. And once we begin making primary yeast out of molasses, as the British started to do in Jamaica, or out of hydrolyzed trash wood as the Germans did at the rate of 100,000 tons a year during the war, the retail price of food yeast should drop even farther.

Yeast is not only our cheapest source of the B vitamins; it is also our cheapest complete protein. It takes months to grow our best vegetable proteins, such as soybean, peanuts and sunflower seeds; it takes years to grow beef and dairy cattle. But it takes only hours to grow yeast.

One acre planted to a starch crop—such as grain, sugar cane, sugar beet, potatoes—will yield only about 70 pounds of protein in the form of milk or beef, after it has been fed to cattle. But use the same carbohydrates to produce yeast, and you get 840 pounds of equally good protein and an even greater increase in yield of the B vitamins.

Nor does the taste offer serious difficulties. Experiments at the Brooklyn Navy Yard proved that by adding suitable quantities of food yeast to such dishes as pork goulash, curry of veal, meat loaf, and beef-and-kidney stew, it was possible to increase substantially the workers' daily intake of vitamins and proteins—without their knowing anything about it! The breakfast doughnut will absorb two grams of yeast without altering its flavor and with a distinct improvement in the keeping quality of the product. Any woman who sees her husband's morale slipping for lack of B vitamins can help matters considerably by a little culinary yeast-needling; what the worse half doesn't know is likely to do him a good deal of good.

THROUGHOUT this survey we have adopted conservative estimates and have tried to err on the side of understatement. Some of these promising developments may be stopped by practical difficulties, some by vagaries of consumers' taste; others may be stifled in trade pressures. Even so, the prospect of a postwar flood of good food is real enough to afford the American housewife a good deal of satisfaction.

MADAME ROSETTE

A Story

ROALD DAHL



OH, THIS is wonderful," said the Stag. He was lying back in the bath with a scotch and soda in one hand and a cigarette in the other. The water was right up to the brim, and he was keeping it warm by turning the tap with his toes.

He raised his head and took a little sip of his whiskey, then he lay back and closed his eyes.

"For God's sake, get out," said a voice from the next room. "Come on, Stag, you've had over an hour." Stuffy was sitting on the edge of the bed with no clothes on, drinking slowly and waiting his turn.

The Stag said, "All right. I'm letting the water out now," and he stretched out a leg and flipped up the plug with his toes.

Stuffy stood up and wandered into the bathroom holding his drink in his hand. The Stag lay in the bath for a few moments more, then, balancing his glass carefully on the soap rack, he stood up and reached for a towel. His body was short and square, with strong thick legs and exaggerated calf muscles. He had coarse, curly ginger hair and a thin, rather pointed face covered with freckles.

"I've brought half the desert with me," he said, looking down into the bathtub.

Stuffy said, "Wash it out and let me get in. I haven't had a bath for five months."

This was back in the early days when

we were fighting the Italians in Libya. One flew very hard in those days because there were not many pilots. They certainly could not send any out from England because there they were fighting the Battle of Britain. So one remained for long periods out in the desert, living the strange unnatural life of the desert, living in the same dirty little tent, washing and shaving every day in a mug full of one's own spat-out tooth water, all the time picking flies out of one's tea and out of one's food, having sandstorms which were as much in the tents as outside them, so that placid men became bloody-minded and lost their tempers with their friends and with themselves; having dysentery and gippy tummy and mastoid and desert sores, having some bombs from the Italian S.79's, having no water and no women; having very little except sand sand sand. One flew old Gloster Gladiators against the Italian C.R.42's, and when one was not flying, it was difficult to know what to do.

Occasionally one would catch scorpions, put them in empty petrol cans and match them against each other in fierce mortal combat. Always there would be a champion scorpion in the squadron, a sort of Joe Louis who was invincible and won all his fights. He would have a name; he would become famous and his training diet would

be a great secret known only to the owner. Training diet was considered very important with scorpions. Some were trained on corned beef, some on a thing called Machonachies, which is an unpleasant canned meat stew, some on live beetles, and there were others who were persuaded to take a little beer just before the fight on the premise that it made the scorpion happy and gave him confidence. These last ones always lost. But there were great battles and great champions, and in the afternoons when the flying was over, one could often see a group of pilots and airmen standing around in a circle on the sand, bending over with their hands on their knees, watching the fight, exhorting the scorpions and shouting at them as people shout at boxers or wrestlers in a ring. The greatest scorpion of all was owned by a sergeant called Wishful who fed him only on marmalade. The animal had an unmentionable name, but he won forty-two consecutive fights and then died quietly in training just when Wishful was considering the problem of retiring him to stud.

So you can see that because there were no great pleasures while living in the desert, the small pleasures became great pleasures and the pleasures of children became the pleasures of grown men. That was true for everyone; for the pilots, the fitters, the riggers, the corporals who cooked the food and the men who kept the stores. It was true for the Stag and for Stuffy, so true that when the two of them wangled a forty-eight hour pass and a lift by air into Cairo, and when they got to the hotel, they were feeling about having a bath rather as you would feel on the first night of your honeymoon.

THE Stag had dried himself and was lying on the bed with a towel round his waist, with his hands up behind his head, and Stuffy was in the bath, lying with his head against the back of the bath, groaning and sighing with ecstasy.

The Stag said, "Stuffy."

"Yes."

"What are we going to do now?"

"Women," said Stuffy. "We must find some women to take out to supper."

The Stag said, "Later. That can wait

till later." It was then early afternoon.

"I don't think it can wait," said Stuffy.

"Yes," said the Stag, "it can wait."

The Stag was very old and wise; he never rushed any fences. He was twenty-seven, much older than anyone else in the squadron, including the C.O., and his judgment was respected by the others in much the same way as the judgment of a university professor is respected by the students.

"Let's do a little shopping first," he said.

"Then what?" said the voice from the bathroom.

"Then we can consider the other situation."

There was a pause.

"Stag?"

"Yes."

"Do you know any women here?"

"I used to. I used to know a Turkish girl with very white skin called Wenka, and a Yugoslav girl who was six inches taller than I, called Kiki, and another who I think was Syrian. I can't remember her name."

"Ring them up," said Stuffy.

"I've done it. I did it while you were getting the whiskey. They've all gone. It isn't any good."

Stuffy said, "It's never any good."

The Stag said, "We'll go shopping first. There is plenty of time."

In an hour Stuffy got out of the bath. They both dressed themselves in clean khaki shorts and shirts and wandered downstairs, through the lobby of the hotel and out into the bright hot street. The Stag put on his sunglasses.

STUFFY said, "I know. I want a pair of sunglasses."

"All right. We'll go and buy some."

They stopped a gharri, got in, and told the driver to go to Cicurel's. Stuffy bought his sunglasses and the Stag bought some poker-dice, then they wandered out again onto the hot crowded street.

"Did you see that girl?" said Stuffy.

"The one that sold us the sunglasses?"

"Yes. That dark one."

"Probably Turkish," said Stag.

Stuffy said, "I don't care what she was. She was terrific. Didn't you think she was terrific?"

They were walking along the Sharia Kasr-el-Nil with their hands in their pockets, and Stuffy was wearing the sunglasses which he had just bought. It was a hot dusty afternoon, and the sidewalk was crowded with Egyptians and Arabs and small boys with bare feet, and the small boys pattered along beside the Stag and Stuffy shouting "baksheesh," "baksheesh" in shrill insistent voices, and the flies followed the small boys. There was the smell of Cairo, which is not like the smell of any other city. It comes not from any one thing or from any one place; it comes from everything everywhere; from the gutters and the sidewalks, from the houses and the shops and the things in the shops and the food cooking in the shops, from the horses and the dung of the horses in the streets and from the drains. It is a rare, pungent smell like the smell of something which is sweet and rotting and hot and salty and bitter all at the same time, and it is never absent, even in the cool of the early morning.

The two pilots walked along slowly through the crowd.

"Didn't you think she was terrific?" said Stuffy. He wanted to know what the Stag thought.

"She was all right."

"Certainly she was all right. You know what, Stag?"

"What?"

"I would like to take that girl out tonight."

They crossed over a street and walked on a little further.

The Stag said, "Well, why don't you? Why don't you ring up Rosette?"

"Who in the hell's Rosette?"

"Madame Rosette," said the Stag. "She is a great woman."

THEY were passing a place called Tim's Bar. It was run by an Englishman called Tim Gilfillan, who had been a quartermaster sergeant in the last war and who had somehow managed to get left behind in Cairo when the army went home.

"Tim's," said the Stag. "Let's go in."

There was no one inside except Tim, who was arranging his bottles on shelves behind the bar.

"Well, well, well," he said, turning

around. "Where you boys been all this time?"

"Hello, Tim."

He did not remember them, but he knew by their looks that they were in from the desert.

"How's my old friend Graziani?" he asked, turning round and leaning his elbows on the counter.

"He's bloody close," said the Stag. "He's outside Mersa."

They got their whiskey and carried the glasses over to a table in the corner.

Stuffy said, "Who's this Rosette?"

The Stag took a long drink and put down the glass.

"She's a great woman," he said.

"Who is she?"

"She's a filthy old Syrian bitch."

"All right," said Stuffy, "but what about her?"

"Well," said Stag, "I'll tell you. Madame Rosette runs the biggest brothel in the world. It is said that she can get you any girl that you want in the whole of Cairo. You just ring her up and tell her where you saw the woman, where she was working, what shop and at which counter, together with an accurate description, and she will do the rest."

"Don't be such a bloody fool," said Stuffy.

"It's true. It's absolutely true. Thirty-three squadron told me about her."

"They were pulling your leg."

"All right. You go and look her up in the phone book."

"She wouldn't be in the phone book under that name."

"I'm telling you she is," said Stag. "Go and look her up under Rosette. You'll see I'm right."

Stuffy did not believe him, but he went over to Tim and asked him for a telephone directory and brought it back to the table. He opened it and turned the pages until he came to R-o-s. He ran his finger down the column. Roseppi . . . Rosery . . . Rosette. There it was, Rosette, Madame, and the address and number, clearly printed in the book. The Stag was watching him.

"Got it?" he said.

"Yes, here it is. Madame Rosette."

"Well, why don't you go and ring her

up?" The Stag picked up his drink.

"What shall I say?"

The Stag looked down into his glass and poked the ice with his finger.

"Tell her you are a Colonel," he said. "Colonel Higgins. She mistrusts pilot officers; and tell her that you have seen a beautiful dark girl selling sunglasses at Cicurel's and that you would like, as you put it, to take her out to dinner."

"There isn't a telephone here."

"Oh yes there is. There's one over there."

Stuffy looked around and saw the telephone on the wall at the end of the bar.

"Tim will hear everything I say."

"What the hell does that matter? He probably rings her up himself."

Stuffy was just a child. He was nineteen, eight whole years younger than the Stag. He was fairly tall and he was thin with a lot of black hair and a handsome wide-mouthed face which was coffee brown from the sun of the desert. He was unquestionably the finest pilot in the squadron, and already in these early days his score was fourteen Italians confirmed destroyed. On the ground he moved slowly and lazily like a tired person, and he thought slowly and lazily like a sleepy child, but when he was up in the air his mind was quick and his movements were quick, so quick that they were like reflex actions which happened automatically and instantaneously as a result of something else having happened before. It seemed when he was on the ground almost as though he was resting, dozing a little in order to make sure that when he got into the cockpit he would wake up ready for that two hours of high concentration. But now he had something on his mind which had waked him up almost like flying. For the moment, anyway, he was concentrating.

STUFFY looked again in the book for the number, got up and walked slowly over to the telephone. He put in a piastre, dialed the number and heard it ringing at the other end. The Stag was sitting at the table looking at him and Tim was still behind the bar arranging his bottles. Tim was only about five yards away and he was obviously going to listen

to everything that was said. Stuffy felt rather foolish. He leaned against the bar and waited, hoping that no one would answer.

Then there was a click and he heard a woman's voice saying "Allo."

He said, "Hello, is Madame Rosette there?" He was watching Tim. Tim went on arranging his bottles, pretending to take no notice, but Stuffy knew that he was listening.

"This ees Madame Rosette. Oo ees it?" Her voice was petulant and gritty, and she sounded as if she did not want to be bothered with anyone just then.

Stuffy tried to sound casual. "This is Colonel Higgins."

"Colonel oo?"

"Colonel Higgins." He spelled it.

"Yes, Colonel. What you want?" She sounded impatient. He still tried to sound casual.

"Well, Madame Rosette, I was wondering if you could help me over a little matter."

Stuffy was watching Tim. He was listening all right, moving the bottles quickly from one shelf to another, watching the bottles, making no noise, never looking around into the room. Over in the far corner the Stag was leaning forward with his elbows on the table, smoking a cigarette, enjoying the whole business and knowing that Stuffy was embarrassed because of Tim. Stuffy had to go on.

"I was wondering if you could help me," he said. "I was in Cicurel's today buying a pair of sunglasses and I saw a girl there whom I would very much like to take out to dinner."

"What's 'er name?" The hard, rasping voice was more businesslike than ever.

"I don't know," he said sheepishly.

"What's she look like?"

"Well, she's got dark hair, and tall and, well, she's very beautiful."

"What sort of a dress was she wearing?"

"Er, let me see. I think it was a kind of white dress with red flowers printed all over it." Then, as a brilliant afterthought, he added, "She had a red belt."

There was a pause. Then the loud gritty voice again, "It may cost you a lot."

"That's all right." Suddenly he didn't like the conversation any more.

He wanted to finish it and get away quickly.

"Might cost you six pounds, might cost you eight or ten. I don't know till I've seen her. That all right?"

"Yes, yes, that's all right."

"Where you living, Colonel?"

"Metropolitan Hotel," he said without thinking.

"All right, I give you a ring later." And she put down the receiver bang.

STUFFY hung up, went slowly back to the table and sat down.

"Well," said Stag, "what did she say?"

"She said she would call me back at the hotel."

"You mean she'll call Colonel Higgins at the hotel."

Stuffy swore.

Stag said, "It's all right. We'll tell the desk that the Colonel is in our room, and to put his calls through to us. What else did she say?"

"She said it may cost me a lot, six or ten pounds."

"Rosette will take ninety per cent of it," said Stag. "She's a filthy old Syrian bitch."

"How will she work it?" Stuffy asked.

He was really a gentle person, and now he was feeling worried about having started something which might become complicated.

"Well," said Stag, "she'll dispatch one of her pimps to locate the girl and find out who she is. If she's already on the books, then it's easy. If she isn't, the pimp will proposition her there and then over the counter at Cicurel's. If the girl tells him to go to hell, he'll up the price, and if she still tells him to go to hell, he'll up the price still more, and in the end she'll be tempted by the cash and probably agree. Then Rosette quotes you a price three times as high and takes the balance herself. You have to pay her, not the girl. Of course, after that the girl goes on Rosette's books, and once she's in her clutches she's finished. Next time Rosette will dictate the price, and the girl will not be in a position to argue."

"Why?"

"Because if she refuses, Rosette will say, 'All right, my girl, I shall see that Cicurel's are told about what you did last time, and

how you've been working for me and using their shop as a marketplace. Then they'll fire you.' That's what Rosette will say, and the wretched girl will be frightened and do what she's told."

Stuffy said, "Sounds like a nice person."

"Charming," said Stag. "She's a charming person."

It was hot. Stuffy wiped his face with his handkerchief.

"More whiskey," said Stag. "Hi, Tim, two more of those."

Tim brought the glasses over and put them on the table without saying anything. He picked up the empty glasses and went away at once. To Stuffy it seemed as though he was different from what he had been when they first came in. There wasn't any more hi, you fellows, where you been all this time, about him now, and when he got back behind the counter, he turned around and went on arranging the bottles.

The Stag said, "How much money you got?"

"Nine pounds, I think."

"May not be enough. You gave her a free hand, you know. You ought to have set a limit. She'll sting you now."

"I know," Stuffy said.

They went on drinking for a little while without talking. Then Stag said, "What you worrying about, Stuffy?"

"Nothing," he answered. "Nothing at all. Let's go back to the hotel. She may ring up."

They paid for their drinks and said goodbye to Tim who nodded but didn't say anything. They went back to the Metropolitan and as they went past the desk the Stag said to the clerk, "If a call comes in for Colonel Higgins, put it through to our room. He'll be there." The Egyptian said, "Yes, sir," and made a note of it.

STUFFY had been quiet all the way back to the hotel. He hadn't said a word. Now, in the bedroom, he sat down on the edge of the bed with his hands still in his pockets and said, "Look, Stag, I'm not very keen on this Rosette deal any more. It may cost too much. Can't we put it off?"

The Stag sat up. "Hell no," he said.

"You're committed. You can't back out."

"I may not be able to afford it," Stuffy said.

"Well, wait and see."

Stuffy got up, went over to the parachute bag and took out the bottle of whiskey. He poured out two, filled the glasses with water from the tap in the bathroom, came back and gave one to the Stag.

"Stag," he said. "Ring up Rosette and tell her that Colonel Higgins has had to leave town urgently to rejoin his regiment in the desert. Ring her up and tell her that. Say the Colonel asked you to deliver the message because he didn't have time."

"Ring her up yourself."

"She'd recognize my voice. Come on Stag, you ring her."

"No," he said, "I won't."

"Listen," said Stuffy suddenly. It was the child Stuffy speaking. "I don't want to go out with that woman and I don't want to have any dealings with Madame Rosette tonight. We can think of something else."

The Stag looked up quickly. Then he said, "All right. I'll ring her."

He reached for the telephone book, looked up her number, and spoke it into the telephone. Stuffy heard him get her on the line and he heard him giving her the message from the Colonel. There was a pause, then the Stag said, "I'm sorry, Madame Rosette, but it's nothing to do with me. I'm merely delivering a message." Another pause; then the Stag said the same thing over again and that went on for quite a long time, until he must have got tired of it because in the end he put down the receiver and lay back on his bed. He was roaring with laughter.

"The lousy old woman," he said, and he laughed some more.

Stuffy said, "Was she angry?"

"Angry," said Stag. "Was she angry? You should have heard her. Wanted to know the Colonel's regiment and God knows what else and said he'd have to pay. She said you boys think you can fool around with me but you can't."

"Hooray," said Stuffy. "The filthy old Syrian bitch!"

"Now what are we going to do?" said the Stag. "It's six o'clock already."

"Let's go out and do a little drinking in some of those Gyppi places."

"Fine. We'll do a Gyppi pub-crawl."

THEY had one more drink, then they went out. They went to a place called the Excelsior, then they went to a place called the Sphinx, then to a small place called by an Egyptian name, and by ten o'clock they were sitting happily in a place which hadn't got a name at all, drinking beer and watching a kind of stage show. At the Sphinx they had picked up a pilot from thirty-three squadron who said that his name was William. He was about the same age as Stuffy but his face was younger, for he had not been flying so long. It was especially around his mouth that he was younger. He had a round schoolboy face and a small turned-up nose, and his skin was brown from the desert.

The three of them sat happily in the place without a name drinking beer. It was a long wooden room with an unpolished wooden sawdust floor and wooden tables and chairs. At the far end there was a raised wooden stage where there was a show going on, and the room was full of Egyptians, sitting drinking black coffee with the red tarbooshes on their heads. There were two fat girls on the stage dressed in shiny silver pants and silver brassieres. The one was waggling her bottom in time to the music, and the other was waggling her bosom in time to the music. The bosom-waggler was most skillful, and the Egyptians were spellbound and kept giving her a big hand. The more they clapped the more she waggled, waggling with the music, never losing the tempo, never losing the fixed brassy smile that was upon her face, and the Egyptians clapped more and more and louder and louder as the speed increased. Everyone was very happy.

When it was over William said, "Why do they always have those dreary fat women? Why don't they have beautiful women?"

The Stag said, "The Gypies like them fat. They like them like that."

"Impossible," said Stuffy.

"It's true," Stag said. "It's an old business. It comes from the days when

there used to be lots of famines here, and all the poor people were thin, and all the rich people and the aristocracy were well fed and fat. If you got someone fat you couldn't go wrong; she was bound to be high-class."

"Ridiculous," said Stuffy.

William said, "I don't believe it either, but we'll soon find out. I'm going to ask those Gypies." He jerked his thumb toward two middle-aged Egyptians who were sitting at the next table, only about four feet away.

"No," said Stag. "No, William. We don't want them over here."

"Yes," said Stuffy.

"Yes," said William. "We've got to find out why the Gypies like fat women."

HE WAS not drunk. None of them was drunk, but they were happy with a fair amount of beer and whiskey and William was the happiest. His brown school-boy face was radiant with happiness, his turned-up nose seemed to have turned up a little more and he was probably relaxing for the first time in many weeks. He got up, took three paces over to the table of the Egyptians and stood in front of them, smiling.

"Gentlemen," he said, "my friends and I would be honored if you would join us at our table."

The Egyptians had dark skin and podgy faces. They were wearing the red hats, and one of them had a gold tooth. At first, when William addressed them, they looked a little alarmed. Then they caught on, looked at each other, grinned and nodded.

"Pleess," said one.

"Pleess," said the other, and they got up, shook hands with William, and followed him over to where the Stag and Stuffy were sitting.

William said, "Meet my friends. This is the Stag. This is Stuffy. I am William."

The Stag and Stuffy stood up, they all shook hands, the Egyptians said "Pleess" once more and then everyone sat down.

The Stag knew that their religion forbade them to drink. "Have a coffee," he said.

The one with the gold tooth grinned

broadly, raised his hands, palms upward, and hunched his shoulders a little. "For me," he said, "I am accustomed. But for my frient," and he spread out his hands toward the other, "for my frient—I cannot speak."

The Stag looked at the friend. "Coffee?" he asked.

"Pleess," he answered. "I am accustomed."

"Good," said Stag. "Two coffees."

He called a waiter. "Two coffees," he said. "And, wait a minute. Stuffy, William, more beer?"

"For me," Stuffy said, "I am accustomed. But for my friend," and he turned toward William, "for my friend—I cannot speak."

William said, "Please. I am accustomed." None of them smiled.

The Stag said, "Good. Waiter, two coffees and three beers." The waiter fetched the order and the Stag paid. The Stag lifted his glass toward the Egyptians and said, "Bung ho."

The Egyptians seemed to understand, and they lifted their coffee cups. "Pleess," said the one. "Thank you," said the other. They drank.

The Stag put down his glass and said, "It is an honor to be in your country."

"You like?"

"Yes," said the Stag. "Very fine."

The music had started again, and the two fat women in silver tights were doing an encore. The encore was a knock-out. It was surely the most remarkable exhibition of muscle control that has ever been witnessed. The Egyptians all stamped their feet and screamed with delight. Then it was over. The applause gradually died down.

"Remarkable," said the Stag.

"You like?"

"Please, it was remarkable."

"Those girls," said the one with the gold tooth, "very special."

William couldn't wait any longer. He leaned across the table and said, "Might I ask you a question?"

"Pleess," said the Egyptian with the gold tooth. "Pleess."

"Well," said William, "how do you like your women? Like this—slim?" and he demonstrated with his hands. "Or like

this—fat?" He demonstrated again.

The gold tooth shone brightly behind a big grin. "For me, I like like this—fat," and a pair of podgy hands drew a big circle in the air.

"And your friend?" said William.

"For my frient," he answered, "I cannot speak."

"Pleess," said the friend. "Like this." He grinned and drew a fat girl in the air with his hands.

Stuffy said, "Why do you like them fat?"

Golden Tooth thought for a moment, then he said, "You like them slim, eh?"

"Please," said Stuffy. "I like them slim."

"Why you like them slim? You tell *me*."

Stuffy rubbed the back of his neck with the palm of his hand. "William," he said, "why do we like them slim?"

"For me," said William, "I am accustomed."

"Yes yes, I know," Stuffy said. "So am I. But why?"

William considered. "I don't know," he said. "I don't know why we like them slim."

"Ha," said Golden Tooth, "you don't know." He leaned over the table toward William and said triumphantly, "And me, I do not know either."

But that wasn't good enough for William. "The Stag," he said, "says that all rich people in Egypt used to be fat and all poor people were thin."

"No," said Golden Tooth. "No, no, no. Look those girls up there. Very fat; very poor. Look queen of Egypt, Queen Farida. Very thin; very rich. Quite wrong."

"Yes, but what about years ago?" said William.

"What is this, years ago?"

William said, "Oh all right. Let's leave it."

The Egyptians drank their coffee and the noise was like water running out of the bathtub. When they had finished, they got up to go.

"Going?" said the Stag.

"Fleess," said Golden Tooth.

William said, "Thank you." Stuffy said, "Please." The other Egyptian said, "Pleess," and the Stag said, "Thank you."

They all shook hands, and the Egyptians departed.

"Ropy types," said William.

"Very," said Stuffy. "Very ropy types."

THE three of them sat on drinking happily until midnight when the waiter came up and told them that the place was closing and that there were no more drinks. They were still not really drunk, because they had been taking it slowly, but they were feeling healthy.

"He says we've got to go."

"All right. Where shall we go? Where shall we go, Stag?"

"I don't know. Where do you want to go?"

"Let's go to another place like this," said William. "This is a fine place."

There was a pause. Stuffy was stroking the back of his neck with his hand. "Stag," he said slowly, "I know where I want to go. I want to go to Madame Rosette's and I want to rescue all the girls there."

"Who's Madame Rosette?" William said.

"She's a great woman," said the Stag.

"She's a filthy old Syrian," said Stuffy.

"She's a lousy old bitch," said the Stag.

"All right," said William. "Let's go. But who is she?"

They told him who she was. They told him about their telephone calls and about Colonel Higgins, and William said, "Come on, let's go. Let's go and rescue all the girls."

They got up and left. When they went outside, they remembered that they were in a rather remote part of the town.

"We'll have to walk a bit," said Stag. "No gharris here."

It was a dark starry night with no moon. The street was narrow and blacked-out, and it smelled strongly with the smell of Cairo. They walked on, the three of them abreast; square, short, ginger-haired Stag, tall dark Stuffy, and tall young William who went barehead because he had lost his cap. They headed roughly toward the center of the town where they knew that they would find a gharri to take them on to Rosette.

Stuffy said, "Oh, won't the girls be pleased when we rescue them."

The Stag said, "It ought to be a party."

"Does she actually keep them locked up?" William said.

"Well, no," said Stag. "Not exactly. But if we rescue them now, they won't have to work any more tonight anyway. You see, the girls she has at her place are nothing but ordinary shop girls who still work during the day in the shops. They have all of them made some mistake or other which Rosette either engineered or found out about, and now she has put the screws on them; she makes them come along in the evening. But they hate her and they do not depend on her for a living. They would kick her in the teeth if they got the chance."

Stuffy said, "We'll give them the chance."

They crossed over a street. William said, "How many girls will be there, Stag?"

"I don't know. I suppose there might be thirty."

"Good God," said William. "This *will* be a party. Does she really treat them very badly?"

The Stag said, "Thirty-three squadron told me that she pays them nothing, about twenty akkers a night. She charges the customers about a hundred or two hundred akkers each."

"Good God," said William. "She must be a millionaire."

"She is. Someone calculated that she makes the equivalent of about fifteen hundred pounds a week. That's, let me see, that's between five and six thousand pounds a month. Sixty thousand pounds a year."

Stuffy came out of his dream. "Good God," he said, "the filthy old Syrian bitch."

Then they saw a gharri and hailed it.

Stuffy said, "We don't know the address."

"He'll know it," said Stag. "Madame Rosette," he said to the driver.

The driver grinned and nodded. Then William said, "I'm going to drive. Give me the reins, driver, and sit up here beside me and tell me where to go."

The driver protested vigorously, but

when William gave him ten piastres, he gave him the reins. William sat high up on the driver's seat with the driver beside him. The Stag and Stuffy got in the back of the carriage. They went off at a gallop, with the terrified driver shrieking directions to William and the gharri careening round corners, until at last they pulled up in another of those narrow, dark streets.

"How much?" said William to the driver.

"Pleess, twenty piastres."

William gave him forty and said, "Thank you very much. Fine horses." The little man took the money, jumped up onto the gharri, and drove off. He was in a hurry to get away.

Though the street was narrow, the houses, what they could see of them, looked huge and prosperous. The one which the driver had said was Rosette's was wide and thick and three stories high, built of gray concrete, and it had a large thick front door, which stood wide open. As they went in the Stag said, "Now leave this to me. I've got a plan."

INSIDE there was a cold gray dusty stone hall, lit by a bare electric light bulb in the ceiling, and there was a man standing in the hall. He was a mountain of a man, a huge Egyptian with a flat face and two cauliflower ears. In his wrestling days he had probably been billed as Abdul the Killer or The Poisonous Pasha, but now he wore a dirty white cotton suit.

The Stag said, "Good evening. Is Madame Rosette here?"

Abdul looked hard at the three pilots, hesitated, then said, "Madame Rosette top floor."

"Thank you," said Stag. "Thank you very much." Stuffy noticed that the Stag was being polite. There was always trouble for somebody when he was like that.

They went up the bare stone steps which had iron railings. They went past the first landing and the second landing, and the place was as bare as a cave. At the top of the third flight of steps, there was no landing; it was walled off, and the stairs ran up to a door. The Stag pressed the bell. They waited a while, then a little panel in the door was slid back and a

pair of small black eyes peeked through. A woman's voice said, "What you boys want?" Both the Stag and Stuffy recognized the voice from the telephone. The Stag said, "We would like to see Madame Rosette." He pronounced the Madame in the French way, because he was being polite.

"You officers? Only officers here," said the voice. She had a voice like a broken board.

"Yes," said Stag. "We are officers."

"You don't look like officers. What kind of officers?"

"R.A.F."

There was a pause. The Stag knew that she was considering. She had probably had trouble with pilots before, and he hoped only that she would not see William and the light that was dancing in his eyes, for William was still feeling the way he had felt when he drove the gharri. Suddenly the panel closed and the door opened.

"All right, come in," she said. She was too greedy, this woman, even to pick her customers carefully.

They went in and there she was. Short, fat, greasy, with wisps of untidy black hair straggling over her forehead; a large, mud-colored face, a large wide nose and a small fish mouth, with just the trace of a black mustache above the mouth. She had on a loose black satin dress.

"Come into the office, boys," she said, and started to waddle down the passage to the left. It was a long, wide passage, and all the way down there were doors, about eight or ten of them on each side. If you turned right as you came in from the stairs, you ran into the end of the passage, but there was one door there too, and as the three of them walked in, they heard a babble of female voices from behind that door. The Stag noted that it was the girls' dressing room.

"This way, boys," said Rosette, and she turned left and slopped down the passage, away from the door with the voices. The three followed her. They got about halfway down the passage when there was a yell from the dressing room behind them. Rosette stopped and looked around.

"You go on, boys," she said, "into the office, last door on the left. I won't be a

minute," and she turned and went back toward the dressing room door. They didn't go on. They stood and watched her, and just as she got to the door it opened and a girl rushed out. From where they stood, they could see that her fair hair was all over her face and that she had on an untidy-looking green evening dress. They heard Rosette say something angry and quick spoken and they heard the girl shout something back at her. Rosette raised her right arm and they saw her hit the girl smack on the side of the face with the palm of her hand. She hit her twice. The girl put her hands up to her face and began to cry. Rosette opened the door of the dressing room and pushed her back inside.

"My God," said the Stag, "she's tough." William said, "So am I." Stuffy didn't say anything.

Rosette came back to them and said, "Come along, boys. Just a bit of trouble, that's all." She led them to the end of the passage and into her office. It was a medium-sized room with two red plush sofas, two or three red plush armchairs, and a thick red carpet on the floor. In one corner was a small desk, and Rosette sat herself behind it, facing the room.

"Sit down, boys," she said.

The Stag took an armchair, Stuffy and William sat on a sofa.

"Well," she said, and her voice became sharp and urgent. "Let's do business."

The Stag leaned forward in his chair. His short ginger hair looked somehow wrong against the bright red plush. "Madame Rosette," he said, "it is a great pleasure to meet you. We have heard so much about you." Stuffy looked at the Stag. He was being polite again. Rosette looked at him too, and her little black eyes were suspicious. "Believe me," the Stag went on, "we've really been looking forward to this for quite a time now."

His voice was so pleasant and he was so polite that Rosette took it.

"That's nice of you boys," she said. "You'll always have a good time here. I see to that. Now—business."

William couldn't wait any longer. He said slowly, "The Stag says that you're a great woman."

"Thanks, boys."

Stuffy said, "The Stag says that you're a filthy old Syrian."

William said quickly, "The Stag says that you're a lousy old bitch."

"And I know what I'm talking about," said the Stag.

Rosette jumped to her feet. "What's this?" she shrieked, and her face was no longer the color of mud; it was the color of red clay. The men sat quite still, leaning forward a little in their seats, watching her.

Rosette had had trouble before, plenty of it, and she knew how to deal with it. But this was different. They didn't seem drunk, it wasn't about money, and it wasn't about one of her girls. It was about herself and she didn't like it.

"Get out," she yelled. "Get out unless you want trouble." But they did not move.

For a moment she paused, then she stepped quickly from behind her desk and made for the door. But the Stag was there first, and when she went for him, Stuffy and William each caught one of her arms from behind.

"We'll lock her in," said the Stag. "Let's get out."

Then she really started yelling, and the words which she used cannot be written down on paper, for they were terrible words. They poured out of her small fish mouth in one long unbroken high pitched stream. Stuffy and William pulled her back by the arms toward one of the big chairs, and gave her a quick push so that she fell backwards into it. Stuffy nipped across to her desk, bent down quickly and jerked the telephone cord from its connection. The Stag had the door open and all three of them were out of the room before Rosette had time to get up. The Stag had taken the key from the inside of the door, and now he locked it. The three of them stood outside in the passage.

"My God," said the Stag. "What a woman!"

"Mad as hell," William said. "Listen to her."

They stood outside in the passage and they listened. They heard her yelling, then she began banging on the door, but she went on yelling and her voice was not the voice of a woman, it was the voice of an enraged but articulate bull.

THE STAG said, "Now quick. The girls. Follow me. And from now on you've got to act serious."

He ran down the passage toward the dressing-room, followed by Stuffy and William. Outside the door he stopped. They could still hear Rosette yelling from her office. The Stag said, "Now don't say anything. Just act serious as hell," and he opened the door and went in.

There were about a dozen girls in the room. They all looked up. They stopped talking and looked up at the Stag who was standing in the doorway. The Stag clicked his heels and said, "This is the Military Police. Les Gendarmes Militaires." He said it in a stern voice and with a straight face and he was standing there in the doorway at attention with his cap on his head. Stuffy and William stood behind him.

"This is the Military Police," he said again, and he produced his identification card and held it up between two fingers.

The girls didn't move or say anything. They stayed still in the middle of what they were doing and they were like a tableau because they stayed so still. One had been pulling on a stocking and she stayed like that, sitting on a chair with her leg out straight and the stocking up to her knee with her hands on the stocking. One had been doing her hair in front of a mirror and when she looked round she kept her hands up to her hair. One was standing up and had been applying lipstick and she raised her eyes to the Stag but still held the lipstick to her mouth. Several were just sitting around on plain wooden chairs, doing nothing, and they raised their heads and turned them to the door, but they went on sitting. One or two of them were half clothed, but most of them were in shiny green or shiny blue or shiny red or shiny gold evening dress, and when they turned to look at the Stag they were so still that they were like a tableau.

The Stag paused. Then he said, "I am to state on behalf of the authorities that they are sorry to disturb you. My apologies, mesd'moiselles. But it is necessary that you come with us for purposes of registration, etcetera. Afterwards you will be allowed to go. It is a mere formality. But now you must come, please. I have

conversed with Madame." The girls stared.

The Stag stopped speaking, but still the girls did not move.

"Please," said the Stag, "get your coats. We are the military." He stepped aside and held open the door. Suddenly the tableau dissolved, the girls got up, puzzled and murmuring, and two or three of them moved toward the door. The others followed, and the ones that were half-clothed quickly slipped on a dress, patted their hair with their hands, and came too. None of them had coats.

"Count them," said the Stag to Stuffy as they filed out of the door. Stuffy counted them aloud and there were fourteen.

"Fourteen, sir," said Stuffy, who was trying to talk like a sergeant-major.

The Stag said, "Correct," and he turned to the girls who were crowded in the passage. "Now, mesd'moiselles, I have the list of your names from Madame, so please do not try to run away. And do not worry. This is merely a formality of the military."

William was out in the passage opening the door which led to the stairs, and he went out first. The girls followed and the Stag and Stuffy brought up the rear. The girls were quiet and puzzled and worried and a little frightened and they didn't talk; none of them talked except for a tall one with black hair who said, "Mon Dieu, a formality of the military. Mon Dieu, mon Dieu, what next?" But that was all, and they went on down. In the hall they met the Egyptian who had a flat face and two cauliflower ears, and for a moment it looked as though there would be trouble. But the Stag waved his identification card in his face and said, "The Military Police," and the man was so surprised that he did nothing and let them pass.

And so they came out onto the street, and the Stag said, "It is necessary to walk a little way, but only a very little way," and they turned right and walked along the sidewalk with the Stag leading, Stuffy at the rear, and William walking out on the road guarding the flank. There was some moon now. One could see quite well, and William tried to keep in step with the Stag and Stuffy tried to keep in step with William, and they swung their

arms and held their heads up high and looked very military, and the whole thing was a sight to behold. Fourteen girls in shiny evening dresses, fourteen girls in the moonlight in shiny green, shiny blue, shiny red, and shiny gold, marching along the street with the Stag in front, William alongside, and Stuffy at the rear. It was a sight to behold.

THE GIRLS had started chattering. The Stag could hear them, although he didn't look round. He marched on at the head of the column and when they came to the crossroads he turned right. The others followed and they had walked fifty yards down the block when they came to an Egyptian café. The Stag saw it and he saw the lights burning behind the blackout curtains and he turned around and shouted "Halt!"

"Mesd'moiselles," said the Stag, "listen to me." But there was mutiny in the ranks and the girls were talking and the tall one with dark hair was saying, "Mon Dieu, what is this? What in hell's name sort of a thing is this?"

"Quiet," said the Stag. "Quiet!" and the second time he shouted it as a command. The talking stopped.

"Mesd'moiselles," he said, and now he became polite. "With the military there always has to be formality. It is something unavoidable. It is something that I regret exceedingly. But there can be chivalry also. And you must know that with the R.A.F. there is great chivalry. So now it will be a pleasure if you will all come in here and take with us a glass of beer. It is the chivalry of the military." He stepped forward, opened the door of the café and said, "Oh for God's sake, let's have a drink. Who wants a drink?"

Suddenly the girls saw it all. They saw the whole thing as it was, all of them at once. It took them by surprise. For a second they considered. Then they looked at one another, then they looked at the Stag, then they looked around at Stuffy and at William, and when they looked at those two they caught their eyes and the laughter that was in them. All at once the girls began to laugh, and they moved forward and poured into the café.

The tall one with dark hair took the

Stag by the arm and said, "Mon Dieu, Military Police, mon Dieu, oh mon Dieu," and she threw her head back and laughed and the Stag laughed with her. William said, "It is the chivalry of the military," and they moved into the café.

The place was rather like the one that they had been in before, wooden and sawdusty, and there were a few coffee-drinking Egyptians sitting around with the red tarbooshes on their heads. William and Stuffy pushed three round tables together and fetched chairs. The girls sat down. The Egyptians at the other tables put down their coffee cups, turned around in their chairs and gaped.

A waiter came up and the Stag said, "Seventeen beers. Bring us seventeen beers." The waiter said "Pleess," went away and returned with the beer.

William raised his glass and said, "To the chivalry of the military." The dark girl said, "Oh mon Dieu." Stuffy didn't say anything. He was busy looking around at the girls, sizing them up, trying to decide now which one he liked best so that he could go to work at once. The Stag was smiling and the girls were sitting there in their shiny evening dresses, and once again it was almost a tableau, certainly it was a picture, and the girls were sitting there sipping their beer, seeming quite happy, not seeming suspicious any more because to them the whole thing now appeared exactly as it was and they understood.

The Stag put down his glass and looked around him. "My God, there's enough here for the whole squadron. How I wish the whole squadron was here!" He took another drink, stopped in the middle of it, and put down his glass quickly. "I know what," he said. "Waiter, oh waiter."

"Pleess."

"Get me a big piece of paper and a pencil."

"Pleess." The waiter went away and came back with a sheet of paper, and he took a pencil from behind his ear and handed it to the Stag. The Stag banged the table for silence.

"Mesd'moiselles," he said, "for the last time there is a formality. It is the last of all the formalities."

"Oh mon Dieu," said the dark girl.

"It is nothing," the Stag said. "You are required to write your name and your telephone number on this piece of paper. It is for my friends in the squadron." One could see that the girls liked the Stag's voice. "You would be very kind if you would do that," he went on, "for they too would like to meet you. It would be a pleasure."

"Wonderful," said William.

"Crazy," said the dark girl, but she wrote her name and number on the paper and passed it on. The Stag ordered another round of beer. The girls were writing their names down on the paper. They looked happy and William particularly looked happy, but Stuffy looked serious because the problem of choosing was a weighty one and it was heavy on his mind. They were good-looking girls, young and good-looking, all different, completely different from each other because they were Greek and Syrian and French and Italian and light Egyptian and Yugoslav and many other things, but they were all good-looking.

The piece of paper had come back to the Stag now and they had all written on it, fourteen strangely written names and fourteen telephone numbers. The Stag looked at it slowly. "This will go on the squadron notice-board," he said, "and I will be regarded as a great benefactor."

William said, "It should go to headquarters. It should be mimeographed and circulated to all squadrons. It would be good for morale."

"Oh mon Dieu," said the dark girl. "You are crazy."

Slowly Stuffy got up to his feet, picked up his chair, carried it round to the other side of the table and pushed it between two of the girls. All he said was, "Excuse me. Do you mind if I sit here?" At last he had made up his mind, and now he turned toward the one on his right and quietly he went to work. He began to talk to her, completely oblivious to the rest of the company, turning toward her and leaning his head on his hand. Watching him, it was not so difficult to understand why he was the greatest pilot in the squadron. He was a young concentrator, this Stuffy.

Meanwhile the Stag was thinking. He

was thinking about the next move, and when everyone was getting toward the end of their third beer, he banged the table again for silence.

"Mesd'moiselles," he said, "it will be a pleasure for us to escort you home. I will take five of you"—he had worked it all out—"Stuffy will take five, and Jamface will take four. We will take three gharri and I will take five of you in mine and I will drop you home one at a time."

William said, "It is the chivalry of the military."

"Stuffy," said the Stag. "Stuffy, is that all right? You take five. It's up to you whom you drop off last."

Stuffy looked around. "Yes," he said. "Oh yes. That suits me."

"William, you take four. Drop them home one by one; you understand."

"Perfectly," said William. "Oh, perfectly."

They all got up and moved toward the door. The tall one with dark hair took the Stag's arm and said, "You take me?"

"Yes," he answered. "I take you."

"You drop me off last?"

"Yes. I drop you off last."

"Oh mon Dieu," she said. "That will be fine."

Outside they got three gharri, and they split up into parties. Stuffy was moving quickly. He got his girls into the carriage quickly, climbed in after them and the Stag saw the gharri drive off down the street. Then he saw William's gharri move off, but it seemed to start away with a sudden jerk, with the horses breaking into a gallop at once, and the Stag looked again and he saw that William once again was perched high up on the driver's seat with the reins in his hands.

The Stag said, "Let's go," and his five girls got into their gharri. It was a squash, but everyone got in. The Stag sat back in his seat and then he felt an arm pushing under and linking with his. It was the tall one with dark hair. He turned and looked at her.

"Hello," he said. "Hello, you."

"Ah," she whispered. "You are such goddam crazy people." And the Stag felt a warmth inside him and he began to hum a little tune as the gharri rattled on through the dark streets.

Recipe for a Statesman

McKELLAR," said Mr. Crump, "has made Tennessee a great Senator. He is energetic, honest, and intelligent. He is the peer of all, and I know he feels he is right in his stand on the TVA. However, some of us differ with him on that. Senator McKellar probably has more personal friends in his state than any other Senator has. He answers telephone calls promptly; he responds to every telegram within the hour and in most cases earlier. He answers his mail every day, and follows up his answers. He is courteous and polite to every man and woman who visits Washington from Tennessee. Therefore no one can beat him." — "Boss" E. H. Crump of Memphis, quoted by William S. White in a dispatch to the *New York Times*, May 9, 1945.

{ *Kurt Steel (otherwise Rudolf Kagey, assistant professor of philosophy at New York University)* }
{ *is not only a popular author of mystery novels* }
{ *but a journalist with a Corn Belt background.* }

REVOLUTION IN THE CORN BELT

KURT STEEL



FOUR and a half million American farmers have put 13 million bushels of seed corn into the ground this year. If all of it were planted in one field, that 95,000,000-acre field would be about the size of the state of California. During the fall and early winter the farmers will harvest a crop of some three billion bushels—enough to fill a freight train stretching half way around the world. It is our greatest crop by any measurement—acreage, bulk or value. The corn crop is usually worth about as much as our cotton, wheat and oats crops combined.

But the story of our corn crop is richer and more exciting than any mere list of statistics. To begin with, it is a mystery story. No one knows for certain how corn originated or what its botanical ancestors were. Corn is an orphan among grains, belonging to no known family. As if to make up for this, corn has attached itself so devotedly to man that for unnumbered centuries it has depended on man's help for its very survival.

No corn has ever been found growing wild. Wherever explorers have come upon corn, anywhere in the world, that corn has been planted and tended by men. Somewhere in the mysterious past, corn lost the ability to re-seed itself without man's help. Why? Look at an ear of corn, its kernels tightly packed together and wrapped in many layers of husk. When an ear of corn falls to the ground,

this wrapping prevents the individual kernels from sprouting. Or if by accident they do sprout, there will be so many in a hill that they will starve each other out until even the strongest will fight its way up as a straggling runt, incapable of bearing seed for a second generation.

The only thing we know with any certainty about the history of corn is that its birthplace was somewhere in North or Central America, probably in Mexico or Guatemala. Some authorities believe that corn has been continuously cultivated in the Western Hemisphere for 20,000 years. At least there is nothing to show that men in the Americas have ever been without corn—or that corn has ever been without men.

But if corn has had an exclusively New World origin, it has proved to be hardy and adaptable to other climates, as adaptable, indeed, as man himself. Taken to Europe in the sixteenth century, corn rapidly made itself at home all over the world and today it is the only grain that can be grown in every land where man carries on agriculture. Corn is the one global plant.

Thus a revolution in corn culture should be of incalculable value in feeding and rehabilitating a war-shattered world. And here the story of corn begins to read like a thriller. For just such a revolution is taking place in our own corn belt. The cyclonic center of this revolution is "hybrid" corn.

UNLIKE most scientific revolutions, this one can actually be seen taking place. It can be watched from a train window—in all but four states, that is. In those four, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, and Ohio, the change has already been so complete as to leave almost no traces of the old order. In the other eight states of the corn belt, and to a lesser degree in the rest of the 48 (for every state grows corn), this revolution is still going on apace.

What the traveler sees from his train window is first a field with the same ragged, unbarbered look that cornfields have had for thousands of years. Two hundred yards beyond lies a second field whose tasselled crest is as neat and trim as a crew haircut.

In the first field some stalks are lofty and spindling, others short and stocky. In the second field the plants are like identical paper dolls cut with the same strokes. The ears in the first field grow high, low, and middling. In the second field a single rifle shot, it seems, would clip all the ears down an entire row, so uniformly do they hang at waist height. In the old-fashioned field hundreds of stalks have been broken and uprooted by wind and hail. In the neat, tidy field not a single stalk is bent over.

At harvest time, since no machine can reach high and stoop low to gather ears, the first farmer must bring in his crop by hand. It will take a man of skill and stamina to husk as much as 100 bushels a day. But in the second field any two high school boys able to drive a tractor can bring in the harvest with a machine, which picks and husks as it moves down the rows, at the rate of 1,000 bushels a day.

Machine-pickers were in use as early as 1924. But as long as a large proportion of the stalks in every field were broken down, harvesting by machines was inefficient. Today in many sections of Illinois and Iowa 90 per cent of the corn is husked by machinery. In 1925 every acre of corn grown in the Midwest required at least 14 man-hours of hard work. Today, with the increased use of tractors and machine-pickers, an acre of corn in the most productive districts takes only a little over six man-hours of labor.

Last fall the old-fashioned farmer laid

out no cash for seed; from his own crop he sorted out the most likely-looking ears and hung them up to dry. The progressive farmer bought hybrid seed from a commercial producer. He paid about \$80 for enough to plant his 60-acre field, but his yield will be some 25 bushels per acre more than that of his conservative-minded neighbor—or enough to bring him an additional cash income of \$900 on the one 60-acre field.

Abundance, absolute uniformity of appearance and yield, declining labor costs, ballooning cash income—these are only a few of the advantages offered by hybrid corn. There are scores of others, less apparent but even more important in the long run. For example, the University of Illinois, from work started in 1897, has produced corn strains containing twice as much protein and three times as much oil as ordinary corn. With these strains, hybrid seed is being developed to yield corn of tremendously increased nutritional value.

Other strains of hybrid corn especially rich in certain minerals have been turned to the mass production of penicillin. By the use of corn steep liquor—a by-product of starch making—the rate at which penicillin can be turned out has recently been increased 1,000 per cent. Today this steep liquor from hybrid corn is an indispensable ingredient in penicillin production.

In view of all this, it is not surprising that in ten short years traditions have been upset which had remained unchanged since long before the day of the Aztecs. In Illinois, for instance, as recently as 1935 less than one-half of one per cent of the corn planted was hybrid. This year 98 per cent of Illinois corn will come from hybrid seed, while in Iowa, where the revolution got a slightly faster start, the proportion is just a shade under 100 per cent.

BUT the amazing thing is not that in one decade a revolution has occurred in a grain culture thousands of years old. The amazing thing is that it waited those thousands of years to happen. The discovery of hybrid corn required no modern machinery or intricate scientific knowledge. All it took was patience and end-

less hand labor. The Mayas in Yucatán had patience and labor to spare, and they probably worked hard to improve their corn. The Aztecs could have grown hybrid corn long before Cortez sailed from Spain. But the Mayas and the Aztecs lacked one thing. They lacked ingenuity. Hybrid corn is one of the purest products of ingenuity—assisted only by the peculiar anatomy of the corn plant itself.

Corn, unlike other grasses and grains, bears not one but two different flowers on the same stalk. The male flower is the tree-like tassel at the top which sheds pollen. The female flower is the shoot, lower down on the stalk, tufted with corn silk. The pollen from the tassel falls on the sticky corn silk, fertilizing the female flower which develops into the mature ear. Each kernel of corn is produced by one microscopic pollen germ.

Every tassel produces more than 20,000 times as much pollen as is needed to fertilize the shoot on its own stalk. This enormous oversupply has always been allowed to sift on the breeze over the rest of the field. Thus in an ordinary, old-fashioned field, each ear is helped along in its ripening by pollen from the tassels of a hundred different plants. Since each of these plants has a personality of its own—long or short ear, tall or stubby stalk, high or low starch content, and so on—the crop in any such field will be a mongrel mixture with hopelessly tangled ancestry.

In hybrid corn, controlled breeding replaces this helter-skelter confusion. Corn growing has become such an exact art that today skilled growers can predict exactly what size and quality of plant will spring from any given kernel of seed corn.

The technique of producing a strain of hybrid corn is simplicity itself—combined with a staggering amount of patient labor. First a pure strain must be developed by six or seven years of careful inbreeding. This means fertilizing the shoot on a stalk with pollen from that same stalk and no other. To achieve this inbreeding, a bag is tied about the tassel to collect the pollen, and then the bag is emptied by hand over the shoot, lower down on the same plant. All tassels in the field, of course, must be bagged. After this awkward and back-breaking work has been continued

for seven years, a strain of corn will have emerged which can be depended upon to show identical traits from season to season thereafter, if planted at least 200 yards from any other corn.

Some of the traits in any pure inbred strain will be highly desirable, others less so. For example, one strain may produce corn with an especially high starch content, but on a stalk so weak as to be at the mercy of every high wind. Another strain, poorer in starch, will have strong, deeply rooted stalks. So the second pure strain is now crossbred with the first to yield a combination of the two desirable qualities, high starch content on strong stalk.

This crossbreeding of two pure strains means another three years of tedious labor. Again pollen is collected by hand, but this time it is transferred from the tassel on the one strain to the shoot on the second strain. Finally, after ten years of laborious experiment, two such crosses (each with two pure-strain parents) are combined to give a double-cross uniting the traits of four pure grandparent strains. This is the hybrid seed which is sold commercially. To produce it, 100 acres of rich land may have lain profitless for more than a decade while labor costs rose to extravagant totals. And out of a thousand such experiments only one may turn out to be commercially valuable. But this one will be golden in worth as well as color.

A hybrid strain produced by a ten-year experiment of this kind does its best only when planted in the same kind of soil used in its development. Hybrids are very fastidious. Each strain demands a special kind of soil chemistry, and its use is thus limited to a certain district. A hybrid with a high yield in one state—or even one county—may perform poorly in another. This, however, is one of hybrid corn's greatest virtues, for it means that an appropriate strain can be developed for almost any condition of soil, and as those conditions change in any given locality new strains of seed can be produced to match the change.

Once a good double-cross hybrid has been developed, the worst is past. It can then be reproduced year after year by a

simple assembly-line method. The two parent varieties are planted together in the same field. One—it makes no difference which—is labeled “male,” the other “female.” One row of the first is planted for every three rows of the second.

As soon as the tassels begin to appear in July, groups of girls ride through the field on high-wheeled platforms plucking the tassels from all the female rows. The plants do not mature all at once, so this detasselling process must be repeated at least every other day for a period of some three weeks and can cost as much as \$20 an acre. Since only the male plants are left with tassels, they alone can dust pollen over the field. As a result they cross-fertilize the female rows.

The ears formed on the female plants will thus combine the characteristics of both strains, and they become next year's double-cross hybrid seed. The ears on the male plants are, by contrast, exactly like that one parent. When the ears from the “female” rows are harvested they are taken to commercial processing plants where skilled workers inspect them and remove every damaged kernel, one by one. Then the ears are dumped into bins through which hot dry air is forced for 100 hours until the moisture content of the kernels has dropped from a maximum of 30 per cent to 12 per cent.

Finally the hybrid ears are shelled. The shelled corn is graded by machinery which separates the kernels by length, breadth and thickness. When it has gone through its last grading, the corn is sacked and stored, to be sold next spring as seed—seed guaranteed to produce an absolutely uniform yield.

All this is a far cry from the day when each farmer sorted out a pile of ears and put them aside as seed. Indeed, once a farmer uses hybrid corn he actually sacrifices his right to grow strong vigorous seed corn of his own. For there is this additional peculiarity about a hybrid—it will not reproduce itself except in a spotty, uncertain fashion. It “breaks” into its component strains—just as children may resemble any one of four grandparents or even a more remote ancestor. So hybrid seed corn must be bred afresh each year by the crossing of the parent strains.

AS FAR back as 1867 American growers were tinkering with the idea of hybrids. But it was not until 1905 that a workable technique was developed through experiments conducted at the University of Illinois by A. D. Shamel and at Princeton by G. H. Shull. This technique was taken up at other experiment stations and by scientific-minded farmers themselves. One pioneer was Lester Pfister of El Paso, Illinois, whose neighbors made fun of him as he doggedly kept crossing strains of corn, getting no revenue from his farm until he was \$35,000 in debt. Four years later he had a million-dollar-a-year business. Henry A. Wallace was another pioneer. Hybrid seed was first grown commercially in 1917, but only in the past few years has it skyrocketed into a billion-dollar business. There are five big producing companies and dozens of smaller ones, ranging down to individual farmers who carry on experimental breeding for their neighbors.

LARGE-SCALE production of hybrid corn came at a providential moment in our history. It allowed us to turn millions of acres from corn growing to the fighting of one of our bitterest raw material battles in World War II.

Early in 1942 it was clear that the United Nations faced a serious shortage of vegetable oils. These oils not only make an important contribution to food supplies in the form of margarine and cooking fats, but they also have many military and industrial uses, ranging from the manufacture of soap and explosives to processes for making tin plate. When the Japs overran the Pacific Islands and southeast Asia they cut off one of our chief sources of copra and oil seeds, thus curtailing our supplies of vegetable oils.

We met the threat by increasing tremendously the acreage planted to peanuts and soybeans, two of our most efficient oil producing crops. But that increase was possible only because America's farmers could meet the country's corn requirements from a smaller acreage because of the widespread use of hybrid seed.

This situation, dramatically lucky in 1942, can pose an uncomfortable problem with the return of peace. When our

normal supply of imported vegetable oils is available again, we won't need all that extra acreage in peanuts and soybeans. Yet if the land goes back to the production of corn, the new high-yield hybrid varieties may confront us with an embarrassing surplus unless something happens to siphon off that surplus.

Fortunately, side by side with the revolution in corn growing, a second revolution is taking place in the industrial uses to which corn products can be put. Corn is not only the largest of our crops, it is rapidly becoming the most versatile.

About 30 per cent of a normal fresh kernel of corn is water. Of the solid matter 80 per cent is starch, 10 per cent protein, and the remainder oil, fiber, and minerals. Not long ago the only uses of the kernel, aside from stock feed, were hominy grits, corn meal, and breakfast foods. Today less than two per cent of our corn not fed to stock is used this way, the vast remainder going into sugars, starches and starch products.

More than 30 modern industries, from cotton goods to steel and explosives, depend on refined cornstarch in some form. Dextrin, which is a kind of "roasted" starch, plays an important part in the making of adhesives of all kinds. Last year more than 100,000,000 pounds of dextrin were used for every kind of sticking purpose from the gum on envelope flaps and cigarette papers to binder for castings in aluminum foundries.

Experiment stations and industrial chemists have recently developed hybrid strains of "waxy" corn which yield wholly new starch products, including a replacement for tapioca whose importation from the

Dutch East Indies was cut off by the war. Dextrose, an important body fuel with countless uses, is produced from corn. About one-fourth of every pound of candy sold today consists of corn products.

In addition to its crucial service in the mass production of penicillin, corn has been turned to many other medical purposes from the manufacture of sulfa tablets and synthetic vitamin C to riboflavin for bread enrichment, and diabetic foods. Lactic acid produced from corn is being used as a shock preventive in bad burns.

New functions have been found not only for the shelled kernels but for every other part of the corn plant as well. Corn stalks are suitable for paper and wall-board. Cobs—only yesterday considered waste—serve a score of purposes from the production of gasoline and water-purifiers to the manufacture of plastics. Corn leaves yield nitrocellulose, while alcohol extracted from corn plays a critical part in the manufacture of such war materials as synthetic rubber, shatter-proof glass, lacquers and explosives.

Corn products go into the making of many other vital military necessities—batteries, brake linings for bombers, parachutes, tents, bandages, mosquito netting, aircraft parts, gun mounts, shell casings, asbestos fire-fighting suits, and photographic film. All told, corn today serves several hundred general industrial and food uses, and laboratory workers are constantly finding more.

The Aztecs believed that the corn plant was a direct gift to mankind from the gods. They may not have been so far wrong, at that.

Another Man's Poison

FRANKLIN P. ADAMS



I HEED the reiterated advice that we civilians are getting about the Return of the Soldier. We all, say the rehabilitation experts, the Army psychologists, and the OWI, should treat the boys—the Johnnies, the Olavs, the Bens, the Pats—who come marching home with precisely the right mixture of loving kindness and indifference. No excessive hero stuff, no ostentatious pretense that they haven't been away at all, that they haven't been through various forms of hell. This, to my notion, is not much of a problem.

But how are the boys—boys when they left, men when they come home—going to treat their parents? Have they been told that the Old Folks at Home also need some treatment from the Marchers? Have they been adjured that civilians haven't had so soft a life as soldiers have been told, especially in some of the Army newspapers? Comparatively, we civilians have sat pretty; but we *have* sat, at home, in offices, working at least twice as hard. Many of us, paying twice as much for sustenance and lodging, are doing it on less money than we were paid in 1942. War Bond drives, Red Cross drives, reliefs for many countries, and dozens of appeals have bled some of the Home Folks, if not white, dappled gray. We now pay \$70 for things that cost \$40 in 1943.

The first few days at home will seem to the boys like a glimpse of heaven. I have had so many letters from servicemen that I know that that is how they feel; but it won't take long for boredom to set in; boredom even worse than the boredom that the armed services suffer during a war ninety-five per cent of the time.

The soldier or sailor back home should

be warned to treat the home folks with some sympathy. It is hard for the warrior not to have contempt for the civilian. In World War I, those of us who were in France laughed scornfully when we read of the gasless Sundays, of the Liberty Bond investors, and of the profiteers. And the men who came home grew tired of being asked their experiences. Most of them said, "Not too bad," or "I went without a bath for six weeks," or "We had a fine time in Nancy, or Beaune." (I did, and nowhere else.)

And this time I am a civilian, and our tiny town has been told how to act to the boys who come back, though no town is so tiny that it hasn't had its telegrams from the War or the Navy Department.

But I am worried about how we home folks are going to be treated by, for example, a boy who was born here; who up to his 32nd year had never been a dozen miles away from home. Now he has been in Massachusetts, Alabama, Labrador, Iceland, Africa, Italy, and France. How is he going to treat his folks, who have been dwelling on Route Conn. 105 for 25 years?

THERE is another problem. Last June I met on the train a sailor who had been away from his home five years. Married; two children. He had been home for a week. "Couldn't get away too fast," he said. "They cried. That is, my wife and my parents. Hell, didn't I hear enough guys on the ship who got legs shot off?"

And a wise officer told me that there is a sad problem for the returning husband. His wife, knowing that he is due home, gets herself a hair wave, a new dress, and

pretties herself up to meet him at the train. His dream, while he is fighting, while he carries her picture and probably tells other men how superior his wife is to theirs, is of walking up to the door and finding the Little Woman—a mixture of beauty and domesticity—at home cooking his favorite comestible. Often mutual disappointment is the result of the first meeting.

The readjustment problem, tough as it is, may be exaggerated. But its solution will need months of militant humanness. If I knew the answer, or answers, this would be the most important magazine piece of the war.



An attorney acquaintance confides that his notion of nothing to worry about is to be sued by the Estate of Adolf Hitler, dec'd.



TOXICUM ON ROUTE 2

Oh a poisonous plant is the ivy green,
As it reddens the rural skin;
And there's dermatitis in my demesne
When summer's all the way in.



When again come bright college years, when Harvard again is fair, when Old Nassau is again affectionately praised, when Michigan again is hailed as the champion of the West, then, and not until then, will peace reign in our sweet land. For every university now has its Campus Martius; the old place looks strange, swarming with young soldiers and sailors. An alumnus back for a night is wakened at 5:30 by reveille. Now and then one sees a 17-year-old freshman, or a 60-year-old professor. But all, all are gone, the old familiar faces.



It makes me increasingly angry to read the cynical writers who, really desiring the status quo, speak of the Brave New World. They should be condemned, it seems to me, to ride high bicycles instead of a railroad train or an airplane. Give me a Brave New World; I have had more

than enough of the Cowardly Old World.



And, speaking of the Bad Old Days, I counsel a reading of George Fort Milton's *The Age of Hate: Andrew Johnson and the Radicals*. That is, if possible. Published in 1930.

Of course the Roosevelt haters—what with tremendously augmented communication and the fact that Roosevelt's tenure tripled Lincoln's—were more numerous than the Lincoln haters. But there were those in the Senate who openly accused Andrew Johnson of complicity in Lincoln's assassination. And among the things that the Ben Wades and the Ben Butlers and the Thad Stevenses impeached—and but for a single vote, would have convicted—the President for was Johnson's request that Edwin M. Stanton, a thorny hold-over from Lincoln's cabinet, resign. How little stir, politically, the cabinet changes made last May, after Franklin Roosevelt's death. No Pollyanna I—as *Time* would say, I hope—I am encouraged that the Rankins and the Clare Hoffmans are conspicuous instead of in the commonplace majority, as in Andrew Johnson's day.



The publication last spring of a book about Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, the Lewis Carroll who wrote about Alice, aroused—I aroused it—some discussion. And I found agreement with my own early experience: that children not only didn't understand Alice; they were bored by most of her Wonderland Adventures. The chess characters, the intricate problems, are not to be understood by childhood.

My earliest nonsense book, uncluttered by philosophy or mathematics, was Charles Edward Carryl's *Davy and the Goblin*. If you don't remember it, it is the book that contains "A capital ship for an ocean trip was the *Walloping Window Blind*," not to add that rhymed story of Robinson Crusoe, beginning "The night was thick and hazy when the *Piccadilly Daisy* carried down the crew and captain in the sea."

Lewis Carroll broke with W. S. Gilbert because of the profanity employed by

Gilbert in *H.M.S. Pinafore*. The captain of the *Pinafore* sings:

I'm very sorry to disparage
A humble foremost lad,
But to seek your captain's child in marriage,
Why damme, it's too bad!

And though the right good crew, and the ruler of the Queen's navy and his feminine relatives, were shocked, lyrically and actually, by such profanity, and its user was banished to his cabin, Carroll wrote Gilbert that he no longer could witness any operetta of Gilbert's writing.

I should like to hear Ernest Hemingway's comment on that letter, though I doubt its printability anywhere. Matter of fact, that gifted satirist of feminine fatuousness, Helen Hokinson, has a *New Yorker* picture of a woman saying to a librarian, "Where do you suppose John Steinbeck learned such terrible words?"



The last time, except for a recent encounter, that I had seen Mr. H. B. Warner, was when he was acting—about 1910 or so—in *Alias Jimmy Valentine*, a play written by the late Paul Armstrong, around the late O. Henry's story "A Retrieved Reformation." And so, at our 1945 meeting, "Hello," said Mr. Warner, "I thought we were both dead."

P.S. Research note: I was uncertain that it was "A Retrieved Reformation." It is. Page 161, *Roads of Destiny*.



"No soap," said an American in London, with our non-saponaceous significance. "Bless you," said the London lady, "we've not had any for ever so long."

BALLADE OF CONSERVATIVELY NEGATIVE ACCOMPLISHMENT, ETC.

When I was a lad I served a term—
A term that began when I was young—
As a metrical rhymers whose feet were firm
On a ladder with many a creaky rung;
By the Dobson bee I was often stung
In my terribly tortuous upward climb
And though from there I was frequently
flung,

I was never a rebel against a rhyme.

The neo-prosodist makes me squirm,
Though his verses may be a wow in Ung;
Even assonance gets me along the derm,
Like a participle that's badly hung.
You will have to consider me among
The police who detest a cadence-crime;
For I yell and shout with my every lung:
"I was never a rebel against a rhyme."

Call me a coward, a clunk, a worm;
Call me (as some do) a pile o' dung;
Say that of genius I have no germ,
Say I've no talent with the English tongue;
Call me a barrel that has no bung,
Say I belong in the pristine slime,
Bring the indictment so often brung:
I was never a rebel against a rhyme.

L'ENVOI

"Poets" whose poems are underslung,
Poets who prose it in soot and grime;
I say that a song was meant to be sung.
I was never a rebel against a rhyme.



None of us can know the dates of the 8th and 9th War Loans. "Pa," writes a soldier, "I hope it won't run into extra innings."

{ *This is an actual letter, which came into our hands indirectly. We have edited it to conceal the identity of the author and his son.* }

LETTER TO A SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD SON

ANONYMOUS



DEAR GREG:

In one sense I have been planning to write this letter for several years in order to pull together for what they may be worth some notions on your choice of an occupation and how to train yourself for it. In another sense the letter is occasioned by the recent news story about Pearlstein, the Brooklyn College basketballer, who carried a couple of books but never went to class. In still another sense the reason for the letter is the too-brief talk we had the other day when you showed me a pamphlet about an Army plan for training seventeen-year-olds in colleges as members of the Enlisted Reserve. In still another sense this is an answer to ideas you have put forward from time to time about enlisting next month. So you see you're in for a large dose of the Old Man's ideas on Life, Education, War, and What-not—especially What-not.

In a novel by Bulwer-Lytton, whose books you would not like (which is just as well), a character says: "What a terrible and unfair advantage merely living longer gives a man!" It is both a wise and sad remark, one that can serve as a warning to members of different generations when dealing with each other. The older always know that they know more; the young always know that the old don't know enough to keep from messing up the world. Both, of course, are quite right. Progress would occur if each gen-

eration could pass on what it learned to the next and if the next picked up from there and went on. This hardly ever happens. In our day we try to hand over to specialists in schools the responsibility for telling the next generation what preceding generations have learned. On the whole this probably works better than if we tried it ourselves. But it doesn't work very well; there is a certain quality about it which lacks the individual touch. What follows in this letter is just an attempt to apply the advantage I have, because I have lived longer with you, because I know you better than a teacher does, or a college catalogue, or a newspaper, or a recruiting poster.

I have not only lived longer, but have had unusual advantages for seeing what's going on in the world. The average man gets a chance to look at the world only when his work is over. My full-time job for almost twenty years has been to try to figure it out. I get paid for the privilege of talking to almost anybody on earth, asking questions about the things they are supposed to know, and I have been given plenty of time to figure out the answers. What's more, I have carried to extremes the habit of reading books (where more answers are to be found than in the heads of one's contemporaries). I'm not sure I know many answers, and anyhow I couldn't expect you to accept the ones I think I know. But now that you are up

against decisions that involve very general questions of what kind of a world it is and how to act in it, it would be wrong and lazy of me, I think, if I didn't try to pass on my ideas.

YOUR problem of Navy enlistment next month, or of entering the Army Enlisted Reserve, is all bound up, it seems to me, with what you're going to do later, and that's why I'll try to handle them all together. We might start with the more specific problems and work toward the more general ones.

There are three kinds of soldiers: professionals, citizens, and bums. (All this applies to Navy people as well.) Professional soldiering isn't a bad life if you have that kind of temperament. It requires a high sense of honor and duty, a low degree of curiosity, ambition, and independence. The pay is poor but the security is practically perfect. A professional soldier *can* learn almost anything. Almost none of them learn any more than they have to. General Beukema of West Point is perhaps the only one of the hundreds of professionals I have met in the past fifteen years who really struck me as an outstanding all-round man. I have an impression that General Marshall is another, but I don't know. If the same could be said of many of the top officers. Soldiering is a respectable but deadening sort of profession. I know lots of young men to whom I would recommend it. You are not one of them, although I can think of a lot of people who would be more unhappy as professional soldiers than you would be. If you want to be one, the thing to do is to go to West Point (or Annapolis or V.M.I.) and learn the profession from the ground up and do it right. There are some who come up from the ranks, but most of them never quite get over the strain that such a rise creates. It just isn't the best way to do it.

The citizen soldier is a very different animal. He goes into the Army because his country decides that it needs a few years of his life. (Sometimes it takes his life, but it tries not to. People get killed in other occupations, too. The element of war risk will be left out of this dis-

cussion and the Army will be treated just like coal mining or driving a racing automobile, both of which are highly dangerous.) The citizen soldier goes into an army on the terms laid down by his country. If he has good sense and normal patriotism, he goes willingly and tries like hell to make the best of it. But the young man's duty to go into the Army is like the citizen's duty to pay taxes. It is not exalted, or poetic, or heroic. In a democracy, the decision to go in or stay out (as a citizen soldier, not as a professional) ought not to be left to the individual. Leaving it to him is bad for him and bad for the country. I don't pay taxes on the basis of what I'd like to pay, and I don't pay my 1947 taxes in 1945. We have learned since the last war that "recruiting" is a bad business. We have adopted a sane, responsible attitude toward how to get the huge armies we seem to need. Ninety-five per cent of the men now in uniform would say today that they would not enlist. The other five per cent (except the professionals) are by no means the best soldiers.

They are mostly the ones I've classified above as bums. That may be a harsh term. What I mean is young men who have an especially hard time adjusting to life, who get in trouble with the police, who haven't any purpose or sense of responsibility, and who, by and large, are having a rotten time. In peace, police magistrates give a lot of these guys a choice between the house of correction and the services. Many of them pick the services. Sometimes, but not usually, they get straightened out. In wartime this group tends to expand greatly. Perfectly decent kids can't see beyond the war, can't sit down and think their way through to a purpose. The pressures and distorted values of wartime play tricks like that on all of us, but especially on the youngsters. But a kid who joins the army before he has to in wartime, is (to put it brutally) being motivated in part by the same sort of thing that gets the young bums in peacetime. Sometimes it takes less courage to face a Jap seven thousand miles away than to face a decision about one's immediate life. Enlisting becomes the easy thing to do. I may sound un-

grateful to the kids who are getting shot down to protect me, but honestly I'm not. I would be willing to make considerable personal sacrifices (and I don't mean just money) if I could somehow repay them. But I am not willing to change a fundamental belief that killing and getting killed is a damned serious business that one does only when one has to (i.e., either because soldiering is one's profession or because our country, fixing its own terms, demands it). The wild young fighter pilots are wonderful, but hardly an adequate example to follow.

THE present terms are that physically fit young men go in when they are 18. I personally believe 18 is too low for most American kids because they mature very slowly. The German Army, about half of which consisted of men nearer my age than yours, was man-for-man the best one. But I will not argue the 18-year-old point with the experts who persuaded Congress. Congress has decided. It also permits youths under 18 to enlist when they have their parents' consent. I won't argue with this either. A man's real age isn't always the same as his age in years. There are boys of 17 who are older in many ways than most men are at 22. If a recruiting sergeant, an examining doctor, and a boy's parents all agree that he's one of those exceptions, then the chances are that he has as much business in uniform as the average boy of 18.

In your case, my judgment is that you are not one of those exceptions. You are maturing at about an average American rate; that is, you are now about as old as a 15-year-old Frenchman or German or a 16-year-old Englishman. This is not a personal thing that you can do anything about. It is a peculiar and rather mystifying aspect of American civilization. Nobody fully understands it; in fact we have just begun to recognize it. I think it has something to do with the fact that we live longer than other peoples and thus try to drag out our childhood and adolescence, so as to maintain the old relative proportions of the different "ages of man." It also has to do with the fact that we have a higher standard of living and can afford to drag out both the earlier

and the later less economically productive stages.

Anyway, unless you change in a most unlikely way or unless my ideas change on this point, I would be against your going in. Since the law delegates to your mother and me part of the responsibility for deciding whether you ought to go in at 17, we have a duty to consider the case as citizens, not just as parents. On this point we are agents of the government, in a way, and we have tried to think about it as agents of the government. We think it is best not only for you but for the country that you stay out until the country takes you.

II

IF YOU agree, that brings you to the decision of what you do with the intervening year. That's a tough one. I think I can understand how futile it would seem to take a year of college or do a year of work at this point, knowing that the Army and the war lie ahead. The temptation to say "Oh hell, why don't I get it over with" must be very strong. To give in to that, however, is the easy way. What you are really up against is the tough decision that every youngster has to make of what he's going to do with himself. Most of us try to duck it. Your generation is simply faced with the old problem in a more complicated, less attractive, and more immediate form.

You can't and you don't have to decide in the next year what profession you want to adopt. But you have to work on that choice as hard as you can from here on out. You can't ignore it, Army or no Army, war or no war. You've got to find out as much about yourself as you can, but above all you've got to find out an awful lot about the world, so as to know where you fit best. Those two jobs are the real subject matter of education, in and out of schools.

A great deal has been said and written about the Army as an educational institution. The Army's job is to train men to fight. That is a highly specialized job having almost nothing to do with any peacetime occupation or with helping to fit men for civilian life. For years the

posters have been saying "Join the Navy and Learn a Trade" and "Three Years in the Army Will Fit You for a Better Job." It's hogwash. I never met anybody working at a trade who had learned it in the Army or Navy. The long connection between the Army and the colleges, through the ROTC and otherwise, has been pronounced a dismal failure by almost everybody competent to judge. The colleges go along, partly under pressure, partly because some of them don't know any better, and partly to get the money the Army hands out in subsidies.

Another thing that burns me up is official circulation of the idea that young men can get in on the ground floor of industries that will expand in peacetime by taking training in such things as radar and aviation. The opportunity of any given young man in any given occupation depends not only on whether the industry will expand but on how many other young men have had the same training he's had. I think that aviation, radar, and a lot of other "war babies" are going to grow after the war far beyond their prewar levels. But not even the wildest enthusiast for those industries believes that they can possibly absorb within twenty years a tenth of the men who have been trained for them in wartime. For purposes of getting peacetime jobs, pilot training and radar training can be written off as dead losses. Men with such training will be a dime a dozen.

These reflections relate to the pamphlet you showed me and to some other Army college training plans I looked up. I can see that it is of very real and important value to the Army that the group which graduates from high school at 16 should spend the intervening year in college. But if the Army wants to stimulate them to spend the year in this way, it should hand over free scholarships to the colleges and let the colleges work out the educational programs for that year. The plan you showed me gives the student no real choice as to college, and it mixes college life and army life in a way I believe would be psychologically harmful. The lack of choice as to colleges is important; there are some real stinkers among American colleges.

III

ON THE broader question of education and postwar occupation, and not with particular reference to the Army, I go wholeheartedly along with you in judging that your general bent and aptitude are along the line of the physical sciences. That's true of most American boys. Americans as a people have outstanding mechanical aptitude and a tremendous number of them want to work with things rather than with words and ideas. For every American boy who wants to be a lawyer there must be a hundred who want to be aviation and automotive engineers. As a result, most male students in American schools learn the physical sciences a lot better than they learn the word sciences. You are an example of this. The word subjects like history, English, and other languages seem irrelevant nuisances that you'll never use. Partly for this reason and partly because schools and parents do an incredibly bad job of explaining the purpose of the word subjects to boys, American education is sadly off base in terms of future citizenship and in terms of what people need to lead happy, useful lives.

Men a lot better than I am have tried to make the points I'm going to make now, but instead of referring you to their writings I'm going to try my own version. People like Hutchins of Chicago go to ridiculous lengths in making claims for the kind of education that stresses the word subjects. They give the impression that just reading Virgil and Homer and studying dead civilizations unlocks the understanding of life. They reduce the "utilitarian subjects" to the level of cooking. But the other extreme is just as bad, and has made a lot more headway in forming the actual attitude of American youth toward education.

To listen to the utilitarians you would think that human progress began with the development of the scientific method about three hundred years ago and that the outstanding achievements of man have been the invention of radio, the harnessing of electricity, and the development of modern medicine. As a matter of fact, the greatest invention of the human race

is language (and thought: thinking is just talking to yourself, not out loud. You think with words, and you can't think without words.)

To realize the relative importance of language suppose first of all that all the doctors in Washington suddenly died. The death rate would go up, maybe epidemics would result, work would be performed less efficiently. Within a month you would probably notice some difference in your daily life. But now suppose everybody in Washington suddenly forgot language. Work, all work, would stop. Transit would stop. All food distribution would stop. People unable to organize their food supply would kill each other to get at what food was available. Within a week most of the population would be dead and the rest would be in Rock Creek Park grubbing for roots to eat. It's a far-fetched example, but you need one like that to point out the obvious.

It's a bad thing that there should be people like me around who don't know a volt from a velocity; bad for me and bad for the society of which I'm a part. My education was one-sided, I must admit. But it's a thousand times worse that the world is full of people who can't make a clear statement of a thought, which is another way of saying they can't think straight. Talking (either to yourself or somebody else) is a technique like building dynamos or growing turnips or removing tonsils. Centuries upon centuries went into developing the technique of talking. The finest men who ever lived gave their lives to it—and their contribution is, even in a strictly utilitarian sense, the most important. The radio is useful only because of the words and music that come over it. Radio is a marvel, of course, but compared to a symphony or a poem or a news broadcast it's just a mechanical gadget, a detail that helps us get the all-important sounds faster and more conveniently.

Not everybody has to work in words (although there are calculations indicating that in a really advanced civilization like ours about 40 per cent of the people work in, or in support of, the word occupations, as distinguished from the thing occupations). But everybody has to know a lot about words and how to use them. I can

get by without being able to build a dynamo; but the dynamo builder can't get by without words.

THE next most important human developments are the sciences of politics and economics. They are particular branches of the word sciences. They are the techniques by which people organize their relations with one another. A herd of sheep follows a set of rules that are different from the behavior of an individual sheep and which can't be figured out even if you know all about an individual sheep. Sheep pick leaders, make herd decisions as to where they will graze, whether they will run or walk, and so on. Those rules and decisions, which nobody understands, are sheep politics.

Even with the tenderest care by shepherds and dogs, sheep couldn't survive without their politics. Men are their own shepherds and dogs. They don't get any help in working out their politics of how to organize themselves to survive and progress. They have to figure out every hard decision in the light of factors whose interrelation is as much more complex than radar as radar is more complex than a simple lever. Fortunately, each generation doesn't have to start from scratch. The record of politics, economics, and sociology—and of technological development for that matter—is contained in history and in art. (Art, including music, is really a highly intensified kind of history. You may not believe this; sometime if you're interested I'll try to prove it to you. Give me a month's notice to get the evidence together.)

Sheep have a herd instinct that tells them to get under a sheltering bank when they smell a blizzard coming. Men have no political instinct to protect them. Instead, we have history, which takes the place of instinct. A people which doesn't know history is like a sheep which can't smell a wolf in the wind. In a democracy a citizen cannot entirely delegate to experts his duty of thinking (language) and his share in exercising the herd instinct for self-preservation (history).

NOT all history (as I indicated in that crack about art) is contained in his-

tory books. Some of the best history is in novels: Lord Wavell, who is a damned good soldier, as Marshal Rommel found out, told the graduating class at Sandhurst, the British West Point, to learn something about history and humanity and to do it by reading good historical and other novels. One of the most important questions of our day, for instance, is what the Russian people are like. If anybody ever wrote a decent history of Russia, I haven't been able to find it. But there was a crop of magnificent Russian novelists and story-tellers who told the Russians and the rest of the world about the Russian character. Almost all that the world really knows of Russian temperament, personality, and development comes from Tolstoy (try *War and Peace*), Dostoevski (too gloomy for you), Chekhov (you might like him since you liked Saroyan: Saroyan is phony Chekhov).

Whether our chances of getting on with the Russians are good or bad, they are a lot better than they would be if there had been no Russian novelists, who made Russians into real, understandable people. Russian temperament has undoubtedly been changing since the Russian revolution; there have been no great writers handling the post-revolutionary period. Russian development and foreign relations in the next fifty years will be partly determined by whether novelists and playwrights arise in Russia who can explain the Russians to themselves and the rest of the world.

The ultra-materialists and the utilitarians tend to interpret all history in terms of things. They will explain the British Empire, for instance, by talking about the British coal and iron deposits. Undoubtedly, the British Empire would have been unlikely without the coal and iron. But the Chinese had more coal and iron than the British yet they went downhill during all the period in which coal and iron were most important. If you look for reasons for the difference, one thing worth noticing is that the English language kept getting better and better, more flexible, clearer, better able to express complicated things, during all the period of Britain's growth, while the Chinese language ceased to grow, tended to

break up into dialects and to be a less and less useful instrument. A good case can be made for saying that Shakespeare (responsible for the greatest single advance in the English language) had more to do with the growth of the British Empire than his contemporary, Queen Elizabeth (who was a first-rate practitioner of politics), and that either of them was considerably more important than all the scientists and inventors put together.

IV

I WANT to repeat for emphasis that this is *not* said to pooh-pooh the physical scientists or to try to talk you out of a field of work where I agree you belong. It is said to redress a balance in present-day American thinking, especially among people of your age. Ultra-materialism, which concentrates on things, bears a large part of the responsibility for the war and for the mess the peace is quite likely to be. On every side people say the Germans are the way they are because their standard of living was so low. The Germans themselves believe they went to war in order to better a subnormal and unjust living standard imposed on them. Actually their living standard was one of the highest in the world. What ailed them was bad thinking, bad understanding of human nature, including their own, and an inability to present such case as they had in language that would induce other people to listen to them.

The German and American educational systems seem to be more alike than a lot of Americans realize. It's one of the things that worry me most about this country. Both our educational systems turn out enormous quantities of people sufficiently educated to be intelligent soldiers, skilled laborers, foremen, engineers, and third-rate lawyers and journalists. But as *people*, as human beings, it is doubtful if these expensively educated Germans and Americans are as wise, as happy, as mentally healthy as a French peasant or a German peasant or an American pioneer of a century ago. Obviously, the answer isn't to go back to illiterate peasantry. An industrialized world requires more education, not less. But—and this is the

important thing—it requires an education that gives to a man of our time the simple human understanding that the peasant and the pioneer used to get naturally out of the lives they led and the surroundings in which they grew up.

Medicine, for instance, is a pretty good profession, especially for one of your temperament which combines a better-than-average knack of getting along with people and a mechanical and scientific bent. But too many of our American physicians, though expensively trained and full of medical information, are dull fellows and unenlightened citizens because their knowledge of people is limited to their specialty. This fact shouldn't discourage you from being a doctor; it should simply discourage you from being the kind of doctor who thinks human beings are just digestive machines with pocketbooks, or that the circulation of the blood is more important than the Constitution of the United States.

That goes for all the other fields open to you. Take farming: in your time that is going to be a far better profession than it has been for three generations. Why? Partly because of scientific advances; but these were making considerable headway in the seventy-five years ending about 1930, during which farming as a way of life kept getting more and more unattractive and insecure. The main reason is because around 1930 some smart people dealing with words and ideas (including a lot of smart dirt farmers) began to figure out what was wrong with farming and began to make some headway in doing something about it. The things that were wrong weren't on the farm itself, they weren't physical things; they were ideas embodied in tariff laws; they were complicated matters like the relation of interest rates to farm prices and the relation of the price of what the farmer sold and what he bought. Farming is a physical science, but it was politics, economics, and the language which finally expressed clearly and effectively what was wrong, that saved the American farmer, and promises to make farming a decent life again. This doesn't mean that you must be an agricultural economist or a farm lobbyist. It means that a farmer

has to know enough politics, economics, history, language, and human nature to be a good farmer-citizen. You can apply this to engineering or anything else.

The world is full of wonderful technicians making \$40 a week and eating their hearts out because the profits of their work and the direction of their work are in the hands of lawyers, bankers, politicians, and other word-artists and organizers. The world, say the technicians, ought not to be like that. So it oughtn't, but the reason why it is lies in the technicians and the way they were trained. Organization—which is done with thoughts, with words—will always be more important, more difficult than any technique in the physical field. The organizers will always get the power because they perform the hardest job. The technicians will always be slaves to the word-artists until the technicians learn how to handle people, how to think logically outside their own narrow fields, how to talk, and how to live.

It's worth noticing that in this highly scientific war almost every important leader has been conspicuously a non-scientist. Roosevelt organized the greatest industrial war effort ever seen, yet there are few Americans who know as little about the technical side of industry as F.D.R. did. Churchill is strictly a poet. He looks very deeply into his country's history, into its soul, and puts what he sees in words that make people act. His speech "we will fight in the streets . . . on the hills" is worth more in purely military terms than all the secret weapons that ever came out of German laboratories. Churchill got that way from reading Shakespeare. Stalin is a manipulator of men and ideas. De Gaulle is a fellow with an ability to make Frenchmen think he's Joan of Arc with a mustache.

V

WHAT does this add up to in terms of the decisions that you must soon make? In the first place, it is an argument against over-specialization at an early age in engineering or any other physical science. It is a plea that in choosing a college, picking courses, and

above all in your general reading and interests, you try to develop that side of you which needs most development—namely, what the colleges call liberal arts or the humanities. These are the really practically important achievements of the human race; the ones which determine whether we go ahead or back. An engineer or a farmer, as well as a lawyer or a journalist, who doesn't know a little of them is likely to be frustrated as a person and not very useful as a citizen.

You have a year before General Hershey starts breathing down your neck. Why not use it on music and history and art and language? Such studies have a most important bearing on the period of soldiering which you will apparently have to go through. The Army, except for basic training and combat (which takes up a minority of time of a minority of soldiers), is an idle life. Those stand it best who have resources inside themselves, who have the habit of reading and remembering books, of listening to and recalling music. Again, the "liberal arts" are the distilled history of civilization, and the preservation of civilization is the only thing that justifies the war: it cannot possibly be justified in terms of living standards or sheer brute survival. To justify the war one must speak of human freedom, and freedom must be more than a sound; it must be an idea that has the deepest association in one's character. To fight for freedom one must understand what it is, how it grew, who expressed it, who worked out this, that or the other advance, what endangers it and why.

It sickened me when I was in Italy to see so many of our guys going up to battle without much idea of why. They were fighting over some of the most important ground in the history of human development. Italy is really one of the greatest

laboratories in the science of human language and organization. A lot of what they were fighting for came out of the very ruins through which they crawled. But they didn't know and nobody bothered to tell them clearly what it was all about. Even the silly Jap, dying in the belief that his wall-eyed emperor is a God, is better off than a soldier whose education is so defective he doesn't have any idea what he's fighting for.

What college you go to is important but not as important as the attitude with which you go. I assume you read the Pearlstein story. We all got a laugh at this guy walking around a campus and never attending a class or cracking a book. Probably his Polish ancestors would have given their eye-teeth for his chance to get into a college. Yet in one generation, so bad is our system of explaining education to the young, the Pearlsteins produce an offspring without enough curiosity to sit through a lecture. I think about half our high school and college students are Pearlsteins. Let me say again that it is not the fault of the Pearlsteins but of the schools that the Pearlstein attitude develops. But every individual Pearlstein must accept the responsibility for not learning. Bad as they are, the schools have the stuff on tap. You can get it if you look for it.

IT MAY take you quite a while to digest this. Don't try to accept or reject it right away. Let it rattle around a little and jot down some comments or points on which you might like further examples or argument. Above all don't worry about yourself. You're doing fine. If you weren't I wouldn't bother to write such a long letter to you.

Love,

C. B.

{ *Sergeant Seymour Freedgood, of the Military Police, and the Taj Mahal are both stationed at Agra; the former, temporarily.* }

V-E NIGHT AT THE TAJ MAHAL

SEYMOUR FREEDGOOD



I FELT a proprietary interest when the Taj Mahal, for the first time in its exotic history, was illuminated by Air Corps floodlighting equipment on V-E night. In a way I was responsible for the venture. A little troop paper which I operate at Agra had some time ago suggested, in an article which described plans for illuminating the Statue of Liberty on V-E day, that something of the sort might also be accomplished with the Taj. Local officials proving agreeable, it was decided that the depot would furnish the technicians and equipment, the Indians furnishing the good will.

In Central India, you understand, the Taj is our most famous landmark. American pilots, on their way from the Middle East to China, are accustomed to use its globular mass as a check point when approaching our field. If important personages are aboard, the pilot will come in low and circle the Taj Gardens. From the air the giant edifice looks like 450 lbs. of birthday cake surrounded by four huge candles. Visitors, many of them coming far out of their way to witness this unusual spectacle, are invariably impressed.

The Taj also being a check point in Mogul history, the members of the local Indian community are equally impressed. Although cognizant of the respect shown their famous mausoleum by Air Force hot-shots, they have also been concerned, ever since the Americans moved in here three

years ago, lest a C-46, in a burst of sight-seer's fury, crash into the marble edifice and destroy Shah Jehan's dream cottage. Should such a catastrophe happen, the consequences to international relations would be beyond belief.

The situation, hence, is delicate. As close as the Indians can come to such a European concept, the Taj is their monument to romantic love. Built by the Mogul emperor Shah Jehan three hundred years ago as a resting place for Mumtaz, queen of his harem, it has since become a cultural shrine for Mohammedans the country over. On moonlit nights its gardens overflow with thousands of pilgrims. Women in purdah arrive in shy, veiled parties to admire the chief testament to their social exclusiveness. Other women, less shy but similarly veiled, are brought on such occasions by Jig-Jig wallas, who set them up in discreet corners of the garden, where they play host to solitary guests. As for the tomb itself, it too has become the subject of romantic memory for some of the Americans stationed here.

A WEEK had been spent in preparation. Though the actual surrender of the Germans was reported on a Monday, international complications postponed our remote celebrations for exactly seven days. But on the 14th of May there was an elaborate Allied parade in the Agra Canton-

ment. Regiments of Indian troops participated, together with the British Army, the RAF, the American Air Force, the Indian WAC's, units from the Native States, and floats, illustrated both in English and Hindustani, explaining the part India had played in the war against fascism. Starting at 5 o'clock the parade wound its way through the Old City, where it was received with all the wild excitement appropriate to a patriotic Durbah. After milling around in the desperate back alleys for several hours it finally emerged at the Agra Fort in time for sunset. Twenty thousand people were arranged there waiting for it.

I was across the river at the Taj while this was going on, watching the technicians set up the floodlighting equipment, so I can only report at second hand what happened. When the parade emerged from the Old City and slogged its way into the Ramlilla Parade Ground, ancient 25 lb. pieces from the walls of the Fort fired salvo after salvo of welcoming fire. The crowd, almost exclusively Indian in its makeup, went mad with pleasure. Then from an interior battlement two searchlight batteries opened up, sending great criss-cross beams into the sky which eventually joined to form a V. At this symbol of Allied triumph the crowd was beside itself. Finally a lone Roman candle arched its way from the fortress, paused for a moment over the heads of the gaping people and then divulged its secret of greens and purples. The crowd almost wept with delight. Encouraged by this response, the civil servants in the Fort increased their activity. More Roman candles were ignited, together with sky rockets and other forms of fireworks; light cascaded from the heavens, and the 25 lb. pieces fired salvo after salvo until the waves of enthusiasm could be heard clear over at the Taj.

IN THE Taj Gardens just behind me, the Air Corps technicians working on the floodlighting equipment had been having difficulties. Word had spread to the remotest villages that the Americans were planning an unusual exhibition and for days Indian country folk had been walking in, bringing their entire families. Parties of them were now camped all over the

gardens, stretched out on the grass in huddled groups and staring at the equipment. It was very hot and intermittently a delegation would approach the electricians and beg for some water. The GI's chased them away and went back to fiddling with their equipment.

At last everything was ready and a long spotlight shot across the gardens and hit the magnificent dome. A whisper of apprehension went through the villagers. From another quarter a second spot blinked on, hitting the impress made by its senior with an almost audible clatter.

"Will it crack?" gasped an old Mohammedan gentleman. He was twitching his pantaloons nervously. "Will the dome withstand?"

"How do you mean?" asked the electrical crew chief. "What's going to crack it?"

"The electrical rays," said the Mohammedan gentleman. "For three hundred years the Taj has been bathed in moonlight. What will be its reaction when assaulted by powerful electrical rays?"

"Step out of my way," said the electrical crew chief. "I've got to do something about these characters." He walked over to where a group of Indians were staring into the lights. "Beat it!" he shouted. "You want to go blind?"

The Indians paid absolutely no attention. They stood trying to put out the lights with their eyeballs, their bodies swaying in the heat.

"Hindus," sniffed the old Mohammedan gentleman. "Always trying to show off."

But the heavier equipment was already going into action. From where they had been protected by a clump of bushes, a battery of floods switched on and swept the darkness away from the monument. In the shadows of this awful incandescence the electrical crews worked furiously.

Looking back over my shoulder, I hurried across the gardens to the Main Gate, from where I hoped to get a full perspective on the remarkable sight. My first intimation of trouble came from an MP jeep which that moment was pulling up to the Main Gate. "Get set for a blow!" the patrolman shouted. "There's a mob coming over from the Fort!"

"Ah?" I said curiously. "The fireworks are over?" Looking beyond the jeep I could see a long line of tongas, ekhas, and lorries crowding down the road.

"Heh, heh," said the military policeman. "That's what you hope. I've just called the Armed Constabulary. That mob thinks the Taj is in flames."

It afterward appeared that they had reason for such a belief. When the civil servants at the Fort, excited by the cheers of the populace, had misjudged the timing on their fuses, scores of blazing rockets had fallen directly into the crowd. The ensuing panic gave room for the craziest rumors, one of them being that as a sacrifice to the god of war the government was trying to set fire to the entire population of Agra. The other and more pertinent rumor was that the Americans, camouflaged by the display of fireworks, were putting the torch to the Taj Mahal.

"Christ help us!" said the military policeman. "Here they come! We've got to save some of that equipment!" He dashed through the Main Gate and into the gardens, leaving me alone with the mob.

I HAD never seen such turbulence in my life. Thousands of Indians were pouring through the anterior gateways and charging across the large parking area which fronts the Main Gate. The turmoil of flying bodies was further increased by every type of wheeled vehicle, including the horse-drawn tonga, which is our common carrier; bicycles, driven by two and three cyclists; ekhas, similar to the tonga but built high off the ground and designed for only one passenger, who sits cross-legged on his portable throne; and even bullock carts, forcing their way through the narrow arches and debarking their loads of excited citizens.

Only a lucky diversion saved me from being trampled to death. Into the packed mass of vehicles plunged a particularly wild ekha, drawn—and it was the first time I had ever seen this—by two white bullocks. I looked closer and saw that its passenger was a dead Hindu. He had been propped into a squatting position and tied firmly to the seat of the ekha, from which eminence he sightlessly ad-

monished the crowd. The Mohammedans were dismayed at this piece of audacity and despite the pleas of the funeral party, who explained that they had been on their way to the burning ghats when they heard the celebration, they chased them away. Taking advantage of this temporary diversion, I turned and ducked through the Main Gate.

The Taj, as I saw it again after coming through the shadowy courtyard, did seem literally in flames. Blazing under the impact of four million candle power of electricity it had become an incandescent goblet of light. Its brilliance, which should have been theatrical, had quite the opposite effect. Nothing seemed more natural than that the Taj, which in itself contains an almost lunar intensity, should not be outrivalled by the moon when it is to be seen at night. The Taj should be self-illuminating. And now for the first time in its three hundred years it was being properly displayed.

Crowded down the stairs and into the gardens by the throng of Indians behind me, I heard over their angry hubbub something equally startling. From the edge of the Taj veranda, over a thousand feet away, I heard the faint echoes of an American song.

"They're dancing!" someone shouted. "They're dancing on the Taj!"

As I hurried across the gardens to the sepulchre, more excited people were swarming through the Main Gate and pausing thunderstruck as they saw the intense illumination. The MP's, I noticed, had been anticipating trouble, but within the Taj Gardens all was lucid and serene. The same conscientious objectors were still matching their eyeballs against the spotlights, with no visible impression on either. The same crowds of villagers were camped on the grass, but by now they seemed to have accustomed themselves to the brilliant display and were quietly enjoying themselves. And up on the marble veranda, surrounded by a group of admiring young Indians, three Red Cross girls and a party of sightseeing GI's were dancing to the music of a portable radio.

"Shoo, shoo, baby," I heard the radio plaintively recite. "Your daddy's off to the seven seas."

Accompanied by a local rajah, whom I met at the entrance to the tomb, I removed my shoes and walked upstairs to the veranda, his bodyguard following at a respectful distance. Together we walked out on the marble porch and with our backs to the Taj Mahal, looked out over the magnificent gardens. They were jam-packed with humanity, slowly gravitating in the light. The thunderous mobs which had been storming through the Main Gate five minutes before seemed to have been

absorbed in the total illumination. At any rate there was no more fuss.

The rajah stood beside me for almost ten minutes without speaking. He was lavishly gowned and had a face one is likely to associate with the Orient, impassive, unimpressed. At length he stirred and nodded casually toward the distant floodlights, the packed mass of Indians, the Red Cross workers dancing with the American boys. "Young man," he said solemnly, "the Japs won't last six months."

Servicemen and Strikes

IS THE man in overalls less patriotic than the man in uniform? A study reported in the *U. S. Naval Institute Proceedings* last year indicates that he is not. J. K. Taussig, Vice-Admiral, USN, wrote in the July *Proceedings* that 35,000 men—or over 1.1 per cent of the Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard—are either absent without leave or absent over leave at all times. This means that, in the Navy alone, 14,000,000 man days of effective military service are lost each year because of these unlawful absences.

How does this record compare with labor's? The Associated Press, in a Washington story dated January 29 last, reported that strikes and lockouts resulted in the loss of one tenth of one per cent of the available working time in 1944, or 8,500,000 man days of idleness. In other words, those in the naval service lost more time than workers, and the percentage of loss was ten times greater.

The Navy's record in this war is so magnificent that no one is inclined to criticize the service because a small percentage of its men go over the hill. But labor also has done its war job well, and should not be pilloried because a few workers have failed to keep the no-strike pledge. ♦ *Robert H. Phelps, Seaman First Class.* (The opinions or assertions contained herein are the private ones of the writer and are not to be construed as official or reflecting the views of the Navy Department or the Naval Service at large.)

A SENSE OF DANGER

A Story

MARY DEASY



WHEN Fanny Poore got off the Tull bus at the terminal in the center of the city that Saturday afternoon she began saying to herself at once, almost as if she was talking to someone else, bringing the words out rapidly inside her without moving her lips, "No, I'm not going to do that. Of course I'm not going to do that. Why, I never heard of anything so ridiculous in my life. I'm going to have a nice afternoon shopping and that's all there is to it. It's all nonsense, fiddlesticks, anything else."

She marched almost belligerently across the lobby of the terminal to the ladies' room, went inside and, putting her purse and umbrella down where she could keep an eye on them, began straightening herself up in front of a mirror. She smoothed out her skirt, adjusted her hat, and tucked another hairpin into the bun of graying hair coiled neatly at the back of her head. She wore a navy-blue dress with a small flowered pattern, a three-quarter length silk coat, and a hat with violets in a bunch on the brim. Around her neck, beneath the triangle of her face with its prominent cheekbones and sharp, bulging, innocent eyes, there was a narrow gold chain supporting a cameo from which two small diamonds were pendent. Her dress was fastened at the neck by a gold and coral brooch, and she was wearing black kid

oxfords neatly tied and carrying a black-and-white silk umbrella with a bone handle.

When she had finished tidying herself in front of the mirror she picked up her purse and umbrella again and walked out of the ladies' room and across the terminal to the Grand Street exit. All the while she had been in the ladies' room, her brain, like a worried squirrel in a tiny cage, had been racing round and round the circle of frantic negatives she had dropped about it when she had left the bus, but now, as she pushed open the heavy glass door into the rush of the city traffic, she was still shaking with indecision. She stood on the sidewalk, looking east in the direction of Hallam Street, till somebody came out behind her and collided with her, and then all at once, as if she had just remembered where she intended to go, she began walking west on Grand Street, in the other direction altogether from Hallam Street.

"It's just an idea, it's just a notion I've got," she kept saying to herself, as she walked along in the gray overcast light of the April afternoon. "It's all because I'm tired, and need my vacation, and it's been a bad winter."

She felt for a minute almost as if she was going to cry because she was so sorry for herself, and she had to stop in front of a

shop window and take several deep breaths before she was certain that she wouldn't. Behind her she could hear the grind and roar of the traffic passing on the street, and snatches of conversation from the lips of the people who were surging by on the sidewalk. Usually when she came up to the city for an afternoon's shopping with some of the other girls from the Tull College library, she liked the crowds and the noise of the traffic, but today they seemed to make her feel unimportant, pushed aside, left behind. It was not a good way to feel.

"It's because I'm alone," she said to herself. "I ought to have waited till next week and come up with Edie or Laura. It's because I'm not used to crowds, and they make me nervous. It's natural; it's the most natural thing in the world."

She turned away from the window, beginning to walk along the sidewalk again, arguing determinedly with herself the whole time, trying to make out that there wasn't anything unusual about the way she was feeling that afternoon. But she knew all the while that it wouldn't work. She knew all the while that she was only skirting the edges of her central predicament because she couldn't bear to face the fact that the predicament was there at all, and that this afternoon was the time she had settled upon to resolve it.

SHE walked along the street mechanically, and when a pair of women walking before her turned in at the door of a department store she automatically turned in behind them. She passed between the rows of shining glass counters, with their displays of perfumes, hosiery, and gloves, clutching her umbrella in the crowded aisles, and peering at things nervously as she went by; and then all at once she took hold of herself and decided that she had come in to buy some stockings.

The hosiery counters were away to the right. She went over, keeping her resolution firmly in view, but after she had waited till a clerk was free to attend to her, she discovered that she could not make up her mind to buy anything. She fingered the stockings helplessly, not looking at the waiting clerk. Then she heard some-

body call her by name, and when she turned around she saw Miss Petrie, of the language department, standing behind her. She was wearing a green coat and a brown silk blouse, and slanted on her head, above the careful sinuosities of her sandy hair, was a small green satin hat massed on top with yellow flowers.

When she turned around and there was Miss Petrie she was so glad to see her that she was a little too effusive, in spite of the fact that she did not know her particularly well and that back in Tull she seldom saw her except now and then in the library or at church on Sundays. It was because she wanted someone to talk to that she was effusive. It was because she thought that talking to someone might make her think about something else.

Miss Petrie was going up to the tearoom on the sixth floor to have her lunch, and when she asked Miss Poore to come with her Miss Poore said yes. She told the clerk that she did not want the stockings and she went over and got into the elevator with Miss Petrie.

"You came up for some shopping, I suppose?" Miss Petrie said to her, in the elevator.

"Yes," said Miss Poore.

She thought for a little while, with a kind of desperate cheerfulness, that she might go around through the department stores all afternoon with Miss Petrie, and in that way evade the solving of her predicament, but it turned out that Miss Petrie was going to a matinee. She was meeting a friend at the theater at two-fifteen.

"We're going to see *The Three Sisters*," she said.

"Oh," said Miss Poore. "Yes. That ought to be interesting."

They were sitting at a little table in a corner of the tearoom then. A neat colored waitress took their order for consommé, tea, and chicken salad.

"Have you seen it?" Miss Petrie asked.

"No," said Miss Poore. "I'm sure it will be very interesting."

Her mouth felt peculiar when she smiled, as if now that she had started smiling she could not stop. It felt like something made out of rubber that had been stretched so much that now it would not go back into shape again.

"I'm very fond of Chekhov," Miss Petrie said. "Did you see the Lunts in *The Sea Gull* a few years back?"

"Yes," said Miss Poore.

It seemed very cosy to hear Miss Petrie talking about the Lunts and Chekhov in an intimate, almost snobbishly quiet way, as if they were people she and Miss Poore knew very well. Miss Poore thought that if she could listen to her talking about them that way all afternoon she might feel better about everything, and then her predicament would be solved for one afternoon at least. By listening very carefully and entering conscientiously into the spirit of it, she believed that she could convince herself that she really did know both Chekhov and the Lunts. But it was not worth while to try now because the time was too short.

"*The Three Sisters* is really the finer play, of course," Miss Petrie said.

The waitress brought their consommé. Miss Poore looked at it. When she was excited it made her sick to eat, and she was excited now.

"It's so gloomy," she said. "I mean, it's very interesting but it leaves you feeling rather depressed. Or at least it does me. Doesn't it make you feel depressed?"

Miss Petrie drank her consommé very delicately and efficiently.

"Well, no," she said. "I don't think 'depressed' is just the word for it."

"Frustrated," said Miss Poore. There was some color in her face and she was not drinking her consommé. "I don't remember it very well because it's been a long time since I've read it. I read it once in college for Professor Tilbury's course in modern drama, and one Sunday afternoon four or five years ago I read it again. I had a cold and it was in a book I had out from the library. The thing about it that struck me was that it was very true to life."

"Well, yes," said Miss Petrie. "I suppose—"

She looked at Miss Poore a little oddly. The waitress brought the chicken salad.

"Because they were all frustrated," said Miss Poore. She knew that she was talking too much, but she couldn't stop herself. It was like rolling down a hill, a rather exhilarating feeling. "So many

people are, these days," she said. "Don't you think so? I mean especially women."

"Why," said Miss Petrie, "I suppose—"

"There must be any number of frustrated women in the United States alone," Miss Poore said. "I mean, women who started out wanting to live happy and important and interesting lives, only something went wrong somewhere and they didn't. And one morning when they wake up they know it isn't going to happen any more. They just know. Don't you think there must be a great number of women like that in the United States?"

Miss Petrie looked at her as if there was something very odd about her.

"Really," she said, "I haven't thought about it."

She went on eating her chicken salad very neatly and efficiently.

"I have," Miss Poore said. She was certainly talking too much, but she couldn't stop, and she thought anyway it might make her feel better to talk about it. "I mean, in the books and the stories nowadays they write a good deal about women like that," she said. "Sometimes they laugh at them and sometimes they're sorry for them. But they never seem to know what to do about them."

SHE sat watching Miss Petrie eat her chicken salad, and as she looked straight at her out of her nervous, innocent, bulging eyes she thought about all the things about women that were celebrated in the books she read—beauty, fecundity, courage, generosity—and she knew that she had either never had them or, if she had, had never been given the chance to develop them. When she was young she had always thought that she would have the chance, but for quite a while now she had known that she wouldn't. She had known for quite a while that her life was not going to be the way she had wanted it to be when she was young. It had been a reasonably comfortable life and it was probably going to keep on being a reasonably comfortable life and that was all. With the war going on, and so many people not even having that, she knew that she ought to be satisfied, but she wasn't. It did not seem good enough to be only reasonably comfortable all your life.

"I read in a novel once," she said to Miss Petrie, "about a man who was going to be shot. It was in a Russian novel, I think; I don't remember it very well. What I remember about it is that he thought that even if he knew he had to spend the rest of his life standing on a narrow ledge, all alone, without even room enough to turn around, he would still want to keep on living for a long time. You understand that, don't you? He felt that way because he was going to lose his life. It was the danger that made it seem so good—just life itself, without anything in it that he wanted. You understand that, don't you?" she said again, looking at Miss Petrie nervously and earnestly.

"Why, yes, I suppose so," Miss Petrie said.

Miss Poore could see that she thought she was talking extremely oddly. Her thin brownish-colored hands made quick finicking gestures as she ate. She was a little nervous, too.

"I've often wondered," Miss Poore said, "if that wouldn't help a frustrated woman too. A sense of danger, I mean—knowing that she might be going to lose the kind of life she has. Maybe if she thought she was going to lose it, it would mean more to her. She might even get to be satisfied with it. Just because she thought she might lose it, you know."

"Well," said Miss Petrie, with a bright artificial smile, "it's not a very likely situation, is it?"

"No," said Miss Poore. "I don't suppose it is. Still it might work."

She looked down at her chicken salad. She had hardly touched it and it lay on the plate looking yellowy-white and messy in its wilting lettuce leaf.

"I wonder how many plates of chicken salad I've eaten in my life," she said.

She pushed the plate away; she felt as if she was going to cry again.

"Don't you like it?" Miss Petrie said to her, looking surprised. "Why on earth did you order it if you don't like it?"

"I'm not hungry," said Miss Poore. "I don't like anything when I'm not hungry."

They got up and went over to the cashier and paid their checks, and then they went down together on the elevator to the

street floor again. When they came out of the elevator and crossed the floor to the Grand Street entrance Miss Poore knew that she had to decide now what she was going to do. She began to feel hot and she could feel the perspiration coming out on her face.

"Are you going my way?" Miss Petrie said to her.

The theater was west on Grand Street.

"No," said Miss Poore. And then she knew that she was going to do it. That was the way it was all at once, and she knew it, and her heart started to go in long thudding pulses that made her feel dizzy and sick all over. "I have some shopping to do in the other direction."

"Oh," said Miss Petrie. "Well, good-bye. I'm awfully glad we ran into each other."

"Yes," said Miss Poore. "So am I."

She felt herself smiling the stiff rubbery smile again, and then Miss Petrie was gone and she was walking east on Grand Street toward Hallam Street. The sky was clearing a little and it did not look so much like rain any more. She made herself think about the weather. She thought about it all the time she was walking east on Grand Street toward Hallam Street. She knew if she started to think about the other she would not do it and she had made up her mind to do it now.

WHEN she turned down Hallam Street she could see Piercy's right away. It was in the second building from the corner, next to a big department store. Hallam Street was quieter than Grand Street, but there were still enough people on the sidewalks so that no one would notice anyone else particularly when they went in or came out of any of the stores. She walked past the department store, and when she came to Piercy's and saw the cool clean silver and the necklaces and curious chains lying on black velvet in the windows, she knew she could not even think properly from terror, but she went inside anyway. She had planned how she would do it so often that she did not have to think what she was going to do. She was almost sure that she would automatically do everything right, without having to think about it at all.

When she went inside she went over to one of the glass counters that ran around three sides of the room and a man came up at once and asked if he could help her. He was a middle-aged man with thin hair and a small reddish mustache. He had a nervous, cheerful, rather diffident manner.

"I'd like to look at some wristwatches," she said.

"For yourself?"

"Not for myself. For another lady."

"I see. Yes."

Even as nervous as she was, she knew that he was looking at her rather dubiously and wondering just what kind of wristwatch she wanted to buy in a shop like this, because he could see by the way she was dressed that she was probably not rich, and that she was not used to buying things in expensive shops. So she began telling him the story she had made up in advance. She didn't have to think about that either; it came out as easily as if she was telling the truth.

"You see, I work in an insurance office," she said, "a big insurance office. And one of the ladies who works there too is going to retire. She's worked there for thirty-five years and so everybody in the office wants to give her something. We took up a collection and we decided on a wristwatch. And we thought we could have it engraved on the back."

"Yes," said the man. "I see." He smiled a little, and she knew that she had sounded breathless and nervous, but it didn't make much difference now. It was probably the way he would expect her to sound. "And how much—?" he hinted delicately.

"Oh," she said. "Yes. It's two hundred dollars. We collected two hundred dollars. Some of the salesmen gave ten dollars each and the manager said he would give twenty-five dollars. She's been there a very long time, and everyone wanted to do something nice about her going away. It's quite a bit of money for a present."

"Yes," he agreed. "It's quite a bit."

For a moment, as she sat down on one of the little leather-covered stools in front of the counter and watched him opening the case to take out some watches to show

to her, she felt as if she almost believed what she had said, because it sounded perfectly convincing, and that made her feel a little less nervous for a while. She even looked around the room for a moment or two while he was getting the wristwatches out of the case. There were three women and a man at the counter on the other side, and a man and a woman behind the counter were waiting on them. They were all very much absorbed in what they were doing. At the counter on her side of the room there was nobody.

THE man who was waiting on her took three wristwatches out of the case and showed them to her. There were two round ones and one that was in the shape of a slender rectangle. The workmanship on all of them was almost unbelievably delicate and they were very small. He began explaining to her the good points of each of them, but she did not listen to him closely. She was wondering which of them it would be. The first of the round ones that he showed her was the most expensive. She thought it would be that one. It really did not make much difference which one it was. But she pretended to look at the watches carefully because that was the way she would have done it if the story she had told had been the truth. She was still nervous, but that was not bad either, because she could see that the man believed it was because she felt diffident in a place like that, and he was becoming very sympathetic about it. He wanted to see that she got the best possible value for her money, and he was very explicit in trying to make her understand the good points of each of the watches he showed her.

"I beg your pardon," she said to him. "I wonder if I could have a glass of water."

He stared at her with an inquiring look on his face, and she knew her face was a peculiar color, probably just the color she wanted it to be, because she felt as if all the blood had drained out of her head and it was very light and empty.

"Are you ill?" he said to her.

"Yes. I feel—I'd like a glass of water."

She took hold of the counter with both hands, holding herself steady, and he went away quickly, out of the room at the back

to some place behind. She cast one glance over her shoulder at the people behind her, saw that they were still absorbed in whatever it was they were looking at on the counter, and, picking up the most expensive watch, dropped it into her umbrella and walked out of the shop.

She walked quickly but decorously, and nobody tried to stop her, and when she came to the entrance of the department store a few steps up the street she went in behind some other women and walked straight through the store to the Grand Street exit. It was like doing something in a dream; everything around her seemed very unimportant and not quite real. She liked it about being in the dream until she came to the Grand Street exit and knew she had to go out of the store again. When she came to the door she was afraid so much that she just stood there for a few moments, holding on to her umbrella and her purse, with her face working as if she was going to cry. All that saved her was knowing that she had to hurry. She knew that she had to hurry because she had planned it all out carefully beforehand, so she stopped standing by the door after a few moments and went out and crossed the street to the big moving-picture theater that was on the opposite corner. Nobody stopped her and she bought a ticket and went inside.

She had bought a balcony ticket because she felt for some reason that she would be safer upstairs. It was not very logical but that was the way she felt. When she began to climb the stairs she discovered that she could not get her breath, and she had to stop a few moments and rest on the first landing. Then she climbed the rest of the stairs and an usherette with a flashlight brought her halfway down the steep balcony steps to a vacant seat. The theater was a large one and she felt dizzy going down the steps behind the usherette. She was afraid she would fall but she did not.

After she had sat down she did not know for a long time what kind of picture it was that she was seeing. She sat looking at the screen in front of her but she was thinking about Piercy's and wondering what the man had done when he had come back and found that she had gone. She was

shaking all over but she did not feel afraid any more. She felt numb and passive. It was all over now. She held her umbrella carefully across her knee.

Then she began to notice that the people around her were laughing at something. They laughed, and then it was quiet except for the voices from the screen, and then she could not hear them because the people were laughing again. She looked at the screen and saw a fat man clinging by his hands to the edge of the roof of a tall building. A man kneeling on the roof was trying to pull him up. The people began to laugh again and she began to laugh too. She could not stop herself. She felt her face gasping for breath and the tears squeezed out of her eyes, but she could not stop. People were looking at her and she tried to stop because she was afraid when they looked at her. Her laughter died away into little smothered gurgles, and she took her handkerchief out of her purse and dried her eyes.

It was a quarter to three when she came into the theater and she had planned to stay until it was dark outside. It would not be dark till after seven o'clock so she had to sit in the theater for over four hours. She saw the news and the cartoon and the picture twice and was beginning on the third time before she thought it was safe to go out. She got very tired of sitting there, but it was all right except when it came around to the part in the picture where the short fat man was clinging to the roof of the building by his hands. When it came to that part she began to laugh again and then she began to cry, but nobody seemed to notice her. She held her handkerchief up to her face and she was very frightened and she told herself sternly that she must not cry.

AT A quarter past seven she finally thought that it would be safe for her to go outside. She got up and went down the stairs and out on to the street. It was not quite dark yet but it would be in a very short time. The street lights were lit and everything looked different from the way it had when she had gone into the theater. She felt as if everything that had happened that afternoon had

happened a very long time ago. She had thought that she would be afraid when she went outside, but she was not afraid because it all seemed to have happened a very long time ago.

She walked down Grand Street to the bus terminal. There was a bus for Tull at seven thirty-five. She sat in the terminal waiting-room for a few minutes, and then the bus came and she got on. Nobody tried to stop her. She was too tired to worry about it anyway. She sat in the bus with her purse and her umbrella on her lap, looking straight ahead, her head and shoulders swaying a little to the motion of the bus. There was a man reading a newspaper sitting in the seat beside her.

The bus left the city, and it was quite dark, and there were only a few lights except when they passed through one of the little towns along the way, driving down the main streets which were crowded with people now because it was Saturday night. She looked out the window at the people milling around in the main streets of the little towns, looking for some place to go and something to do, and it all seemed very useless and she began to cry again. But she did not cry much because she was afraid that someone would notice.

The bus stop in Tull was two blocks away from the apartment house where she lived. She got off the bus and began to walk. Her legs felt stiff and she was very tired. All this while she had not thought about what she had done in Piercy's. She had thought all around it but she had not really thought about the most important thing, which was what she had done and the effect it would have on the way she felt about life. She was waiting till she got home before she thought about it.

She lived in a large brown house that had been converted into apartments eight or ten years ago. Her apartment was on the second floor. She went upstairs, took out her key, and unlocked the door. Somebody came down the stairs from the third floor as she was unlocking the door and said good evening to her. She said good evening and went inside.

She switched on the light in the living room, pulled down the blinds, and laid her purse down on a table that stood in front of the window. She sat down beside the table and reached into the umbrella for the wristwatch. When she had taken it out she looked at it carefully. In spite of the fact that she had pretended to examine it closely when she was in Piercy's, she hardly knew how it looked. She felt almost surprised when she saw how small it was. She looked at it curiously, with a kind of impersonal interest.

Then she heard someone coming up the stairs from the first floor. Her face grew quite white and she stood up suddenly. For some reason she never doubted for an instant that whoever was coming up the stairs was coming after her.

"Oh my God," she whispered out loud. "Oh Jesus, help me."

She stood rigid beside the table, her hands pressed tightly to her chest. She had not taken off her hat or coat. She looked very odd standing there with her face perfectly white and her bulging eyes strained and fixed in terror.

The footsteps went on past the door of her apartment and started up the stairs to the third floor. She began to cry little by little, first the tears filling her eyes and rolling down her face, then gradually her shoulders beginning to strain and shudder as she sobbed and gasped for breath. She sat down again in the chair from which she had just gotten up, putting her arms and head down upon the table. Her hat was pushed back grotesquely on her head. The watch lay on the table beside her.

She crooned out words between the sobs. "Oh, somebody help me. Please somebody help me. Please please please somebody help me."

It was very bad. It was different from before, but it was very bad. She was afraid that somebody would hear her crying, so she stopped in a little while and straightened up and just sat there looking at the watch. Her lips kept moving without making a sound as she kept on saying please please please please please.

{ *At present a captain in the Army's nautical service, Charles W. Wood has been a locomotive fireman, a newspaperman and author of several books.* }

HOW I BECAME A CAPTAIN

CHARLES W. WOOD



I AM a captain in the United States Army transportation service, which is a bit different from being a captain in the United States Army. For I am not in the Army. I just work for it. I began as a captain—a barge captain. Barge captains, by and large, *are* a bit different. Not only are they a bit different from any other known species of captain but they do not resemble each other overmuch.

My rank, however, is unquestioned. Everybody in New York Harbor recognizes my title, if not my authority; and captains of every persuasion—ship captains, Army captains, even tug captains, if they speak to me at all—unlaughingly call me “Cap.” Then everybody, including deckhands and longshoremen, proceeds to give me orders. If one works for the Army’s Navy, he must learn to take orders. The trick is not to take them too seriously.

There are about a hundred and fifty Army barges in New York Harbor and at least that many notions as to the captain’s jurisdiction; for being a captain without any crew, on a boat which can’t move unless some other boat comes along and moves it, does pose some nice problems of precedence. Theoretically, of course, I am in supreme command just as, theoretically, all sovereign nations are sovereign. Theoretically, for instance, I could order a major general off my barge, if he were to

violate some order which I had a right to give. But I am not sure that he would go. I don’t know what he’d do. Furthermore, I’m not going to find out.

I was a barge captain for several months, in fact, before I could find out what a barge captain was for, to say nothing of his authority, if any. I thought it was a military secret which the Army wouldn’t divulge even to us; for many of the barges didn’t have captains, and mine had me as a rule only eight out of the twenty-four hours in which it was in operation. Later I reached the conclusion that the Army didn’t know either.

I took the job in September 1943, not because I knew anything about it or had any ambitions to captain anything, even my soul, but because it was war work; also because I wanted to eat; also because I had heard that the Army was so hard up for barge captains that it would hire anybody regardless of age, color, religion, or previous condition of ineptitude. I was sixty-three at the time but exceptionally mature for my years.

AS WITH other barge captains, my case is doubtless far from typical. As with all the others, my reasons for taking the job were different. But we seem to have some things in common, and I have not yet met a barge captain who had ever expected to become a barge captain until the thing happened. Most of us, it seems,

are ex's—ex-sailors, ex-longshoremen, ex-bartenders, ex-writers, ex-artists or maybe just ex-drunks.

Believe it or not, I used to be a writer. But time passed on and I got so I couldn't write any more; and there I was, going on ninety-two or words to that effect, and wondering betimes how one goes about it to start a new career in his second childhood. I still had my type-writer, but you ought to see what came out of it; that I was also a physical wreck did not add greatly to my disabilities. I don't mean that I was discouraged. I was as full of hope and futility as an aging pitcher with a broken arm. What galled me most was the war and the fact that I, who had customarily thought of myself as a part of human society, wasn't doing a damn thing.

I tried this and that. I tried being pickled in alcohol for a couple of years, but nothing came of it. I volunteered for air raid service, but the raids didn't pan out either. I thought of buying bonds, but one's patriotism sometimes gets mixed up with one's alcoholism and I bought bonded liquor instead. I know that was cockeyed, but it wasn't irrational, for I figured that my adored government would get the money either way but, under my option, it wouldn't have to pay any of it back. The only fly in the ointment was that my money, for some reason or other, gave out; so the next thing I knew I was a barge captain.

I didn't exactly apply for the job. I just explained the situation to the Army officer in charge and left it up to him to say whether I could qualify. Never having worked on a boat, I could not assume to advise him as to that.

He squirmed a bit, but it was a seller's market as far as employment was concerned, so he gave me some civil service blanks to fill out along with his signed statement that I was now Master of "BC 1302."

Theoretically, I was supposed to be instructed in my new duties by the incumbent captain for two whole days. But it took me two days to find the boat and, when I found it, the captain was leaving it to take up his new responsibilities. Also he couldn't speak any English and I was

equally unversed in any Filipino dialect. So I assumed command of BC 1302 in a spirit of complete open-mindedness.

My civil service examination was tedious but not difficult since none of the hundreds of questions asked had any reference whatever to working on a boat. The job, I learned, was still "ungraded" and the examination a sort of catch-all questionnaire which made up in bulk whatever it lacked in relevance. Aspirants for the position, for instance, had to list their college degrees, both in academic and technical institutions, although it was not essential that they know how to read and write; and they must state what books they had written (Do not enclose copies unless requested to do so) and give a full account of how and where they had spent their days from childhood on. After the applicant had furnished these data, he was directed from desk to desk at Brooklyn Army Base, where he was asked the same questions over and over again.

I think I passed that examination, although I never heard from it directly. I had never traveled in Russia or committed any other felony and Martin Dies had seemingly never heard of me; so I felt confident. And the list of books I had authored, while it might not seem impressive in another setting, was a bit too long to squeeze into the space provided, so I figured that it must have been up to the average barge-captain's output.

BUT I had other hurdles to jump, or other lines, rather, in which to be jumped on, hour after hour. Proving my citizenship, for instance, was a complicated and long-drawn-out process which not only caused me some sleepless nights but taxed the time and energy of many government experts. Not that it was necessary for a barge captain to be a citizen; but I had claimed citizenship on the mere grounds that I was born in this country and my father was a citizen, and it was therefore up to me to prove it. But Father, alas, had long since died, and I didn't know a living soul who was present at my birth in Ogdensburg, N. Y., January 31, 1880.

If I had been naturalized only the week before, there would have been no diffi-

culty. Or if only I had been born in recent decades when vital statistics have been generally recorded. But the old family Bible, I learned, wouldn't do at all, nor would affidavits of responsible citizens that they had known me as an American citizen for thirty or forty years. I couldn't go on being a barge captain, I learned, unless I could get a Coast Guard identification card, and I couldn't get that on any such flimsy testimony.

The late Robert Lansing, one time Secretary of State, eventually came to my rescue. For he had issued a passport to "Charles W. Wood, an American citizen," to travel in China and Japan in 1919 and 1920; and when I accidentally discovered that passport I had the evidence in black and white. Even the Coast Guard would not dispute the word of a Secretary of State, and Mr. Lansing knew I was a citizen because two responsible citizens had signed an affidavit to that effect.

My physical examination was also rigorous and also consisted of standing in line. My sight and hearing were faulty, my heart was bad, and my insides needed re-lining; but aside from that, and the fact that I needed a major operation, which I underwent some months later, I came through with flying colors. For when the Army needs barge captains, it gets them. I gathered that we were not supposed to live through the winter anyway; or that if we didn't it would be for some cause for which the Army could not be held responsible.

There was also an oral examination before the Civil Service authorities. In this I didn't do so well. My examiner was a strictly practical woman bureaucrat, and she wanted to know exactly what experience I had had in "operating a barge." I confessed that I had had none whatever. I went even further and said I didn't know that barges were operated by their captains. I couldn't be sure, for I hadn't

seen much of my barge yet, but it was my impression that barges were just shoved around, and I tried to tell her that I had had many years' experience in being shoved around.

But my examiner was adamant. She said that while I might possibly qualify for some office job (I would rather go to jail for life than to take any kind of office job) she positively would not sanction my becoming a barge captain when I was so obviously disqualified. All that sustained me in this ordeal was the fact that I *was* a barge captain and was getting time-and-a-half for the overtime in which I was listening to her.

AT ANY rate, after nearly two years as Master of BC 1302, I have almost ceased to worry. But I can't be sure. There is likely to be some lag at best between an official decision and its execution; and it wouldn't surprise me very much if, in another year or two, I should find myself disqualified for lack of experience.

For the present, however, I am certainly a harbor hand unless, as I sometimes suspect, it may all turn out to be a dream, from which I may wake with an awful feeling that I must return my pay-checks (\$1,740 a year, with time-and-a-half for overtime) to the United States Treasury and retract everything that I have said so far. But I don't believe it is a dream—it's too unreal. I am convinced that I am a barge captain, not a writer or a rumhound or anything that I have ever been before.

Of course I still have much to learn. But I am improving year by year. Sometimes, even now, when I throw a line it lands where I want it to land. Sometimes I tie a bowlin' in a hurry and it comes out all right. Perhaps, in another twenty or thirty years—well, I hope I don't have to go back to the old typewriter.

{ *Mr. Martin writes from personal* }
{ *observation of an Army orientation* }
{ *course somewhere in the United States.* }

“TODAY WE TAKE UP YOUR ALLY, RUSSIA”

JOHN BARTLOW MARTIN



SOME of the forty or fifty new soldiers in the room had been drafted from the South—from farms in the hills or from the Louisiana swamps. Some were Midwesterners from farm communities and from city slums. Less than half had gone to high school, and only a handful had attended college.

These men were gathered for a discussion period as a part of the Army's orientation program. They had had about eleven weeks of it. By now all of them had a general idea of the roles England and Russia have played in the war, but few had formed any opinions about the parts they might play in writing the peace. Vaguely the men distrusted both allies, particularly England. Toward the Germans they seemed to have little or no antagonism, but some of the younger ones professed hatred of the Japanese—an attitude which they seemed to feel was appropriate now that they were in uniform (and which occasionally fitted comfortably with their race and color prejudices).

On this particular Saturday morning they had as usual filed into the little, bare camp theater five minutes late for the scheduled ten o'clock session. On the stage was a blackboard on which was lettered:

USSR

- | | |
|------------|-----------|
| 1. SIZE | 3. PEOPLE |
| 2. COUNTRY | 4. GOVT |

Behind this was a large map of Russia. The second lieutenant who served as battalion orientation officer (after the “Good morning, men,” the bored “Good morning, sir,” and the smiling repetition, “You can do better than that—*good morning, men,*” which the trainees had come to endure) kidded the men about their food, joked about the on-stage hammering of two carpenters who continued their noisy labors all during the hour, joked about a bird which flew out from behind the blackboard and over the men's heads, and then, at 10:10, launched into a summary of the week's news, which included the attacks on Iwo Jima, Manila, and the Siegfried Line. (Classes in other subjects rarely began this way.) The lieutenant suggested the unwelcome possibility of a negotiated peace with Japan: “If this happens your sons will be fighting the next war.” Then, at 10:14, he said, “Today we are going to take up your ally, Russia. For years Russia has been a secret. We don't know much about her. But she'll be important after the war. And you men'll be the men who'll have to decide about Russia—us bald-headed guys'll

be done for." He paused a moment.

This instructor had replaced the younger lieutenant as Battalion I and E officer midway in the cycle. A little older than most of the other second lieutenants, he usually held his audience better than they. He had a wholesome straight-from-the-shoulder way of speaking directly to the men that was somehow reminiscent of a Scoutmaster's manner, or that of a Y.M.C.A. secretary.

He gave some statistics on Russia's size, resources, and products. "Now, government. They have a form of government that we—that the world—has never been too sure whether it was right or wrong. This is due to Russian secrecy. For years they've convoyed tourists around, just letting 'em see what they wanted 'em to see. Their government started in 1917 with the Bolshevik revolution. The Bolsheviks were a small party but through violent action they managed to overthrow the Czar and set up communism. Actually they've never really had communism. First they had bolshevism and then they had socialism and now they're swinging over more to our type of government. They had no private property—people worked where they were told to. But Russia wanted to be strong. So they had to become democratic. They put in an incentive wage system similar to ours, where the more you work the more you get paid. They recognized the church.

"But though Russia is a democracy actually it's a one party dictatorship. They have eleven republics and normally you'd expect to have several parties working, just like we have here. But there in Russia, by law there's only one party permitted."

The men sat packed closely together on long straight-backed wooden benches; they smelled wet. Outside it was cold and rainy; the day was gray. The building was unheated but the combined heat of the men's bodies warmed them, and they were glad to have this hour during which they could sit down and, better still, get out of the rain. Some of them slept; from time to time the cadremen walked up the aisles and wakened the trainees by tapping them on the head with sticks.

The lieutenant continued: "When Rus-

sia attacked Finland we were down on her. We felt that Finland was democratic and after all they were the only nation that paid us what she owed us. All right. Pretty bitter. Feeling was pretty bitter," and he shook his head, a habit he had. "But now it turns out the story was this: Marshal Mannerheim was strictly pro-Nazi. The Russians were afraid Finland would permit Germany to establish bases from which to attack them. All right. They didn't come out and tell the world that. What did they do? When the two sworn enemies of the world—fascism and communism—all of a sudden signed a non-aggression pact things looked pretty dark for the democracies of the world. We thought we were gonna fight Russia and Germany both, as well as Italy and Japan and all the rest. As it happened, Russia wasn't prepared for war. That was a case of using international politics to forestall war till they were ready. You recall that during the Czech crisis of '38 and '39 all the world powers except Russia were invited to the conference. Russia had been friendly with the democracies till then. Then they thought the democracies didn't trust her. So they became very secretive. One doubt led to another. It took the German attack on Russia to let everybody know where Russia stood."

He discussed Russia's role in the war, then said, "In the future Russia is going to have a lot to say in the postwar world. They've killed a lot of Germans and they've suffered tremendous losses. They're going to demand a voice.

"Now. How is all this going to affect us?" He paused but nobody said anything. He did not seem to expect an answer. "Basically, Russia is agricultural," he said. "They've been trying to industrialize and be self-sufficient. So they'll need lots of machinery after the war. The U. S. Bureau of Commerce thinks Russia will be a big customer. What can she give us in return? We've got all the gold. Well, she has unlimited oil, all the alloys you need in our big steel plants. How about agriculture? Is she gonna give us trouble in world markets? We've got to export. So does she. A big market will be Europe. With her controlled labor she probably can sell cheaper than we can.

Does this mean trouble? Could be," he said, shaking his head. "Could be."

Nothing on the faces of his hearers indicated deep concern. He went on, "Just where does Russia fit in after the war? That's gonna mean a lot to you. You men, in selecting representatives for your government, will have to think about that. When you see anything in the papers about Russia, read it. Think about it."

AFTER another minute or two he sent two platoons out for discussion with non-coms. He kept the third and fourth platoons in the theater. The company commander looked at his watch and spoke to the lieutenant. By the time the first and second had left it was 10:35. The lieutenant came down off the stage and put one foot up on a bench in front and asked conversationally, "What ideas have you men got about all this?"

One of the trainees who frequently spoke up to no particular purpose said he had thought that Russia's population was 192 million instead of 170 million, as the instructor had said. Frowning a bit, the lieutenant looked at his notes and said, in a voice that sounded a trifle constrained, "The last census was in 1933 and it was 170 then. She don't always want the rest of the world to know too much about what's going on."

This had consumed a couple of minutes. The lieutenant consumed a couple more trying, without success, to get the men to talk. He said, "How many here are from farms?" A good many of the trainees obediently held up their hands. "You're going to be affected," the lieutenant said. "How many worked in steel mills?" Perhaps a half dozen hands went up. "You're going to be affected too. All right. How about it? Do you think we can compete with Russia after the war?"

One trainee said, "Our farmers have lots of new equipment and as far as we know Russia don't. So for some time at least I don't think they can compete with us."

The lieutenant nodded. "That's true."

But a young trainee who wore glasses and had been to college said, "I'd like to dispute with him on that. Russia has the biggest collective farms in the world."

He elaborated on this. No one argued with him, though the lieutenant encouraged discussion.

Another man said, "The Balkans are in bad shape now because of the war. They're gonna need a lot of food."

"That's true," the lieutenant said.

There was another silence. Then a man said, "Sir, isn't it true that our country, being a capitalist country, has to trade with Russia, but that Russia can keep her own products if she wants to because she's communistic?"

The lieutenant said, "Not necessarily. All countries must trade. They have to get rid of their excess products or else they'll have unemployment. Russia's the same way. She'll have to export and so she'll have to cultivate other nations to get markets. All nations must have dealings with each other the same as neighbors in a block."

No one was inclined to discuss this. A trainee said, "Sir, do you recall when Germany—" he meant Russia "—signed the non-aggression pact with Germany, it wasn't only Finland she fought but other countries too; and after she beats Germany won't it break out all over again?"

The lieutenant said, "He believes we're not through with Russia yet. I agree. I think it's a long ways from settled."

The men accepted this without change of expression. That is one thing you notice about soldiers on duty—their expressionless faces.

One trainee said, "Sir, isn't there a lot of trouble in the Balkans?"

The lieutenant said there was.

The man who had suggested future trouble with Russia said, "Aren't the Balkans disgusted with both Germany and Russia?"

The lieutenant said, "He asked if the Balkans weren't disgusted with Germany and Russia both. I think they are. We all feel we'd rather have our own form of government than any that's forced on us. But people will take another one if they think it's less bad than some other they might have to take. Maybe the Russians aren't satisfied themselves; but they grabbed hold of communism because it was their own, at least their own people set it up. Maybe things aren't as settled over

there as we think. Maybe that's why Russia don't want visitors. Maybe now they see our government they'll see that their form of government's less perfect than they've been trying to tell the world it was."

A trainee asked, a bit challengingly, "Didn't Mr. Roosevelt say that Russia is more of a democracy than we are?"

The lieutenant laughed a bit and said, "I don't know." In all the orientation periods there was a noticeable effort to fight shy of domestic politics.

A young man who had spent a year in college before the Army grabbed him said, "Russia says if you don't work you don't eat. That was written by Carl Sandburg once. Russia has that."

No one replied directly.

The lieutenant raised another question: "Do you think that Russia will ever fight the United States?"

One Southern youth said, "The British are hoggish—" his term evoked laughter—"and Russia won't stand for that. We're the only ones can stop it. We're the only ones can control the whole thing."

Another said, "We've always been allies with England."

Another: "The other day in the paper it said Russia and England were squabbling over Greece."

(That question was hot at the time.)

The lieutenant, with map and pointer, indicated the sphere of influence "which Russia wants, which is logical." He asked, "Would you like to see them go back to the prewar boundaries? Or should the Allies divide up the countries they conquer?"

One man said, "England's a little country and she don't have economic control over her holdings. But she has a lot of raw materials in her empire. I don't think England should have a sphere of influence in the Balkans."

Another: "Russia is simply trying to get back her old lands," and he spoke for several moments on Russia's historic boundaries. No one challenged him but no one seemed particularly impressed either.

Another man said, "Most people object to Russia having a sphere of influence because of Russia's economic system. People forget that every country goes through the communist stage. Just like we did, once."

The lieutenant, who seemed to have been waiting for something like this, asked eagerly, "There—do you agree with that? Do you think Russia will change over to capitalism?"

The men, seeming to sense his own unspoken feeling, murmured affirmatively. The lieutenant discussed the five-year-plan briefly. Then a man from Detroit said, "Sir, they claim Russia will be number one after the war and we'll be second and England third. We've always been number one."

The lieutenant said, "Men, there's something to think about."

He looked at his watch. It was 10:45. "It's all yours, Sergeant," he called. The platoon sergeants, who had been sitting expressionless with the other cadremen at the back of the room rose, and there was a noisy scrape of feet and rustling of raincoats as the trainees reached under the benches for their helmet liners. "At ease!" the lieutenant snapped. The men froze. "You haven't been dismissed yet." He looked over them, swinging his head slowly from one side to the other. "I want you to give these things some thought," the lieutenant said. "All right. Platoon sergeants take over." The platoon sergeants called, "Fall in on your stacks," and the trainees got up and filed out to their rifles, which stood in straight rows of conical stacks in the rain. The next hour was bayonet practice.

*For editorial comment on articles and contributors,
see Personal and Otherwise among the following pages*

Harper's Magazine

VOL 191 No 1144 September 1945



OUR WORST WARTIME MISTAKE

EUGENE V. ROSTOW

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TIME IS often needed for us to recognize the great miscarriages of justice.

The Dreyfus case had lasted four years before public opinion was fully aroused. The trials of Sacco and Vanzetti endured six years. As time passes, it becomes more and more plain that our wartime treatment of the Japanese and the Japanese-Americans on the West Coast was a tragic and dangerous mistake. That mistake is a threat to society, and to all men. Its motivation and its impact on our system of law deny every value of democracy.

In the perspective of our legal tradition, the facts are almost incredible.

During the bleak spring of 1942, the Japanese and the Japanese-Americans who lived on the West Coast of the United States were taken into custody and removed to camps in the interior. More

than one hundred thousand men, women, and children were thus exiled and imprisoned. More than two-thirds of them were American citizens.

These people were taken into custody as a military measure on the ground that espionage and sabotage were especially to be feared from persons of Japanese blood. The whole group was removed from the West Coast because the military authorities thought it would take too long to conduct individual investigations on the spot. They were arrested without warrants and were held without indictment or a statement of charges, although the courts were open and freely functioning. They were transported to camps far from their homes, and kept there under prison conditions, pending investigations of their "loyalty." Despite the good intentions of the chief relocation officers, the centers

were little better than concentration camps.

If the evacuees were found "loyal," they were released only if they could find a job and a place to live, in a community where no hoodlums would come out at night to chalk up anti-Japanese slogans, break windows, or threaten riot. If found "disloyal" in their attitude to the war, they were kept in the camps indefinitely—although sympathy with the enemy is no crime in the United States (for white people at least) so long as it is not translated into deeds or the visible threat of deeds. On May 1, 1945, three years after the program was begun, about 70,000 persons were still in camps. While it is hoped to have all these people either free, or in more orthodox confinement, by January 1, 1946, what is euphemistically called the Japanese "relocation" program will not be a closed book for many years.

THE ORIGINAL program of "relocation" was an injustice, in no way required or justified by the circumstances of the war. But the Supreme Court, in three extraordinary decisions, has upheld its main features as constitutional. This fact converts a piece of wartime folly into national policy—a permanent part of the law—a doctrine enlarging the power of the military in relation to civil authority. It is having a sinister impact on the minority problem in every part of the country. It is giving aid to reactionary politicians who use social division and racial prejudice as their tools. The precedent is being used to encourage attacks on the civil rights of both citizens and aliens. As Mr. Justice Jackson has said, the principle of these decisions "lies about like a loaded weapon ready for the hand of any authority that can bring forward a plausible claim of an urgent need." All in all, the case of the Japanese-Americans is the worst blow our liberties have sustained in many years. Unless repudiated, it may support devastating and unforeseen social and political conflicts.

II

WHAT WAS done in the name of military precaution on the West Coast

was quite different from the security measures taken in Hawaii or on the East Coast, although both places were active theaters of war in 1942.

On the East Coast enemy aliens were controlled without mass arrests or evacuations, despite their heavy concentration in and near shipping and manufacturing centers. Aliens had been registered, and the police had compiled information about fascist sympathizers, both aliens and citizens. "On the night of December 7, 1941," Attorney General Biddle reported, "the most dangerous of the persons in this group were taken into custody; in the following weeks a number of others were apprehended. Each arrest was made on the basis of information concerning the specific alien taken into custody. We have used no dragnet techniques and have conducted no indiscriminate, large-scale raids." General regulations were issued, somewhat restricting the freedom of all enemy aliens over fourteen years of age. They were forbidden to enter military areas; they had to get the District Attorney's permission before traveling; they were forbidden to own or use firearms, cameras, short-wave radio sets, codes, ciphers, or invisible ink. This control plan kept security officers informed, but otherwise allowed the aliens almost their normal share in the work and life of the community.

Enemy aliens under suspicion, and those who violated the regulations, were subject to summary arrest, and were then promptly examined by one of the special Alien Enemy Hearing Boards. These boards could recommend that the individual alien be interned, paroled, or released unconditionally. The examinations were smoothly conducted, and they did nothing to lower prevailing standards of justice. Of the 1,100,000 enemy aliens in the country, 9,080 had been examined by the end of June 1943, about 4,000 of them being then interned. By June 30, 1944, the number interned had been reduced to approximately 2,500.

In Hawaii a different procedure was followed, but one less drastic than the evacuation program pursued on the West Coast, although Hawaii was certainly a more active theater of war. Immedi-

ately after Pearl Harbor, martial law was installed in Hawaii, and the commanding general assumed the role of military governor. Yet, although about one-third the population of Hawaii is of Japanese descent, and although the tension was great after the Pearl Harbor raid, there was no mass roundup on the islands. Fewer than 800 Japanese aliens were sent to the mainland for internment, and fewer than 1,000 persons of Japanese ancestry, 912 of them being citizens, were sent to relocation centers on the mainland. Many of the latter group were families of interned aliens, transferred voluntarily. Those arrested in Hawaii were taken into custody on the basis of individual suspicion, resting on previous examination or observed behavior. Even under a regime of martial law, men were arrested as individuals, and not because of the color of their skins. Safety was assured without mass arrests, or needless hardship.

ON THE West Coast the security program was something else again. Immediately after Pearl Harbor there were no special regulations for persons of Japanese extraction. Known enemy sympathizers among the Japanese, like white traitors and enemy agents, were arrested. There was no sabotage by persons of Japanese ancestry. There was no reason to suppose that the 112,000 persons of Japanese descent on the West Coast, less than 2 per cent of the population, constituted a greater menace than such persons in Hawaii, where they were 32 per cent of the population.

After a month's silence, the organized minority whose business it has been to exploit racial tensions on the West Coast went to work. They had strong support in the Hearst press and its equivalents. Politicians, fearful of an unknown public opinion, spoke out for white supremacy. West Coast Congressional delegations led by Senator Hiram Johnson, urged the administration to exclude all persons of Japanese blood from the coast states. Anti-Oriental spokesmen appeared before special hearings of the Tolan Committee, and explained the situation as they conceived it to Lieutenant General J. L. DeWitt, commanding the Western De-

fense Command. Tension was intensified, and doubters, worried about the risks of another Pearl Harbor, remained silent, preferring too much caution to too little. An opinion crystallized in favor of evacuating the Japanese.

After some hesitation, General DeWitt proposed the policy of exclusion on grounds of military need. The War Department backed him up. No one in the government took the responsibility for opposing or overruling him.

Despite the nature of the emergency, the Army's lawyers wanted more legal authority before action was taken. The President issued an Executive Order in February 1942, and in March Congress passed a statute, authorizing military commanders to designate "military areas" and to prescribe the terms on which any persons could enter, leave, or remain in such areas. A policy of encouraging the Japanese to move away individually had shown signs of producing confusion. It was therefore decided to establish a compulsory system of detention in camps, to simplify the process of resettlement, and to afford the fullest measure of security.

III

THE HISTORY of law affords nothing more fantastic than the evidence which is supposed to justify this program. General DeWitt's final recommendation to the Secretary of War, dated February 14, 1942, but not made public until early in 1944, explains the basis of his decision.

"In the war in which we are now engaged," he said, "racial affinities are not severed by migration. The Japanese race is an enemy race and while many second and third generation Japanese born on United States soil, possessed of United States citizenship, have become 'Americanized,' the racial strains are undiluted." From the premise of a war of "races," the general had no difficulty reaching his conclusion. There is "no ground for assuming," he said, that Japanese-Americans will not turn against the United States. So much for the idea that men are presumed innocent until proved guilty, and that American citizens stand on an equal footing before the law without

regard for race, color, or previous condition of servitude! "It therefore follows," the general added, "that along the vital Pacific Coast over 112,000 potential enemies, of Japanese extraction, are at large today. There are disturbing indications that these are organized and ready for concerted action at a favorable opportunity. The very fact that no sabotage has taken place to date is a disturbing and confirming indication that such action will be taken."

There was somewhat more evidence than the absence of sabotage to prove its special danger. The Japanese lived closely together, often concentrated around harbors and other strategic areas. Japanese clubs and religious institutions played an important part in their segregated social life. Japanese language schools existed, to preserve for the American born something of the cultural heritage of Japan. The Japanese government, like that of many other countries, asserted a doctrine of nationality different from our own, which gave rise to possible claims of dual citizenship. Thus a long-standing conflict in international law, involving many countries other than Japan, was invoked to cast special doubt on the loyalty of American citizens of Japanese descent.

Much of the suspicion inferentially based on these statements disappears on closer examination. In many instances the concentration of Japanese homes around strategic areas had come about years before, and for entirely innocent reasons. Japanese cannery workers, for example, had had to live on the waterfront in order to be near the plants in which they worked. Japanese truck gardeners had rented land in the industrial outskirts of large cities to be close to their markets. They had rented land for gardening under high tension lines—regarded as a very suspicious circumstance—because the company could not use the land for other purposes; the initiative in starting this practice had come from the utility companies, not from the Japanese.

Despite discrimination against the Japanese, many had done well in America. They were substantial property owners. Their children participated normally and actively in the schools and universities of

the West Coast. Their unions and social organizations had passed resolutions of loyalty in great number, before and after Pearl Harbor. It is difficult to find real evidence that either religious or social institutions among the Japanese had successfully fostered Japanese militarism or other dangerous sentiments. The Japanese language schools, which the Japanese-Americans themselves had long sought to put under state control, seem to represent little more than the familiar desire of many immigrant groups to keep alive the language and tradition of the "old country"; in the case of Japanese-Americans, knowledge of the Japanese language was of particular economic importance, since so much of their working life was spent with other Japanese on the West Coast.

SOME ELEMENTS among the Japanese were, of course, suspect. They were known to the authorities, who had for several years been checking on the Japanese-American population. Many had been individually arrested immediately after Pearl Harbor, and the others were under constant surveillance.

It is also true that a considerable percentage of the evacuees later gave negative answers to loyalty questions in the questionnaires they were asked to fill out while in camps. Many of those answers were expressly based upon the treatment the individuals had received; the same shock of evacuation and confinement undoubtedly was responsible indirectly for many more. Basically, however, the issue of abstract loyalty is irrelevant. Disloyalty, even in the aggravated form of enthusiastic verbal support for the Axis cause, is not a crime in the United States. At most, it is a possible ground for interning enemy aliens. Citizens must do more than talk or think disloyal thoughts before being arrested and jailed.

Apart from the members of the group known to be under suspicion, there was no evidence beyond the vaguest fear to connect the Japanese on the West Coast with the unfavorable military events of 1941 and 1942. Both at Pearl Harbor and in sporadic attacks on the West Coast the enemy had shown that he had knowledge of our dispositions. There was some sig-

naling to enemy ships at sea, both by radio and by lights, along the West Coast. There were several episodes of shelling the coast by submarine—although two of the three such cases mentioned by General DeWitt as tending to create suspicion of the Japanese-Americans took place *after* their removal from the coast. (These were the only such items in his report which were not identified by date.) And those subsequently arrested as Japanese agents in the Pearl Harbor area were all white men.

The most striking comment on the quality of the evidence produced by General DeWitt to support his proposal was made by Solicitor General Fahy, whose job it was to defend the general's plan before the Supreme Court. He relied upon the general's report "only to the extent that it relates" statistics and other details concerning the actual evacuation and the events which took place after it. But the briefs that he himself presented were identical in the substance of their argument. The Japanese-Americans were an unknown, unknowable, foreign group, living together, and moving in mysterious ways, inscrutable to puzzled white men. Therefore, let them be imprisoned; let their property be taken into custody, sold off at bargain prices, dissipated, and lost; let their roots be torn up, let their children suffer the irreparable shock of life in a concentration camp; let their relation to society be distorted by the searing memory of humiliation, rejection, and punishment.

The evidence supports one conclusion only: the dominant element in the development of our relocation policy was race prejudice, not a military estimate of a military problem.

IV

BY THE time the issues raised by this program reached the Supreme Court, the crisis which was supposed to justify it had passed. The first cases came up in June 1943, the second and third in December 1944. The course of the war had changed completely; the Japanese were no longer prowling off California, but fighting defensively among the islands of the Western Pacific.

The problem presented to the Supreme Court was thus completely different from that which confronted worried soldiers, legislators, and executive officials in the melancholy months after Pearl Harbor. Invalidation of the relocation scheme would do no possible harm to the prosecution of the war. The Supreme Court could afford to view the issues in perspective, giving full weight to its own special responsibilities for the development of constitutional law as a whole.

Moreover, the issue for the court was infinitely more complex than that which faced General DeWitt in 1942. The court had to decide not only whether General DeWitt had acted within the scope of his permissible authority, but whether it should validate what had been done. As many episodes in our constitutional history attest, those are different issues. The court could not escape the fact that it was the Supreme Court, arbiter of a vast system of customs, rules, habits, and relationships. Its decision inevitably would have far-reaching effects—on the power of the military, on our developing law of emergencies, on the future of those demagogues and political groups which live by attacking minorities, and on the future decision of cases in lower courts and police stations, involving the rights of citizens and aliens, the availability of habeas corpus, and like questions.

The question of how and on what grounds the Supreme Court should dispose of the cases also was one of broad political policy. Would a repudiation of Congress, the President, and the military in one aspect of their conduct of the war affect the people's will to fight? Would it create a campaign issue for 1944? Would it affect the power and prestige of the Supreme Court as a political institution?

IN A bewildering and unimpressive series of opinions, relieved only by the dissents of Justice Roberts and Justice Murphy in one of the three cases—*Korematsu v. United States*—the court chose to assume that the main issues did not exist. In avoiding the risks of overruling the government on an issue of war policy, it weakened society's control over military power—one of the controls on which the whole

organization of our society depends. It failed to uphold the most ordinary rights of citizenship, making Japanese-Americans into second-class citizens, who stand before the courts on a different legal footing from other Americans. It accepted and gave the prestige of its support to dangerous racial myths about a minority group, in arguments which can easily be applied to any other minority in our society.

The reasoning of the court was simple and direct. The problem was the scope of the war power of the national government. Both Congress and the executive seemed to have decided that special measures were required because espionage and sabotage were especially to be feared from persons of Japanese descent on the West Coast in the spring of 1942. It was not the job of the Supreme Court to decide such questions for itself. Its task was that of judicial review—to uphold the judgment of the officers directly responsible for fighting the war if, the court said, there was "any substantial basis" in fact for the conclusion that protective measures were necessary.

Two propositions which the court accepted as "facts" were held to afford a sufficiently "rational basis" for military decision. The first was that in time of war "residents having ethnic affiliations with an invading enemy may be a greater source of danger than those of different ancestry"—a doctrine which belongs with the race theories of the Nazis and, moreover, is contrary to the experience of American society in both our World Wars. (The weight of scientific evidence is that the most important driving urge of such minority groups is to conform, not to rebel.) The second was that on the West Coast in 1942 there was no time to isolate and examine the suspected Japanese on an individual basis—although of the 110,000 persons subject to the exclusion orders, 43 per cent were over fifty or under fifteen years old; they had lived in California without committing sabotage for five months after Pearl Harbor; in the country as a whole, thousands of aliens were examined individually without substantial delay; and in Britain 74,000 enemy aliens were checked in a few months.

By accepting the military judgment on

these two points, without any evidence in the record to back it up, without requiring any testimony from the military, and even without adequate discussion by the court itself, the court has taken "judicial notice" of doubtful and controversial propositions of fact, as if they were as well-established as the census statistics or the tide tables. The court could have sent the cases back for a full trial on the justification for General DeWitt's decision. Instead, it upheld his ruling. Thus it created a profound question as to the position of the military power in our public life.

V

THE CONCEPTION of the war power under the American Constitution rests on the experience of the Revolution and the Civil War. It rests on basic political principles which men who had endured those times of trouble had fully discussed and carefully set forth. The chief architects of the conception were men of affairs who had participated in war, and had definite and well-founded ideas about the role of the professional military mind in the conduct of war.

The first and dominating principle of the war power under the Constitution is that the Commander-in-Chief of the armed forces must be a civilian, elected and not promoted to his office. In no other way can the subordination of the military to the civil power be assured. And in every democracy, the relationship between civil and military power is the crucial issue—the issue on which its capacity to survive in time of crisis ultimately depends.

The second principle governing the war power in a democracy is that of responsibility. Like every other officer of government, soldiers must answer for their decisions to the nation's system of law, and not to the Chief of Staff alone. Where military decisions lead to conflicts between individuals and authority—as in the Japanese exclusion program—the courts must adjudicate them. It is essential to every democratic value in society that official action, taken in the name of the war power, should be held to standards of responsibility under such circumstances.

The courts have not in the past, and should not now, declare such problems to be beyond the reach of judicial review. The present Supreme Court is dominated by the conviction that in the past judicial review has unduly limited the freedom of administrative action. But surely the right answer to bad law is good law, rather than no law at all. The court must review the exercise of military power in a way which permits ample freedom to the executive, yet assures society as a whole that appropriate standards of responsibility have been met.

The issue for judicial decision in these cases is not lessened or changed by saying that the war power includes any steps required to win the war. The problem is still one of judgment as to what helps win a war. Who is to decide whether there was a sensible reason for doing what was done? Is it enough for the general to say that when he acted, he honestly thought it was a good idea to do what he did?

Unless the courts require a showing, in cases like these, of an intelligible relationship between means and ends, society has lost its basic protection against the abuse of military power. The general's good intentions must be irrelevant. There should be evidence in court that his military judgment had a suitable basis in fact.

THE HISTORY of this question in the Supreme Court is unmistakable. The earlier decisions of the court had vigorously asserted that "what are the allowable limits of military discretion, and whether or not they have been overstepped in a particular case, are judicial questions"; and that there must be evidence enough to satisfy the court as to the need for the action taken. They had made it clear that the law is not neutral in such issues, but has a positive preference for protecting civil rights where possible, and a long-standing suspicion of the military mind when acting outside its own sphere.

Yet in the Japanese-American cases there was literally no evidence whatever by which the court might test the responsibility of General DeWitt's action. Dozens of Supreme Court decisions had said that the court would not pass on serious constitutional questions without a record

before it, establishing the essential facts. Those cases were all ignored. One hundred thousand persons were sent to concentration camps on a record which wouldn't support a conviction for stealing a dog.

The earlier cases not only established the rule that there must be an independent judicial examination of the justification for a military act. They went much further. They declared a simple rule-of-thumb as a guide in handling cases involving military discretion, in which the military undertook to arrest, hold, or try people. So long as the civil courts were open and functioning, the Supreme Court had previously held, there could be no military necessity for allowing generals to hold, try, or punish people. The safety of the country could be thoroughly protected against treason, sabotage, and like crimes by ordinary arrest and trial in the civil courts, unless the courts were shut by riot, invasion, or insurrection.

THAT WAS the moral of the great case of *Ex Parte Milligan*, decided in 1866. *Ex Parte Milligan* is a monument in the democratic tradition, and until now it has been the animating force in this branch of our law. To be sure, there is a tendency nowadays to treat *Ex Parte Milligan* as outmoded, as if new methods of "total" warfare made the case an anachronism; but those who take this view have forgotten the circumstances of the Civil War, when fifth columns, propaganda, sabotage, and espionage were rife.

Ex Parte Milligan illustrates the point. Milligan was convincingly charged with active participation in a fifth column plot worthy of Hitler. A group of armed and determined men planned to seize federal arsenals at Columbus, Indianapolis, and at three points in Illinois, and then to release Confederate prisoners of war held in those states. Thus they would create a Confederate army behind the Union lines in Tennessee. Milligan and his alleged co-conspirators acted in Indiana, Missouri, Illinois, and in other border states. Their strategy had a political arm. The Union was to be split politically, and a Northwest Confederation was to be declared, friendly to the South, and embrac-

ing six states. This was not an idle dream. It was sponsored by a well-financed society, the Sons of Liberty, thought to have 300,000 members, many of them rich and respectable, and the planned uprising would coincide with the Chicago convention of the Democratic Party, which was then sympathetic to abandoning the war and recognizing the Confederacy.

The unanimous court which freed Milligan for civil trial was a court of fire-eating Unionists. Mr. Justice Davis, who wrote for the majority, was one of President Lincoln's closest friends. The Chief Justice, who wrote for the concurring minority, was a valiant supporter of the war, whatever his shortcomings in other respects. Yet the court had no difficulty in freeing Milligan, and facing down the outcry provoked by the decision.

The court held in Milligan's case that it was unconstitutional to try him before a military commission, rather than a court of law. There was little doubt of his guilt. But it was beyond the powers of the military to measure or punish it.

The court's vigorous peroration is worth recalling:

It is claimed that martial law covers with its broad mantle the proceedings of this military commission. The proposition is this: that in a time of war the commander of the armed force (if in his opinion the exigencies of the country demand it, and of which he is to judge), has the power, within the lines of his military district, to suspend all civil rights and their remedies, and subject citizens as well as soldiers to the rule of *his will*; and in the exercise of his lawful authority cannot be restrained, except by his superior officer or the President of the United States.

If this position is sound to the extent claimed, then when war exists, foreign or domestic, and the country is subdivided into military departments for mere convenience, the commander of one of them can, if he chooses, within his limits, on the plea of necessity, with the approval of the Executive, substitute military force for and to the exclusion of the laws, and punish all persons, as he thinks right and proper, without fixed or certain rules.

The statement of this proposition shows its importance; for, if true, republican government is a failure, and there is an end of liberty regulated by law. Martial law, established on such a basis, destroys every guarantee of the Constitution, and effectually renders the "military independent of and superior to the civil power"—the attempt to do which by the King of Great Britain was deemed by our fathers such an offence, that they assigned it to the world as one of the causes which impelled

them to declare their independence. Civil liberty and this kind of martial law cannot endure together; the antagonism is irreconcilable; and, in the conflict, one or the other must perish.

YET IN the cases of the Japanese-Americans the Supreme Court held the precedent of *Ex Parte Milligan* inapplicable. The reasoning is extraordinarily dangerous. The Japanese-Americans, the court said, were detained by a civilian agency, not by the Army. The program was not exclusively a matter for military administration, and it was enforceable under a statute by ordinary criminal remedies. Therefore, it did not present the question of the power of military tribunals to conduct trials under the laws of war.

But the Japanese-Americans were ordered detained by a general, purporting to act on military grounds. The military order was enforceable, on pain of imprisonment. While a United States marshal, rather than a military policeman, assured obedience to the order, the ultimate sanction behind the marshal's writ is the same as that of the military police: the bayonets of United States troops. It is hardly a ground for distinction that the general's command was backed by the penalty of civil imprisonment, or that he obtained civilian aid in running the relocation camps. The starting point for the entire program was a military order, which had to be obeyed.

In *Ex Parte Milligan* the Supreme Court had said that the military could not constitutionally arrest, nor could a military tribunal constitutionally try, civilians charged with treason and conspiracy to destroy the state by force, at a time when the civil courts were open and functioning. Yet under the plan considered in the Japanese-American cases, people not charged with crime are imprisoned without even a military trial, on the ground that they have the taint of Japanese blood. It would seem clear that if it is illegal to arrest and confine people after an unwarranted military trial, it is surely even more illegal to arrest and confine them without any trial at all. But the Supreme Court says that the issues of the *Milligan* case were not involved in this case because the evacuees were committed to camps by military orders, not by military tribunals, and be-

cause their jailers did not wear uniforms!

There are, then, two basic constitutional problems concealed in the court's easy dismissal of *Ex Parte Milligan*: the arrest, removal, and confinement of persons without trial, pending examination of their loyalty; and the indefinite confinement of persons found to be disloyal. On both counts, at least as to citizens, the moral of *Ex Parte Milligan* is plain.

AS FOR the Japanese *aliens* involved in the evacuation program, the constitutional problem is different. In time of war, the government possesses great powers over enemy aliens, which are to be exercised, the courts say, for the "single purpose" of preventing enemy aliens from aiding the enemy. They may be interned if dangerous and their property in the United States may be taken into custody. Yet they are entitled to our general constitutional protections of individual liberty—to trial by jury, the writ of habeas corpus, and the other basic rights of the person. Is it permissible to intern all the Japanese who live on the West Coast, but to allow German and Italian aliens, and Japanese who live elsewhere, general freedom? Surely the control and custody of enemy aliens in wartime should be reasonably equal and even-handed.

THE JAPANESE exclusion program rests on five propositions of the utmost potential menace:

1. Protective custody, extending over three or four years, is a permitted form of imprisonment in the United States.

2. Political opinions, not criminal acts, may contain enough danger to justify such imprisonment.

3. Men, women, and children of a given racial group, both Americans and resident aliens, can be presumed to possess the kind of dangerous ideas which require their imprisonment.

4. In time of war or emergency the military—perhaps without even the concurrence of the legislature—can decide what political opinions require imprisonment, and which groups are infected with them.

5. The decision of the military can be carried out without indictment, trial, ex-

amination, jury, the confrontation of witnesses, counsel for the defense, the privilege against self-incrimination, or any of the other safeguards of the Bill of Rights.

The idea of punishment only for individual criminal behavior is basic to all systems of civilized law. A great principle was never lost so casually. Mr. Justice Black's comment was weak to the point of impotence: "Hardships are a part of war, and war is an aggregation of hardships." It was an answer in the spirit of cliché: "Don't you know there's a war going on?" It ignores the rights of citizenship, and the safeguards of trial practice which have been the historical attributes of liberty.

We believe that the German people bear a common political responsibility for outrages secretly committed by the Gestapo and the SS. What are we to think of our own part in a program which violates every principle of our common life, yet has been approved by the President, Congress, and the Supreme Court?

Three chief forms of reparation are available, and should be pursued. The first is the inescapable obligation of the federal government to protect the civil rights of Japanese-Americans against organized and unorganized hooliganism. If local law enforcement fails, federal prosecutions under the national Civil Rights Act should be undertaken.

Secondly, generous financial indemnity should be sought. Apart from the sufferings of their imprisonment, the Japanese-Americans have sustained heavy property losses from their evacuation.

Finally, the basic issues should be presented to the Supreme Court again, in an effort to obtain a prompt reversal of these wartime cases. The Supreme Court has often corrected its own errors in the past, especially when that error was occasioned by the excitement of a tense moment. After the end of the Civil War, several earlier decisions were reversed by *Ex Parte Milligan*. The famous flag-salute case of 1940 has recently been overruled in the decision of *West Virginia v. Barnett*. Similar public expiation in the case of the Japanese-Americans would be good for the court, and for the country.

{ *Frank Sullivan, the sage of Saratoga Springs, makes his first appearance in Harper's with this model of crystal-clear exposition.* }

THE GOOD SOCIETIES

A Guide to Good Will

FRANK SULLIVAN



IN THESE times of world crisis and readjustment every American of good will naturally wants to pitch in and help. The expression of this patriotic urge may be found in the roster of worthy societies and committees that have been organized during the past seven years to safeguard freedom, democracy, and liberty. There are not only enough organizations in the United States offering outlets for all who want to help; there are so many of them that the average man of good will, confronted with the problem of which organization to join, may well have difficulty in making a choice.

That being the case, it might be useful to attempt here a guide to the societies of good will. It may help the citizen to find his proper niche. The multitude of the societies and the imposing titles of some of them need not bewilder us. Each one has its own function and it is really quite simple to tell one from the other, once they are explained properly.

Now then, suppose we take an average American of good will, John Doe, who wants to put his shoulder to the wheel to protect and forward democracy. To what organization championing democracy shall he lend his support? Well, he can join the Union for Democratic Action, or the Friends of Democracy, Inc., or Free World for Democratic Victory

and World Organization, or the Council for Democracy, or the Institute for American Democracy, or, if he wants to tackle a really man-size job, the American Association for a Democratic Germany.

That offers an ample choice and it really isn't so complicated, is it? Just bear in mind that the Council for Democratic Union is the committee of which Ernest Angell, Ordway Tead, and Lyman Bryson are pillars. On the other hand, in the case of the Institute for American Democracy—no, hold on, I beg your pardon. The name of that other organization is not the Council for Democratic Union. It's the Union for Democratic Action, and Mr. Angell, Mr. Tead, and Mr. Bryson are not figures in that. It's the Council for Democracy they belong to. That's the same council Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr is chairman of, and Albert Sprague Coolidge is treasurer. No, vice-chairman. That is, Dr. Niebuhr is vice-chairman. Wait—it's the American Association for a Democratic Germany that Dr. Niebuhr is vice-chairman of. Albert Sprague Coolidge is not a member of that. Mr. Coolidge belongs to the Union for Democratic Action.

You see how essential it is to get all the facts concerning these good will societies properly catalogued in our minds? It's simple, of course, once you get the hang of

them, yet it would be easy for the novice to get a bit confused. I have devoted considerable study to the various committees and belong to several, being a man of good will, or at least I try to be, and yet, as you see, I nearly slipped in the paragraph above.

IF HE finds the task of choosing among the democracy councils too difficult, perhaps our John Doe would prefer to join a committee promoting freedom or victory. In that case I recommend Food for Freedom, Fight for Freedom, Education for Freedom, Citizens for Freedom—no, Citizens for Victory—Freedom House, the America Free World Association, Free World for Democratic Victory and World Organization, the Women's Action Committee for Victory and Lasting Peace, or, if he wants to specialize, the Commission on the Freedom of the Press. Mrs. Norman de R. Whitehouse is chairman of that. Rather, I should say, she is chairman of the Women's Action Committee for Victory and Lasting Peace, of which Mrs. J. Borden Harriman is a consultant.

Mrs. Harriman is not to be confused, rather, she *is* to be confused with the Mrs. J. Borden Harriman who is also a director of Free World for Democratic Victory and Lasting Peace, I mean, World Organization; honorary vice-chairman of Citizens for Victory; vice-president and director of Americans United for World Organization; a counsellor to the Committee for National Morale, and a member of the National Council of the Women's National Committee for Universal Military Training of Young Men. On the other hand, Newbold Morris is only the chairman of the Concert Committee of the Racial Understanding Award to William Jay Schieffelin by the Council for Fair Play Committee. This should refute the argument that women have not been assuming their proper share of the burden of national affairs. By the way, there is no "Committee" at the end of that organization Mr. Morris presides over. I put that in by error.

Now then, it may help if we bear in mind that Mrs. Dana Converse Backus, Silas Blake Axtell, Mrs. Mary McLeod Bethune, Mrs. James Lees Laidlaw, John

Haynes Holmes, Oswald Garrison Villard, Ruth Bryan Rohde, Mrs. Robert Low Bacon, Frederick Lewis Allen, Guy Emery Shipler, William Allan Neilson, Mrs. Henry Goddard Leach, Ralph Barton Perry, Mary Ware Dennett, Helen Gahagan Douglas, Vera Micheles Dean, Dr. David de Sola Pool, and Carl Hermann Voss, not to speak of Arthur Garfield Hays, Dr. Allan Knight Chalmers, William Marshall Bullitt, Margaret Culkin Banning, Ruth Kelso Renfrew, Arthur Upham Pope, Joseph Clark Baldwin, Grace Allen Bangs, Whitney North Seymour, Ruth Bullowa Lipper—by the way, it will be advisable in this guide occasionally to mention the names of a few of the more prominent, at least the more experienced, sponsors of committees. Names of societies may mean little to our John Doe, may indeed bewilder him, but the names of persons mean a lot to him.

For instance, one man may admire James T. Shotwell and Clark M. Eichelberger, and so he will prefer to join the Commission to Study the Organization of Peace, of which Mr. Shotwell and Mr. Eichelberger are president and director. Another citizen may be a fan of Dr. Ernest M. Hopkins, or Dr. Frank Kingdon, or Dr. Foster Kennedy, or Dr. L. M. Birkhead, or Mrs. Elsie B. Wimpfheimer, and will act accordingly. A third may be attracted by the staccato, Hemingway-school type of name, such as Rex Stout (president of the Friends of Democracy, Inc.), Pierre Cot (member of the editorial board of Free World for Democratic Victory and World Organization), or Mai Mai Sze (member of the executive committee of the India League of America). A fourth citizen, perhaps with more music in his soul, may prefer lilting names, like Stringfellow Barr; Frank Aydelotte, Virginus Dabney, Varian Fry, Tallulah Bankhead, Carl Carmer, Cass Canfield—all sponsors of committees active in the interests of peace, liberty, freedom, and democracy. A fifth, whom we may refer to as John Partington Doe, will insist on as much name as he can get for his money, and he will join committees sponsored by Robert Morss Lovett, George Fielding Eliot, James Waterman Wise, and those other citizens listed two paragraphs above.

Then there are always citizens who will veer to the committees fostered by ladies and gentlemen with names such as C. Mildred Thompson, F. LeMoyné Page, S. Stanwood Menken, J. Alvarez del Vayo, Bishop G. Bromley Oldham and Bishop G. Ashton Oxnam.

We must also take into account the large and growing body of Americans who will join only committees sponsored by Miss Dorothy Thompson. Fortunately the supply here is equal to any foreseeable demand and the Thompson fans can choose among Freedom House, of which Miss T. was a founder; the Women's Action Committee for Victory and Lasting Peace, of which she is a consultant; Free World for Democratic Victory and World Organization, on whose editorial board she is an honorary consultant; Citizens for Victory, Inc., of which she is honorary vice-chairman; the Women's National Committee for Universal Military Training of Young Men, of which she is a councillor; the American Association for a Democratic Germany, of which she is vice-chairman; and the Writers' War Board, where she has been on the advisory board along with Joseph Wood Krutch, Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings, Mary Roberts Rinehart, and Francis John Sullivan.

I beg your pardon. An error crept in at the end of the second paragraph above. I am wrong in referring to Bishops G. Bromley Oldham and G. Ashton Oxnam. The names are, correctly, G. Bromley Oxnam and G. Ashton Oldham. Dr. Oxnam is a Methodist bishop. Dr. Oldham, an Episcopalian, is head of the see of Albany. Care must be taken to distinguish between these two eminent and good prelates, just as we must also watch our step with Norman Corwin and Norman Cousins, lest we get them confused; that is, lest we get confused about them, or rather, about their names. Bishop Oldham is one of the sponsors of the Institute for American Democracy while Bishop Oxnam is a trustee of the Church Peace Union and the World Alliance for International Friendship through the Churches. No, it's the other way round; it's Bishop Oxnam who is on the board of the Institute for American Democracy. Or is it? Well, anyhow, Monsignor John A. Ryan

is a sponsor of the Council Against Intolerance in America.

Now then, when I list the committees that my esteemed colleagues, Dorothy Thompson or Herbert Bayard Swope or Marshall Field belong to, please bear in mind that such listings are as of the present writing. By the time this chart appears they may have dropped off some of these committees, or vice versa, or they may have joined others. You will find that Nature maintains a fairly steady balance in these matters. This also applies to Spyros Skouras, Rachel McQuiston Kelly, Nancy Rupley Armstrong, Lin Yutang, Louis Bromfield, William Agar, Walter Wanger, Thomas W. Lamont, Harry D. Gideonse, Mrs. Oswald B. Lord, Pauline E. Mandigo, Ulric Bell, Richard B. Scandrett, Dean Alfange, Freda Kirchwey, the Rev. George B. Ford, Matthew Woll, and a gentleman named simply Wousaofong, who is down here as a member of the editorial board of Free World for Democratic Victory and World Organization.

THIS GUIDE, like so many restaurant menus in these times, is subject to change without notice. I am explaining things as well as I can for my patriotic fellow citizens but I ask them not to blame me if they try to join a committee or council mentioned here, and fail to find it. The truth is, it is somewhat difficult to keep abreast—if you will pardon the expression—of the committees. Things happen to them. They come and go. Their titles grow too long and break in two. Sometimes the two parts form new committees; sometimes they just wither away. Other times the bigger committees, or those with the more massive titles, simply engulf the smaller ones, as big bubbles in a glass of water lure tiny bubbles into amalgamation. Or two committees fall in love with each other and ascend in a nuptial flight from which only the female committee returns. By the way, how does it happen that we have got this far in this analysis and the name of Norman Thomas has not cropped up?

Now, as with the names of sponsors, some citizens may have preferences in the names of committees. These preferences may or may not coincide with the tastes

regarding personal names. A man who leans toward a crisp type of name such as Abit Nix (member of the National Council of the Citizens Committee for a National War Service Act) or Finn Moe (member of the executive committee of Free World for a Democratic Victory and World Organization) may join a committee with a name Proust might have written like the Elizabeth Committee for Wartime Enactment of Peacetime Conscription. I beg your pardon. That's the Elizabeth Committee *Against* Wartime Enactment of Wartime—I mean Peacetime—Conscription. It's the Women's National Committee for Universal Military Training of Young Men that is *for* universal military training of young men, and it's Elizabeth, New Jersey, of course.

On the other hand, a man fond of ample names like Mrs. Norman de R. Whitehouse, or Dean Virginia C. Gildersleeve, or Dr. Ananda K. Coomaraswamy (member of the national advisory board of the India League of America), instead of joining, as we might fairly expect, some copiously-titled society like the Intercultural Education Workshop or the National Federation for Constitutional Liberties, may just up and join Freedom House.

JOHN DOE's path is beset by pitfalls. This guide is needed, to steer him through them. Suppose, for instance, that Mr. Doe has a strong reluctance, amounting to a phobia, to joining more than one committee. One is all he can handle. It would make him dizzy to belong to as many as Beardsley Ruml. In that case, the organization called Americans United would seem to be just his dish. So he joins. Then he gets his first letter from Americans United and discovers from the letterhead that Americans United is also the American Free World Association, Citizens for Victory, the Committee to Defend America, Fight for Freedom, the United Nations Association, the United Nations Committee for Greater New York, the Citizens Conference on International Economic Union, the World Alliance for International Friendship through the Churches, the Southern Council on International Rela-

tions, the Catholic Association for International Peace, the League for Fair Play, the Commission to Study the Organization of Peace, and twelve other committees, councils, unions, alliances, and leagues. Through the years, by conquest, by treaty, or by capillary attraction, Americans United has drawn all twenty-four of these committees to itself. I am afraid poor claustrophobic Doe would be little solaced if we tried to comfort him by saying, "There, there, old man. *E pluribus unum* and all that sort of thing, you know."

He would have been better advised to join Federal Union, a committee which does not happen to be affiliated with Americans United. Hold on. Federal Union *is* affiliated with Americans United. It's World Federalists that isn't affiliated. That is, they call it World Federalists for short, but its full title, the one it wears to formal parties, official funerals, ceremonial dances, and fertility rites, is World Federalists Working for a Constitutional Convention to Establish a Democratic World Government. Mortimer J. Adler belongs to it. No, he belongs to Federal World Government, Inc., the Organization of World Federalists, along with Silas Blake Axtell and Roger N. Baldwin. Federal World Government must not be confused with Federal Federalists, I mean World Federalists. Oh, I'm sorry, I'm wrong about Roger N. Baldwin. He's not in Federal World Government, Inc., but in the American Civil Liberties Union, along with John P. Marquand, Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam, A. Philip Randolph, Dorothy Dunbar Bromley Oxnam—no, Oldham—no, just Dorothy Dunbar Bromley, and—ah-HA!—Norman Thomas.

That clears up those organizations. But we still have American Defense, Harvard Group; the American Committee for Yugoslav Relief, the Common Council for American Unity, the Christian Council on Palestine, the People's International War Research League, the Committee for Refugee Education, Inc., the New York Adult Education Council—I don't know, the more I think of it, the more I'm inclined to advise John Doe to join the Elks, no pun intended.

{ *Student of economics, historian, author, and contributing editor of Harper's, Mr. Grattan recently returned from an intensive tour of the TVA region.* }

A HARD LOOK AT TVA

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN



THE TENNESSEE Valley is, like the Grand Canyon, one of the great sights of these United States. But whereas man has added little to the Grand Canyon—it is nature's handiwork unadorned—the valley of the Tennessee attracts visitors because of what man has done there. It is less the valley itself that people go to see than the work of the Tennessee Valley Authority, now twelve years old, whose accomplishments have been heralded around the world. The great dams, built for flood control, to regulate water for navigation, to generate electricity, or as multiple-purpose structures serving two or three of these purposes simultaneously, can be looked at as spectacles, as monuments to man's constructive powers, or as great utilitarian works—so the inscriptions tell us—built “for the people of the United States.” Thousands went to look before the war, thousands more will do so after the war.

There are, for example, the great Fontana Dam recently completed on the Little Tennessee in western North Carolina, with a maximum height of 480 feet and a length of 2,662 feet, the tallest structure of its kind east of the Rockies; and the Wilson Dam at Muscle Shoals, Alabama, in the main river, an inheritance from the last war, designed by Hugh L. Cooper (who later designed Dnieprostroy for the Russians), with a maximum height of 137 feet and a length of 4,862 feet. Moreover,

the dams create great, spectacular, and attractive lakes where none existed before. These things forcibly impress the imagination. But unless you are a technician they impress it like other man-made vastnesses, the Empire State Building and Radio City in New York, and the Pentagon Building in Washington. They impress, but the mental illumination they bring of themselves is small.

The inevitable pragmatic question is: What can they do for the people of the Valley and the United States? That question takes one to the heart of the problem confronting TVA today. What, in the final analysis, will be their impact on Valley living standards?

FIRST, THOUGH, it is necessary to get clearly in mind what TVA is charged with attempting to do and the historical background of its tasks. Much of the confusion with regard to the enterprise arises from failure to study the law which created it. By act of Congress TVA was set up as a corporate body:

To improve the navigability and to provide for the flood control of the Tennessee River; to provide for the reforestation and the proper use of marginal lands in the Tennessee Valley; to provide for the agricultural and industrial development of said valley; to provide for the national defense by the creation of a corporation for the operation of Government properties at and near Muscle Shoals in the State of Alabama, and for other purposes.

The properties already owned by the government and taken over by TVA included Wilson Dam, begun in 1918 and completed in 1925, together with a nitrate plant built during World War I but brought into operation too late to do any good in that war. It was maintained in standby condition by the Army until it passed to TVA. You will recall that between the end of the war and 1933, private interests—Alabama Power and Henry Ford, for example—tried to buy these properties but were refused. Congress prevented the transfer on the grounds that they should be retained as public properties. (As a matter of fact, the government had been active in this area for a very long time. Congress gave lands to the state of Alabama back in 1827 to finance a canal at Muscle Shoals.)

Although today TVA and electricity are always associated in the public mind, neither in the Preamble nor in Section 1 of the Congressional act is the production of electricity mentioned, and not until we come to Section 9a is this function defined. Subsequent sections of the act lay down specifications which have been the basis for some of the most severe attacks on TVA. For instance: the directors of the authority are charged with operating dams and reservoirs "primarily" for the purpose of promoting navigation and controlling floods. But, so far as may be consistent with such purposes, the board is also authorized to provide and operate facilities for the generation of electric energy not only for the use of the corporation and of other government agencies, but also for sale, "to assist in liquidating the cost or to aid in the maintenance of the projects of the Authority." The act goes on to specify that:

in the sale of such current by the board it shall give preference to states, counties, municipalities, and co-operative organizations of citizens or farmers, not organized or doing business for profit, but primarily for the purpose of supplying electricity to its own citizens or members . . .

Almost all of the controversy about TVA circles around these provisions, since the private utilities and their supporters find in them a deliberate intent of encroaching upon their preserves. For our purposes at the moment, however, we need

only take note of the fact that TVA's production and distribution of electricity is by statute subordinate to both flood control and navigation. There is little controversy over the flood control and navigation aspects of TVA's activities, though bitter critics are not above taking potshots at them. The federal government has been dealing with these matters for a time—since 1824 to be exact—acting through the War Department and the Army Engineers. Even Adam Smith, the apostle of free markets, admitted that they were legitimate activities of the state. But electricity is a different matter.

We all know that governments the world around have entered the field and are likely to invade it ever more freely as time goes on. It is one of those generally accepted extensions of governmental activity which are characteristic of our time. As well oppose the weather. But it should be noted that thus far in the United States the government's production and distribution of electricity remains incidental to more traditional purposes.

The language of the TVA Act reflects the policy developed by the Bureau of Reclamation, which pioneered in this field by developing electric power at irrigation dams in the West. Beginning in 1906—under the first Roosevelt—at the Salt River Valley project in Arizona, the Bureau has steadily added to its plants under Republican and Democratic Congresses alike until today it has twenty-eight scattered through Arizona, California, Colorado, Idaho, Nevada, New Mexico, Texas, Utah, Washington, and Wyoming. These plants produce electricity primarily to aid in operating the irrigation projects, but they also sell low-cost energy to private buyers and have done so for years. In 1928, with the Boulder Canyon project, the idea was accepted that power should help liquidate the cost of the works built fundamentally for a different purpose. Power sales will pay off 90 per cent of the cost of Boulder. On other projects of this sort electricity sales will meet from 50 to 100 per cent of the cost. In the sale of its power the Bureau, like TVA, gives "preference to municipalities and other public corporations or agencies, and to co-opera-

tives and other nonprofit organizations."

In other words, TVA's production and distribution of electricity, like flood control and aid to navigation, is backed by perfectly respectable tradition. In any case, the electric power phases of TVA were not sprung upon innocent and unsuspecting private enterprisers. Nor did the New Dealers of 1933 invent the definitions of policy they used. At bottom, that responsibility belongs to T.R. and the conservationists.

BUT TVA is not limited to these functions. It shoots off in other, complementary directions. Agricultural development is mentioned in the preamble to the act, and there are other references in various sections which support an active program in this field, chiefly with regard to the use of fertilizers produced in the old nitrate plant, the use of soil-building cover crops, the promotion of cultivation methods that minimize soil erosion, and the development of new crops which will increase the incomes of the farmers. Furthermore, the Authority is specifically empowered to deal with the problems of forest utilization on a perpetual production basis, to encourage factory industry, and to foster the "economic and social well-being of the people" in general. Like the other functions of TVA these are traditional activities of government in America.

Here, then, are the general objectives of TVA, as summarized in Section 23 of the act:

(1) the maximum amount of flood control; (2) the maximum development of said Tennessee River for navigation purposes; (3) the maximum generation of electric power consistent with flood control and navigation; (4) the proper use of marginal lands; (5) the proper method of reforestation of all lands in said drainage basin suitable for reforestation; and (6) the economic and social well-being of the people living in said river basin.

It is these six objectives which set the basic pattern of the Authority.

WHAT MAKES the Authority unique is not the objectives assigned to it but the co-ordination of these objectives under a single organization with power to carry them out in a specified region, and their coupling with planning powers. Plan-

ning is, of course, a fighting word, and those who are excited by it should read carefully the planning powers as set forth in Section 22 of the act. They will discover that what Congress has provided is a kind of resources planning board for the Valley; it has no power to execute its plans without referring them to the proper authorities. TVA planning is chiefly "for information," and the plans remain "information" until, as the section states, Congress or a state implements a specific plan. TVA's planning authority is cribbed, cabined, and confined. It is not a well from which can be drawn the heady waters of authoritarian planning, even within the Authority's bailiwick.

Indeed, there is little in the act in any connection that allows for authoritarian conduct on the part of the board of directors. As a federal agency TVA presumably could be arbitrary, overbearing, and overriding in relation to the states, local governments, and individual citizens. Moreover it wields considerable power of the purse, in itself a potential source of arbitrary power. But thus far the directors seem to have done rather better than well in keeping clear of the authoritarian virus.

Finally, TVA is a corporation. This alone is enough to give some good folks the jitters. But government corporations are legitimate devices for accomplishing public ends. A balanced discussion of them was given by Professor Marshall Dimock in *Harper's* for May. He pointed out that the United States has been experimenting with them since 1904. TVA wasn't the first; it won't be the last. And there is no evidence whatever that it is, or will ever become, a monstrous growth. That dubious honor appears to be reserved for Mr. Hoover's RFC.

II

MOST of the writing about TVA that has substance has to do with administration. This is natural enough, I suppose, since the running of such a gigantic enterprise, operating in parts of seven states, containing numerous local governments—counties, villages, towns, and cities—presents an infinitude of prob-

lems which fascinate administrators, especially professors and others who think they are developing a "science" of administration. However, much of this stuff makes arid reading. I'm not going to add my quota to it, whatever the provocation. Rather I am going to ask and attempt to answer in concrete terms a central question: Is TVA really democratic?

I think it is. It is democratic chiefly because its administrators rely so heavily on persuasion, accompanied by co-operation with state and local authorities through negotiation and shared responsibility. But nevertheless I find it hard to convince myself that the way TVA is at present operated is the only way it could be operated under the existing law, even though that law does pretty clearly specify persuasion. I can imagine another set of directors resting on their oars and relying upon the passive coercion of federal prestige to get the required results. I can even imagine the covert use of active coercion as an instrument of policy. In short, after careful reading of the law and of a reasonable amount of the literature about TVA administration, I feel sure that the active pursuit of the correct course is a matter of the personalities of the directors, and especially of the chairman, David E. Lilienthal.

THE THREE directors of TVA today are James P. Pope, Harcourt A. Morgan, and Mr. Lilienthal. Mr. Pope, a former senator, had so little to say at the general conference I attended during a recent visit to the Valley that I could not assess his outlook. I was told that he was very good at making persuasive speeches to local organizations of any kind and that he was a *Nation-New Republic* liberal. Harcourt Morgan, on the other hand, had a lot to say. I gathered that he felt that the real solution of the Valley's problem is a kind of exclusivist sectionalism, something which on a Valley basis would be an equivalent to economic nationalism on a nationwide basis. (Sharp dissent from his audience.) I concluded that he was a curious and interesting man who has become rather tired in his earnest service of the public good.

Lilienthal overshadows his fellow direc-

tors. He is in fact and by logic chairman, the principal personal influence on the TVA. Luckily we saw more of him than of any of the others.

David Lilienthal is a naturally friendly man. He is easy with people. He likes people. He is not, however, a fluent conversationalist. Words are obviously not his professional medium. I gathered that he judges ideas pragmatically—by the difference they make in practice—and that, naturally, he has little use for metaphysical theory. He is genuinely interested in discovering ways and means of reconciling big organization and true democracy. Above all, he is a convinced democrat of the liberal persuasion who believes that the kind of job TVA has to do is a right and proper job for a government agency.

Lilienthal believes in decentralization. He decidedly does not believe that all our problems should be handed over to a few bright boys in Washington. He doubts whether *all* the bright boys get to Washington. More important, he believes that even if they did they would lack that understanding of local *mores* which is needed to deal properly with problems in their local expressions. Every bureaucrat is a potential Procrustes, trimming people to fit his rules, and Procrustes was no democrat. But since Lilienthal is anything but a rigid logician, he doesn't think the alternative to Washington centralization is village-pump localism. He doesn't even believe in states' rights as ordinarily conceived. Rather he thinks that on many occasions there are more reasonable geographical units of administration than the states. He therefore accepts the region as a desirable administrative unit, standing as it does somewhere between Washington and the states.

As a regionalist he sees this new unit as a means for realizing common purposes which require that state boundaries be transcended. A river valley is often such a logical regional unit. Certainly the Tennessee Valley is one. But because the region is larger than the states, it does not follow that state and local governments should be obliterated by the regional authority, even in the areas of action peculiarly its own. Mr. Lilienthal appears to

have sought in an extraordinarily conscientious fashion—even, to some degree, at the expense of efficiency—the intimate co-operation of state and local authorities in carrying out TVA's duties. Thus, in realizing the farm program, the work is largely done through, and with the help of, the land-grant colleges of the Valley and the established county agents of the extension service. TVA has sought, on the one hand, to avoid absorbing what are properly local functions and, on the other, has sought to act positively to strengthen and extend local functions. It seeks to realize its purposes through local institutions, wherever feasible. This, I think, is democratic.

Moreover, it is democratic in that it does not *command* co-operation; it achieves it by negotiation and, often, by written agreement defining the responsibilities assumed by the parties; and, further, it does not seek to coerce the ultimate beneficiaries, the citizens. If TVA in its activities needs an improved county library system, it helps the local system, if one exists, or it assists in establishing a new one. But it will not maintain the new library facilities permanently. When TVA's special need—created, say, by the building of a dam in some remote place—has passed, the further maintenance of the improved library system must be undertaken by the authorities normally concerned. As a rule this happens, because the people in general have welcomed the enlarged opportunities for getting books to read. But no one has ever said, "Comes TVA, books you shall read."

Nor does TVA require people to abandon old shacks for modern houses, TVA style; or even to cease following farm practices that erode the land. TVA seeks to gain co-operation all along the line by persuasion, not coercion, and to teach by example, not by compulsion. That it succeeds is clear from the testimony of the Valley governors, solicited and printed by the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*. All of them absolved TVA of any interference with states' rights, Governor Prentice Cooper of Tennessee saying that "the rights of this state and its citizens, far from being restricted or violated by activities of this federal agency, have been enlarged

through enriched opportunities," and Governor Ellis Arnall of Georgia going so far as to assert, "The only complaint I have regarding TVA is that its influence has not permeated this state further. . . . There has been no encroachment on states' rights."

III

ALTHOUGH it is all to the good that TVA is run on democratic lines, it might be run democratically to a footless end. What is the central purpose of TVA? I assume that there will be little quarrel with the statement that its fundamental objective is the raising of living standards—particularly within the area of its operations, but with a generally favorable effect on the nation as a whole.

Everything TVA does has an effect on living standards, even though it may be hard to measure each item in dollars and cents. How would you reckon the per capita value of the sharply diminished risk of floods? Or the worth to the average man of improved navigation facilities on the Tennessee? How would you state the worth of a good library system in terms of personal income? Or better facilities for recreation? Can you calculate in money terms the significance of a sharp decline in the incidence of malaria, due to TVA's malaria-control program, in a region where it was once rife? Measuring living standards is always difficult, since there are so many intangibles involved. How much more difficult it is to measure the impact on them of so complex an institution as TVA.

Some things we know. TVA operates in an area where living standards, as indicated by dollar incomes, have long been below the national average, in some districts sharply below. The Valley includes portions of seven states (Tennessee, Alabama, North Carolina, Virginia, Georgia, Kentucky, Mississippi) in which a larger proportion of the citizens are engaged in farming for small returns than is true of the nation as a whole, while a smaller proportion are engaged in manufacturing. We know also that such an occupational distribution is not favorable to a high average level of income.

Coming into this general situation in

1933, TVA's first impact was like that of any public works program. The building of the dams gave people jobs under good conditions—exceptionally good for construction camps—at wages at least equal to those of the general vicinity. But it is obvious that something more permanent than this is needed to justify TVA, though it has continued to play a part right down to the present moment. Construction is now drawing to an end. It is at this point that the production and sale of electricity and the agricultural program begin to assume major importance.

The agricultural program has as its principal purpose the pointing of a way to improved incomes on the farms by (a) better methods of cultivation, (b) improvement of the quality of the soil, (c) development of new crops, (d) processing of crops in the immediate vicinity before final marketing. The electricity program contributes its share to improving farm methods by making possible the use of electric hay driers, refrigeration, electric milkers, and so on. Of course none of the newly introduced factors operates evenly throughout the entire Valley. The TVA approach through persuasion precludes that. But it is already possible to state that a lot of progress has been made on the farms. They cannot be turned into gold mines, but they *can* produce substantially improved incomes.

As to the general effect of TVA electricity, it can perhaps be phrased this way: cheap current caused an immediate rise in consumption per customer to 50 per cent above the national average in an area where income is below the national average; and the number of residential consumers more than doubled between 1933 and 1943. Cheap current also sharply enlarged the sale of appliances of all kinds. (TVA does not retail electricity, as it happens, but it controls the resale price through its contracts with retail distributors.) The enlarged use of electricity in homes and on farms is a definite step forward, and its effect on living standards is extremely important.

BUT THE real road to rising standards in the area as a whole is through the development of new factory industries.

In so far as TVA electricity plays a strategic role in bringing industries to the area, it is definitely setting the stage for a general advance. TVA tries to encourage the establishment of small industries, locally owned and managed. Mr. Lilienthal has stated, "TVA took a firm stand against any policy of inducing existing industries located in other regions to move to the Tennessee Valley." Any factories established in the Valley must, therefore, be net additions to the total national plant. If, for example, TVA sees the need for a new farm implement, or an adaptation of an old one to local conditions, its technicians do the job at the technical level and then the Authority encourages the production of the machine by a local manufacturer. Or TVA technicians may tackle the problem of freezing strawberries, carrying the job up to the pilot-plant stage, but the local people are then expected to carry on the job from there.

In short, TVA may, at any given moment, be experimenting in a number of industrial lines, but it is not engaged in manufacturing on a permanent basis, except at the fertilizer works at Muscle Shoals, save in wartime when it does electro-metallurgical work as a service to national defense. But beyond its direct technological contributions, it definitely encourages industries of all kinds from cheese factories to flour mills. And it is also not averse to old industries being expanded or to large new industries being established to utilize local resources, including power. In the electro-metallurgical and chemical fields, where electricity is a primary cost, there are Alcoa, Monsanto, Victor Chemical, the Electro-Metallurgical Company, and Reynolds Metals. In 1944, indeed, electricity for non-ferrous metals constituted the largest single item of power requirements in the TVA area, with chemicals third, and municipalities and co-operatives sandwiched in between. The Valley, like the Pacific Northwest, with which it will be in fairly direct competition, looks hopefully to the light metals age. All this means that TVA can finally achieve its basic purpose only in so far as private enterprise picks up the ball and carries it across the goal line.

THE STRATEGIC importance of industrialization in improving living standards is fully recognized by Mr. Lilienthal. Concerning the recent ICC order making uniform the class rate structure in railroad freight east of the Rockies, he said:

What is wanted in the South and West are medium-sized industrial plants serving mostly local communities. Through the establishment of such industries I hope within the next nine years to bring the per capita income of the South to the level of the entire country.

A close examination of TVA today reveals that while certain things, like improved farm management and cheap electric current, can cause a marked change for the better in a retarded area like the Valley, in the final analysis the way forward is along the strictly traditional lines I have so frequently emphasized in this magazine: progression from the primary industries (agriculture, mining, and forestry) to the secondary or manufacturing industries, thus leading to the elaboration of the tertiary or service industries. The basic problem of any area seeking to improve its income position is to get these three categories of employment into a proper balance.

As long as the Valley has an abnormal concentration in primary industry, it will lag behind. As it moves a proportion of its farmers into manufactures, it will improve. As manufacturing gets on a sound basis, the services will be developed more fully. When the three categories approach the balance which is characteristic of the nation as a whole, the Valley will approach the national income average.

In order to emphasize this problem, let me present here some comparative figures on per capita income in the United States as a whole and in these states with which TVA is concerned. In 1939 the national per capita income was \$539, but in Tennessee it was only \$295 and in Alabama only \$242, while the average for all seven of the TVA states was just over \$290.

The full significance of these figures emerges only when they are set against those indicating the percentages of the working population engaged in the various types of industry. In the nation as a whole, only 18.8 per cent are engaged in primary industry, as contrasted with 33.2

per cent in Tennessee, 39.9 per cent in Alabama, 58 per cent in Mississippi, and so on. Thirty per cent of the country's workers are engaged in manufactures and 51.2 per cent in the services; but in Tennessee only a little more than 24 per cent are employed in manufactures and in Alabama only about 36 per cent work in the services.*

These figures illustrate the nature of the task before the TVA. It differs from state to state, but in no instance (except perhaps in Mississippi) does it, on the surface, suggest insurmountable difficulties.

IV

THE REALLY hard pull in the Valley has just begun. The construction period is about over, so the public works effects will now rapidly fade away, and the rather rapid rate of improvement in incomes and living standards which they induced in a substandard region will inevitably be retarded from now on. What may be called the internal structural changes, which caused sharp improvement, have shown themselves valuable but insufficient, even should they eventually be uniformly adopted in the Valley. Now begins the long pull, a pull along a traditional road, the usual progress from a heavy concentration of manpower in primary industries, to a rising proportion in factories and services. The war has helped this movement, but with what final effects it is impossible just now to calculate.

Here, beyond a question, is a crisis in TVA history, obscured by the war, but certain to be fully revealed in the postwar period. Only if industrialization moves forward rapidly can the Valley maintain its past rate of progress. Even the important job of further spreading the good effects of improved farm management and

* The detailed figures, abstracted from a paper read by Louis H. Bean at last April's Conference on Research in Income and Wealth, are as follows:

	1939 Income per occu- pied head	1939 Income per capita	Per cent engaged in Primary—Secondary— Tertiary Industry		
United States...	\$1,337	\$539	18.8	30	51.2
Tennessee.....	794	295	33.2	24.3	42.5
Alabama.....	670	242	39.9	24	36.1
North Carolina..	817	308	33.8	31	35.2
Virginia.....	966	402	24.6	27.9	47.5
Georgia.....	735	290	35.1	22.7	42.2
Kentucky.....	840	297	36.5	23.2	40.3
Mississippi.....	539	201	58	12.8	29.2

cheap electricity is really incidental to the main task now clearly defined.

It is my guess that the Valley will not industrialize at a spectacular rate and that, therefore, incomes and living standards will tend to level off at a point which is still definitely below the national average. Mr. Lilienthal is aware of this probability, I think, and it is to his credit that he recently accepted a second nine-year appointment as chairman of the Authority in the face of his knowledge. He has shown himself willing to tackle the toughest problem of all, compared with which building dams is child's play. After all, our technological capacity far outruns our ability in social engineering. He could have retired triumphantly, alleging that TVA was a complete success.

FOR TVA exists today in a halo of glory tarnished only by raucous catcalls from the private utilities and their sympathizers. The propaganda battle over TVA is, like the undertaking itself, definitely on the colossal side. There is an uneasy feeling in TVA circles that its friends have overpublicized it, claiming too much for it, oversimplifying the problems the Authority is up against, and giving the public the impression that not only is TVA already a subdivision of Utopia, but that it can be duplicated anywhere just by chanting the three magic letters T—V—A.

I have tried to show otherwise, emphasizing that the testing time is yet to come; that no royal road to higher living standards has been found; and that what TVA has done thus far is to clear away the underbrush and lay out the right-of-way for progress along the traditional highway. If the American economy moves forward in the next few decades, TVA also will go forward. If it hesitates or marks time, so also will TVA—though perhaps to a slightly lesser degree. Any flaming optimism, or thoughtless overvaluation of prospects, can be a distinct disservice to the men who have a hard job of work to do in the Valley.

The case which has been made out against TVA is not easy to state in summary since it deals both with general principles and particular issues of fact. The basic

objection is to TVA's very existence—on the theory that the government should never have undertaken such an enterprise. From this standpoint the crux of the issue is the generation and sale of electricity, since flood control, navigation, agricultural extension work, and so on can hardly be ruled out of the government's province. The production and distribution of electricity is asserted to be unfair competition. (Lately 167 private utilities have banded together to support the proposition that the government may produce electricity at the dams, but should sell it all to private companies for distribution. This is a metaphysical distinction, more an evidence of a planned retreat to a new position *vis à vis* TVA and other government electricity schemes than anything else. Why should the government manufacture but not distribute? Like Mr. McNaughton in "It Pays to Be Ignorant," "I don't get it.") As matters stand today, figures put forward by the private utilities themselves show that the government generates only 20 per cent of all the nation's electric power, and distributes only 14 per cent of it. Of course, within such areas as the Valley and the Pacific Northwest, it does tend to pre-empt large areas where private companies would be the principal suppliers if left to their own devices. The question seems to me to be: Should the government ever, under any circumstances, engage in the production and distribution of electricity? I think there are many circumstances under which it should; and this answer has also been given by liberal and conservative Congresses alike at various times since 1906. You can't take the issue out of its context and arrive at a rational judgment on it, unless you are a fanatically doctrinaire advocate of private enterprise.

The private utilities still have ample scope for their operations in this country, and the day when they can legitimately complain of being cramped is fairly remote, though particular utilities in the areas served by government plants may have to sell out. This I cannot regard as disaster to private enterprise as a whole. An operation like TVA is of such magnitude that, on the one hand, no private group is apt to undertake it and, on the

other, even if it should propose to, it should not be allowed to do so. As the *New York Times* remarked editorially, "The task was too huge for private capital to undertake; or if private capital had undertaken it the resulting monopoly would have been dangerous to the public welfare." If a few private utilities cease business (after full compensation) as a result of such a public undertaking, this must be balanced against the larger good.

WHEN it comes to particular indictments of TVA it is my candid opinion that the private enterprise critics have done a shabby job. When you get a hot issue like this one, you realize keenly that there are as many demagogues among business spokesmen as in any other group. Business spokesmen who deliberately seek to influence public opinion by distortion, misrepresentation, evasion of issues and facts, or just by talking egregious nonsense, do more harm to business than can readily be measured. In dealing with great issues of public policy, business must be prepared to meet the issues head-on and to handle facts with candor and scrupulosity. Many business leaders will cheer this statement, I am sure, but there are still too many mavericks running loose who haven't learned.

Many of the allegations against TVA are too trivial to be refuted here. But two that may appear to carry weight are, first, that it does not pay a proper share of taxes, and, second, that it operates at a loss and therefore sells power subsidized by the taxpayer. Neither of these allegations holds water.

As a federal instrumentality TVA does not have to pay taxes to states and municipalities. This position is based on Justice Marshall's decision in *McCulloch v. Maryland* in 1819. But TVA is nevertheless instructed in Section 13 of the act setting it up to pay specified "percentages of the gross proceeds derived from the sale of power" to "those states and local governments in which the power operations of the corporation are carried on and in which the corporation has acquired properties previously subject to state and local taxation." As far as I can make out they are equitable payments. Today they ex-

ceed in amount taxes paid by the private utilities formerly operating in the TVA area. Private utility spokesmen, trying to calculate the tax load they carry to compare it with TVA's liability, have included their excess profits taxes. This is nonsense.

On the profit and loss issue, the usual dodges are to ignore the question of allocation of capital costs among the several functions of TVA—flood control, navigation, fertilizer, and so on—and try to establish that *electricity should carry them all*; and likewise to charge against the income from electricity the current costs of flood control, navigation, fertilizer, and so on. Now the question of the allocation of capital costs was publicly thrashed out in detail some years ago and the present TVA practice was established by Congress, which rejected—as not consistent and not objective—the theory that all capital costs should be allocated to power. The effort to make electricity carry all capital costs is, at bottom, simply an effort to lessen TVA's ability to make profits as a preliminary to denouncing it as a failure; or, alternatively, to destroying its effectiveness as a yardstick for beating down private utility charges for power.

Nor is there any rhyme or reason to charging all TVA expenses against electricity unless you are aiming to reiterate that electricity should carry all capital costs as well. Section 14 of the act clearly lays down the principle of allocation of capital costs among the several functions of the Authority. In practice the TVA allocates nothing to fertilizer and national defense, though it can do so if it likes. The allocation followed is this:

	Normal Operations	Wartime Operations
Navigation.....	19.8 per cent	18.4 per cent
Flood Control...	14.3	8.1
Power.....	65.9	73.5

The heavier charge to power in wartime is justified by the special emphasis now given to power production for national defense.

On the basis of the above allocation of capital, TVA is making profits and returning them to the federal treasury as a contribution toward liquidating the public investment in power facilities in the Val-

ley.* If it were required to pay off all investments of public money in TVA activities, it could also do so, after appropriate adjustments, though that would take longer than to liquidate the power investments alone. Thus even if the Valley standards of living never reach the national average, the chances are excellent that the taxpayers will eventually recover their heavy capital investment in power. They might, if Congress so ruled, recover their entire investment.

ONE OF the amusing consequences of the gaudy publicity received by the Authority is that the letters TVA have been translated from a specific into a generic term. We hear of TVA's planned in all corners of the globe: in the Danube Valley of Europe, in the Sone River Valley in India, in the Waikato River Valley of New Zealand, in the Clarence River Valley in Australia, and of course in the Missouri and Columbia River Valleys of the United States. It is necessary, therefore, that we take a good look at the specific TVA from whence they all derive. The mechanical translation of TVA (specific) into TVA's everywhere will bring headaches and grief. Every project should be assessed in detail, not only in relation to the natural and human resources of the specific area but also in relation to the general social, economic, and political context in which it will have to operate.

The Missouri and Columbia projects, for example, include irrigation works, whereas the Tennessee does not. This introduces a problem of water-utilization of major magnitude. The Columbia Valley is, in general, an area of fairly high average incomes; the Missouri Valley is in this respect a very mixed grill; and therefore the structural changes in production methods, so effective in the Tennessee, admittedly a depressed area, might not have such striking effects, save in a spotty way, in the other two valleys. Both the Columbia and the Missouri, however, offer ample opportunities to duplicate the administrative techniques of TVA, since they embrace several states.

Looking abroad, the Danube Valley

embraces several *sovereign nations*, raising diplomatic problems far more intricate than those of states' rights. The Sone Valley project in India (which will include irrigation) will operate in a context of very low incomes, and will also involve problems of co-operation between various provinces and the central government, much more delicate than are found in the Tennessee Valley. The New Zealand and Australian projects, too, offer all sorts of special problems unlike those of TVA or the other foreign ones just mentioned.

We must remember, too, that the original TVA operates in the advanced economic context of the United States, with vast capital resources in the hands of the sponsoring government and equally magnificent technical and managerial resources ready to hand to carry out the work. The Missouri and Columbia projects would be similarly situated. Other TVA's would not be so fortunate. And in some instances they would involve borrowing capital from foreign lenders; this would raise problems of servicing and liquidating the debt utterly different from those at TVA.

BUT WHATEVER the problems raised by exporting the TVA idea, let us see our own TVA plain: It is a state capitalist enterprise operating to provide a new floor—including the power resource of electricity—on which private enterprise is to continue to operate, the whole designed by a combination of state and private effort to give a sharp fillip to the standard of living. Other nations, other purposes, no doubt. But we should not fool ourselves into believing that we have gone farther in the Tennessee Valley than we actually have. We have, of course, gone a long way beyond what is customary in this country, but only by bending old policies to new ends, as I have shown. Above all, let us keep firmly in mind that only if private capitalist enterprise does its stuff in the Valley can we hope to see TVA gain its objective in full measure. Here, therefore, is a sharp challenge to action that our capitalists must surely face and meet. If they meet it successfully, the results will be profitable to themselves, the Valley, and the whole nation.

* For the figures for the fiscal years 1939 and 1944, see Personal and Otherwise.

RULERS' MORNING

A Story

JOSEPH GEORGE HITREC



How do I feel? Edward Parsons rose on his elbows and looked around the room. For seven years, every morning, that question had encompassed all the known shades of good and bad; it possessed the uncanny power of resolving the coming day in a flash. Do I feel good? He stroked his stubble and looked at his wife. She was still asleep, only partly covered, and in that child-like peace the soft undercore of her character seemed to beam through fat and years. Or not so good?

He climbed out of bed and walked to the balcony, he scratched himself, raised the collar of his pajamas and pressed it around his neck. The sun had already disintegrated Connaught Circle—the very heart of New Delhi—into separate areas, bright green, brown, gray—the lawn, paths cutting it in a thoughtful pattern, the asphalt road binding it like a satin garter. Before all that brightness his eyes narrowed. If it were morning always! morning with this dew, this nip in the air, always morning, yes! Warmly inert, his mind registered the white-cloaked men scurrying around and across the Circle; they always carried something, when did they sleep? On the sunny side the palms glittered; the long colonnaded building opposite was still in shadow. I feel good, he thought, couldn't be better.

He went into the bathroom. Somewhere in the flat a door shut gently; little Bab, out for her morning walk. Every morning, that door click ushered in a little more stability, another layer of self-respect. In this country children were a better idea than in most.

He rinsed his denture, gargled a few times loudly—it was time Pat woke up in the next room—and put the denture in his mouth. The flavor of the antiseptic was sharp and cleansing. The sun leaped from the windowpane onto the mirror; he looked at the image critically. It wasn't bad, considering . . . but if you looked close and long enough there were little discoveries—nothing alarming; incipient pouches, seemingly there for the first time, the skin underneath mildly blue. All right, mirror, we all age. There is more silver on the temples, the mirror said impersonally; not so fast, Ed! Well, mirror, a few more years and I won't have to go fast any more. He stepped back, the image blurred, and the general effect became more pleasing.

When he returned to the bedroom there was a knock on the door. He pulled the sheet over Pat; she looked at him wide-eyed, still some distance away. "*Chotta hazri*," he said, "and one of these days you'll catch rheumatism; it's still quite cool. Come in!" he said aloud. The

boy came in with the tray, set it on the table at her side, and went.

They sipped the hot tea. The sound of their lips and the fine fresh aroma brought complete awakening. The various sections of his brain began a lively sorting; this was speech, family, business, and between them half-lit lanes, still drowsy, and they were being crossed by Bab, and right now by Pat; they exuded color, scents, and familiar words, and all of it geared together, smoothly, like the vitals of a delicate wrist watch. Yes, morning is all right and I feel good. Now that the boy had gone, Pat had thrown off the cover and lay only in her nightgown, a pink one, his favorite color. She looked wholesome, though soft and not so young, and there was something about her very white skin, forever slipping out of that gown, that was comfortable and reliable, and perhaps it was the face after all, indomitably rosy through the years of heat and dust, or the silky blonde hair that guarded her neck, like a permanent insulation against age and erosion. But mornings were like that.

Turning over on his side, he slapped her gently, lovingly. Of the many things he had done for years some had already palled, but slapping her like this was one that didn't seem to depend on time. The bed was warm with their combined smells, the disorder was an intimate one, and even the rip in the pillow-case seemed somehow a part of a greater unity.

"Feeling good, Ed?"

She smiled half-ironically, half maternally. He was still a great fellow, despite the long familiarity, and now, looking at him above the pillow, she saw him only as a man without an office, without anything to do, without clothes and second thought. But when he tried to come nearer, she held her hand out.

"The doctor said no, Ed."

"Damn the doctor!" (He remained poised, thinking it over.) "And anyway, he said to use discretion."

The recollection of the doctor overwhelmed his other ideas; professionals always complicated simple issues. Yet even the remembrance of the pills, the tedious treatment, and the bills could not win against the fine morning. He went back

to his bed and took the newspaper which the boy had brought. His mind worked again efficiently, now that it was allowed to. The smell of the first cigarette gave the air a crisp scent of worldliness.

HE READ the Public Notices page, the Trade Notices, and then spent a long time on Classifieds. Someone wanted an electrical engineer, a European; someone was being awfully optimistic, it was wartime. He went back to yesterday's deal. A good deal, I made a lot of money, wait till she hears! A few more like that and I won't have to work. Being on one's own has its advantages, especially in wartime; now if I'd worked for somebody no amount of vision would have helped me. Remembering the transaction made him warmly happy. A few more strokes of luck and we could pack up to the Hills until the war's over. He suddenly realized that his wellbeing dated from yesterday, that the sleep had only furbished it, that everything was good as long as one felt safe.

"Give me that part," she said.

The paper divided, both sank lazily and read. Their feet met where the beds touched. Slowly, absently, he rubbed his big toe up and down her ankle. He wondered if he should buy her a present. Why shouldn't I? We can afford it now, or a nice check to do with as she pleases, though she might go haywire, women are like that. Holding it out on her was an act of meanness. I *will* tell her, perhaps at breakfast. He poured himself another cup of tea.

The sound of car-horns strayed into the room. Like all sounds from outside, always, it brought the realization of the frailty of all little worlds that happened to be inside bigger ones. But, he thought, not for always. It was in the main a question of perspective.

On the front page, the fighting had run into a dust-storm. Somewhere in the bog and sludge of a tropical island white men divided their time between malaria and treetop snipers; in the hills of Arakan mortar shells blossomed in the paddy fields; and somewhere in the open blue above Delhi a big plane, or maybe several, churned the morning freshness. He held

his breath and listened, but their roar was dull and it was going away. He turned the page and coughed; I ought to cut down on my tobacco. The inside page was nearer home: seven donkeys parading the streets, each with the name of an official, that was a good one! even though it bred contempt. A nonentity of nine, ten, eleven letters—good lord, who thinks of such names?—writes about independence, on and on, miles of it—blah, blah, blah independence, they can't think of another subject, now can they? He tried to put himself in the writer's place, but gave it up. He turned to Pat and flicked the page with his finger.

"If it doesn't make you sick! Eight hundred miles from here the sons of the rising sun are squatting on our borders and these chaps talk of independence now. Where's their sense of proportion, what do *they* know about ruling? Do they know you've got to rule for a hell of a long time to know something about it?"

"Well, who does?"

She watched him and around her mouth were the beginnings of amusement. She, too, had dropped her paper and was covering her bare knees with it.

"Don't be silly, Pat; *we* do, of course."

"Who's *we*?" She smiled but the smile was benevolent.

"All of us, what did you think? The government, all the officials, every man of status. You and me, for instance. What's funny about that?"

"You a ruler, Ed?" She found his foot with hers and scratched it. "Go on, darling."

"I'm trying to talk to you seriously."

"Edward Parsons, Junior, a ruler. Go on, I'm listening. How big is the territory?"

"Oh pipe down, you . . ."

Her way of smiling hadn't changed in all that time and when she teased there was no sting in it. He bent over her, ruffled her hair, and smacked her bare calf.

"If you won't grow up yourself, I can't make you. Come on, we ought to be getting up."

He threw the paper at her and rose. When the tune in his head steadied he whistled it. He went into the bathroom once more and shaved. The cream smelled

of lilacs in a soft breeze, of an open landscape under a lather of clouds—it was a fine invention. Could *they* have thought of it? Could they invent the safety razor in another thousand years? And what of the electricity, the generators, transformers, bulbs, switches, and other things? Invention *was* civilization. You can't rule somebody else until you're civilized yourself. You just talk your head off, bellyache about the wrong things at the wrong times, and, then, finally, bellyache about the strain of your bellyaching. That's all this war means to you.

The astringent set mild fire to his cheeks. He walked back into the room and began to dress. He sprinkled a little talcum under his arms and a little on his feet, before pulling on the socks. These made a fine morning into a fine day; did *they* think of them?

She, too, had got out of bed and gone to wash. He heard the big tap gushing loudly; there was true fastidiousness for you! He stepped into his trousers and pulled them up. Wonder if I should tell her, might as well combine it with a present. Being fully dressed was being fully conscious; the red tie led to the black bow-tie—are we dining out tonight? He liked dressing in the evening; one felt purged and equal to everyone else wearing the same symbol. It was a funny life and a funny country; one made it bearable only by being alert.

Pat came out in a spotted blue gown. Shocked and prodded into life, she appeared even younger. He watched her in the mirror. She sat before the dressing table and combed her hair, then she buttoned the gown at the breast and rose.

"I'll see about breakfast."

He felt momentarily lonely. Too long married, I suppose. He assembled the newspaper and put it under the night-table; he was finished. The traffic outside had become a regular rumble; someone was clapping hands.

THE drawing and dining rooms were combined, separated by a half-bookshelf that faced the door of the hall. Pat was already at the table. Everything shone brightly, the smell of fresh coffee made it definitive, irrevocable. He went

to the desk and took the file, then sat down at the table and propped the file against the flower-vase. He buttered his toast and took the cup which she pushed toward him.

"Are we dining out tonight, Pat?"

"Yes, with the Fergussons. At the club. They will probably want to play bridge."

"I don't like the Fergussons, but I suppose we'd better."

Her smile was the sublimation of the entire morning. He ate the eggs which the boy brought and remembered Chotturam, the driver. Yesterday, Chotturam was not at his post when he came out of the office; he was going to be fined eight annas. I think he knows it too.

"Ed, I'm having trouble with the ayah. I think she's stealing. Bab likes her food sweet but she couldn't eat all that sugar."

"If you're sure, sack her."

"That's easily said; will *you* try to get me another one?"

"Talk to her then. I subscribe to a little regulation squeeze, but stealing is quite another matter. Only you've got to be sure, Pat."

The front door clicked and Bab came in with the ayah. She kissed her parents; her cheeks were like her mother's, rosy and smooth, but she had a prickly-heat rash on her neck and arms and the ointment had dried over it in white crusts. She had light blue eyes and sandy hair; she talked impetuously, four years old.

"Look, daddy, a black boy da' me this."

She opened her hand and showed a dirty wooden top. "Look, he played like this."

"No, you don't," her father said. "Give me that."

He took it and gave it to the ayah.

"Throw that away, Kanji! How many times must I tell you not to let her touch dirty things?" He turned to his wife: "This is your department, darling. I wish to God you'd do something about it."

"Go and wash now, Bab," she said. "I'll see you after breakfast."

As she was dragged into the hall, Bab turned around and waved.

"It's getting lovelier every day," Pat

said, imitating Bab's sing-song English, and they both laughed. The idea of babu-English was still as droll as in their first year in India, and now they appreciated the finer points.

"It won't be so lovely in a few years," he said, "but she won't be the only one."

A few years ago the thought would have poisoned them both. Not now. We're all in the same boat, he thought; one of the things the war did to us, among others. Now it was merely amusing.

He opened the file. The clean-typed contract he had prepared yesterday was on top. He clipped it to the file-cover. "Let me glance through it," he said to Pat. He read it again, although he knew it by heart. The boy came in carrying a new pot of coffee; he set the tray on the table and began to pour.

"Tell the ayah I want to talk to her after breakfast," Pat said to the boy.

Then the inevitable happened. As the boy turned to her, listening, the dark, steamy spout missed the cup and the coffee splashed on the table, over the cruet, the file, and the clean copy of the contract. Then it ceased, just as suddenly. Both of them jumped and the boy shrank back babbling.

"For God's sake!" he shouted.

"You fool!" she said.

The servant ran for a cloth and the two of them stood over the table and looked at each other. "God almighty!" he said through his teeth. By then blood had rushed to his head and swept everything before it. He couldn't think of a word. His hands trembled and he thrust one of them in his pocket.

"Easy now, Ed!" she said.

She had wiped the file with her napkin and shaken it. She took the contract copy, dabbed it, and when all the liquid had gone into the white cloth, she wiped the table. The boy returned and helped her. Neither looked at him, standing there, still clutching the fork and gasping. When the words came, they were short and murderous, but absurdly inexpressive of the tumult inside him.

"You clumsy idiot, you . . . !"

It was unreasonable, of course, and in the back of his mind somewhere he knew he was overdoing it, but all that was

poignant and frenzied seemed to be heaved out in front. His throat dried up and he heard the beat of his temples. Suddenly, too, the room lost its freshness and the street noise closed in. Bundled up in his wrath and in the sharp, deadly words that flitted around his mind, was this horror of the street-noise coming nearer. I mustn't, he reminded himself, I mustn't, the doctor said. Better count, quickly, one . . . two, three, four . . .

FIVE. . . . He was five when his mother first said: "Behave or I'll call the dark Indian!" It was a terrible threat. "*Do you know what he'll do to you, Edward?*" It had been enough to still him for hours. Why? It sprung on him without warning, a pulverizing horror evanescent with images. . . .

GET hold of yourself, Ed. Sit down." She put her hand on his shoulder. The boy had again vanished. It was an unreal hand, though gentle, and its pressure forced him back into the chair, like a man uncertain of his seat. But the hand in his pocket shook as before.

"God, they're all the same," he said with difficulty.

He thought he was beginning to control himself; he gathered the stained contract and put it into the file. Six, seven . . . Words coalesced painfully and he fought hard to keep them back. He closed the file and rose; I mustn't, I mustn't, his mind said. He walked to the drawing room and opened the desk; a little time is all I need—eight, nine, ten. He found another blue file and placed it on top of the first one. On the street, a car-horn sounded three times.

"I'll get your coat and topee," she said.

He walked to the balcony and looked out at the Circle. Long, welling processions crossed the park in all directions—little brown men dressed in white, their unremitting progress charged with an undefined menace. The centipede! He recalled the newspaper article, whole lines began crowding back, blah, blah, blah, one on top of another, like the little bastards in the park, not stopping, face after face and all alike, always going somewhere, swarming, like some treacher-

ous vermin. Again his temples beat louder. Fifteen, sixteen . . .

HIS sister's marriage had finally crystallized it. He had been sixteen. Sister Martha in London, who thought nothing of marrying into another race. Who thought beauty could be black and equally noble. Foolish Martha.

"Martha dear, it's an awful jump, believe me, not a question of prejudice."

"You *are* prejudiced, mother, why try to conceal it? Really, you talk as if he were a Zulu from darkest Africa. He's cultured and modern, you know that. Besides, I like brown men and he's one of the most attractive I've met."

"But Martha, we know nothing of his background. . . ."

"What difference does that make? He's lived here ever since he came to school. This is his background and home and we're going to live in London. Anyway, I love him."

Tragic Martha, who always chose the long road to wisdom. Martha, whose firm, white body would be explored by dark hands, shriveled at the knuckles, bleached from inside. And those eternally purple lips, as if bruised . . .

HERE, Ed," she said.

She held his cotton jacket behind him and he slipped into it, and when the seams gripped his shoulders he felt a little steadier.

"The car's waiting, dear. Don't think about it now, forget it, remember what the doctor said. Would you like a capsule?"

"No, thanks," he said. "I'll be all right in a moment."

They walked to the outer door and she held him around the waist. Her soft touch was the single communication with the warm intimacy of that earlier morning, but though reassuring it was already faint. The face, too, looked worn after the strain, the blue dots of her gown seemed mocking in comparison.

"Try and be back early," she said. "We're lunching at home today."

He bent down to kiss her cheek, stiffly. At that moment he would have liked her to smell stronger. Smells were symbolic, they had degrees, like other things in life;

so much depended on them. He remembered *their* flowers. They were strong-smelling and loud-colored, but usually dead by the evening. Yes, smells were important. . . .

HE REMEMBERED the day of the flag-demonstration. The narrow street in a swirling flood of humanity, the dust and the sun beating down on them obliquely. He had been caught in it like a fly in a large pool of oil, five years ago, and terrified to the bone, but afraid to show it.

"Look at them," he had said to the friend. "We'll never get out."

Philip was driving. He had spent years in the East; the sight of a large crowd, even demonstrators, didn't worry him.

"They're all right, Ed. A lot of noise, that's all. Would you believe it, there's so many of them they're pushing the car."

"What do you suppose they're shouting, Phil?"

"Oh something, how should I know? They always are."

"Christ, they smell, don't they!"

"They always do when they're excited," Philip said. "But they'll be all right, don't worry."

A slow, viscous tide of hot perspiring bodies, that moved down the street with the imminence of an elemental calamity. An overpowering, warm odor that made him turn yellow. Like the dank vapor of a jungle swamp, sweet and stomach-turning. It brought sweat to his forehead. He never understood why he didn't get

sick. He leaned on the window, pressing his lips and holding his breath, and the flood tore at the car and around it for a full hour, and then subsided, gradually, unwillingly, and left them suddenly alone, like a boat perched on the tallest sand-bank.

TAKE care of yourself, dear," she said. As he left her he had the impression that she had somehow grown more fragile, that standing in the open door with her hand on her gown, and the murky hall framing her from behind, she was something of himself, equally helpless, equally unhappy.

Downstairs, he got into the car; the driver started. The shops in the arcades were already open, he saw the word JEWELLERS and remembered. I didn't tell her after all; the thought of the present left him mutely unmoved; I'll think about it, there's no hurry, one never knows. He saw Chotturam's white cap and again remembered; this time I'll do it, I'm damned if I won't, that'll teach him! It's the only thing they really understand. He watched the white cap and the streak of grease along the rim and the decision in him boiled up to a fighting pitch.

As the road and the people blurred in the window he finally realized very clearly that they were all against him, that even at this moment they were plotting his doom, that there was still plenty of tough pushing ahead whether he chose to acknowledge it or ignore it.

THE Easy Chair Bernard DeVoto



THE EASY CHAIR's annual report on the state of the nation is due this month. My colleagues of the press are bringing in interim reports as I begin this, "interim" meaning the period between the end of the war in Europe and the moment when my colleagues can be sure that the American people realize they are still fighting another war. I have just finished reading one, full of such bugs and goblins as you would not believe: we are far gone in sin, Utopia has slipped out of our grasp, and a complacent people teeter on the edge of the abyss. It should have mentioned, but did not, a wild, triumphant hope that briefly lighted millions of hearts: for a moment it seemed possible that Orphan Annie was going to be hanged at last. My colleague could have pointed out how hope deadens the sense of reality, for Annie's creator broke his solemn covenant with the public and brought Daddy Warbucks back from the grave. (Doubtless restoring the fainting spirit of Mr. Jesse Jones, who wrote in expressing his anguish a year ago when the child was caught in another mass of sweet glue.) It seems established that Annie will never plunge into the abyss—only you and I.

We can get closer than Annie to the interim realities if we will recall an earlier midsummer, that of 1939. Everyone knew that the last days of our era were running out but nevertheless New York, where a job I was doing kept me most of the summer, was a pleasant place. That summer young people had a fad of carrying small radios about with them. Sauntering down Fifth Avenue after midnight you might hear two or three in a block, playing dance music softly as an accompaniment to the laughter of the boys in shirtsleeves and girls without sleeves who

carried them. Some of those boys are dead and some of the girls widows now, but that music does not seem shameful or even complacent in retrospect. One remembers it against the rustle of leaves at Rockefeller Center, the leaves of trees that are at least preposterous and maybe monstrous if you want to carry the thought far enough. The crowd at midnight on Fifth Avenue was good-natured, without tension, and so was the crowd at another feature of that summer, the World of Tomorrow.

The architecture of the Fair scandalized some people; and others, including a writer in *Harper's*, were distressed by its vulgarity, raucousness, and failure to inspire hope for the advance of civilization—forgetting that American fairs, in fact all fairs, exist in the hope, always illusory, that someone will make money and the expectation, always justified, that people will have a good time. It was pleasant to spend an evening there after a hot day in the city. To admire many superiorities of European culture, Heineken's beer at the Dutch Village, for instance. To watch General Electric play diverting tricks with forces since used to warn cities of the approach of bombers. To admire the figures and gallantry of Billy Rose's chorus swimming in water that was alternately glacial and full of garbage, depending on the tide, or to let General Motors carry you past a fantastic countryside which no one supposed would ever exist. For no one, not even Orphan Annie's clientele, had any conviction that the world of tomorrow was going to resemble in the least the fantasies of its advertisers or its evangelists. But you sat on a bench and watched the last rockets of peace, or the counterfeit of peace, spray their gold lace across the sky, and listened to bands or

small orchestras far enough away so that you could just hear them above the indescribable, heart-wrenching murmur of a crowd without tension having a good, good time. That crowd understood competently enough what the immediate future had in store for it, though even then some of my colleagues had already pressed the discs which they are playing over in accusation now, but of a summer evening it intended to enjoy itself. And it still could.

IF you wanted one of the Fair's more talked-about dinners you paid high for it, four or five dollars maybe, with Fifty-Second Street restaurants screaming in their ads that you were being overcharged by at least a dollar. Well, try Fifty-Second Street now, at midsummer of 1945. Its three or four dollars have become eight or ten. With the price in your pocket, however, you wouldn't mind paying it if you could get dinner, but you can't. You wouldn't mind being denied the innumerable foods you are denied if the food you can get were cooked decently, but it isn't—not on Fifty-Second Street or anywhere else. There are no cooks left in New York and there are no waiters, either. A waiter is now someone likely to spill food on you, almost certain to scramble your order past recognition, and quite certain to insult you. Speak to a waiter about anything at all and he swears at you; leave a fifteen per cent tip and he jumps on his napkin and follows you to the door screaming that you have affronted his dignity as a war worker. The captain who used to treat you as a customer now regards you as a sucker and treats you accordingly, and the management, having found the garbage business incomparably more profitable than running a restaurant, is interested only in getting you out of there as fast as possible in order to rob the suckers that are lined up twelve deep for your table. The amiable romantic who spends his life discovering delightful little places which even the fashionable haven't caught up with yet used to be a minor pest of New York life, but he is a valued friend now. He might know a place where the cooking is safe if not sound, or one where you can eat in

quiet, or one where the staff did not get its training with the Rangers. But though he may say he does he has not been right this year.

Fifty-Second Street is a honky-tonk. New York is a honky-tonk at midsummer, 1945, strident, swinish, its theater at the lowest level for twenty years, its luxury shops heaped with junk which the clerks no longer bother to lie about, its popular amusements taken over by a new, noisome kind of racketeer—and all these swarming with people whose impulse to have a good time soon gets converted into a compulsion that approaches frenzy. Every night is New Year's Eve on Broadway and the midnight crowd on Fifth Avenue is restless where it used to be relaxed, dissatisfied where it used to be gay.

I SUPPOSE that this tension, which seems frustration to me, is what my colleagues of the press mean when they call us complacent. Certainly there was a nationwide resolution to snatch a couple of weeks of summer pleasure, which had begun to seem possible and proper for the first time in six years. My colleagues have thought a similar determination among the British admirable and courageous, but some of them find it shameful here on the ground that we have not suffered enough, and to their voices is added that of a particular kind of general in Washington who has become vocal again now that half the fighting is over and the plans for the other half obviously completed—the desk puritan who still hopes to teach us that there is a war on. The public determination, however, got stymied. Owners of beach and mountain properties, unhampered by OPA, tripled their rentals, but the people who would willingly have paid them as a vacation tax were stopped short by the crisis in transportation. People who sail small boats cannot get canvas or cordage. Friends tell me that golf balls are both poor and scarce, I can testify that tennis balls are the same, and no baseballs are on sale. There are no shotgun shells, no .22 cartridges, little fishing tackle, and if you could buy them you couldn't reach places where they could be used. A rare, a revolutionary honesty in the sports pages admits that professional baseball is des-

perately bad. The revolution has not extended to the racing column and, in fact, racing seems to be the forlorn hope of vacationers, who are losing more money on it than ever before. Lately I chanced to drive in the direction of a greyhound track at the closing hour. I stared into the headlights of ten miles of cars, thousands of cars, more cars than I have seen anywhere since 1940. They symbolize frustration consciously recognized, for dog racing does not even pretend to be square.

Such matters provide a better explanation of the public mood than the theory that we are heading for the abyss. Before we despairingly accuse an entire people of complacency, cynicism, indifference, and lethargy, a few essential observations remain to be made. We should first see what a tight pennant race among moderately good teams, or the release of enough steel to make shafts for half a million golf clubs, would accomplish. It might be sagacious to restore Davis Cup competition while making other international arrangements, or even to let a few good tennis players rise to attention, if on a purely isolationist basis. And no one should make any predictions about the American public till it has had at least six months free of gasoline rationing. Maybe this isn't complacency at all that the American public is suffering from; maybe it is simple nostalgia, maybe even a quite unimportant nostalgia that does not look back beyond the summer of 1939, when the marching and chowder society could take its annual picnic down the bay, the Howard Johnson's beside the highway was still open, and you could buy a fishline that would hold a fish.

No one doubts that the public is harassed, bewildered, dissatisfied, and querulous. At the root of its discontent is the feeling of impotence and futility which is the lot of civilians during war, the nagging humiliation of going about one's ordinary business when the young men are being killed, and this has had three years now to simmer and head up. The public finds the hardships it has had to bear a fulfillment rather than a burden, though my colleagues hardly help matters by explaining that there is no hardship in losing a career, being forced to abandon one's ambition to

own a home, or having one's business fail. The source of discontent is not hardship but minute vexations. One pinprick is nothing, but ten thousand add up to a good-sized sore.

And we are now getting a trial balance of ten thousand pinpricks. They range from a universal degradation of goods much more irritating than their scarcity—bad soap, bad socks, bad underwear, bad cigarettes, bad dish towels, bad toys, bad notepaper—to the intricate annoyance of the regulations to which an unregulated people have had to adjust themselves; necessary but not always intelligently presented or administered regulations. They range from asinities of minor officials and tyrannies of clerks to the policy of disinfecting and spoonfeeding the news—which has grown steadily worse throughout the war till as peace approaches we are being told less than ever. Every aspect of our culture pattern has been strained and the result is emotional fatigue. Thus a secondary fatigue added to the primary emotional exhaustion that is the inevitable effect of fear, deferred hope, grief, victory, rejoicing, and bewilderment on mortal frames not meant to support any high pitch of emotion for very long. And added to all this, perhaps worst of all, is the incessant berating which the public has had to endure from government, press, and radio for three years, a more continuous, shrewish scolding than any other people have had inflicted on them in all history.

HAS THE public done anything right or well since Pearl Harbor? Not according to the voices that rebuke us by radio or to the official statements from on high. The typical moment of a war-loan drive is the banquet at the end when a Treasury official and the local chairman, who have suppressed the sales figures since the third day, congratulate each other on having by mutually heroic efforts put the loan across in spite of a public indifference that amounts to treason. One would think the public never bought those bonds; that it had saved no rags, papers, cans, or grease; that it had never given its blood to the Red Cross. The government took over the wailing voices that used to warn

us we were lost unless we used a gargle, and they have gone on telling us we were damned because we would not zip our lip, till Treasury and War Department advertising has become more loathsome than singing commercials. The public is fed to the teeth with it and with the desk generals I have mentioned, who lie habitually, and when the lies are proved on them go on lying undeterred. As I write this, one of them is saying that your negligence has grounded all our planes in the Pacific—something of a shock, since a few weeks back he damned our complacency, which had put a full stop to producing planes for the Pacific. Last winter you were so complacent that the troops in Germany had to hold back the enemy attack by throwing potatoes at German tanks. But first, you will remember, they had to capture the potatoes.

The generals are lying according to a reasoned theory of public relations, and the government is pursuing a policy laid down long ago, which may be described as a decent selectivity with facts. But in the scolding of the columnists who echo them two levels may be discerned. One subspecies of thinker is exercising the happy privilege of writers: he is relieving his own civilian futility by projecting it on the mass of civilians. Another subspecies, however, seems to be groping in a nostalgia that reaches far back of 1939, back to 1920 and before. A prediction made here months ago is already being fulfilled: some of the boys have discovered that they were right the first time, that they have been wandering in error for three years, that it never was our war, that though we have won it we have already failed the peace. The *Nation* and the *Chicago Tribune* are preparing to lie down together, and there is more to come.

YET HARDLY a capful of opposition to the San Francisco charter blew up in Congress, which means that the dreaded hurricane of public revulsion did not even begin to rise. A complacent public

raised, outfitted, and sustained armies that won one war and are winning another, and carried the industrial system to a productivity beyond precedent or prophecy. It bought the bonds, gave the blood, did all that was laid out for it to do. It has behaved with a more adult and enlightened decorum than ever before in our history. It has shown no hysteria comparable to that of the government's corps of wailers—or to the stampeded utterances of the desk generals when von Rundstedt seemed to be breaking through. It has committed fewer social indecencies than the last war produced, or 1898, or the Civil War.

Certainly it is less confident of the future than the facts of its own achievements warrant, but the government has withheld the facts from it lest it should develop confidence. If it is bewildered, it is no more bewildered than are those who exhort it. It is at least as emotionally stable, as hopeful, and as resolute as they are. It has shown no evidence whatever of the cynicism which erupted as the last war ended and out of which a generation of exhorters made a career. The public looks, in fact, much like its fighting men, of whom it already includes some three million, which is to say it looks adequate for the job ahead.

Certainly it is tired of war, and it is also tired of being told that war-weariness is a great guilt. It is quite as grave about the problems of peace as any columnist and desires a better and more peaceful world as earnestly as any radio voice that accuses it of complacency. Nevertheless my colleagues will get nowhere with it by demanding that it suppress its impulse to enjoy itself; and a better world will be one in which there is also freedom for people to expect a season when they can take a vacation untroubled by conscience and undenounced by puritanical shrews in office or in columns. At midsummer, 1945, it stands in need of such partisans as Jimmy Durante and of his eloquent plea in its behalf: leave them the hell alone.

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DEADLOCK IN CHINA

NATHANIEL PEFFER



CHINA'S INTERNAL conflict, the schism between the Chungking government under Chiang Kai-shek and the Communist regime in northwest China, has almost come to overshadow every other issue arising out of the war in the Far East, aside from the actual military campaign against the Japanese. No other aspect of the war has been so vigorously, even acrimoniously, disputed in this country, and because so much of the discussion has been angry partisan polemics designed to make partisan points rather than to get at the truth, the result has been to blur the issue, to magnify it beyond its intrinsic importance—at least as far as the war is concerned—and perhaps to distort the whole picture of the Far East.

The internal schism is serious, no doubt, and also important, but not for the reasons commonly given. Despite all that has been said to the contrary, it has not materially weakened the war against Japan by lessening China's contribution to the war. China could not have contributed very much anyway in recent years. The fact is that China has very little to fight with and has had even less since it was cut off from the world by the Japanese irruption over southeastern Asia in 1942 and the severance of the Burma Road. All the arguments as to whether or not Chiang Kai-shek has sequestered his best armies in the northwest to blockade the Chinese Communists rather than to

fight the Japanese are irrelevant. The fact is that Chiang Kai-shek has done so; but had he not, had there been complete unity within China, the difference would not have been great. By reason of lack of arms, lack of munitions, lack of the means to manufacture or procure either, and lack of experience and training in handling modern implements of warfare, China is not and cannot be effective against a modern army. With the asset of measureless manpower and geography it was able to stand off Japan, to keep it from consummating victory; but space and numbers are of little use for offensive purposes.

If and when American armies land on the Asiatic mainland, Chinese forces infiltrating behind Japanese lines and creating diversions will be of invaluable help. A few divisions which have had American training in the past year or two will be able to serve as front-line troops. But in the main the Chinese armies will be auxiliary forces only. And they never could have been counted on except as auxiliary forces, no matter what the country's internal political state had been. In short, the course of the war against Japan has not been materially affected by China's internal difficulties. But the period after the war and the prospect of lasting peace in the Far East, peace so far as America, too, is concerned, will be affected, perhaps crucially affected.

II

WHAT, THEN, is the internal issue in China, and what are its merits? And what, also, can the United States do about it?

To begin with, it is not new. It dates back to the nationalist revolution of 1924-1928 and the split within the Kuomintang—the nationalist party—between the body of the party, which was nationalist only, and a minority which had been organized under skillful Communist direction, both Chinese and Russian, and which was manifestly seeking to engineer a coup that would give it control of the nationalist party and the country—control to be exercised not for Chinese nationalist purposes but for Russian-Communist International purposes. The split came in 1927, with Chiang Kai-shek taking the leadership of the Kuomintang and setting up a new nationalist government at Nanking, while the Communist wing was driven into southeastern China, principally in Kiangsi Province.

For some years there was desultory warfare, with the Communists practically under siege. Finally, in 1934, the Communists were forced to begin their epic retreat on foot across the vast reaches of China, harried all the way by Chiang Kai-shek's troops, until they came to the barren northwest, where they still are, with their capital at Yenanku. The Japanese invasion in 1937 brought about an apparent unification, but proved to be only a truce. As long as the Japanese were surging forward and China's national survival was in question, the two armies fought as a single national force. Chiang Kai-shek's armies bore the brunt of Japan's frontal attack, while the Communists, working as guerrillas behind Japanese lines, wrought havoc with their communications, inflicted heavy losses and tied up large bodies of Japanese troops. Then, after 1939, when the Japanese found that they had advanced as far as they dared and a stalemate set in, the truce between the two parties began to wear thin. Chiang began to cut off the supply of money and arms to the Communists, accusing them of insubordination, and failure to fulfill their duty.

As a matter of fact, it was the Communists' too successful fulfillment of their duty that caused the rift to open again. For as the Communists, in the course of their guerrilla activities, advanced into territory not before occupied by them (as in fact they had to in order to be effective), they generally remained, as also they had to. And while they could maintain that they were doing so only in prosecution of the war against Japan, what Chiang Kai-shek and his government at Chungking saw was that they were consolidating themselves and their own regime. It was in a sense a re-emergence of the issue of 1927. And in the last two years the rift has become a chasm. Not even the pretense of a truce has been maintained.

The American government has pressed for a reconciliation and settlement, but in vain. There is no actual fighting between the two groups, but neither is there peace. Certainly they are not working together against the Japanese.

FURTHER, it should be observed that the issue in China is not primarily ideological. It is not true, as is commonly being said now in this country, that the Chinese Communist Party is not really communist at all, that it is only mildly agrarian, reformist, democratic, etc. This at best is an oversimplification, at the worst a misrepresentation to undermine opposition abroad. It is very much like the American Communist Party's sudden elevation of Thomas Jefferson as its patron saint a few years ago, when Mr. Browder ingenuously argued that communism was only true Americanism of the twentieth century. The leaders of the Chinese Communist Party are Communists—consciously, intellectually convinced Communists. No one can read the pamphlets and shorter pronouncements of Mao Tse-tung, the head of the party, without recognizing that he is Marxist in philosophy and Stalinist in strategy and loyalty. He is too intelligent and has too thorough a grasp of Chinese thought and social institutions to believe that a fully Marxist or Leninist society could be introduced in China at once, but he would work to that end steadily and uncompromisingly if he won power; and while the

social forms he introduced at once would not be Marxist, they would be further from what now exists in China than from the Marxist scheme.

On the other hand, it cannot be said that the rank and file of the supporters of the Communist Party are communist in the sense that they accept or even understand the doctrine of Marx. The overwhelming majority do not know what Marxism is, probably could not define it or tell how it differs, in social principles, from the system they were born to. It may be doubted even whether they would accept communism if they really understood it. Their adherence to the party has not been won by an intellectual demonstration of the superiority of communism. It has been won, first, because they live in the areas in which the Communists have power and, second, because reforms—not fundamental changes—have already been introduced by the Communists—reforms which have made their lives easier. These will be discussed later.

The internal political division in China, therefore, is not really a contest between two rival political and social doctrines. No one who knows contemporary China would describe the issue as one of communism versus capitalism. It is a much more conventional conflict of two political groups, and the personal equation has as much to do with it as the intellectual or doctrinal. To a great extent, it is a survival of the break of 1927: the bitterness between Chiang Kai-shek personally—supported by his entourage and the Kuomintang oligarchy—and the Communist leaders. The "landlords," as they are called in current polemics, that is, the owning classes, no doubt do fear the effect on their interests of the accession of the Communist Party. But the danger of this is too remote to account for the bitterness of the conflict, the mutual intransigence, the refusal to compromise which is so uncharacteristic of Chinese thought and action. The bitterness between the two groups would be only slightly less implacable if Mao Tse-tung and the other Communist leaders were to renounce communism entirely, renounce even radicalism, and convince the Chungking leaders of the genuineness of the renunciation.

III

THERE IS, as a matter of fact, no real basis for a compromise. The effort of the American government, through successive emissaries, to bring about a settlement was abortive and had to be. Reconciliation and settlement could have come about only through the extinction of one side or the other.

Suppose an agreement had been made and a coalition formed, as the American government desired. Because the Chungking government commands much the larger area and a huge majority of the population of Free China, meaning the part of the country not occupied by Japan, it would now have, logically and inevitably, the predominant voice in the coalition government. It would make the political decisions, appoint administrative officers everywhere, and dispose of the united armies. What the Communists fear is that Chiang Kai-shek would then proceed to scatter the Communist armies in small units, dissolve the administration in what are now Communist areas, installing his own officials, and thus emasculate the whole Communist structure. And the point is that this fear is justified. No one who knows China can doubt that that is the first thing Chiang Kai-shek would do. It has been his objective for nearly twenty years. For the Communist leaders to agree to a coalition except on terms that left them complete autonomy where they now are would be to invite suicide for their movement and oblivion for themselves.

On the other hand, if there were agreement and coalition on the basis of leaving the Communist armies intact and under their present command and the Communist civil administration functioning as it now does in the Communist-controlled areas, Chiang Kai-shek and the Kuomintang bureaucracy fear that the Communists would use the opportunity to augment their military power and extend the areas under their government. They fear that if the Communist armies were given arms and ammunition with which to attack the Japanese, the Communist armies would doubtless attack, but where they succeeded in driving out the Japanese

they would ensconce themselves, not as an integral part of the central government but as an addition to an autonomous and dissident regime. And this fear, too, is justified. No one who knows the record of the Communists and the statements of their leaders over the years can doubt that this is what they would do. Their purpose in coming to agreement and entering a coalition would be to get a better position from which to strengthen themselves and expand. The result would be that the end of the Japanese war would find a considerable portion of China under a separate regime wholly outside the control of the central government.

The efforts for a reconciliation of the two camps have failed because neither side has any trust in the other or any belief in the other's good faith. There can be no reconciliation because the issue between the two is irreconcilable. It can be confidently predicted that if under American pressure an agreement should be brought about, it will be an agreement in form only and will be given lip-service only.

IF THIS is so—if it must be one or the other, at least for the present—what are the merits of the dispute and what judgment can an unbiased witness come to? On this no light has been thrown by most of what has been written and said on the subject in this country in the last few years. For nearly all of what has been reported has come from partisans who seek to make points rather than to throw light. Nearly all of it has been propaganda designed to deflect American opinion to one side or another.

At the outset let it be said that it is definitely not true that all the criticism of the Chungking government comes from Communists or Communist sympathizers and is Communist propaganda. And those who say so, and they are numerous, are either ingenuous or misinformed or dishonest. Some of the bitterest criticism of Chungking comes from Americans in China who would like to see Earl Browder deported from this country, and from Chinese who have a mordant hatred of Moscow and all its ideas and works. On the other hand, it is equally untrue that

the Communists are consecrated democrats and patriots, dedicated only to the expulsion of the invader. Nor is it true that they alone have fought wholeheartedly against the Japanese and that their guerrilla warfare alone or mainly held the Japanese at bay. The Communists' military activities have had a good press in this country—too good; they have been magnificent but their magnificence has been exaggerated. At least, magnificent as they may have been, it was the army of Chiang Kai-shek that bore the full thrust of Japanese military might from 1937 to 1939. It was Japan's marginal military power that was thrown against the Communists.

On all the externals and by all the normal criteria of politics the right is on Chungking's side. Precision of fact is hard to come by with reference to the Communist area. How large its extent is geographically, how large its armies are, and how its decrees are carried out in act rather than in word can be estimated only roughly. Its stronghold is in the barren parts of Shensi and Shansi Provinces, with some pockets elsewhere in the north, and its armies have been estimated variously from 100,000 to 400,000, the lower number probably being nearer accurate. But this is unquestioned: it is a separate, independent regime, with its own army, its own administration, its own laws, its own currency. It neither obeys nor acknowledges the central government's authority. It is in fact a secessionist regime and any area it extends its sway into can be expected to be withdrawn from the jurisdiction of the central authority and added to the area of secession. And no government on earth would tolerate secession—especially one which, as in China, has for twenty years striven for recovery of national unification as a condition of national survival. In law and fact the Communists are rebels and no government willingly submits to or condones rebellion. To that extent right is on Chungking's side.

THERE IS, however, another consideration which outweighs the legal, the political, and the logical. It is the fact that wherever the Communists are in

power, there is good government, honest government, and government which has first regard for the welfare of the people. There is little or no corruption. Officials are paid meager salaries and, incidentally, live meager lives. They work hard and earnestly. The effort to collectivize trade or even socialize the land was abandoned long ago. There is no socialist economy, but rather a welfare economy and not far from an equalitarian economy. Usury, the curse of the Chinese peasant, has been abolished. Taxes, by which Chinese peasants are usually bled, are equitable. An effort is made to give both children and adults some schooling, not only through books but through plays, pageants, lectures, and wall newspapers. There is not only book learning but what can be called social education—education in group living, in economic co-operation, in loyalty to something higher than the family.

Most of all, there has been the inculcation of patriotism, a development of morale for the war of defense against Japan. The peasants in the Communist areas know what they are fighting for, do not have to be dragooned, and either fight willingly or willingly do service behind the lines. There is morale in Communist China—and only in Communist China. The peasants in Communist China may not know the meaning of the principles of Kungchintang—as the Communist Party is called—but they know that their lot is better than it was before. And their knowledge and contentment are reflected in their loyalty. The system they live under may or may not be democratic. Probably it is not. They have a right to choose local representatives but under the limitation that the party cannot be overthrown. Probably the system can more properly be called paternalism than democracy. But the whole question is doctrinaire in any case. The peasants have never known democracy in the Western connotation, and they would exchange principles of political philosophy for better livelihood without hesitation.

In all these respects the contrast with Chungking is glaring. The most devoted partisan of Chungking would not maintain that government where Chungking

has sway is good, honest, efficient, or primarily concerned with the welfare of the populace. It is nearly the opposite of all those. China, it is true, must be judged against its own background and by the criterion of its own mores and not—as many newly arrived Americans have judged it recently—by the criterion of modern Western countries. What is considered malpractice here is accepted there and the desperate conditions of wartime have broken restraints in China. But even with this allowance made, the practices of the present governing classes in China have been scandalous. The Chinese themselves have been scandalized. Although the inflation which has made life all but unbearable for some strata of the population is largely an inescapable by-product of the war and the blockade, it has also been accentuated by profiteering by those who are on the inside. Taxes are rigged so that the well-placed escape and the poor peasant is bilked. The gentry, the large land-owning classes, with whom the officialdom is allied, have been given free rein to exploit the peasantry, and they have done so mercilessly. In the words of one of the few liberals in the higher ranks—Sun Fo, the son of Sun Yat-sen: "Village government is now and has been for a long time the private preserve of the corrupt gentry and rapacious landowners. Since the war, the tyrannous grip of these local leaders over the village people has been tighter than ever." And he adds that the rich gentry have become richer through the war and the poor peasants poorer.

AROUND Chiang Kai-shek and in the upper ranks of the Kuomintang bureaucracy are men who have battered in the war years from suffering that has not been much surpassed anywhere in Europe. Worse than the corruption and the exploitation has been the official callousness to suffering. Troops have gone without food or medicine—sometimes unavoidably and sometimes not—and thousands are left to die on the roadside.

Equally bad has been the steady drift to reaction of the worst kind, with suppression, repression, and a general dissemination of fear. There is a Youth Corps

which is systematically indoctrinated with ideas smacking disagreeably of orthodox European fascism. In the so-called training academies and schools of the Kuomintang there is systematic inculcation of frank reaction on the *Fuehrer-prinzip* pattern. The government of the country is a monopoly of the Kuomintang, a survival of the days when Russia set the model. The party membership numbers roughly one per cent of the population, and most of that one per cent are small hacks and henchmen or window-dressing. Actually the party is run by a small bureaucracy composed of an inner ring, in which are some of the most unscrupulous and most reactionary individuals in the country. The personnel of the government is chosen by that ring, and those who are not in a few key positions make up a kind of façade.

In the past few months Chiang Kai-shek, stung and perhaps frightened by the outburst of criticism abroad, especially in America, has done a certain amount of cleansing and made some promising appointments. Furthermore, he has pledged himself to a relaxation of the Kuomintang dictatorship and has promised to institute at least a degree of constitutional government. But it is probably too late, Chungking is already in a state of complete demoralization. The enthusiasm with which the war against Japan was undertaken, the spirit of dedication to the nation's defense, and the resolution with which the sacrifices of the first few years were borne have all been dissipated. There has succeeded a kind of depression and disillusionment. Chiang Kai-shek and his government have forfeited the loyalty of the people—Chiang himself perhaps less than the men around him. The politically sentient classes—the young men and women, the young scholar or intellectual class which traditionally counts for much in China—have all fallen off. They have lost hope.

Victory over the Japanese now will bring an acrid taste to their mouths. What they had longed for even more, a national rebirth in a new spirit, they see as lost. Instead they see a moral deterioration to a level as low as in the worst days after the breakdown of the old mon-

archical system. As a relief from hopelessness there has set in among those classes a drift toward sympathy with the Communists—not out of political or economic convictions, not out of belief in Communist principles—sometimes even in an undiminished dislike of communism—but only because they have lost all hope in the Kuomintang government and believe that in the Communist Party there might be some hope. Their attitude is not to be likened to "Rather Hitler than Blum." It is "Rather the Communists than the Kuomintang gang."

ON THE record of the two regimes this is the judgment to which any unbiased person must come. If the test of a government is the well-being of the people who live under it, the Chinese Communists have earned the mandate for the country. There is only one reservation—the reservation that must be made for the Communist Party of any country. Is it a Chinese Communist Party or a subsidiary of Russia? If it succeeded to power, would the result be a China which happened to be Communist or a China which was an appendage of Russia, a sort of Ukraine? Unfortunately it must be said that on the evidence thus far the presumption is toward the latter.

No Communist anywhere has followed the gyrations of the party line more faithfully than Mao Tse-tung. When Moscow has said yea, Mao Tse-tung has said yea; when nay, nay. Before August 23, 1939, Mao was writing eloquently on the necessity of united world action to curb fascism and Hitlerism; the day after, he hailed the Russo-German pact as a stroke for peace and freedom and world order. Until June 21, 1941, the European war was an imperialist war, a struggle for loot, the British as bad as the Germans. On June 22, 1941, the war became a crusade for democracy.

There is even more suspicious evidence. From the beginning of the Japanese invasion of Manchuria in 1931 Mao Tse-tung inveighed against Chiang Kai-shek and the Nanking government for not declaring war against Japan, though Chiang had no armies and no weapons. Indeed, that was the burden of the Communists'

propaganda: Chiang Kai-shek was forfeiting the country's patrimony and betraying the country because he accepted the Japanese acquisition of Manchuria. Then on April 3, 1941, Russia and Japan signed a neutrality pact in which "The Union of Soviet Socialist Republics pledges to respect the territorial integrity and inviolability of Manchukuo." The Chungking government immediately made a formal declaration that it would not recognize as binding any agreement by third parties derogatory to China's territorial integrity, specifying the Russo-Japanese pact. But Mao Tse-tung? Not a word, though the war for China's existence had been on for four years; on the contrary, there were inferences of endorsement. Had Great Britain made a similar concession to self-preservation in order to prevent an attack on two fronts, it is easy to imagine the strictures on British imperialism that we should have heard. As a matter of fact, Russia was the only great power to seek to buy off Japan with Manchuria. But when Russia did so, there was not a word.

It is only just to ask what would be the Chinese Communists' position after the war if Russia should attempt to remain in Manchuria and resume the role of expansion into the Far East that it adopted at the end of the last century. And the presumption is that the Chinese Communists would not object, that their first loyalty, even in matters affecting China's national sovereignty, would be to Russia, not to China. This is the real charge to be made against the Communists, and it probably outweighs all else.

FOR IF that is so, then—considering the complication that the Chinese Communists are established in a separatist regime in northwest China adjoining Russian-controlled territory—the consequences for international relations in the Far East are incalculable and ominous. A division of China into spheres will make for an uneasy truce and no more, particularly if one or more great powers have direct concern with one or more of the spheres. For spheres do not and cannot remain static. They never have in China and they could not now. If, as is

sometimes proposed, an autonomous Communist area were formed in northwest China, autonomous but having the benevolent patronage of Russia, the region would contract or expand, according as the Chungking government or the Yen'an government acquired greater power. Nothing in the record of the Chinese Communists indicates that they would be contented with remaining in a small, fixed area, especially one as barren as the northwest. And there is still less in the record of the Kuomintang to indicate that it would leave such an area unmolested if it had the power to do otherwise.

It is not impossible that there may now be arranged a standstill agreement under which both sides will remain in status quo; the Communists will be permitted to function where they now are, and Chiang will withdraw his blockading forces and perhaps permit arms to be provided to the Communists. Russia quite likely will be a party to that agreement, with America not objecting. As a standstill arrangement for the duration of the war, the agreement would serve a purpose. But in the long run its effect would be to resume the old struggle for supremacy in China: one great power seeking to acquire it, another to obstruct.

To believe that America, for example, would accept an effectual Russian hegemony in North China is to believe that America will reverse its historic policy in the Far East, now that it has fought and won its hardest war in support of that policy. This, indeed, is how the war in the Far East came about. And it should be recalled that before America stood in the way of Japanese hegemony in North China to the point of war, she had stood equally resolutely in the way of Russia between 1900 and 1904. That was why America diplomatically and financially supported Japan in the Russo-Japanese War, why Theodore Roosevelt was diplomatic buffer for Japan—to the point of being prepared to go to war if any other power helped Russia. The allocation of any part of China as a sphere under the patronage of a great power, whether Russia, Japan, Great Britain, the United States, or any other power, is to repeat the international struggle in the Far East of

the past fifty years and to invoke the same result. For that, Far Eastern history itself is witness.

IV

WHAT, THEN, can be said about China's internal conflict? There is right on both sides, wrong on both sides. And nothing can be done to settle it now. The most that can be striven for now is to hold it in abeyance by some standstill agreement for the duration of the war. For the successful prosecution of the war that is all that is essential. Both sides will continue to fight against Japan, and help should be withheld from neither so long as it fights. After the war, however, it will no longer be possible to evade the issue. Then it will come to a crisis. What happens then will depend on the domestic policies followed by Chiang Kai-shek. Thoughtful Chinese talking privately agree almost unanimously that unless the Chungking government changes its course, the Communists will win increasing popular support, win it by the legitimate appeal of better government, and thus increase the area of their power at Chungking's expense unless they are checked by force. That is to say, there will be civil war. And if there is civil war, it is scarcely likely that Russia will remain strictly neutral. And in this case other powers will not remain strictly neutral, and we may have the repetition of Spain in 1936 but without the pretense of non-intervention. In that case, then, there is the harsh prospect of another great war in the Far East.

There is no need to be fatalistic, however. America in particular is not without recourse. It can do nothing now, except by unremitting criticism of the kind that has already made Chiang waver, but it can do much later to bring about a lasting settlement and internal peace. No matter what happens, China will need financial help after the war, help for reconstruction, for modernization. It is expecting help from America and can get it only from America. The help should be

given, for unless China is put on its feet there can be no peace in the Far East in any event. But it should be given on condition: on condition that Chiang Kai-shek change his course, that he purge the worst elements in his government, that he liberalize it, that he abandon the one-party dictatorship and introduce a beginning of genuinely representative government, and that, most of all, he begin the introduction of social reforms. The first reforms would have to be agrarian: equitable land taxes, the elimination of special privileges for the landed gentry, the control of interest rates, a limit on crop rents for tenant farmers, easy government credit for farmers, co-operatives for cultivation and marketing, public works from which the rural population will benefit.

Then Chiang's regime can regain the loyalty of the mass of the people and recover moral authority. And then, too, Communist propaganda will have no basis, the Communist movement will be checked at the source, and the international political complications with it.

This must be observed: except against assurance of reforms and evidence of their execution, financial help to China will have the result only of underwriting reaction in China and thus accelerating the advent of internal upheaval. But Chiang is politically intelligent. He has shown before that he can gauge the tides of opinion. He will know that financial help from America will strengthen him and its withholding will weaken him. If social amelioration is the condition of receiving it and thus of his remaining in power, there is a fair presumption that he will accept the condition.

This is America's recourse, and it is not without prospect of success. If it must wait for effective use until the end of the war, the consequences are not fatal. The war against Japan can be fought and won anyway. Permanent settlement of China's internal state and thereby a reasonable assurance of peace in the Far East can and must go over as one more of the world's postwar problems.

From England . . .

Rebecca West

This new department by Rebecca West will appear in alternate months.—The Editors

ON THE village green near my house there took place a scene, the other evening, which deeply shocked me. There is nothing so shocking as an ancient good converted to a modern evil—Ma must not go on the streets with her hair dyed blonde—and there on the village green I saw a good so ancient that it was part of my youth turned into a nasty, slinking, frightening, gunman evil.

In spite of the minuteness of the village, the Conservative candidate had come to speak to it. I think the magnet which drew him was the devotion to the Conservative cause of a certain Major Knapper, who lives in the white house on the edge of the village green; the gentlest and kindest and most honest gentleman imaginable, and no fool either. I do not agree with anything he has got in his head except the ultimates and on those we are in perfect accord. He was the head of the Home Guard and, as a result of having watched him throughout the war, I know that if the Germans had come to England he would have died leading the resistance against them. It would have done no good for a long time but it would have been the only thing to do, because a decent man cannot lend a hand in the making of a Buchenwald. He would have done it with a heart that bled, not for his own sake, but because in the doing he would have had to lead to death the young men of the village, for whom he feels great fatherly affection. Then I would have endeavored to follow him, but now I cannot because he believes that there are different orders of mankind; that those who possess money are wise and worthy to be entrusted with political power, and those who do not are not wise and must,

for the sake of themselves and all others, be kept in subjection. I cannot concur.

Out of this disagreement has sprung a keen liking on my side, for when the war ended and the general election loomed on the horizon and Major Knapper heard that I was going to vote Labor, he bicycled all the length of the village (and it is a long one) to try to persuade me to change my mind and vote Conservative. I was immensely flattered; most people take one look at my mind and, with distaste, dismiss it as an unwieldy monolith outside the scope of practical engineering. I felt as a pyramid might if somebody asked it out for a dance. It was, I think, by like assaults on the impossible that Major Knapper had won enough favor with the local Conservative Party organization for them to send down its candidate to our village, though we number only about two hundred and fifty souls.

None of these souls greatly cared for the Conservative candidate. He appeared before them as a Churchill candidate and a Conservative candidate, and the two things are not really one. The electorate, surveying all such candidates, feels as if it was squinting. The presence of Mr. Churchill in the Conservative Party presents such a spectacle of ill-mated yoke-fellows as Theodore Roosevelt in the Republican Party of 1911 or Wendell Willkie in the Republican Party of 1940, with the odd difference that Mr. Churchill is not a youngster who grew up in this uncongenial company and is preparing to burst from it, but an elder statesman who has deliberately chosen to re-enter that company when it has, for the most of his life, insulted and disowned him, for it kept him in the cold year after year, while it exalted

the nothingness of Baldwin and Neville Chamberlain, and only admitted him when he was forced on it by the Labor Party.

Why Mr. Churchill chose at that same moment to become the chairman of the Conservative Party will never be known. His ideas are near enough to liberalism for it to have been possible for him to have led a reconstructed Liberal Party, and this would have been the most promising field for his ambition, for in England today the middle-of-the-road type of mind would naturally vote Liberal. It is assumed that in his decision to become chairman of the Conservative Party he was influenced by certain personal friendships, but of these the country as a whole and many members of the Conservative Party violently disapprove. The situation remains at its ungainliest because during his years of office he has done nothing to mold the Conservative Party nearer to his image; it remains essentially the same narrow-minded, stodgy, cowardly party which barred the door against his brilliance for so many years.

THE CANDIDATE who stood on the village green asking for our votes did nothing to ease the eyesight of the voters; he was a dull young man. It is true that he was a gallant soldier with a fine war record, but this was no help, for there were three candidates before the constituency: Conservative and Liberal and Labor, and they were all gallant soldiers with fine war records. Compared with them he was at a disadvantage because he had a brother already in Parliament who was a dull young man of the dangerous and exasperating type that somehow, in spite of its dullness, succeeds in getting minor offices and then gives just such a performance as one would expect. His speech was delivered in the pleasant, modest voice of his kind. One saw him as the product of an agreeable household, well found in such things as luggage and sporting rifles and tennis rackets, where people rarely lost their tempers, managed their affairs with quiet competence, and had a strong sense of public duty, but were hard of intellectual hearing and innocent of imagination. It is a type which is always useful, but their place is rather to obey

than to command, particularly at a time when our chief need is for acute criticism of ideological pretenses and for decisive action to meet crises which are wholly novel. It was perfectly obvious that this candidate who was asking us to vote for him as a Winston Churchill man would, if he were elected, help to preserve the Conservative Party as just the kind of organization which flung downstairs the courage and brilliance of Mr. Winston Churchill, bang! You saw the possible new savior of Britain arriving on the doormat.

We stood in a moping circle at some physical distance from him because he was speaking into a microphone, and at a very great mental distance. A group of young people from the Council Houses, farm workers, and factory hands laughed at rheumatism and sat on the grass in attitudes of disappointment and resentment. They were going to vote for Labor and would have liked to express their disagreement with the reactionary sentiments—threatening oppression to the poor and wanton aggression against Communist Russia—which they had understood from their party press to be part of the Conservative faith, but there was nothing of that in his speech—just as there was nothing much of anything else.

Above us, a sweet blue sky and shining woolpack clouds mocked at our unease. At my elbow there suddenly appeared Jimmy Johnson. "Just Jimmy Johnson," as he loves to describe himself. Plain, blunt Jimmy Johnson. In any circumstances I find him an odious spectacle; a small, dapper, good-looking man, wearing an expression designed to convey strength and courage and refusal to stand any nonsense, and using a North Country working-class accent which he must have gone to great pains to cultivate, because none of his relatives whom I have by chance encountered has a trace of it.

He is a wealthy man; his automobile was parked on the edge of the common and it was an extremely expensive one. He is by profession an accountant, and he has for many years done actuarial work for certain branches of the Labor movement. He professes the greatest devotion to Socialist principles and, indeed, talks of little

but the sins of the rich and the sufferings of the poor in terms of extreme passion and extreme inaccuracy. Nobody would think to listen to him that there were any laws in England in restraint of child labor and excessive hours in factories and workshops, or any excess profit taxes, or any social services. He gives the impression that conditions in this country are much the same as they were a hundred and fifty years ago, and he conceals from his listeners the disturbing truth that the task before radicals in Great Britain today is not to attack capitalism, which is already discredited on all sides, but—and this is a good deal more difficult—to devise an alternative system and to switch over to it without causing unnecessary suffering. But he is not a fool, though he is hated and loathed by the leaders of the Labor movement, who believe that he is a Communist and that he does his talking for the sake of fomenting unrest, in order to create a state of chaos in which communism could be imposed on a people who, on the whole, would not desire it, though they might desire state socialism. There he was, and I remembered that he lived somewhere in the district. He had not come as a mere spectator.

MAJOR KNAPPER was, I must own, conducting the meeting on old-fashioned Tory lines. We were not allowed to touch the Tory candidate. He was, *ipso facto*, a precious object and therefore there was no necessity to examine him closely. We could each ask one question and one only, which was no way of getting on with the task of unraveling the political tangle before us.

I did my best to clear up the uncertainty which was worrying most of us as to what kind of Conservative he was. Was he the old Baldwin-and-Neville-Chamberlain type of Conservative? Was he the Beaverbrook type of Conservative? Did he fall in the orbit of those close friends of Churchill who are held to be responsible for his great strategic error in attaching himself to the Conservative Party and for many tactical errors such as the holding of the election at this particular time, far too soon after the end of the European War? Was he allied with the young group of

Conservative reformers headed by Lord Hinchingsbrooke and Quentin Hogg—a group which might conceivably come to have some relevance to our times? But he would not say. I think it had not struck him that there was any need to define his position, and yet it was certainly present in the minds of all those in the audience who had not definitely made up their minds to vote Labor. This will give some indication of the gulf that is bound to yawn between a service candidate and his constituents—and the vast majority of candidates who are not old men are drawn from the services.

I was gloomily reflecting on the sense of unreality this must give to the Parliament that was about to be elected, whatever its political complexion, when the odious Jimmy Johnson spoke at my elbow with the air of an honest man rolling up his sleeves in order to clean up a sty of corruption. He asked the candidate a question which, with the utmost falsity, suggested that he had been guilty of shabby and evasive behavior in refusing an invitation to debate with the Labor candidate. The truth was, as I well knew since the debate had been my own idea, that he had been obliged to refuse it because he had a previous engagement. There was no evidence either in this incident or in his general bearing that shabbiness and evasiveness were among his faults, and he had too many others which made him unseductive to the electors for his political opponents to be under any necessity to invent fresh ones for him. The audience was, in any case, quite uninterested in the question and the answer, which had as much stirring appeal as a wrangle about the time of a train nobody wanted to catch.

I thought what I have often thought about the value of Jimmy Johnson to the Labor movement. Then the meeting came to an end and we were invited to shake hands with the candidate and talk to him privately. It was at this point that a yellow automobile, a sort of beach wagon, which had approached unobserved and had been parked on the edge of the road, drove on to the grass, threw open its doors, and disclosed itself as a Labor van equipped with a loudspeaker, through

which a young man presently directed a stream of criticisms against the speech we had just heard.

These criticisms were justified, and such proceedings are a recognized part of British electioneering routine. You let the other man have the fatigue of organizing a meeting and come down on him to seize the psychological booty of the last word and, as he will do the same thing to you when he can, there is no ill feeling. But Major Knapper did not see the matter in this light; he was breathless with indignation. It was exactly to him as if he had organized a cricket match on the village green and the minute it was over a horde of strangers had debouched from a passing automobile and poured over the pitch uttering insulting comments on the game that had just been concluded.

This irruption at first escaped our notice because we were wrangling with the candidate on the one subject which no candidate in this election ever voluntarily mentions, although it is obviously the most important issue—foreign policy. Our wrangling reached such a pitch that the candidate's agent said he must leave to keep another engagement. If I had the same sort of mind as Jimmy Johnson I should imply that this was because he had found our questions unanswerable; but it was, in fact, because the poor young man was dead tired like all the rest of us. That must never be forgotten. All Europe is dead tired.

THE CANDIDATE having left, we all decided to go home, but then there struck on our ears an odd confusion of sounds. Through the firm accents of the young man denouncing the nullities of the candidate's speech came a small, single-handed riot that had a curious sense of period about it. So, before the last war, did the golden youth of the aristocracy cheer when they held up the traffic in the heart of London the night after the universities of Oxford and Cambridge had competed in a boat race on the Thames—a festival fast falling into obscurity. Major Knapper had ranged himself before the Labor van and was endeavoring to interrupt the speaker by calling for cheers for Winston Churchill. Though

he is a charming and dignified person, he was, for the moment, comic; an anachronism, the lord of the manor rallying his forces against an invader of his rights. At the same time the eternal adolescent, which is in all Englishmen, was enjoying the rag.

But there is an eternal pride in all us English, too. This spectacle aroused it in my bosom. The village green was a public place; anybody had a right to be on it, and in England we permit free speech. The legalism of my race and its liberalism set me walking sternly across the grass saying, "Major Knapper, this man has as much right to speak here as you and the candidate."

The Major's response was to cry again, "Let's have three cheers for Winston Churchill. Hip, hip, hurrah!"

I persisted sternly, "There is such a thing as free speech," but was temporarily interrupted by the only supporter who had followed Major Knapper to his demonstration. This was Joe Crocker, a septuagenarian who had been, in his time, the Don Juan of the village, before whom many of its maidens had fled along the lanes (not all of them quickly enough), and whose wicked old black eyes show that age has not wholly altered his interests. He had evidently been doing his best to keep old traditions alive by taking on board all the beer he could find, and few voters, even in the days when the candidate's first business was to flood his constituency with alcohol, could have been more happily drunk than he was. At my intervention he had ceased to cheer Mr. Churchill and came towards me saying with a sinister leer, "Madam, I do appreciate you."

At that point the Major left, not because of what I was saying but simply because his wife, a silver-haired lady with gentle manners, had said from quite a long way off in quite a soft voice, "Richard, let us go home." It was as if the authority of a thousand sergeant-majors had been transmitted to a cooing dove. He went and I was left alone before the speaker with Joe Crocker who, nudging me in the ribs with the bone handle of his stick, was reiterating, "Madam, I do appreciate you." His tone, his deepening leer were a transla-

tion into rude English terms of that poem, "Maud Muller," with its reiteration of "it might have been." It was a situation impossible to carry off with dignity, and I was much relieved when a trim young woman with glasses appeared and said briskly, "Now, Grandfather." There is that about elections as about everything else: we grow old and die.

I was then able, for the first time, to listen to what the speaker was saying, and I was immediately discomfited as badly as I had been by Major Knapper's assault on British liberties and Joe Crocker's amity. Never was the task of a Labor speaker easier. He can point to the work of various Labor ministers in the war as evidence that his party is able to provide the personnel for a government. He can foretell how the Socialist faith will take over the system of controls which have enabled us to weather the storms of the last six years and adapt them to the needs of peace. It is, as our air forces say, "a piece of cake."

I have often rejoiced that a movement which I had joined when it was small and unpopular and seemed a hundred years from power should have come to its own in my lifetime; but at the moment I was far from rejoicing, for from the speaker's mouth was pouring a stream of nonsensical abuse directed against Major Knapper—shocking in its silliness and infantilism. He sank to making jokes, and not good ones, about the Major's name.

I looked round at the village people who were standing dotted about on the common listening, and saw on their faces a blankness which is their restrained manner of registering disapproval. Some of them were resolved to vote Labor and many were still uncertain as to how to cast their votes. I found that Jimmy Johnson was again at my elbow. I said to him, "Is this your show?"

"Yes," said he.

"Look here," said I, "this won't do. People round here like Major Knapper."

With a snort he answered, "I daresay the Tories always get themselves popular. I suppose he lives in a big house and dispenses charity right and left."

This was pure archaism: the Major's income is certainly smaller than Jimmy

Johnson's own. He lives in a small house which was once his week-end cottage, and if he should want to dispense charity, now that the wages of agricultural laborers have been increased, there would be hardly anybody to receive it. If the Major is liked it is because of his sense of humor, his warm and friendly nature, his kindness to his evacuees, and his happy vitality.

When I said, "No, he isn't liked because he lives in a big house and dispenses charity," Jimmy Johnson said with a real impatience, "Then why do they like him? They must get something out of him. People don't like other people for nothing." With that point of view I did not attempt to argue, for the speaker had gone just one step lower. He was saying that it could be judged what the Conservative Party was like from the fact that a Conservative cabinet minister, Mr. Amery, had produced a son who had broadcasted on the German radio.

Now the tone of British elections is heated and the tone of this one had been hot indeed, but this reference was outside the limits claimed by any of the parties. I looked over my shoulder at the figures dotted over the grass under the skyscape of blue ether and shining clouds. From one came a thin cry bravely challenging the boom of the loudspeaker. "It isn't fair to taunt a man with what his relatives do." Then all the figures quietly turned about and went to the north and the south and the east and the west, going back into their little houses down the lanes, up the path through the woods.

"You've got a rotten Tory village," sneered Jimmy Johnson. "Look at them all slinking home."

"They're not going home because they are Tories," I said, "but because they are decent people."

They were not lost to the Labor vote, these people, for they went home and turned on their radios and listened to excellent speeches from the Labor leaders as they listened to excellent speeches from the Liberal and Conservative leaders, with the exception of Mr. Churchill, who lowered his stock as much by his radio electioneering as Mr. Eden raised his by his single and splendidly sensible oration.

THE SIGNIFICANCE of this incident lies not in its effect on the electorate but in its indication of the troubles that lie before the various party organizations in England, whatever their fate in the election. The speech of the man in the Labor van was as profoundly repugnant to the Labor leaders of today, both national and local, as it would have been to the Labor leaders who taught me in my youth. It was symptomatic of an element which has crept into the Labor organization, and indeed into all other political organizations, in this and most, if not all, European countries. It is a regressive element. It seeks to present the problems confronting the electorate in terms of barbaric simplicity, and it is anxious to use the weapon of rudimentary brutality both in speech and action. It is, in fact, the residuum of the Fascist movement seeking to raise its head again under the protection of its opposite; or rather the shrewder part of that residuum, for a more artless part which does not know when it is beaten is reassembling under banners which it has hardly bothered to have repaired.

This shrewder part is itself exploited by greater shrewdness; for I think Jimmy Johnson knows pretty well what he is doing by giving the section of the Labor organization he can influence a slant to-

ward violence. He can at once drive out the more moderate members of the party and create a state of social unrest in which a cunning minority might impose its will on the disorganized majority. This is a danger which the Labor Party will have to settle for its own sake and for the sake of the country, even as the Conservative Party will have to achieve unity and an adaptation of its principles and personnel to the needs of the times.

There are still other tasks for the politicians; the bridging of the gulf between the civilian population and the returned forces will not be the least of them. The settlement of these problems may look like chaos from the other side of the Atlantic, and that appearance may not be dispelled for some time; but it should be possible to settle them. If the Conservative Party shows contempt for our ancient liberties, soft voices loaded with power will call them to reason. If Liberals grow humorless, the natural man will dig them in the ribs and revive their sense of proportion. And if words of hate pour forth from the Labor van, the audience, looking stiffish and deafish and blindish, will turn and go home. There are dangers lying before England in the future, but these do not lie in the political behavior of the general public.

R A N K

A Story

ASHER GERECHT



TODAY we learned that our former company commander was killed last night when the jeep he was driving overturned on a curve. It could have been an accident, certainly, but we have known Captain Parmetto too long. He was an excellent driver.

I was speaking with the medic who brought him in. He crashed within a hundred yards of our battalion bivouac training area, and Janeira took care of him. He died before they could take him to the aid station. Janeira says that he was drunk, and Parmetto did drink steadily.

When my tentmate, Reade, heard about it he said, "Well, I guess that finishes it up. Even Steven."

All day long we have talked about him, in one group or another, and tonight there was a boy here from the company that Locke was in, so that the story of Parmetto and Locke came out again.

I CAN remember when they both came into the outfit. The African campaign was over, and the only job left was to herd the prisoners. We did that for two weeks until we pulled out to a bivouac area on the Mediterranean Sea near the wrecked town of Bizerte.

Conditions were poor. The food was awful. And when I hear men complain-

ing about conditions now—shows, leaves—well, it was plenty worse then. The Army was still new at the game.

And then we had our special gripe. It is bad enough to live bad. It is plenty bad enough to know the odds in the game and to see those odds getting men you liked and buddied with and fought with. It is bad enough to know the weather and the land and the enemy are against you; but the worst thing in it all is to feel "them" tearing at your self-respect. We hate "them" worst of anything, because it makes us wonder if we are men or just exactly what we are. "They" are our own countrymen, "comrades," and all of us are supposed to be engaged in mutual support in a gigantic, perilous effort to conquer an enemy that is our enemy and "their" enemy.

Yet in most of the days spent in the military machine, once you have known the independence that battle reasserts in you—independence which "they" in training have tried hour after hour to knock out of you—you hate "their" continued efforts to keep you down more than you hate the enemy's attempts to kill you.

There is a difference I have not made clear. You know the enemy is against you. You will try to kill him, he will try to kill you. It is not hate of him so much; it is dread. What hate there is is not

actually a permanent living thing at all.

We had a commander, Handlebar Henry we called him, who was about as bad as "they" come on the morale of the enlisted men. As an example: one day we had a formal inspection. Each man had to show three field ration D chocolate bar boxes in front of him after the command Open Ranks March was given. If a man didn't have three it meant extra details. One man, McMahon, who was killed later at the Volturno River, didn't have any, but we found three empty boxes, filled them with sand, closed them up—and he passed inspection. About the chocolate itself—whoever made it should have eaten some of it.

That sort of thing, a chicken-stuffed parade or regulation, keeps making us sick. I don't think we'll ever be rid of it.

THE day the replacements came into our bivouac area we had an all-day hike. When we returned to camp, dirty and down, we found the rookies waiting for us. After we were settled Captain Briacti, a tough Italian but fair to the men, brought over a second lieutenant who looked about twenty and as if he hadn't had his first woman yet, dressed in officers' O.D.'s and with a look of disappointment on his face. Carrying his barracks bag over to us was an old geezer with dried red hair and a wrinkled face and bad teeth.

We were sitting together. Briacti said, "Fellas, here's your new platoon leader, Lieutenant Parmetto. And here's a new man for you. What did you say your name was, soldier?"

The man looked at him and spat out of the side of his mouth.

"Didn't I tell ya, Cap'n?" he said.

"Slipped my mind."

"Well, it's Locke. T. J. Locke."

The lieutenant looked at him and he looked at the lieutenant. That was the first time they had taken much notice of each other.

Briacti introduced the noncoms, while we sat around and stared at him. The lieutenant had black hair and black eyes and a smooth complexion. He was well built. He spoke with a bounce, and I liked his smile.

Locke went into the pup tent assigned to him. His hair was reddish brown but there was some gray to be seen, once the desert dust was washed out of it. He stooped slightly, but he kept his head up when he walked. He looked as if he didn't care about any of us. I noticed that he had one cauliflower ear, and a broken red nose.

You can't tell much about a man in a combat outfit until you get him into combat; not defensive warfare, but attack, where you must push the enemy and get along on as little as possible. Parmetto wasn't too bad while we stayed in Africa taking training. He was G.I., but you can't expect a man who has been through the discipline and baloney of officer camps in the United States to use common sense when he gets on his own in garrison, in the States or overseas.

As for Locke, it didn't take us long to find out his chief characteristic. He drank, and like no one else I have ever seen. Where hundreds and thousands of others had gone by, searching and finding nothing, Locke would insinuate himself into the Arabs' favor, disappear with them for a short while, and lo, the wines flowed forth. It seemed simple, but others who tried it failed. He was a much envied man.

He was not a good soldier for training areas. He would not obey. He simply didn't go for what was dished out. It was not that he was out-and-out rebellious; when he received a direct order he obeyed. But he just didn't attempt to cotton to all the regulations that were put out and that threatened us everywhere we went.

The lieutenant didn't like him, but he couldn't put a finger on him. Locke always did his job. Besides, we were all independent. He was simply more independent than we were. We had no trouble with him; he shared his liquor and his women with us. If we, by ourselves, couldn't find what we wanted we would ask him. If he couldn't get it, no one could. By the time we left for Italy he must have known every bar, whore, and military police in Bizerte and Ferryville, which was the old French military center in the Bizerte area.

THE Italian campaign was a tiresome one. All the way it was slow. Even at its fastest we were following up a retreat, not putting the enemy on a run. The terrain, limiting maneuver, was greatly responsible. But we had to fight facts, not reasons.

In battle a man in authority can take out any vengeance he desires. Old types of torture don't compare. I remember when I was in a line company in Africa a man getting sent out on three straight patrols until he was killed simply because he was on the outs with his sergeant, and when the report came in on his death the sergeant only laughed.

In garrison, punishment can be a detail, and extra labor; in battle if you have bucked against a superior you can be sent on this mission or that, and you have no legal complaint. It is your job and you must do it. You are on the short end.

Locke never toadied. He never let himself do anything that could be considered that. Perhaps his mistake was in showing Parmetto outright that to him Parmetto was just a second looie and no more.

That occurred north of Naples. We had to find a place one night to shovel approaches to a stream in our sector, so that our vehicles could ford. The lieutenant decided to have us work at a certain spot.

"I think we'll put it here," he said.

"Put it there, hell," Locke said. "A peep'll get stuck there sure as hell."

"What makes you think so?" Sergeant Blanton said.

"A jackass can see it," Locke said. He walked into the stream, just like that.

Blanton shouted, "Hey!" but Parmetto told him to keep it quiet. The place was under observation in the daytime still and nobody knew exactly how far sound would go there at night.

"Now you can see," Locke said. "It's up to my waist." He walked downstream about ten yards to where the water stopped at boot level. Without saying anything he walked from one bank to the other and came back to us.

"Well," he said, "there's a good place to work if you want it. It's got a good bottom to it too."

The sergeant told the fellows to start digging there. Except for his command there was nothing else said. Locke watched, with his hands on his hips. I heard him say to Blanton, "I'm going back to the house to get my clothes off."

"Okay," Blanton said.

The lieutenant said nothing, absolutely nothing, until we had the job done. We could tell from the way the air felt that he was boiling mad. But he was wrong to begin with. He walked back and he didn't say a thing.

They still got along after that, being polite face to face—and despising each other.

Parmetto wasn't a bad joe. He was better than some of the officers we have had before and since. He would go out on a job with us every once in a while and he took care of his book work well enough. Except for the way he needled Locke he pretty much let Blanton run the platoon the way Blanton wanted to. He was a nice kid, good-looking, sort of a regular guy. Of course the noncoms beefed about doing his field work for him and every once in a while we would get roped in on something that wasn't our job at all because he wanted to make a good impression, but you can't expect perfection from a man just because he is an officer.

But after a while you can tell it. You can tell from the way an officer walks and looks with his other officers what kind he is. If you get your staff together, and everybody is tightened up, as if a shell was coming in to wipe the works clean, then you can be sure the commanding officer is tight, strict, and not worth much. If everybody is easy but one man, that man's the one to watch. In a lieutenant it means he's trying to buck.

Tightness does not have to be actually tight to be recognized. A man can put on an act and he will overreach himself. He knows it and so does everyone else.

Whenever Parmetto was with the company commander or the staff he worried himself into formality when no one else was being formal. As I say, he was clever enough to catch on. The tightness became familiarity, the sure-you-know-me-Al attitude. Close to, he seemed to fit himself to the lieutenants and the company

commander, too. Away from him, you only had to look at Parmetto standing stiffly trying to slouch to guess at the grand strategy. He was likeable and he could toss a joke, or what passes for a joke with us, any time, but it didn't fool us. We were old-timers, so we knew.

JUST as Parmetto became a fixture in the outfit, so we expected Locke to lose his head over one thing or another. Our sergeant-major, Jameson, was about thirty-seven years old, and he liked his liquor and wine. Whenever Locke had some, Locke was an old pal and buddy to him, but when Jameson was sober he spent more time trying to get a court martial on Locke than anyone else. By December fifteenth when we jumped off for Cassino, Locke had had five charges against him, but none of them had gone to court. He could be cussed out back and forth: it didn't bother him. When we were on the line he did his work.

Work? Why, he was given more chances to die than anybody else in our platoon. If there was a bad minefield, Locke was in on cleaning it. Three boys in one squad were killed working with him, but he never had a scratch.

The funny thing was, he knew that Parmetto was picking him for this job or that. If a job was dangerous, he was on it. If it was routine, and the bets were that nothing could happen, Locke was doing something else.

All he would ever say on the subject unless he was drunk was, "To hell with him, to hell with everybody." Where the rest of us would be scared stiff of mines we knew nothing about, Locke would laugh and go out. He had two Silver Stars by the first of the year and God knows he deserved them both. I never did hear anyone, even Jameson in his cups, accuse him of leaving a job until it was done, and done right. But when the job was done, presto, he was hopeless as far as the Army was concerned.

None of us could blame him. We didn't have the nerve to do the kind of work he was doing, and though we envied him we didn't have the guts to behave the way he did. He was the freest man over here.

IN EVERY combat group there are changes. A man, or a squad, or a platoon, or half a company is lost. There are deaths and rapid promotions. Compared to the line companies, headquarters of an infantry battalion is almost a stable group but even in it—well, right now there are fifteen of us left of the company I joined in Africa.

Christmas day the commanding general of the division—a man we common soldiers didn't like because he didn't like us—pinned a silver bar on Parmetto's shoulder strap which meant he had his first lieutenantancy, more money, a better looking signature, and we ourselves hoped it would mean that this was as far as he would try to go.

What went on at Cassino after I was hit I don't know firsthand. From what the boys say, old Locke did himself up brown. He went out every night past our lines by himself, once our positions were stabilized for a period, and he would set up a road block. Every morning before dawn he would go out again and disarm the mines and pile them off the side into the ditch, where jerry couldn't see them. Fifteen days he did that, and he never asked for a relief. A couple of days before we were going to pull out Lieutenant Parmetto called him up.

"How are things going?" he asked.

"Good enough. Fine," Locke said.

"Well, I think I'll send up a couple of men tonight to relieve you."

"Tonight? Ha, I don't need 'em. I'll stay here till we get out." He hung up the phone.

Locke told the story over and over again when he was drunk, of how the lieutenant wanted to send two men to relieve *him* just two days before the whole regiment went off the line. He always asked in conclusion, "Now wasn't that generous?"

When I came back into the outfit at Anzio, Locke was still going strong. He had had only two summary courts, which had cost him about \$30, and one special court that had fined him \$10 for six months.

I think he knew what the score would be when Lieutenant Parmetto as the oldest officer in the company took over command. Locke tried a half-hearted reform, but the appeal of the alcohol we could get

from the rear echelon stills for \$5 a quart was too strong for him.

He kept talking back to Parmetto and one day when Parmetto, suddenly angry, told him, "I'll get you, Locke, if you don't start to behave right," Locke just laughed at him. I was near them, and I saw the look on Parmetto's face. I was glad I was a bystander and not in Locke's shoes.

The old boy took all the details on the chin—extra kitchen police, extra guard, extra sump holes. "They," quoting Army regulations, will tell you that such dealings can't be done in the Army without a form of trial, but "they" haven't seen the case from the bottom side. Anything goes.

WHEN we hit rest area after we had walked a good many miles past Rome two significant events occurred in our outfit.

One, Lieutenant Parmetto was made a captain.

Two, his first real action once he had his two bars was to send Locke to Love Company with the informal explanation to Locke that the captain of Love had requested him for a vacant position as first scout in his first platoon, because he liked his work so much. That didn't fool anyone; I don't know if the captain intended it to, or if he thought it would.

Perhaps Parmetto expected Locke to break down and come crying to him; the rest of us, even though we were on his side, expected and looked forward to seeing our strong man go weak; but Locke just laughed in everybody's face and spoke out as he hadn't spoken in a long time. He told Parmetto when he saw him, "I see you're getting rid of me, Lieutenant. I mean Captain," he said.

"Well, Captain Bromer asked for you. He liked your work."

"The hell he did. Well, when I kill my first Jerry I'll think of you."

It should have been a great day for Parmetto. He was king of the world, his own small one, and he was rid of his own particular nuisance. Yet he went around with a sour face all day. Even the first sergeant couldn't get close to him.

What doubts we might have had about Locke, old and alcoholic, getting along in a rifle company we quickly lost. The first

day in the platoon he talked to the lieutenant, found out he didn't drink, and bought his officer's whisky ration from him for three dollars. We didn't believe it until he showed us the bottle.

When we entered the fall campaign attacking the Gothic Line Locke became a regimental legend. If you mentioned his name to anyone there was almost always the same remark: "Have you heard what he did the other day?" There simply was never anyone else like him.

As far as we could tell, Locke had absolutely no fear. Where no one else walked, he walked; where no one else talked, he talked; where no one else smoked, he lit a cigarette. What made the difference, he always got away with it.

He had a glorious life attacking the Gothic Line. One night, with two men to give him fire support if necessary, he went up to cut a barbed-wire entanglement across the path going up a hill to the Jerry dugouts. He did it, and removed half a dozen mines along with it.

"I know as much about mines as anybody here," he once told some engineers who were giving us classes. I think he did. He removed more mines when he was with us than the rest of the platoon did. He would do anything.

There was the night he held a summit by himself. He kept about six weapons with him. Most of the company had gone off the hill, for the mortar fire had been like hot lava coating the area. One squad strength stayed. Locke dispersed them about the hill while he watched the top.

The fire continued heavy, but every hour or two the men that were left saw Locke. He brought them more ammo, or a gun, or some rations he had found in the dark. The enemy tried a counterattack in company strength about three o'clock in the morning. Locke and his squad beat them back.

It is not done by many soldiers today, moving around rashly under fire, but Locke did it. He was all over the hill, and he kept the Germans from rewinning it. One of the boys who was up there told me that there was one kraut on the hill the next morning whom they found with a cut throat and a bashed head. None of them

in the squad had done it. Locke, when asked about it, said that the German had just come too close for his health.

Locke wasn't recommended for a medal. I wouldn't have known why if Ohmer, the battalion clerk, hadn't gone on a drunk after he received notification he was going home after two years overseas. We were in regimental reserve. Ohmer fell into our pyramidal tent waving a bottle.

"Have a drink," he said. I smelled it. It was rotgut gasoline cognac, the kind we ran into first in Naples.

"You're almost as drunk as Locke used to get," Lastus, our new tech sergeant, said.

Ohmer shook his head and his voice cried with liquor. He squinted at us, and put his finger on his lips.

"Can you guys hold a secret?" he said. "Sure," we said. Maybe he knew something, a new rumor, division relief perhaps.

"Well," he cried, "You know why Locke didn't get a medal for back there, back on the hill, when—when."

"Yeh," Lastus said. "I know when."

"That Parmetto bastard tore it up. You don't believe me. I can see you don't believe me." He took another drink. "I saw it. I saw it and gave it to him and he looked at it and he said—you know what he said? I bet you don't know."

"Naw, what?" Lastus said.

"He said—" Ohmer stopped. Every time he drank he was that way. I think a good part of his drunk was wishing to get drunk, and the first whiff of alcohol put him close to the line, while the second sent him over.

"What in the hell did he say?" said Lastus.

"He—he tore the paper up into little pieces, into tiny squincy pieces, and he put 'em on the floor and he lit a match to 'em and he watched them burn and he puffed it out like that, poof! He looked at us and we laughed too.

"Just that way, poof. And he looked at me and he blew air out of his mouth and he said, 'That sonabitch,' real slow. And nobody put it in again."

When he told us that, I felt as if we were trying to stretch an arm out of shape, trying to pull it out of the room and through the outside, trying to meet Locke,

just to say hello, maybe to ask him to have a drink. Just to say hello, old-timer, we're all for you. Hopeless wishing.

Locke's company came up on the hill in the morning—all of it; a platoon of it, with the officers and noncoms that were left. The next night the Germans tried another attack, but they didn't push the men off. The company stayed there while Item Company went through them and took the next hill.

By the next nightfall that hill was ours, and we had broken the Gothic Line. Love Company then went through Item, through the defenses the Germans had left. After that bitter fighting it was like a dream to be able to advance without the murderous opposition, to walk on a trail above a wire belt and walk erect, knowing there would be no small-arms shooting.

The company had to cross the wire belt that ran around the hill to get down to the road. The next fight would be several miles ahead, where the terrain for attack went uphill again.

Locke cut the wire.

"Any mines there?" his lieutenant asked.

"Nah," he said, "there's just this one over to the side of where I cut. It's a big thing."

"Well, mark it with something and let's go," the lieutenant said. Locke was on his hands and knees feeling around the mine.

"Just mark it, Locke," the lieutenant said.

"Hell, somebody might step on it yet," Locke said.

"Just mark it then."

"You think I'm afraid of it?"

"No. No use looking for trouble, though."

"I can disarm it. I know about these mines," Locke said.

"Let the engineers worry about it. Put some sticks around it or something."

"Well, I'll put this big rock on it," Locke said, "so nobody'll get close enough to step on it."

About three feet from the long boxmine was a foot-high rock, loose. Locke put his hands on it and pulled. The rock was boobytrapped.

Nobody thought it could happen to him.

It could happen to anybody else—you, me, anybody, but not Locke. The company medic gave him first aid, which didn't mean very much. He saw to it that he took his sulfa pills, and he put a bandage on his arm. He took his bandages and tried to fix his chest.

The radio man called battalion and asked for a stretcher and bearers. The company had stopped.

Locke was unconscious. The medic stayed with him, and the company went on.

In about half an hour Locke was on a stretcher, and it was another hour before he was in the medic aid station.

I WAS in the room they carried him through, which was then the battalion rear command post. He was conscious by that time.

"How you doin'?" I asked.

"Doin', hell," he said. "I'm here, ain't I?"

The technician fourth-grade in the medics came out later. He said Locke had three fingers blown off his left hand, a hole in his chest, and his right foot badly shattered.

Parmetto heard that and said, "Hm. That's too bad. He was a good man, wasn't he?" He stood up and stretched himself, and yawned. "I think I'll go in and see him, cheer him up," he said, to no one in particular.

He opened the door to the medics. I saw Locke on a stretcher, his head upon a pillow, looking toward us.

Parmetto said, "Hello, Locke."

Locke looked at him and said quietly, but it was quieter in the room now and we could hear him, "You filthy bastard. Well, are you satisfied now? You got what you wanted. You ought to be happy now. Take a good look, you filthy bastard."

He turned his head away once more.

Parmetto closed the door and turned around. We were all staring at him. He saw that we had heard Locke. He laughed, "That sonofa—" But when he saw nobody else laughing with him, all of us looking at him as if perhaps he were hurt, the laugh died out of his voice like a falling wind and his voice died down. "Well," he said, and straightened out his collar. He went outside.

I wouldn't have been in his shoes the rest of that day for all the money in the world. I'd rather be what I am, a do-nothing nobody, than take the looks of the people he was with. It was worse than being hit, I think, and it got Parmetto.

THERE wasn't much to it after that. Parmetto tightened up; he wouldn't speak to anyone unless it was on business, and none of us spoke to him unless we had to.

When our new battalion commander came in he shoved Parmetto up to regiment in his first week. Parmetto was one of those extra officers a regiment always seems to carry. We heard and occasionally saw that he was doing a lot of drinking, but the people who told us never said that he should stop or anything. Everyone guessed he would get into trouble.

So far today I have come across no one who feels bad about Parmetto's accident unless, as it was with us, it reminds us of Locke. Locke was a queer man, but he was one of us.

Already announcement has come down that there is going to be a memorial parade and formation for Parmetto tomorrow. We will be special honor guard, and the regimental commander will make a speech honoring him and, I hear, the others who fell in our last campaign. I just wonder what he will say.

{ *Ben W. Lewis, professor of economics* }
{ *at Oberlin College, has served with the* }
{ *NRA, TNEC, OPA, UNRRA, and FEA.* }

LAMBS IN BUREAUCRATS' CLOTHING

BEN W. LEWIS



NO ONE will dissent from the proposition that never before in the history of our country has the government in Washington presumed to tell so many people what to do, and when and how to do it. It is my own further conviction, distilled from some five delightfully painful years spent in the foxholes on the Potomac, that never before in our nation's history have so many people undertaken to tell the government in Washington what to do—and where to go to do it.

Bureaucrats are kept unavoidably and continuously informed of the esteem in which they are held by their countrymen. It occurs to me that it might be interesting and possibly profitable to their countrymen (and certainly healthier for me than to go about muttering) to present a brief and wholly objective survey of bureaucracy and bureaucrats as they appear, the morning after, to one who spent a long, long night at the party. At the time it seemed like a fine way to spend the night.

Who are these wartime bureaucrats? Relatively few of them are government career men; for the most part they are civilians who only recently and temporarily have run amuck—first termers. In civilian life they were lawyers, business men, college professors, ministers, tire dealers. (At one time I would have said that out of every hundred government employees, 25 were college professors and

75 were ex-tire dealers, but that was at 3:30 in the morning on the day after we began to ration tires.) The point is that most of them are amateurs without previous records or experience in bureaucracy. They are, in fact, the very people who, if they were outside the bureaus, would be blasting at bureaucracy; who still blast at bureaucrats in other bureaus; and who, some sweet and not too far distant day, will blast once more, indiscriminately. This is inevitable. Just as we rely upon an amateur army and navy to fight our battles, so we rely in time of war upon an amateur bureaucracy to deal with the economic problems which the war forces upon us.

In the main our bureaucrats have enjoyed a considerable experience in their own civilian lines; but there are no problems in business, preaching, teaching, or tire dealing that can compare in kind, complexity, and severity of strain with the problem that faces our bureaucrat when, for instance, in the full glare of an aroused public opinion, he is required to decide whether or not to put a ceiling on the prices of inner tubes for bicycle tires, or raise the point value of celery soup, enriched. There is nothing else in this life or, God willing, in the life to come, quite like it. A successful career in teaching or preaching or even in inner tubes or celery soup is of very little help in dealing with a crisis in point values or ceilings.

THE ONE thing that is common to all bureaucrats, without exception, in the first moments of their dedication to the public service, and particularly in a new agency, is a zeal for action, a terrific drive to get things done, a never-to-be-forgotten glint in the eye. Talk about young love! In intensity of feeling "young love" compares with "young bureaucracy" about as a Roman candle compares with a flame thrower.

What dims the glint? What is it that embitters the eager, sensitive nature, or forces it to concealment behind a mask of sour indifference? Just this: the realization (that can come only to a bureaucrat, and only after the first 'phone call following his first important decision) that under no circumstances can he possibly be right, coupled with the realization that he is now taking the place of "the system" in bearing all of the blame for all of the ills of society. He has some of the system's power, little of its know-how, and all of its responsibility.

Under ordinary peacetime conditions people suffer—that is, fail to get all they want—because of their own recognized and accepted shortcomings, or because they are denied what they know to be their just deserts by the inadequacies of the social and economic order. If business is bad, or if the maid leaves, or if their garters break, the "general situation" is to blame, or the wholly impersonal "system" is at fault.

But when wartime shortages become so acute that we can no longer tolerate the chaotic results which flow from the broken-down processes of the impersonal "system," we embrace bureaucracy and resort to a substitution of human beings for cosmic forces. And this means that if I can't get beef, or if I get slivers from my plywood girdle, or if I am denied the first chance I have had since the last war to get into an upper income bracket, it is not because of the very nature of things, but because of the arbitrary, wilfully misguided, wholly uninformed action of some wild-eyed, world-reforming bureaucrat in Washington—probably a smarty-pants college professor who never met a payroll or carried a precinct in his life, and who is sore at the world because it has always denied

him more than one change of clothes.

If you want to know what I mean, take a look at your druggist—if you can recognize him these days with his hat pulled down and his coat collar turned up, skulking furtively through dark alleys on his way to a blackened home, like a banker in the early 'thirties. There was a time when a druggist was a respected man in the community, but that was when he was *selling* cigarettes. Now he is *allocating* cigarettes; and he is worse than the lowest bureaucrat, because no one has appointed him to the position of dictating who shall have and who shall have not. If you want to hear a plug for real, *official* bureaucracy, ask your druggist—if you can find him, and if you're willing to believe the reprobate anyway.

II

THE reactions I am describing occur just as soon as bureaucratic controls get really close to the bulk of the people, and they come to realize that what they and their friends have or lack depends not upon the exigencies of the market, but upon the whims of some blockhead in Washington.

Let me illustrate: In the late spring of 1942 I set out on a field trip for the Office of Price Administration. It took me, by the end of the summer, to the principal cities of 18 or 20 states for periods of from three days to a week in each. I was looking for personnel and otherwise assisting in the establishment of outposts in each of the states to administer the general "freeze" which was just then being applied to the prices of all commodities, at retail, in all of the stores in all of the cities, towns, villages, and crossroads in the country.

The reception accorded me was cordial to the point of enthusiasm. People, able people, wanted to work for OPA. Merchants and business men wanted to talk about co-operating with OPA. Mayors and secretaries of chambers of commerce and college presidents wanted to be identified with the campaign. As yet, controls had not really reached the people. Tires could not generally be had, legally, but gasoline was still plentiful except on the eastern seaboard. Steaks and roasts were

still available to everyone who had been accustomed to steaks and roasts in the past. The OPA was doing a wonderful job by holding in check the rapacious greed of a few selfish manufacturers, all of whom were located in other parts of the country. Leon Henderson was an honest, able, hard-hitting servant of the people—a tremendous improvement over the typical politician with whom, much to his credit, he was known to have no truck. The early romance of wartime America and the OPA was a thing of joy; the skies were blue and the voices of birds, mostly turtledoves, filled the air.

But an experienced ear could have caught, even then, a note that spoke of winter and of dissidence—a recurring note which, in my naïveté, I thought amusing. In each state in succession, without exception, I was told confidentially and very, very soberly, that “the people of this state are funny; they are more patriotic than they are anywhere else in the Union, but they’re independent; they won’t stand for restrictions like other folks will.”

Won’t stand for restrictions! I was out of the country during the fall, and returned to Washington in December. In the meantime, OPA controls had struck and OPA questionnaires were abroad in the land. And the land didn’t like it! Delegations were piled upon delegations in Washington’s jammed hotels. The corridors and offices in Federal Office Building No. 1 were teeming. Congressmen were beating a path to Henderson’s door, and they weren’t looking for improved mousetraps. Henderson himself, physically broken with fatigue, was even then being passed to the rear end of the sleigh, whence he was to be tossed to the wolves in a matter of days. The Administration majority had been weakened in the November elections to the point of complete impotency, except when it roused itself to join with the loyal opposition in harassing and chastising the bureaucrats. The country was united and outspoken in its opposition to inflation (in the prices of other people’s goods), and equally unanimous and vociferous in its condemnation of bureaucrats. Every retailer had his grievance, and every person who traded with him knew all about it, in

detail. The regulations were foolish, they were complicated, they were incapable of interpretation, they were loose, they were oppressive. “Why, I know of a case . . .” “I certainly believe in fighting inflation, but I don’t see . . .” “I’m just as ready as anybody to do my part, but how any sane man could expect . . .” And so forth and so on.

THE bureaucrat cannot be right, and he cannot escape the consequences of being, inevitably, wrong. He must say “yes” or “no” (or send out a questionnaire). He can please consumers by keeping prices down, but he will offend producers; he can please producers by permitting prices to rise, but he will offend consumers and distributors and other producers. He cannot touch a single price without affecting all prices. Suppose he forces a reduction in the price of corn in order to spur the production of poultry; immediately there will descend upon him the corn farmers, the wheat farmers, the dairy farmers, the beef and hog growers, the packers, the butchers, the grocers, the bakers, the distillers, the League of Distressed Consumers, the Friends of Labor, Alcoholics Unanimous, the Loyal Order of Hoot-Owls, and Louis Bromfield. All these before sunset; the evening will bring Fulton Lewis, Jr., twice; and daybreak, the *Washington Times-Herald*. And only the mildest and least experienced and skillful among his traducers will be shaken from his trail (and their places will quickly be taken), if he changes course and allows an increase in, or holds firmly the existing price. He will receive a warning from Congressional circles of the dire effects to be visited both upon him and his agency unless he reduces a particular price; one moment later he will raise the still smoking receiver to his raw and blistered ear, to listen to a warning of similar consequences, also from “the Hill,” if he lends himself to any such attack upon the profit system as would be involved in any such reduction.

Do you know about Congressional and Senatorial Committees? If you have any lurking ambition to be called some day to an administrative position in Washington, start now, before bedtime, to explain away the meaning of or to deny responsibility

for anything you may ever have thought or said. If you have ever committed any thoughts to writing, just give up and go into the grocery business. Did you, in your years of innocence, ever recite the Lord's Prayer at your mother's knee? Be prepared to have your mother deny it under oath, unless you are willing to stand branded before a Congressional Committee as a wild-eyed destroyer of the "American Way" for having advocated the gratuitous distribution of bread, the cancellation of all indebtedness, public and private, and a general pardon for all trespassers against private property. You can't beat a Congressional Committee. Sometimes you may have the good fortune to testify before a lethargic group, i.e., when no large and appreciative audience is present. But no human being ever appeared before a Congressional Committee when its members were really in form and came away believing in the fellowship of man.

Not, of course, that Congress places its sole reliance upon the device of hearings; there is also the annual appropriation, a year-round game which Congress requires the bureaucrats to play. It is broken into two parts running concurrently for the full twelve months, known respectively as "justifying next year's budget" and "beating this year's budget," and is characterized by fast footwork and spectacular in-fighting. It is an expensive exhibition in terms of the salaried work-hours it demands and the uncertainty with which it surrounds all administrative efforts, but to Congress it is easily worth all that it costs the rest of us. It insures the supremacy of the legislature, the ineffectiveness of bureaucracy, and the happiness of Senator Taft.

WHAT about life in the bureaus? Do bureaucrats fight among themselves? They do. Are there inter-agency conflicts? There are; and there are clashing ambitions and personalities. Just as there are in every firm, trade, profession, faculty, and congregation in the country—wherever the bureaucrats came from and wherever they will go when they return.

But, why can't the bureaucrat make his regulations simple and understandable?

The answer is that he can; and, by sweeping easily over delicately differentiated trade interests and practices, can reinforce his reputation for ignorance and arrogance. Or, he can extend and refine his regulations to meet conditions and problems posed and pressured by advisors from the trade, and learn anew what the rest of the trade (and their customers) think of rules that cannot be fully and comfortably digested in five minutes of easy after-dinner reading with the radio turned on.

Bureaucrats, of course, are panting for power and for wider areas over which to wield it—caught inextricably in the throes of a thirst for dominion over their fellows. So? It might have been illuminating if the rest of the country could have witnessed the struggle the bureaucrats went through during the three days (of 24 hours each) between December 7 and December 10, 1941, fighting desperately to escape from the absolutely certain conviction that automobile tires would have to be rationed. If ever anything in this world has been clear, it was that, with less than a year's supply of crude rubber on hand, the distribution of tires would have to be controlled. But it took 72 hours of steady beating from relentless and inexorable facts to make the bureaucrats say the word in the face of what they knew it would mean to every little dealer and every member of every projected "local board" in every little town in America.

Let me reinforce this point. In the spring of 1943 I visited a Latin American country at the invitation of its government, to serve for six weeks as advisor on price control. The decree establishing price control was being drafted, and there was considerable sentiment for attaching the functions to one of the existing "old line" bureaus. I advised strongly against such a step and was present at a meeting of the cabinet at which the matter was debated, in the presence and with the very active participation of the superintendent of the bureau in question. The superintendent, whose appointment I had opposed, spoke (in Spanish, which I do not understand) with great force. He pointed, he glared, he pounded the table; he threw himself into his chair, only to rise and repeat the performance, again, and again, and again.

At the close of the meeting the President drew me aside and told me (in English) that he had decided to follow my recommendation and not to give price control into the hands of the superintendent. Anxious over the effect upon our "Good Neighbor" relations (and being not wholly unconcerned about my own bodily safety), I said:

"I trust that the superintendent understands that my opposition to his being given the price control work is in no sense based on personal grounds; that it is entirely a matter of governmental structure."

The President smiled and answered:

"The superintendent was in entire agreement with you. He was telling us that he would be destroyed if we forced him to become price controller. He reads *Time*; he knows what happened to Señor Henderson." The unfortunate man who was later appointed price controller served for six weeks and then retired to the post of Minister of War to recuperate.

III

THE problems that lie ahead of the United States for as far in the future as we dare to predict will require a measure of positive collective action; that is, decisions made by governmental processes and by government officials. We cannot, and of course we will not, allow ourselves the luxury of complete chaos. There are bureaucrats ahead—struggling bureaucrats in a struggling bureaucracy. And the free people of this great nation will see to it that they continue to struggle, and that what bureaucracy may seem to gain from time to time through any extension of its field of operations is compensated for by keeping its impact light and its performance uneven and questionable. With freedom of speech and the press, a freedom that can manifest itself in twin condemnations, in parallel columns, both for action and inaction, for stupidity and smartness, for stumbling and efficiency, for laxity and severity, for ignorance and for all attempts

to gain knowledge, for inexperience that derives from lack of familiarity and for bias that comes from intimate connections—with this freedom of speech and press we are safe. And when to this bulwark against bureaucratic attacks upon our essential liberties are added the presence of some 531 legislative champions, nourished on a diet of high principles (and gravy), fighting for the common man and re-election, the thought of a bureaucracy actually "running the people" of the United States is pretty funny.

You can't have bureaucracy without bureaucrats, and when a bureaucrat has been around Washington just long enough to realize that he is working in a lighted greenhouse without shades, that he can't possibly be right, that everybody but a bureaucrat is entitled to a second guess, and that his highest destiny is to serve as wolf-fodder, the zeal for service and any itch for power grow rapidly less compelling.

There will be administrative jobs to be done, and there will be those who heed the call (indeed, there will be those who practice a little ventriloquism). To all of these I would offer two bits of advice: don't quarrel with columnists, commentators, or Congressmen—you can't win; don't take yourself and your project too seriously—fame is fleeting, and ulcers abide.

And to the rest of us, the great democratic people of this great nation built upon the bedrock of individual liberty and the freedom of man, who no longer ago than last December were shaken to our very foundations by a brazen, arrogant manifestation of bureaucratic insincerity and incompetence which attempted to pass under the guise of an honest mistake, and which personally cost me 16 red points and a pound and a quarter of bologna which I had counted on for New Year's Eve; to all of us, in the face of what we are told is a menacing bureaucracy that threatens to envelop and to destroy us—I have one word of advice: relax!

{ *Henry Varnum Poor is a distinguished painter,* }
{ *formerly head of the War Department Unit* }
{ *of Artists in the Alaska Theater of War.* }

THE RUSSIANS AT FAIRBANKS

HENRY VARNUM POOR

Illustrations by the Author



I HAD heard so many tales of the Russians at the Alaskan base where they took over our planes, that I selected this as my first assignment when our War Art Unit arrived in Alaska. The stories had them supermen—huge fellows, tremendous drinkers, who drank our poor boys under the table, then went off to their planes, did a few loops over the field, and headed for Russia while our pilots were carried off to bed. The place was supposed to swarm with Russian glamour girls too—Amazons and Venuses in one, who were test pilots and mechanics as well. Altogether, it seemed our boys were up against so much they were in danger of acquiring real inferiority complexes, and something must be done about it.

The gates to the post (Ladd Field) lie just outside Fairbanks, a town with great character and charm. The quiet, deep Chena River flows through it. When I arrived the first day of June, the air was sweet with the perfume of spring—a strong, waxy smell from the new buds of the aspens. Beautiful, soft skies like those over all great interior lands, carry endlessly drifting white clouds. Along the river, above and below the tall arched steel bridge, are the old bars, cafés, and hotels of the town, and further down are the well-finished, neat little log houses, each in its

little yard, where everyone was busy in the evening making gardens and sprinkling the dirt road to keep the dust down against the unaccustomed heavy traffic of army trucks. And across the road was the river, reflecting the incredibly prolonged sunsets and curving off through cottonwoods—much like the Kaw River at my home town in Kansas. There were girls and women about in surprising numbers, well dressed and with the soft, relaxed air of women at home.

At the gate to the post the MP's insist on seeing, each time, the credentials of officers, as well as the passes of enlisted men. And after driving two or three miles along a graveled road through low spruce and birch woods and open meadowlike tundra, you come to the post itself—one huge silver hangar, with wide concrete aprons at each end, and stretching east and west beside them, the two-mile-long concrete runway. The post lies in a wide shallow bowl with low hills on three sides, but to the south a low fringe of forest gives a definite sense of the earth curving away to the very distant snowy range of Mt. McKinley.

Beside the hangar is the central square of the post, a small city block in size, green with newly sprouted oats, a tall flagpole in the center, and the dozen or so barracks, hospital, and other buildings set with their ends facing the square—radiating from it

on the three sides away from the hangar. They are long, two-storied, frame buildings, gleaming white, with roofs irregularly patterned in two shades of cream, as a concession to camouflage. I always wonder who makes these foolish compromise decisions as to where camouflage shall begin and end—as here: side walls pure white, as though never would an aerial observation be made except from exactly above, whereas oblique shots are always the favorite of the photo-interpreters. Altogether it's a handsomely laid out, well built, and well kept place, afloat as it seems on this wide-stretching, endless Alaskan tundra.

AND THE Russians, the saviours of the world, the supermen who so shortly ago were "the bears who walked like men," and then "the red hordes of Bolshevism"? Well, whatever they would really turn out to be, they, their presence here, and their country off over the hills to the west gave point and meaning to this field.

The first two I saw came walking along the concrete sidewalk, and even at first glance were unmistakably Russian; for they wore the loose, belted smock and tight neckband which has always characterized Russian dress. Then two young men in olive drab blouses like our own walked toward me, both short, not very heavy, and moving with a sort of dipping, swinging, shuffling, and very energetic gait. One wore flaring dark blue trousers tailored tightly in at the knees, and high, black-cuffed boots; the other straight O.D. trousers tucked into high boots. One wore an overseas cap with a red star, the other a small visored cap like the old German student caps, and on it a red star in a wreath of laurel. The blouses of both were made gay by flat white epaulets marked with gold stars and bars and edged with pale blue. Their faces were ruddy and like those of American boys—but minus the ease and softness that a life of peace and security and abundant food has given to our boys. This heightened tension which made their different types seem more pronounced, I found was the one ever-present point of difference from us. Their range of racial type is as wide as

ours—dark, light; wide, long; blunt, sharp; tall, short; gay or sober—the same sharp contrasts and differences that characterize the men of our citizen army, they also had. But *never* the loose-jointed, relaxed movements and faces so characteristic of our men. Instead—thick necks, barrel chests, energetic, purposeful, nervous movements. In all their lives they had known only work and revolution and war, and this stamped their faces and their bodies with tension and toughness.

But, even so, if you put them into American uniforms they would be lost in the shuffle of our varied types.

At the little oval bar in the basement of the comfortable B.O.Q. where beer was served, they came to drink and to play the slot machines, which fascinated them. They have the natural shyness and reserve of men in a strange country—but something more: an attitude of reserve by order. I always greeted them, risking a hello, and they either hastily saluted or nodded and smiled, and some even "helloed" back. I wished I knew Russian, for I wanted to stop them and say, "I am proud and moved to meet any member of your gallant army. Permit me to shake your hand." Perhaps it's just as well I could not. But even though our conversation never went beyond "Hello," in the course of a few days I was on very cordial drinking and sign-language terms with them.

In the long mess hall where a twenty-four hour service is maintained because of the necessarily irregular hours of both Russian and American personnel, the Russians sat at the tables on the left and the Americans on the right. Very seldom did any Russian, even with a little English at his command, sit with the Americans—more often I saw Americans who knew a little Russian make an attempt at fraternizing.

THE FIRST day I spent looking, bumping into Russians everywhere—singly and in groups. They were quartered together in one of the long buildings divided into apartments of four or five large rooms with bath, each room having from two to eight cots—the same accommodations as those of the American officers.

It surprised me that practically none of

the Russians spoke English any more than we Americans spoke their language. I remembered in Germany, before the war, how almost every schoolboy had some English at his command, and I had expected a limited knowledge of English to be rather common among the Russians; but it was not, and my own complete ignorance of Russian made me ashamed and very conscious of the great barrier which lies in the lack of a common language. A few of the Russians permanently stationed here, the mechanics, testing engineers, and executive staffs, were picking up some English, but it was obvious that all these men had been selected for their ability at their job—not for their English—and all official communication was done through interpreters. This, I came to feel, was the mark of a proud and self-confident people, perhaps a little too stiff and unyielding, for certainly no careful and studied attempt had been made to ease over this language difficulty. It was even clear that their commanding officer, a very stern and conscientious taskmaster, welcomed this detachment. It left everyone free to attend to business with a whole-hearted concentration and devotion—the business of rushing planes into Russia as fast as possible, employing as small a personnel as possible.

But Americans are a very provincial people. Too many of them still feel that if a man does not speak English, he's an ignorant, uncivilized man. One of the Russian interpreters told me with scorn and indignation that a brash American soldier had one day tapped one of the staff officers on the shoulder and said, "Hey, why don't you learn to speak American?" and the Russian officer had replied in perfect English, "I don't need to. We have interpreters for that purpose. But why do you not learn respect for your superior officers?"

In view of the fact that this is probably the only place at this time where our two peoples are in contact, I was sorry that the tensely serious and concentrated Russians did not take advantage in an official way of the chance to be gracious. Before my stay was over I knew better why they did not, and appreciated the prevailing sternness of mood which made this impossible.

ATTACHED to the Russians were three Russian girl interpreters. Not Amazons or Venuses, but very serious, good looking, and quite feminine young women, who were slightly self-conscious and stagey alone among all the men. Attached to the American personnel as interpreters were two young American lieutenants of Polish ancestry, a big Russian-born sergeant formerly in the Russian navy, and a big blunt-featured civilian, looking so much like Earl Browder I felt he must be very sympathetic to the Russians. Fraternizing between our interpreters and the Russians did not go far in spite of an obvious attempt at it on the part of our interpreters. I felt the Russians smelled the White Russian background of these Polish-American boys (interpreters for us).

I asked our interpreters if they would help me to get some Russians to pose—to come to my room for about an hour, for more careful and finished studies than I could make otherwise. "Sure, they'll be glad to. Who do you want?" I replied that I did not want spectacular or exceptional men. I preferred the average ones. But to my surprise I made no headway at getting models. American boys, though shy and embarrassed at the idea of posing, are still flattered and ready to pose at the drop of a hat. The Russian boys were shy and embarrassed too, but worried and uncertain, and ended by making excuses. The girl interpreters exhibited the same reluctance, and finally said they would have to get permission from the commanding officer. When I realized how strictly under orders even in such informal matters they felt themselves to be, I presented myself to their commanding officer, Colonel M—. He was a small, very serious, and rather dour fellow, dressed with extreme simplicity. He wore no insignia whatever on his blouse, never the gay epaulets the return of which to the present-day army uniform had not been welcomed by the strait-laced party members. Through my interpreter I explained that I would like to make studies of a lot of his men, including himself; that I felt their being here, at this base on American soil, and as our allies, was a vastly momentous and historic thing, and that I wanted to make these studies as part of the perma-

nent record of our army. I don't know how eloquent the big civilian interpreter was. One has a peculiarly helpless feeling as one listens to a pet idea being explained through a disinterested interpreter, this explanation complicated through being made in the wash of air and roar of motors from a big bomber nearby. At any rate the idea didn't at all appeal to Colonel M—. For himself he refused, saying he had posed for a lot of photographs and nothing had come of it. But for his men he rather grudgingly consented, and said he would send them over whenever he could spare them.

They were all working so continuously and under such tension, and the Russian pilots arrived and departed so rapidly, that I felt this was concession enough for a non-essential thing like drawing. So I thanked him and returned to hovering around the field and watching in wonder the flood of magnificent planes arriving from "The States," each with its blood-red star already painted on the fuselage, and immediately checked and tested by alert and deadly serious Russian engineers. There was feverish activity on the field, a tremendous roaring of motors as a large convoy was getting ready to take off. The Russian pilots climbed into the planes after a last check-up. The medium bombers, one after another, with a final racing of the motors, left the neat and exact line-up along the apron, taxied down to the end of the runway and took off, the first ones circling the field until the last one should join them. Then the half dozen P-39's, their bellies swollen with the detachable auxiliary gas tanks they carried to enable them to make the flight with the bombers, took off, one after another. And all together they moved into tight formation and disappeared over the western hills.

THE endless roar of motors being tested is the nervous sound accompaniment in the background of all life and activity at the post. In this endless daylight, work went on unbrokenly twenty-four hours a day. If at twelve o'clock midnight with the bright glow of sunset in my room I put myself to bed, then at two or three or four o'clock such a roar of motors would

fill the air that I would jump to the window to see a convoy of planes gathering in the brilliant light of the sun now in its upward arc along the northern horizon. Never have I seen such skies, or had such a sense of a blue world of space around the curving top of the whirling earth. Worlds and infinities of clouds, gathering and shifting and drifting off—the weather breeder for the whole hemisphere lying down to the south.

One of the Russian girls, Helena, was my first formal model. I felt that she, speaking English, would report back about this strange business of drawing, and as to what were my real intentions, so I explained to her that I wanted to do these careful studies because I did not want the Russians to be seen just as types. I wanted them to be seen and known and loved as individuals, because their sacrifices had been so great that we in America almost forgot that every dead Russian was a person like ourselves—loved life just as dearly, had just as many ties of parents, wife, and children. Helena listened very soberly, nodded, and said, "Yes, we have paid very, very dearly for everything we have done."

She was from northern Russia, and a graduate of the Moscow School of Languages, and was very happy to speak English on subjects other than technical ones. "You know," she said, "I spoke better English when I graduated from school than I do now. Now I only speak of propellers and magnetos and batteries and guns. It must be a wonderful life to be an artist. . . . I wish I could see New York," she said. "Well, maybe you can go there while you're here," I said. "No," she answered, "not till the war is won."

So we worked and talked for an hour and a half, and I had great pleasure in drawing this fine, serious, sensitive face, with its soft eyes and a mouth and cheeks showing such definite Mongolian and peasant stock. She was very pleased with herself in the drawing, and at once wanted it. . . . "Oh please." "No, I can't," I said, "but I'll do another for you." "But you'll forget. You Americans make such easy promises," she protested. I promised word of honor I would draw her whenever she could come again, and Helena said she



A RUSSIAN ENGINEER INSPECTOR

would come that same night after she was through at the hangar.

In the afternoon she returned with a young engineer and remained long enough to ease him over his first embarrassment until presently he began to drag out his few words of English. He was too embarrassed over the sight of himself on paper to do more than laugh. "You Russian?" he asked me. "You look Russian."

In the evening Helena came back and I did a drawing for her. We had another pleasant talk—about life in Russia, about Dostoievski's novel *The Possessed* (which I was reading), about the Russian love of the opera. Here at the post their chief entertainment was the playing of endless operatic records on their phonographs. She told me about some of the pilots who had died here, but she was very reserved



HELENA, THE RUSSIAN INTERPRETER

and reluctant to talk of anything verging on politics.

The following morning she came with a genial, talkative master-mechanic, whom the Americans called "Butch." He examined with a very critical eye the drawings I had made. Seeing this, I asked Helena to tell him that I would try my best to make him very handsome. At this he blushed scarlet. All the men blushed

easily, were much more shy and impulsive than the girls. Also, I discovered they all used perfume—lots of it. So thenceforth Helena brought me wonderful models and I was happy. Pilots were hardest to get to pose as they stayed so short a time. Often they would arrive—twenty or so piling out of a big transport in from the west—and take off again within a few hours. If they had a chance they would

go to Fairbanks and buy lavishly of shoes, women's silk underthings, stockings, and such luxuries—probably commissions from many friends. The pilots were of all types, and of a much wider range in age than our pilots. Only one was bearded—he was a Cossack—and when Helena asked him to pose, he said an artist in Moscow had wanted him to pose and he had consented and after all the artist did not show up—so I was glad not to put him through such a strain again, and only sketched him at mess.

THE Russian pilots are dressy, as our pilots are inclined to be, and wear all the hardware they can; pistols on their hips, and some wore the Red Star of Lenin on their breasts. They are a leather loving people. They wore high boots and wide leather belts and shoulder straps, and I wondered at the abundance of leather in a country so stripped down to essentials.

In flying they were skillful, but abrupt and rather unorthodox. Instead of circling the air over the field when gathering into convoys they would cut dangerously across—natural habits from combat flying. But every plane which the Russians flew out had been flown in by an American pilot, on its maiden flight too. These same easy-going American boys who looked so soft compared to the Russians, take at least a fifty-fifty chance, and they have a better record of delivering the planes safely, which is their job.

One Sunday afternoon a P-39, after circling the field, left its convoy, tried to land again, but plunged into the river which flows by only a hundred yards from the end of the runway. The pilot, a 20-year-old Russian boy, and one of their best, had radioed that his oil pressure was dropping.

Wrecking trucks and crews, cables, rubber boats, all were rushed to the river, and the personnel of the field, both Russian and American, gathered on the bank. The plane was located just under the surface in the middle of the swift, icy current. Several attempts by our crews to get a cable around the plane were bungled through too much hurry, and the Russians gathered in a knot, looking on glumly and critically. There were so many failures and so much time went by that their ten-

sion relaxed into ironic mirth, and Colonel M— offered some impatient suggestions, which were received, however, with more courtesy than they were given.

At last the wingless, torn fuselage was drawn to shore, the tail heaved up like a whale, and in the transparent nose crushed against the instrument panel was the pilot. American boys in the icy water to their necks pulled the body out—dead from a crushed skull.

In everybody's mind, like a specter, is the thought of sabotage, or at least indifference and carelessness. This plane had just been conditioned by American mechanics and checked by Russian inspectors. If there had been any doubt of its performance an American test pilot would have been called upon to take it up. But tension is simply inherent in such a situation, and like envy, does not grow out of logic. For a while this heightened tension hung over the field, but planes came in and convoys left for the west even into a black and stormy sky.

I thought how on an average Sunday afternoon back in "The States" probably five hundred equally serious automobile accidents occurred, but did not check the flow of traffic, and that in war death is made much of, while deaths incidental to industry and traffic far outnumber those of war and still pass unnoticed; and I realized with horror how, at a certain pace, war *could* become a practically permanent way of life, and still life would go on, as it has in China. I believe, from what I have seen of the reaction of our soldiers to death, that we are more indifferent to it than the Russians. They face it with more personal sentiment—we, more as a detached phenomenon, and I believe that in war the horror of death, of planned and deliberate death, grows instead of diminishes.

One evening in the mess hall I was much interested in the unusual sight of a table full of women on the Russian side of the room. They had the air of hard-working, pioneer people, dressed in their unaccustomed and awkwardly worn shoddy best. My first thought was that they must be from some remote town up the Yukon. Then I was struck by a prevailing Slavic quality in their faces, and realized they were Russian. At the next

table were the men of this party, with the same air of serious workmen—with knobby heads, fresh and bad haircuts, and cheap, shoddy clothes. They were an embassy party en route to Mexico. They all ate with typical European peasant table manners—that is, spread their elbows wide on the table and lowered their heads to the plate, instead of the erect sitting with much manipulation of tableware which we call table manners. Observing them, two things came very clear to me. One, how completely their whole national wealth of industry and materials and concentration was turned to the war; the other, to what an astonishing degree they had brought about and were living in a people's and workmen's world. Not one among these civilians was of so-called intellectual or aristocratic type. But every face had intelligence, alertness, and the great gift of complete and serious purpose.

I REALIZED now why no more concessions were made to fraternizing and graciousness and the planned promotion of good will at this post. They are a very simple, very honest nation of workers who, up to the time of their stand against Germany, were very unsure of themselves and very much snubbed and patronized by other nations. Now they are proud and self-conscious, and who can blame them if they carry a chip on their shoulders? We Americans should know that it will not take long for these workmen to become intellectuals and aristocrats, since there are no physical characteristics that distinguish these different categories—and real aristocracy simply lies in intelligent sureness and self-confidence. (And a little instance of social progression was the

statement of American officers that in a single month a revolutionary change had occurred in the table manners of the Russians stationed at the post.)

They have a rich background in their history and art and literature, which they have not thrown away by any means, but they also have the eager and formative character of people starting fresh again. They are disciplined—there is no doubt of that—with a discipline that has bitten deeply into their naturally impulsive, hearty, and careless temperament. They are devoted to work and progress with religious zeal, and our own mechanics here admitted that their mechanics were as good as ours.

They have grown impatient of our past easy promises—they interpreted those phrases literally which we have come to take as statements of our good intentions. They are conscious that they have paid heavily in blood and that we, comparatively, have paid in money. This is one of those things that cannot be helped—we would feel exactly as they do if fate had put us through their ordeals.

The attempt in some places to build them into the bogey of "Our Next Enemy" makes my blood run cold. In all my contacts with the Russians I felt strongly their likeness to us as a people—as individuals surprisingly like us, as a people very close to us in the problems they face and in the aspiration with which they face those problems. And I felt very keenly the immense responsibility of our leaders and their leaders to promote good will and understanding and tolerance between our two vigorous, mixed and hybrid races who face the future with such high hope.

{ *Mr. Martin, now in the Army, has written several*
articles for us on actual Midwestern crimes, as well as
on Muncie in wartime and on Colonel McCormick. }

THE RING AND THE CONSCIENCE

JOHN BARTLOW MARTIN



In this detailed account of an actual recent homicide case the author has altered one name but has otherwise followed the facts precisely.—The Editors

THE Homicide officers reported: "Answered call to the 100 block of Hawthorne and found the above deceased lying on a vacant lot, 43 feet from the south curb line. . . . The deceased was lying on her back near some shrubbery; her feet were pointing north and her head south. Her dress was up around her waist and her blouse was torn away on the left side." Near the body the officers found her purse, three mechanical contraceptive devices, and a wedding band. The ring lay beneath her left knee and it was inscribed with three initials which the police noted. Only a few minutes after the body had been found, a girl identified the body as that of her roommate, Clara Belle Penn. They lived across the street at 112 Hawthorne Street.

Clara Belle, who was twenty-six, attractive, and called Blondie by her friends, had been strangled. Thumb marks were plainly visible on her throat. In the very manner of her dying, as well as in the way she spent so many nights, was crystallized a basic social conflict of this war, which has uprooted so many private lives.

Homicide detectives found in her purse a snapshot of a soldier, inscribed "Love, Tommy" and mailed from New Guinea; a winged Army Air Forces shoulder patch, and a small well-filled address book on the

first page of which was written her name and "Co 'I' 3rd Regiment Ft Demoiness Iowa." (The purse also contained the trinkets which always seem so inexplicably pathetic when their dead owner is surrounded by detectives and photographers: a shoe-repair stub, a bus ticket, a rent receipt for \$3.34, a doctor's receipted bill, a box of face powder and a powder puff, some bobby pins, lipstick, rouge, and eyebrow tweezers, one "Tussy Cosmetique for eyebrows," a cinco pesos note on the Banco Central de Chile that apparently was a keepsake, and a small mirror backed with a souvenir photo of the Alamo, the shrine of an old war which sightseeing soldiers visit today in nearby San Antonio.)

CLARA BELLE was murdered in a quiet residential district of Houston, Texas, sometime after midnight on December 14, 1944, and her body was discovered at 7:50 A.M. Since the crime occurred in the South, the police were told of a Negro's attempt, previously unreported, to rape a white girl at this same spot a few weeks earlier. Some neighbors thought they had heard a car and loud voices at the scene about 3 A.M.; others had heard nothing. Clara Belle's landlady, Mrs. William Wolman, said her police dog didn't bark during the night.

Large oak trees and a few palms lined Hawthorne Street in front of Mrs. Wolman's big old house. About seventeen young women roomed there; Clara Belle had moved in about a week previously. In her room detectives found correspondence with servicemen, some of them overseas. In an unmailed letter to a soldier in New Guinea she had enclosed her own Army discharge paper. Why she was sending the document to him was not explained. She had been a private in the WAC about five months; enlisted May 19, 1944, in Oklahoma City, discharged October 23, 1944. The circumstances of her discharge were not made public; however one detective recalled that the discharge was marked "Not eligible for reenlistment." It showed she was born August 11, 1918, in Kansas City, Missouri, and listed her occupation as waitress. After being discharged she had worked briefly for Douglas Aircraft in Oklahoma City, then had come to Houston. Recently she had been working as a waitress in the Forum Cafeteria downtown on Main Street. Her parents and other relatives still lived in Kansas City. Her father was a stationary engineer. The day before she was killed she had received a letter from her mother, who had planned to visit her and take her back to Kansas City in a few days.

Her roommate, Jane McSpadon, who attended Elliott Business College, said, "Every night when I get home, Clara Belle is getting dressed and waiting for a call . . . if she did not get the call she would go off and say, 'If I get a call, tell them to meet me at the Lido.' I do not know any of the men whom she had dates with. I have heard her mention an 'Eddie' who is a lieutenant in the Air Corps, and a 'Steve.' . . . Since Clara Belle has been rooming here she has only spent about two nights at home."

IT WAS to the Lido Club that the detectives went next, for Clara Belle, leaving the rooming house about 7 P.M., had told her roommate, "If anyone calls, I will meet them at the Lido," and she had told another roomer, "I think I will go to the Lido and see if my lieutenant is there."

The sign at the door on Main Street

about a mile and a half from the heart of Houston read:

LIDO CLUB
DANCING
BEER

The Lido Club had as many windows as an automobile showroom but they were painted an opaque blue and heavily curtained so that from the outside, even at the height of an evening, the place looked deserted except for the pale blue and red light bulbs ringing the marquee. At that time there was an admission charge, termed a "covert charge," of thirty cents per person. Under Texas law no liquor could be sold over the bar but you could buy a bowl of ice for 60 cents and a bottle of club soda for 60 cents and you could put your own bottle of liquor on the table. Beer cost 25 and 35 cents. Small flags of the United Nations hung over the bar in the front room; large American flags were draped over the doors marked "Men" and "Women." In the back room were tables and chairs, a small dance floor, and an enormous red and yellow juke box. Near the bar in the front room was a pinball machine; airplanes and the word VICTORY lit up on the payoff board when you hit. The walls of the Lido were the same dark blue as the windows; a few small light bulbs hung unshaded from the checkered ceiling.

The Lido, together with a couple of other places, was a favorite spot for servicemen. "If they're in town more than a day or two they wind up here," Homer Skeeter, a husky man sometimes referred to as the floor manager, has said. During this war Houston has not been overrun with servicemen in the same sense that, say, Little Rock, Arkansas, or San Antonio, Texas, have been. There has been no huge infantry camp on its outskirts. Moreover, it is so big that there has been room for ordinary civilian life side by side with the liberty life of soldiers and sailors. Nevertheless, it is a rail center of Texas, where enormous numbers of men have been trained and shipped, its busy port has brought many sailors to it, and last December several nearby Army camps were filled; so at the time Clara Belle was murdered, you could not go down-

town in Houston without seeing, just as you would see in a score of other Army towns, lonely young men in uniform threading the crowds on the streets aimlessly, a peculiar, uncertain, questing expression on their faces as they paused to peer into store windows or barrooms. And you would see their shapeless sleeping faces in bus and railroad stations, you would see them sitting in dives with prostitutes, or jitterbugging—shockingly young and callow—at the Lido and the Chinese Duck and at a place advertised as “Rose-land Ballroom, Houston’s Only Taxi Dance Hall.” Who were they and what did they want? To the uncomprehending civilians they all looked alike in their uniforms, but each one was alone, really, each had just come from some particular place and each was on his way to some particular new and equally strange place; each had but little time to spend, perhaps only a few hours between trains, perhaps overnight shore liberty or a three-day pass.

They had to find much in the brief time allotted. Some drank a good deal and nearly all ate a lot. Sometimes they wound up in a hotel room with a girl, and she was not always a whore, by any means, but a hotel room was in any event bad in Houston, for the MP’s and the SP’s had an arrangement with the hotel clerks; once a city detective, assigned to raid a room, told the soldier he caught, “Run, boy—do I have to tell you twice?” and watched while the GI ran, then took the girl, a nice girl, weeping to the station but there turned her loose. “You’re not going to stop it that way, any more than you can stop drinking with prohibition.” But the vice squad is busy nightly.

Who are the girls that the GI’s find? “Time was,” said the detective, “when you could tell the nice girls from the whores easy: the whores walked the streets.” But during the war there are nice girls who walk the streets too, for they can no longer sit at home and wait for the phone to ring. It won’t ring; all their boy friends are gone away and the boys who have come to town for a night don’t know the phone number. So the girls have gone downtown and into the bars to meet the boys.

CLARA BELLE was in here every night of the world,” said Homer Skeeter of the Lido: “She were very lenient with servicemen—she’d talk to all of ’em. She had a different one every night.” Usually she drank only beer. “She was a nice girl,” said Skeeter, a tolerant man, and explained: “She never made trouble, never argued, never got drunk and mean. We have some troublemakers. The town was crowded with GI’s then and it was crowded with hustlers. I threw the hustlers out.”

Skeeter remembers Clara Belle as “silly.” “She giggled all the time. She’d make eyes at me, just kidding of course. She talked all the time. She moved fast—she’d run over here, run over there, run out of the place, run back in. You know the type. Good-natured.” She usually wore suits and a sweater but she kept the coat to her suit on and, Skeeter has said, “She was not what you would call a sweater girl.” She was a chunky girl—the physician who performed the autopsy reported her height at five feet one and her weight at between 125 and 135 pounds; “well developed, well nourished, slightly obese.” Her eyes were gray and her hair platinum blonde.

She liked to dance, though Skeeter did not consider her a good dancer. (“Ninety per cent of the girls come in here are not. But you see a lot of servicemen that are really good.”) “She was strictly Navy—I never seen her leave but with one soldier, a lieutenant in the Air Corps. He left here one night with her. Whenever he was here she was with him.”

Usually she was with a girl named Vadah Belle Vaughan, who was called Little Bit and who, twenty-three years old, worked at the shipyards. They had met at the Lido. They frequently danced together until sailors cut in. Sometimes they sat with a couple of other girls. This group comprised one of the cliques of regulars at the Lido. “There were several clicks,” Skeeter has said. “Girls from the shipyards, from cafeterias, from theaters—you know: different little clicks. Sometimes there would be four or five at one table.” The Lido opened at 6 P.M., and by 8:30 there was a crowd. By then, too, Clara Belle usually was on hand.

II

ON THE night she was murdered she borrowed a dime for bus fare to the Lido. (A detective recalls that she owed small sums of up to a quarter to many of the roomers.) But she must not have gone there immediately, for when she arrived, between 7:30 and 8:00 o'clock, she was with a civilian. Skeeter was surprised: "I'd never seen her with a civilian before and I said to the cashier, 'Look—she's with a 4-F tonight.'" This was only a manner of speaking: the man was about fifty years old. His identity is unknown. He and Clara Belle sat alone for an hour, then left. They were gone about an hour. Where they spent that hour can only be conjectured. When they returned they sat at a center table near the dance floor and ordered two beers. Clara Belle excused herself immediately and went to the women's room. She was gone about twenty minutes. Skeeter and a waitress saw her in the doorway of the women's room, surreptitiously watching the civilian. He drank both beers and finally he left, alone.

Clara Belle came out at once and sat down with Little Bit at a table near the stove. Little Bit, a small girl, was wearing boots. Soon two sailors came in and sat at the table next to them. One of them asked Little Bit to dance. "We dance one dance," she later told the police, "and he ask if he might join us at our table. And we told him yes." He and his friend sat down with the girls. Presently another sailor, a friend of these two, came in with a girl and joined the party.

They all left together at closing time. Skeeter saw them no more. He was routed out of bed next morning by Lieutenant A. C. Thornton of Homicide and Inspector of Detectives C. V. Kern. He had never seen the sailors before, nor did he know Little Bit's address. That night he sent a waitress out with the police to look for them but they did not appear on the streets or in the bars. However that night at the Lido another sailor told Skeeter casually that he had taken Little Bit home the preceding Saturday. He led the police to her house.

She said she knew none of the three

sailors' names. The detectives took her, Skeeter, and the waitress to the Navy base and the ordnance depot. They found a merchant vessel which had been loading munitions for several days. The captain called his gun crew, about twenty men, on deck. The wanted three were not there. But, under pressure, Little Bit said that the sailor who had taken her home was named Kelinske. They found him below, August Gustave Kelinske, 23, seaman first class. He named his two companions of the night before; one was John Edward Bencik and the other we shall here call Ralph J. Lith. His initials corresponded to those on the wedding ring found by the police. Both men were called up on deck, identified, and taken to the police station. Thirty minutes later their ship sailed. By that time, Ralph J. Lith, seaman second class, based with the Armed Guard Center at New Orleans, had confessed that he had choked Clara Belle "until she offered no resistance."

Now Lith, twenty-five years old, was a husky young man, blonde, soft-spoken, with sad blue eyes, good teeth, a ruddy complexion, and a chin cleft by a dimple. "An orphan boy" in a Texas town, he had been adopted when he was five by a local farmer. Ralph Lith was "pretty sure" he had completed the second year of high school—his foster father said, "I disremember in what grade he quit school"—and then he went to live on the farm. "I helped my father with the crops," he said, and his foster father, when asked on the witness stand, "Did Ralph ever give you any trouble?" replied, "No, sir, none on this earth."

When he was nineteen Ralph Lith went to a neighboring town in Texas, and there he married. (A few months later Hitler's troops marched into Poland.) He took his bride back briefly to the farm but they did not stay long, they moved to the city, to Dallas. That was in May of 1940; France fell soon, and a few months later Lith registered for the draft. In Dallas he went to school for machine-shop training, worked briefly for a transfer and storage company, and then went to work as a mechanic in what still was called a defense plant. This was North American Aviation.

About this time their daughter was born. Lith moved his family into a modest cottage in a good neighborhood inhabited by working people. A man who testified that he "could hear his [Lith's] conversation and his wife's conversation through my windows" called Lith "a very good neighbor." Other witnesses described him as "a quiet, peaceful, law-abiding citizen."

Lith was still working for North American when, on June 30, 1944, he entered the U. S. Navy. After his boot training at Great Lakes near Chicago, he went home to his wife and daughter for a week's leave. He was sent to Gulfport, Mississippi, for more training and was assigned to a ship five or six weeks later. At the time of his arrest he was in the Armed Guard; that is, he was a member of a gun crew aboard a merchantman; sailors consider this "a good deal."

BUT is any deal a good deal for a soldier or a sailor who has been obliged to leave his established home and his wife and his child? Many men in Lith's position—lonely, far from home—are miserable these days. Some try to keep their homes together; their wives and children follow them from Army camp to Army camp so long as they remain in the States. "So long as they remain in the States"—we can read the desperation that phrase holds in the results of the camp-following: restive children crying in railroad stations or romping in the littered aisles of day coaches, dreary, bitter quarrels in OPA offices with rooming-house operators who charge over-the-ceiling rents, harried nights in cheap hotels, missed buses and changed orders and nervous weeping women stranded in strange places. Many wives are not temperamentally able to follow their husbands, many do not because they simply cannot afford it (the allotment is \$80 with one child; the rent for a one-room tourist cabin, often the only place which will accept children, is \$70 to \$100 a month). And if there is more than one child it is really nearly impossible. So some couples compromise: she leaves the children with her mother and goes to visit him for a few weeks, until their money runs out or he is shipped somewhere else;

then she goes back home, saves her money, and visits him briefly again. But this way he cannot see the children, and he and she are strange together in a hall bedroom without them. Besides, each forced parting after these visits means a new readjustment; and she goes home wondering if it was worth it.

If the wives stay at home, what do the husbands do? One married sergeant spoke unwittingly one of the bitterest lines of the war: "My girl friend's going to give a party for me as soon as she gets her allotment check." Her husband was overseas. This is what the Jeremiahs mean when they thunder, "What is happening to the American home?" But do they know that many of the young husbands never hunt women? When they go to town it is to drink or eat or walk the streets, nothing more. (Only a very few are able to stay in the benumbing camp or aboard the gray ship every Saturday night.) In town they telephone their wives far away—"Say hello to Daddy, honey"—and they sit in bars and watch the unshaven sailors of seventeen, the infantrymen of eighteen, dancing with the girls, the girls like Clara Belle Penn. "The Army isn't a bad deal for a young kid but it's no good for us," said one. Ralph Lith's attorney said, "I ask you if you had ever been out with another girl since you were married," and Lith replied, "One time." The kids are out for a good time; they are fun for a girl to be with. But sometimes your married man winds up with a girl, too, almost without wanting her. "A dogface isn't safe on the streets of Little Rock after dark" is strictly a gag; but the barroom is small and crowded, so small and crowded that it is impossible to avoid catching a girl's eye, and your married man is lonely just watching from outside. And here is the peculiar thing: often if he does get a girl, your married man will almost hate her all the time he is with her, for she offends his conscience, her very gaiety rebukes him. The Cynaras of this war are numberless. One infantryman said, "I don't know why I go out with these pigs—they're not half the woman my wife is." If he is lucky the thing does not trouble his conscience, it does not touch his mar-

riage, not really, in his mind. Ralph Lith was not lucky.

Lith's attorney, in summation, described him as a country boy unskilled in the ways of the wicked city. But this story is not really the story of the stripling in uniform beset with perils, so often discussed from the pulpit these days. Lith had six years of marriage behind him; he had had his own home, had known the responsibility of a family. And neither was Clara Belle a romantic child in bobbysocks, though she might have wished she still were; she was a young woman of twenty-six, and she was not getting any younger as the war continued to keep the boys away from home. Her problems, and Lith's, were not those of the very young who are in this war and whose very real agonies have been described frequently, to the neglect of the drab unheroic unhappiness of older men and women also involved.

III

LITH's ship docked at Houston on Wednesday. He got shore liberty and, at 5:30 P.M., he went into town "with another seaman by the name of Kelinske." (A civilian chooses a close friend for an evening's companion; a serviceman often goes to town with another whose name he doesn't even know.) "We went to shows and visited USO clubs and servicemen's centers on Main Street." At the Servicemen's Center Lith and Kelinske drank coffee. They went to the Coney Island Café, also on Main Street, where they ran into two other seamen from their ship, John Edward Bencik and "a fellow named Shradder," who had come ashore together. They all drank a bottle of beer together, then Bencik and Shradder left. In a few minutes Lith and Kelinske went to the Crawford Inn; Bencik was there and they drank some more beer and Bencik bought a bottle of whisky. By this time Shradder was gone. Their restless wandering, their meeting and separating and rejoining each other continued, for this was why they had come to town in the first place, this is why they all come to town—to meet and wander—and if they became separated during the evening,

what matter? The three of them started toward the Lido Club, a few blocks down Main Street, and on the way Bencik met a girl he knew. She was Donna Louise Tomlinson, she was twenty-one, and she called Bencik "Junior." The three of them wanted to take Donna to the Lido with them but she had to get her coat, so Kelinske and Lith went on to the Lido alone. Thus Lith met Clara Belle Penn.

She and the girl called Little Bit were still alone at a table, though it was by that time about ten-thirty. The four-some got together "practically when we first got there," Lith testified. "The tables were close together and we started talking and later they invited us to their table. . . . We started dancing," and he danced first with "the Penn girl." "Who danced with Kelinske?" the attorney wanted to know, and Lith replied, "I don't know. Kelinske was sitting by her [Clara Belle] and talking to her but I don't know if he danced with her." She appeared impartially interested in both of them, and in Junior Bencik too, when he arrived with his girl Donna, she in her coat. Indeed, one witness described Clara Belle as being "with three sailors." Kelinske had made the first move to join the girls; Lith, older, followed. Kelinske had selected Little Bit for the first dance. Thus as matters developed Clara Belle was thrown with Lith.

They did not dance much. They were not notably gay; sometimes they sat while the other two couples danced. Donna and Junior Bencik danced a good deal. Once, about 11:30, Clara Belle excused herself to make a phone call; she who, it will be recalled, had already spent the first half of the evening with a middle-aged civilian, now called her roommate to see if anybody had phoned. No one had. Testimony on the drinks varied. One witness said that all six drank beer, another that the girls drank beer and the sailors whisky. The autopsy showed that Clara Belle had had "at most" two bottles of beer. None of the six was drunk when they left the Lido. Kelinske and Little Bit went south and the other two couples started toward town. They walked a block or so, then they too separated. Clara Belle and Lith were alone together

for the first time. They caught a bus headed for her home.

"Did she know your name at that time?" asked his attorney.

"No, sir."

"Did you know her name at that time?"

"No, sir."

They were riding on the late bus together when she asked to see his ring. This ring, a plain wedding band, meant a lot to him. His wife had given it to him six years before, when they were married. His wife had its mate.

But Clara Belle wanted to try the ring on, so Lith let her. While they still were on the bus, riding to her home, he asked her to give it back, but—and we must remember Skeeter's description of her as "silly, giggling"—she refused. She had other souvenirs in her purse—the picture of the Alamo, the AAF shoulder patch, the photo from New Guinea. She and this man had met so casually, two hours before, and now he was taking her home, as others had.

THE bus stopped almost in front of her rooming house. The hour was late; Hawthorne Street was quiet and dark and deserted. At her house he asked her again for his ring. "She was looking at it and trying it on and she wanted me to come back Thursday night and get it. I told her I couldn't come back for it. . . . I was supposed to return to the ship [which was due to sail] and I couldn't tell her that. I kept asking her for my ring and she wouldn't give it to me and then I asked her where I could catch the bus. She still wouldn't let me have the ring and she started making love to me. . . . I tried to get her to go in her apartment first but she said no men were allowed in there and so we went to this vacant lot and had intercourse. . . . She wouldn't let me have the ring. I tried to get my ring off the finger and she hit me on the side of my face and we started fighting. . . . I did not want to harm her. . . . When I came to myself . . . I heard her trying to holler and I ran . . . I never did recover my ring. . . ."

She had not tried to holler; she was dead. He said he didn't know this.

He caught a bus back downtown, met Kelinske and Bencik at the bus station, and went to a restaurant with them; and at about 5 A.M. they went back to their ship. He told them nothing. The next time he saw his ring was when Lieutenant Thornton of Homicide showed it to him and took him off his ship.

LITH readily made a statement to the police. He maintained, simply, "I wanted my ring and we got in a fight and I lost my head." He probably didn't know her name till the police told him; the chances are she never did learn his. Locked up, he telephoned his wife, who came to him by bus and told him at his cell, according to the newspapers, that he was not to worry. "I'll stick by you." He thanked her and said, "How's the baby, honey?" She was wearing the mate to his ring.

She sat by his side at the counsel table during his trial. The Grand Jury, which had recessed for the Christmas holidays, had been recalled and had indicted him for murder. He went to trial January 15, 1945, and a jury was chosen by 2:30 P.M. All the evidence was in three hours later. After an hour's deliberation the jury found him guilty of murder without malice and recommended a five-year suspended sentence. This was imposed by Judge Frank Williford, Jr. Lith, freed quickly and without fanfare by Texas (Houston newspapers played the story down), was turned over to Navy authorities; they made no public announcement of the action they took, but it is said that he was discharged from the Navy and that he has since returned, a civilian, to live with his wife and daughter.

For several nights after Clara Belle's death, her young lieutenant in the Army Air Forces went back to the Lido alone. Homer Skeeter of the Lido said recently, "The lieutenant seemed to hate it very bad that she was killed." He also said, "There's a girl that comes in here now and she looks so much like Clara Belle that the first time she came in, it scared the cashier. Her size and makeup and everything. I don't know her name either."

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department of Harvard University, is now in
France with an Army Psychological Warfare unit. }

FRENCH AND AMERICAN PESSIMISM

ALBERT J. GUÉRARD



LIFE in Paris has recovered some of its immemorial richness and density after the hard days of last winter. Then the euphoria of liberation, followed by months of intolerable cold, oversimplified the impressions which a casual visitor might receive. But now there are, as there always have been, depths within depths; and deepest of all remains, very nearly intact, the real Paris of indestructible institutions and ways of living.

The most tragic accomplishment of the concentration camp was its successful reduction of political idealists, intellectuals, to the level of animals snarling over a scrap of food—to the level of the merest simplicities. So density, complexity, and controversy are signs of returning health. On the simple (yet terribly complicated) level of daily living, people are still principally concerned with the black market and the return of the prisoners, deportees, and slave workers from Germany. These things reach into every home. In spite of these personal difficulties, however, there is widespread debate on the level of general and in a sense impersonal problems: the problem of justice (the Aragon-Mauriac debates on political justice versus Christian forgiveness); the general problem of the Resistance (the contempt for ingenious half-resisters, such as André Gide, the distrust of the London and Algiers outsiders, the political ineptitude of so many Resistance groups and of the

daily press); the economic problem of nationalization, and the triumph of Plevén's economic policy over that of Mendès-France; the political problem of grouping interests for the elections; the security problem of foreign policy, and the universal fear that America will return to prewar isolationism. This is, if you like, the level on which the daily and weekly press argue—and there is fortunately even more divergence of opinion than the journalists themselves admit.

Sharply separate from these, there remains the level of artistic and philosophical controversy. Life in Paris was never reduced to the terrible simplicities of Glenway Wescott's Athens, and one of the most profound American misconceptions of France under the occupation was the naïve one that all intellectual life had ceased. But hunger and the cold winter of 1944-45 very nearly succeeded where the Germans failed; it was too cold to read and write books. Even now the French theater remains disappointing. But one has only to read the best literary reviews—*Fontaine*, *Confluences*, *Poésie* 45, *Esprit*—to see how much of its natural seriousness French intellectual life has recovered. These reviews are not content with merely analyzing and commenting on the remarkable renaissance of French poetry, as they would have every right to do. The renaissance is an accomplished fact, and they have turned to two newer and

more complex matters: the problem of the American novel, and the problem of the existential philosophy of Jean-Paul Sartre. These are the two things talked about today, argued passionately in the salons. And perhaps admiration for American fiction and allegiance to Sartre's "philosophy of the absurd" are not so unrelated as they might seem.

II

IN A sense, the publishers' demand for American novels is indiscriminate. Next year will see more translations than ever before, translations of everything from Katherine Anne Porter to Kathleen Winsor. How much of this is an interest in *anything* American—an interest which ignores all political nuances, and which kept the black market price of a copy of *Gone With the Wind* at \$40? It is hard to say. But if the general public asks to buy "an American novel," the critics think of the American novel in surprisingly narrow terms.

Ignorance of all but a few writers leads them to assume uniformity where none exists; they will be disappointed if they do not find in *Forever Amber* some of the qualities of *Sanctuary* or *Tortilla Flat*. Faulkner, Hemingway, Steinbeck, Dos Passos, Erskine Caldwell—these are the American novel: "*l'école d'outre-atlantique*." The simplification is so great that they see only minor divergencies in the other authors they know and admire: Saroyan, Henry Miller, Pearl Buck! They are victims of the barrier of language which selects a few titles and rejects others; the same barrier which leads us, for instance, to make wide generalizations about "French symbolist poetry"—as though all the poets were alike.

The most impressive recent anthology of American writers was printed in the last month of the German occupation of Lyons: *L'Arbalète* of Marc Barbezat and Marcel Duhamel. The names of the seventeen authors suggest how scrupulously the editors avoided anything that was not "American" in content or accent: Gertrude Stein, Hemingway, Caldwell, Saroyan, Faulkner, Thomas Wolfe, Dorothy Baker, Donald Henderson Clarke (*Autobiography of Frank Tarbeaux*), Walter Ed-

monds, Henry Miller, Damon Runyon, Richard Wright, Thornton Wilder (*Heaven's My Destination*), Nathaniel West, Zora Neale Hurston, Horace McCoy, Peter Cheney.

The common denominators of what *L'Arbalète* regards as "Americanism" are, perhaps, toughness or raciness of language, and a willingness to explore any environment—an "Americanism" which was extended to include the English writer of detective stories, Cheney. The translator's note definitely recognizes a school:

I had translated and recommended this extract of a novel of Peter Cheney for *L'Arbalète*, when I learned, to my great embarrassment, that the author was an Englishman.

The editor can judge whether he should use this text among the stories or extracts composing the American issue. Allowances being made for the present clarification, I think he well could use it, for what it lacks in authenticity, in the sense of having been *lived*, is compensated for by a very personal humor—truculence rather—in the use of slang; and especially by the frenetic violence which the author distributes from the first page to the last.

These qualities, and not nationality, make Cheney an "American" writer.

One other anthology has appeared already, a reprint of *Fontaine's* issue of August 1943: *Ecrivains et Poètes des Etats-Unis*. Although the selections from no less than twenty-eight poets show real independence of taste, the novelists are those whom the French reader would expect: Hemingway, Faulkner, Steinbeck, Gertrude Stein, Saroyan, Henry Miller. William Carlos Williams and Frederic Prokosch are the only "new" names. *Fontaine* is more radical than *L'Arbalète* in its omission of detective story writers, though it prints the Gide "imaginary interview" in which he finds the dialogue of Dashiell Hammett comparable only to Hemingway's.

It is significant that Henry James is known in France only by *The Turn of the Screw*. Willa Cather is read by candidates for the M.A. in English, but by nobody else. Though much translated and respected, Edith Wharton seems as forgotten as in the United States. But even more surprising are the names of the authors who have never penetrated at all: Thomas Wolfe (until recently), Glenway Wescott,

James Farrell, E. M. Roberts, Katherine Anne Porter. I have yet to meet a French critic or professor of English who has heard of Ellen Glasgow. The ironic and genial turns of the modern American novel; the sophisticated philosophical novel or the *roman d'analyse*; the soberly historical romance—all these trends are wholly unknown, perhaps because they parallel too closely well-known European trends. In any case, it is assumed they do not exist.

NEARLY every literary review has by now published an article called "The American Novel"—a series of generalizations based on the prewar novels of Faulkner, Caldwell, and Steinbeck, and on *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. Needless to say, what these articles really define are certain qualities lacking in French fiction; as descriptions of the American novel they seem painfully incomplete.

Perhaps the first of these overstressed qualities is violence and intensity. Claude-Edmonde Magny, one of the shrewdest and most omnivorous of the Americanophiles, finds the objective short story to be our characteristic and most perfect form; the best novels are expanded short stories. "From James Cain to Erskine Caldwell, we admire the American novelists for having been able to convey so well the brief spasm of a violent action; for having been able to make each of their books, in its quasi entirety, a continued climax." According to Jacques de Laprade, American novelists are primitivists, though shrewd ones: "They substitute their violent and fantastic naturalism for European intellectualism, or for the surrealism which they nevertheless make use of." Denis de Rougemont makes the same distinction: whereas the French spirit tends to detach the real from the welter of the actual, the American spirit illustrates and emotionalizes the real—takes the real and makes it actual and concrete. We are, according to Gide, almost childishly seduced by the passing moment; by existence, by life itself.

Behind these generalizations, of course, lie certain suppositions about the American people—suppositions which nearly all the critics make. René Tavernier, the

editor of *Confluences*, summarizes fairly well the conventional view, not only of Hemingway, but of the American people:

Even by his respect for this culture, however superficially integrated it may sometimes seem, by his passionate love of life, Ernest Hemingway represents fairly well the American people—with their mingling of realism and idealism, of cynicism and puritan austerity, of childishness and grandeur, of love for action and easy unrestraint. A passionate, tender, fierce people. A young people.

The temptation to oversimplified contrast is enormous, as Henry James found. We discover the qualities of modern poetry in John Donne partly because we want to find them there. We read some of the poems closely; but to other more lyrical ones we are blind.

One of the great French preconceptions, for instance, is that the American novel has (i.e., nearly always has) a journalistic—and admirable—objectivity. "Nothing but facts," Laprade observes. "Total indifference. Vulgar characters. Violent devices: the appeal to horror, terror, disgust. Sensation (as in contemporary painting) occupies the entire field of art." It is not surprising that the barriers of language have resisted a true understanding of Hemingway; enough American readers have prattled of his wholly objective art. But if Malcolm Cowley goes too far in assigning him so much ritual and symbolic meaning, it cannot be denied that Hemingway's writing is among the most subjective of a literature which has always been inward-turning. Yet Tavernier, in his very sympathetic analysis, finds Hemingway far less complex than Malraux.

It can be said in defense of the French critics that even in one's own language it is hard enough to feel nuances and overtones, to read between lines. Ricard and Magny find the same pure *extériorité* in both Hemingway and Steinbeck; the comparison can be argued, if one remembers that Steinbeck is known in France chiefly by *In Dubious Battle* and *Of Mice and Men*. Absolute "purity," impersonality, detachment—these are said to be the great qualities of Steinbeck's art, though Magny shrewdly observes that such qualities may easily degenerate into the anecdotal (*Can-*

very Row) or the abstract (*The Moon Is Down*). Since the French critics are generous to a fault—as first discoverers nearly always are—deeply impressed by Faulkner's pessimism, they charitably ignore the laxity of feeling and facile optimism which has characterized Steinbeck's more recent books.

III

THE apparently objective reporting of violent action; intensity and immediacy of feeling, "irregular broken form," vigorous earthy dialogue and an ever-strange setting—these are some of the qualities which give the American novel an exotic interest and appeal. (When I pressed a French novelist, Georges Magnane, to explain why he considered Erskine Caldwell so great a writer, he said: "Why, for the sense he gives you of dust and heat." The American admirer of Caldwell would hardly think of this.) The qualities I have just listed are precisely the qualities lacking in even the French disciples of the "American school." But if Hemingway and Steinbeck are admired for their un-European objectivity, *because they are different*, Faulkner and Dos Passos are admired not only because they are different in their exotic settings, but also for precisely the opposite reason: *because they are familiar*; because they seem to express in fictional form the "existential philosophy" of Jean-Paul Sartre—the "philosophy of the absurd."

Faulkner has had at least one important "existential" disciple, Albert Camus—in the novel, *L'Etranger*, which Sartre himself considers too fragmentary a record of isolated experiences. So far as I know, however, few French readers relate their admiration for Faulkner (one might add James Cain and, so far as technique is concerned, Saroyan) to their allegiance to Sartre.

One can hardly undertake, by way of digression, to analyze a philosophy so complex as Sartre's, which Frenchmen consider the greatest departure since Bergson: a philosophy expressed formally in a 700-page treatise, *L'Etre et le Néant*, and vivified in a series of essays, stories, and plays. One can merely indicate—in or-

der to show how welcome Faulkner would naturally be in such a climate of opinion—some of its main outlines. As concepts fail to touch the living existence of man, so such generalizations must fail to touch the living existence of the philosophy.

(1) Sartre's *existentialism* is profoundly pessimistic, but in the colloquial sense that the human lot is an absurd and unhappy one, rather than in the formal sense that man is "by nature" evil. In fact, Sartre denies the possibility of general conceptions of human nature. In his view, there is no transcendent God or Idea to which we may assign certain inexplicable qualities; equally, no "Human Nature" transcends the actual, which is composed of infinitely diverse existences.

(2) The natural and proper impulse of man is toward achieving a belief in his own existence.

(3) The basic empirical fact is that there are two selves: our true isolated Self, and the Self which others see, radically different and incompatible with the first. We construct a personality for ourselves, and one for the Others (*Autrui*). Because it is very difficult to assess our isolated Selves, we are driven to seek out in the reflection of the Others a stylized and satisfactory image of ourselves.

The quest is a tragic one. False or unflattering as the stylized image of ourselves may be, we cannot change it. But it is tragic in another way. If the Others exist only for the purpose of confirming our belief that we exist, so we exist for the Others only in the same humble and incomplete way.

(4) Hence, according to Sartre, life is absurd, love is impossible. The essential absurdity is that we cannot change the image that the Others have of us. But in a broader sense, "all life is ambiguous, and there is no way of knowing the true meaning of what one is doing; perhaps even our actions have no meaning."

(5) In such a world, it is difficult to posit values or a moral sense: "All conduct will always be absurd in an absurd world, and we can decline all responsibility since our true Self does not belong to this world."

(6) Given the absurdity, one is naturally tempted to think of time as a series of disconnected moments, of life as a collection of isolated states of consciousness.

(7) So we are ultimately condemned. "Heaven" is complete isolation, complete separation from the Others. Yet we cannot be content with this Heaven. Sartre's play, *Huis-Clos*, presents the deep pathos of the human condition: we are isolated, we are conscious of our own isolation, we make foolish and pathetic efforts to escape it. And the only remedy is stoic courage. Or as Sartre himself says, "Man can will nothing unless he has first understood that he must count on no one but himself; that he is alone, abandoned on earth in the midst of his infinite responsibilities, without help, with no other aim than the one he sets himself, with no other destiny than the one he forges for himself on this earth."

IT WOULD be interesting to speculate on the paradox that such a pessimistic philosophy of isolation has become popular at a time when the great mass of Frenchmen are proclaiming the need and love of human solidarity. The popularity of Faulkner—in France he is still the most respected of American novelists—raises the same question, though many French critics profess to admire him above all for his technical innovations, and for his richly translatable style.

Perhaps the most rewarding recent analysis is that of Jean-François Ricard in *Confluences*—rewarding precisely because it applies the existential vocabulary. Ricard begins with an admirable description of Charlie Chaplin's art and world—a banal world in which persons are things. The hero is a thing used by the Others; and in turn he tries to play the game, to use them as things. He accepts this wholly inhuman world. "But one day he meets a woman for whom he would like to be more than a thing. And he would like the woman to cease to be, in his own eyes, a thing." But this woman understands too late, or not at all; she does not follow him out the opened door, into the snowing night. Love, as Sartre says, is radically impossible. However, the hero is weak; he cannot endure his isolation and independence. "And for this poor fellow caught in the great barbaric machine—the world can only be absurd, life only a matter of chance."

Like Chaplin's heroes, the heroes of Faulkner are taken in the context of an inhuman society. But unlike Chaplin's, they are strong; they refuse to remain things, or to become things once more. Given their society, which they oppose in the name of Absolute Self, their lives are determined not by chance but by an inner fate; by precisely these Selves. "This relationship between a given social system and an individual who erects himself into an absolute, and who does not want to reform society by social means, but to insult that society—he, as an individual, immutably himself, and so in vain—this relationship is fate."

What Ricard goes on to say about Faulkner's technique is extremely interesting. He finds him to have invented no

less than "a new fictional unity" between feeling and action." But in this analysis he makes his point too strongly, and almost reduces Faulkner's pessimism to a calculated literary device. André Gide seems far closer to the truth in praising Faulkner for having plunged the soulless American novel "into the abyss of human suffering and of evil" at last; and for thus having saved it from the "mechanized innocence" of Babbitt. Laprade, on the other hand, seems farthest of all from the truth in regarding the typical hero of American fiction as an anonymous and banal prey of "destiny."

In any case, the resemblances between Sartre's pessimism and Faulkner's are fairly striking. The time is perhaps past when American readers complained that Faulkner's Oxford and Jefferson bear no resemblance to those tranquil Southern towns. It is fairly evident that Faulkner would have found Popeye, the Snopeses, and the Sartorises under the shadows of St. Sulpice, had he chosen to look there. Faulkner is not merely a protestant moralist but a philosophical novelist as well; and his books are, in a sense, generalized conceptions of the human condition, however localized and specific they are in actual detail. Sartre's *Huis-Clos* is also, for all the author's denial of generalization, in the same way, a picture of the human lot. The three characters chosen to represent this human lot are strictly Faulkneresque; a deserter, a lesbian, an infanticide.

The reader of Faulkner may apply, as he likes, the scheme of Sartre to the particularized nightmares of the novels. Perhaps the closest of all to Sartre in spirit is *Wild Palms*, wherein only the convict and the medical student seem sane, as the absurd world flows by. The two (one fleeing from disorderly life back to the calm isolation of prison; the other fleeing from his orderly settled isolated existence toward disorderly emotion) dramatize the double pathos and pessimism of Sartre's philosophy. Always the Faulkner hero finds his "existence" drained by those Others who seek from him a stylized image of themselves; or always, having attained a certain solitude, he finds it cannot be borne.

IV

IT is perhaps fatuous to say so early that Sartre's philosophy is one which belonged to prewar days. It frankly attacks the great modern problem of isolation, which was the great problem for the romantics as much as a hundred and fifty years ago, and so perhaps may be expected to survive the collective impulse of the war. And one cannot begin, at this point, to chip away at the foundations of such a large structure as *L'Etre et le Néant*. The work has already begun in France, however, in the books of Gabriel Marcel. In *Home Viator*, for instance, Marcel (a Christian "existentialist") notes that discussion of family ties is neglected by Sartre—precisely those ties which would palliate

the intolerable paradox Sartre has posed.

And there remains still unanswered another question. It is plain that the absurd world of Faulkner and the absurd world of Sartre are much the same world; and so it is also plain that Faulkner's novels would naturally have for French readers a very special appeal. Both respond to some awareness or need; and so responding, are admired. Is this admiration for a pessimistic philosophy of isolation a passing literary fashion, not reflecting any deep human concern—the brief appeal of a philosophy which is in some respects so new—or are we already witnessing the arrival of a "lost generation," a little more stoic than the last one, perhaps, but already visible, when the last guns have hardly been fired?

Forever Strange

JOHN WILLIAMS ANDREWS

NOR the planet,
Nor the oceans, now, nor arcs among clouds,
nor the bad dream.
These for some are forgotten: the dark sleepers.
For others, the uneasy images
Lie in the warped layers
For remembrance and conditioning.

These see now the slow skies over the earth.
They see the slow earth: they walk slowly: stand
and recapture.
A door-knob is under their hand: their hands will
polish it.
A swing is in the garden: the ground under it
Will be scuffed by the feet of the young of their
begetting.
The beds in the house are theirs: for sleep and love.
The lands are theirs: the long rivers of thought.

They have come home.
The old is not new.
The strangeness is forever.

THE BATTLE OF FINNEY'S FORD

A Story

JESSAMYN WEST



FOR Josh Birdwell, no man of war, no man even, if it takes twenty-one years to make you that, the threat of war had each day been coming closer. On the morning of the 11th that threat caught up with and enveloped him. Except for the name of Morgan the 11th had opened up like any other morning in July; clear, with promise of heat to come. Overhead arched the great cloudless sky of summer, tranquil above the reports, the rumors, the whisperings, the fears. And above the true evidence: the evidence brought in by the eye witnesses; by the boy who had hid himself and horse in the thicket while Morgan's outriders galloped past; by the girl who had waded along the branch and was not seen; the stories of the burnings, the shootings, the looting.

Morgan's name had been heard in the southern counties before July, but it was in July that it began to be heard above everything else. Women stopped their dashers to listen, children stayed away from the wood lots, men worked quietly behind their horses foregoing all talk lest their words muffle the approach of Morgan's scouts.

But it was the young men who listened most intently, the skin tightening across their cheekbones. Not with apprehension or fear so much as with wonder. What would they do if the hoofbeats along the

woods' trace were made by John Morgan's men? If the press-gang said, "Unhitch your horses, bub, bring out your hams and bacon, show us where the old man keeps his silver"? Would they unhitch, the young men wondered, hand over Prince and Dolly, walk up through the fine dust of the field-path, lay the meat and silver on the outstretched hands? Would they? The young men did not know. They had no way of knowing.

Josh had listened without a word as Ben Whitey talked. "I was there," Ben finished. "I saw it. I saw them burn the Harkness mill. I saw old man Yardley shot. I'll give myself two hours to rest, then I'll head for Vernon. It's my aim to join the Home Guard and fight John Morgan till he's killed or pushed back across the Ohio."

Josh looked, not at his friend, but at his shadow which was long and still upon the dusty lane. Heat waves already rippled across the well-tasseled corn; the Whiteys' windmill turned round three or four times with considerable speed, then stopped as if forever.

"I'm going with thee," Josh said.

Ben Whitey lifted himself wearily from against the side of the house. "You're a Quaker. Your folks'll never let you."

Josh didn't argue with him. "I'll meet thee at the Milford cut-off in two hours."

Ben Whitey turned toward the door. "I won't wait for you," he warned. "I'll go straight on if you're not there."

"Thee won't need to wait. I'll be there," Josh said.

He turned homeward, running heavily through the early morning heat.

BREAKFAST was over when he stepped into the summer kitchen. He was astonished to see the nearly empty gravy bowl, the meat platter with its single egg, the plates crusted with jam and biscuit crumbs. It was a wonder to Josh that on such a morning people had been able to put gravy on biscuits, to spear slices of ham; a morning on which their neighbors were being killed.

He stopped behind the chair in which his brother, Little Jess, sat. He knew, in his self-conscious way, that his family was looking at him and he made a strong effort to control his feelings. He was particularly aware of his brother Labe's calm, cool gaze and he thought of it as being belittling; that Labe, who was muscular, smooth-jointed, supple, considered him a scarecrow with his black hair like a wig, his high-burning cheekbones, his lopsided mouth which trembled when he was in earnest. It was trembling now.

"What kept thee, son?" his father asked.

"I was over at the Whiteys'."

"Set, set, Josh," his mother bade, bustling up from her place. "I'll fry thee fresh eggs."

"I couldn't swallow an egg," Josh said.

"What do they hear at the Whiteys'?" asked his father.

"Morgan's heading this way, he's following the railroad up from Vienna. He's making for Vernon. He'll be there today or tomorrow."

"Vernon," said his mother. She put the two eggs she had in her hand back in the egg crock. Vernon was home. Josh had as well said the south forty.

"How do they know so much over at the Whiteys'?" his father asked. "Morgan didn't cross the Ohio till evening of fourth day. Morgan's lost out there in the woods . . . got guerrillas trained to stay out of sight. Yet people'll sit at their breakfast tables and say just where John Morgan is. Tell you whether he's shaved

yet this morning and where he'll be this time tomorrow."

"People at breakfast tables," Josh began angrily, then stopped. "Ben Whitey was in Harrison County when Morgan crossed over. He's been riding ahead of him for three days."

"Did thee talk to Ben?"

"Yes."

"What'd Ben have to say?"

"Nothing about whether Morgan'd shaved or not this morning."

"Son," said his father, "sit thyself down and tell us."

Josh, without intending to do so, sat suddenly in the chair which was pushed out for him, and also without conscious intent began to chew hurriedly on a cold biscuit. His mother made a gesture toward passing him butter and jam, but Jess shook his head and said, "Well, Josh?"

Josh spoke rapidly, his voice a little muffled by the dry biscuit crumbs. "Ben Whitey passed a dozen of Morgan's outriders last night camped down this side of Blocher. Not more'n twenty miles from Vernon. They're following the railroad. They'll raid Vernon."

"Raid Vernon," said his mother. "What does that mean?" It was a word whose meaning on the page of any book she knew perfectly well. But "Raid Vernon"—the town where she sold her eggs, the church town, the county fair town, with its whitewashed brick houses, its quiet, dusty streets, its snowball bushes dangling their white blossoms over the unpainted picket fences—what did that mean? "Raid Vernon," she said once again as if the words themselves might somehow suddenly focus, as a stereopticon glass did when given just the proper shove, to show a landscape, lifelike in its dimensions, distances—and ruin.

Josh knew what the word meant. Ben Whitey had told him. "Raid means," he told his mother, "burn, kill, take what you want."

"Are Morgan's men killing people?" Eliza asked.

For a second the world his mother saw flickered before Josh's eyes: a world of such loving companionableness that the word war had no other meaning for her

than murder; where deliberate killing was as unthinkable as though in her own household son should turn on son; but it flickered for a second only, then disappeared leaving him angry again.

"Doesn't thee know there's a war?" Josh asked with intensity. "Doesn't thee know what a war is?"

"Thy mother knows there's a war, Josh," his father reminded him, "but she don't know what a war is. Let alone what a war in Vernon'd be like. She's more used to think of caring for people than killing them."

"John Morgan thinks of killing them," Josh said. "He shot a boy through the legs who didn't run fast enough. He shot an old man in the back. I don't know how many's dead in Harrison County. Ben Whitey said he could smell the smoke of Morgan's burnings the whole way up. He said he didn't think there was a mill left standing in Harrison County. He said the country's scoured of horses—and anything else in any house a trooper wanted and could carry across his saddle bow."

Eliza leaned across the table. "The earth," she said, "and the fullness thereof, is the Lord's. What's Morgan's men but a ruckus of boys with their pants in their boots? Trying to get something they've never had a taste of before? We've got more'n we need here. High time we're called on to share it with someone. If John Morgan's men came here," Eliza said—and Josh saw his mother's eyes turn toward the door of the summer kitchen as if she saw there a dusty, slouch-hatted trooper, "I'd offer them the best I had on hand. No man's my enemy," she said.

Josh stood up, crumbling in one hand the biscuit he had been swiftly munching. "Some men are my enemies," he said. "Any man's my enemy who kills innocent men and makes slaves. They're my mortal enemies."

Josh felt his sister Mattie's hand, long-fingered—and cold for so warm a morning—touch, then feel its way into his clenched fist, and he gave way to its insistent downward pressure and sat again. "I will share with my friends," he said, "but if thee gives all thee's got to a thief, thy friends will have to go hungry—

there's not enough to go round. What's good about that?" he asked. "I'd rather die."

There was a long silence about the breakfast table. Eliza reseated herself. Little Jess looked from face to face with nervousness. He was embarrassed when grownups showed emotion. Mattie, because she oscillated between two ways of seeing, suffered: when she was generous and peaceful as was her mother, she thought herself a coward; when she, like Joshua, was ready to fight (she supposed) she felt herself a renegade, an outcast from faith and scriptures.

Only Labe sat quietly, his calm face touched neither by sorrow nor eagerness. Only one way opened before him, and except that he believed this to be a matter between his mother and brother, and presently his father, he would have spoken and said more convincing words, he thought, for loving all men than his mother had.

IN THE long silence, while there was no talk, sounds of great clarity filled the room. All, except Little Jess, harkened to them as if they were omens—as if each, properly apprehended, might carry some kind of a revelation: the slow grating start of the windmill easing into rhythmic clicking as the wind freshened; two distant notes as Old Bess, the bell-cow, reached forward toward uncropped grass; the prolonged, sweet morning trill of a small bird which, undesired either by raiders or raided, flew, singing, near the windows, then flipped out of sight.

Jess, from his place at the head of the table, looked down toward his eldest son. He bent upon him a face of so much love and regard—and good humor, too, as if behind this talk of war there were still a few reasons to laugh—that Josh thought he might be unable to bear his father's gaze, would have to lay his arms across the table and bury his face in them, and so hidden, say, "Yes, pa," or "No, pa," to whatever his father had to say. But as his father continued to gaze, quizzically and lovingly, Josh knew that he had left behind him forever the happy time of freedom from decision and sat very straight, back teeth clamped together, lips trem-

bling, quietly waiting his father's word.

"Thee knows, Josh," his father said, "dying's only half of it. Any of us here, I hope,"—and Jess included Little Jess and Mattie in the nod of his head—"is ready to die for what he believes. If it's asked of us and can be turned to good account. I'm not for dying, willy-nilly, thee understands," Jess said, his big nose wrinkling at the bridge. "It's an awful final thing, and more often than not nobody's much discommoded by it, except thyself, but there are times when it's the only answer a man can give to certain questions. Then I'm for it. But thee's not been asked such a question now, Josh. Thee can go out on the Pike, and if thee can find John Morgan, die there in front of him by his own hand if thee can manage it, and nothing'll be decided. He'll move right on and thee'll be back there on the Pike just as dead and just as forgotten as if thee'd tied a stone round thy neck and jumped off Clifty Falls. No, Josh, dying won't turn the trick. What thee'll be asked to do now—is kill."

The word hung in the air. A fly circled the table, loudly and slowly, and still the sound of the word was there . . . louder than the ugly humming. It hung in the air like an open wound. Kill. In the Quaker household the word was bare and stark. Bare as in Cain and Abel's time with none of the panoply of wars and regiments and campaigns to clothe it. Kill. Kill a man. Kill thy brother. Josh regarded the word. He explored it, his hand tightening about the case knife in his hand.

"I know that," he said. "I am ready to fight." But that wouldn't do. He could not pretend that he was ready for the necessary act so long as he flinched away—from even the word. "I will kill these men if I have to."

"No, Josh," Eliza said.

Josh was glad to be relieved of the need of facing his father and regarding death abstractly. He turned to his mother. "Yes," he said. "I will. I'm going to meet Ben Whitey at eight. Soon as he's had two hours of rest. The Governor's made a proclamation. Every man's to join the Home Guard and help defend his town. We're going right down to Vernon

and join. Morgan'll be there anytime. I'd ought to've gone a week ago."

"Joshua, Joshua," cried his mother. "Thy great great grandfather came here with William Penn to establish ways of peace. And he did," Eliza declared passionately. "With savage Indians. Men of blood. Now thee proves thyself to be worse than the Indians. They kept the peace."

Josh felt better. The picture of himself as bloodier than a savage Indian was so fantastic it hid for the time such savagery and bloodthirstiness as he did possess—and hid too, what Josh felt to be perhaps even worse, his lack of these qualities, his fear and trembling. "The Indians," he said, "weren't dealing with John Morgan."

Jess spoke. "Josh," he said, "those who take the sword shall perish by it."

They were back to dying: only a nicer word. "I am ready to perish," said Josh.

But Jess wouldn't let them stay there. "Thou shalt not kill," said Jess.

There it was. "But He said, render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's," Josh said desperately. "I live here . . . in Jennings County. My town is Vernon. The governor said to defend it. My body is my country's."

"Thy soul, son, is God's."

"God won't want it," Josh said, "if I don't do what I think's my duty." He was standing again, half crying, a horrible way for a man to be starting to war. "Thee can live with God now, maybe. I can't. I don't want to die . . . and I don't even know if I could kill anyone if I tried. But I got to try," he said, "as long as people around me have to. I'm no better'n they are. I can't be separated from them."

He left the table and ran toward the kitchen stairway. "I'm going," he said. "I'm meeting Ben Whitey at eight."

As he went up the stairs he heard his father say, "No, Eliza, no."

ATOP his own horse, lumbering, unwarlike like Old Snorty, Josh tried to carry himself like a Home Guardsman. He rode down the dusty road toward the Milford cut-off scanning the horizon for signs of Morgan and his raiders, keeping an eye

out for single horsemen. If outriders of Morgan's had been only twenty miles away last night they might easily turn up at any crossroads now.

In spite of his conviction that his intention made him a militiaman already, sworn to hunt down and stop—or kill—John Morgan, Josh could not accustom his mind to the idea of shooting a man. He tried to think how it would be: to come upon a man, emerging from the woods say, or around a sharp turn, and not speak, not pause to pass the time of day, but instantly with raised musket to fire and hope to blow the stranger's head off. The idea made Josh sweat. My God, he thought, or prayed, he didn't know which, I hope it's no boy, no old man. Then remembering that Morgan's raiders were themselves handy with firearms he settled deeper in his saddle and listened more intently.

Ben Whitey was early, waiting at the cut-off, impatient and fuming as Josh rode up.

"I shouldn't've waited," he yelled. "I should've gone on."

"We'll make up for it now," Josh told him, but they were only fairly started when Ben, looking back down the Pike said, "Looks like your brother Labe on Rome Beauty. He joining too?"

"No," Josh said, "Labe's got convictions the other way."

"Well, you forgot something then," Ben Whitey said with disgust, "and your ma's sending it to you." He rode on while Josh turned back to meet Labe.

Labe came up at a long trot, the only kind Rome Beauty had, dismounted, and said, "Get on. Father said for thee to take Rome. Old Snorty's no horse to go to war with."

Josh sat atop Old Snorty, unmoving, unbelieving.

"Get down," said Labe. "If thee's going to fight Morgan, fight him. Don't set there like a bump on a log."

"Father's against my going," said Josh.

"He's against it, but that didn't stop thee. Now get on. He says as far as he knows, Rome's no Quaker. From all he can tell, thee and Rome think about alike. Get on."

Josh got off Snorty, transferred his bed

roll to Rome's saddle, and stood in the dusty road beside his brother. He was taller than Labe but Labe's shoulders and stance made him feel small.

"Tell father," he began, but Labe interrupted him. "Father said to tell thee most killing's caused by fear. . . . Rome's being under thee ought to help a little. He don't send thee Rome because his mind's changed about anything."

"Labe," Josh asked, "thee don't think about going?"

"No," said Labe, "I don't."

"I got to," said Josh. "Otherwise I'd always think maybe it was because . . ."

"Get on," said Labe, giving him no time to finish.

Astride the big red horse Josh rode after Ben Whitey, but before he overtook him he finished his sentence. "I am afraid," he said.

"You got a fine mount now," Ben Whitey told him when he drew alongside. "If you can just keep his nose headed the right direction you ought to make out."

"Never thee fear," Josh began . . . but he shut his mouth at that point. "Thee don't know," he told himself.

THEY rode into Vernon together—a roan and a claybank, two rawboned farm boys: Ben Whitey, a born fighter, and Josh who was trying to do his duty. They entered Vernon and saw it the way a man who thinks he has been dreaming wakes and sees the landscape of his dream lying all about him; the disaster real, hard, and unmelting as sunlight—and dreaming the only means of escape. Deep in the country, on the farms, they had believed—and not believed. To come here with loaded guns had been an act of faith and now their faith was justified. Morgan was true; he existed; he was killing and looting; he would be here at any hour. There were tens of mouths to tell them.

The town blazed under the July sun; it throbbed with the heat of the season—and the heat of fear and excitement and wonder and resolution. At first Josh thought it was alive as he had seen it for an August fair, or Fourth of July celebration. And there was something of a holiday spirit in the plunging, headlong activity. As if after fifty years of watching the placid

alternations of the seasons, Vernon had tired of its placid punkin-butter existence and had turned with relish to something with a sharper flavor.

That was the surface: the movement, the shouts, the numbers of horses in the street, the vehicles, the laughter even; a holiday roar and the excess movements of a celebration when steps reach higher and higher into the air, bows go lower and lower toward earth, and smiles strain at the limitations of a single face. But beneath the surface, when Josh came to regard the sights and sounds singly, he saw there was no holiday.

There were spring wagons, gigs, democrats, buckboards, all filled with women, children, and valuables and headed for back country and the hills. There were men digging deep holes, preparing to bury silver, money, keepsakes, whatever they and their wives cherished and thought a raider might fancy. There were boys barricading doors, boarding up windows, reinforcing bolts. There was a man who had turned his house into a store and was now busy trying to make his store look like a house again. There was an old fellow atop the gable of his house, peering off to the south through a long spyglass. The voices, too, when Josh listened to them, were not celebrating anything: they rasped; they started even, then broke; a man began yelling, looked around, ended whispering.

"Let's get out of this," Ben Whitey said. "Let's find the Home Guard."

From across a picket fence an old man beckoned to them. "Want to mix in it?" he asked.

"That's what we're here for. Where's the Home Guard?" Ben Whitey asked.

"Everywhere," said the old man. He picked up the end of his long beard and used it to point with. "Spread thin, but mostly to the south. Morgan could circle us—but reports are he's hitting us solid from the south. Coming up the railroad from Vienna. They got companies posted at every ford, road, and bridge south of town."

"Where you figger we could do the most good?"

"South Fork bridge. I been thinking about this for two days. I figger John

Morgan, being the man he is, will come straight in, cross the South Fork bridge, and bust into town from there. If you want to get in some telling licks, that's the place I'd head for."

"That's the place we want," Ben said.

THE Muscatatuck where the South Fork bridge crosses it flows between banks of considerable height. Here the Home Guard commander had massed as many men as could be spared from the other approaches to Vernon. Of these the majority, and among them the men Colonel Williams considered most steady and level headed, were stationed on the west bank of the stream ready to fall upon the raiders should the smaller force which was holding the approaches to the bridge be overpowered. The colonel hoped to stop, if possible by a show of force, if not, by force itself, any thrust the raiders might make before they reached the bridge. Failing this, the guard on the west bank would have a fine chance to pick off the raiders as they debouched from the bridge and headed toward town.

That was the plan. The captain in command of the river could use as many men as he could get, and when Ben and Josh showed up, well mounted, he sent them at once to join the company beyond the bridge. There his men were drawn up in a loose but well planned alignment. He put the two newcomers in the front line. It was his practice to keep untried men, of whom he knew nothing, away from rear lines where in the shock and excitement of a charge they might break and run. Up front, with veterans behind them and an enemy firing into them, they would have very little choice but to steady and fight.

"They're headed this way," the captain told them. "Some of them," he said, pointing, "are sitting right there on top of that hill. Them, we fooled. Our men marched across the cliff road and then out of sight of Morgan—if he's there—a half dozen times over. Musta looked like quite an army to him. But there's likely others and they may be here soon. If we don't stop them nothing will. Once they're past us, it will be Maukport and Salem and Lexington all over again.

Keep your guns handy. Dismount and rest your horses, but stay by them and keep them quiet. I'm glad you're here. I need you."

Overhead the July sun had weight as well as heat. It lay across Josh's shoulders like a burning timber. Though Ben was on one side of him, and big Gum Anson, a beefy farmer, was on the other, still Josh felt bereft of shelter, unshielded and alone—a naked target.

For a long time he scanned the road before him with rigid and unrelaxing vigilance. There was not much to be seen: the dusty road, the lush growth of summer; dock, volunteer oats, some daisies, a small field of shoulder-high corn, and beyond these a thicket and the road curving out of sight around it. Above earth and river and the river's rank growth were the heat waves, the massive clouds of noon skies, the burning sun. Josh, who felt as if the whole duty of seeing and apprising rested with him, inspected every leaf and shadow. When a sudden movement of air fluttered the leaves of the elders up the road and rasped through the corn he lifted his gun, then put it down shamefacedly. He could feel the sweat trickle down the sides of his chest, then drop to his middle and soak in around his belt.

"Have some cherries," said Gum. "You can't keep that up all afternoon." He held out a big bag. The cherries were cool and firm and Josh took a handful.

"When Nance brought these out this morning," Gum said, "I'd 've thrown 'em down except to please her. Goin' off to fight Morgan with a bag of cherries tied to my saddle like a doggone picnicker." He munched away and spat seeds. "Looks like they might be the handiest article I brought."

"Wait'll Morgan gets here, Gum," somebody yelled. "It's gonna take more'n cherry stones to stop that old shite-poke."

"I got more'n cherry stones," Gum called back and the men around him laughed.

Josh looked about, amazed at the sound of laughter, amazed that men waiting to kill or be killed could laugh and joke. He scanned the faces of those who were laugh-

ing: old fellows, middle-aged farmers, boys younger than himself. Sweating, chewing tobacco, some dismounted, others lolling in their saddles. Some in uniform, most not. Mounted on farm plugs. Mounted on fast animals he'd seen at county fairs. Every kind of firearms. One man with a bayonet, even. The sight of that lifted Josh up very straight. Did the raiders carry bayonets? His sweating, which he had not noticed for a while, had started up once more.

"Have some more cherries?" asked Gum.

Josh took another handful. "Thanks," he said. "I was awful dry. And hungry, too. I can't remember when I had anything to eat last."

"Go kinda slow on them cherries, then. They don't set too good on'n empty stomach."

"They're setting good on mine," Josh said, chewing and spitting, but keeping his eyes up-road.

"Take it easy," advised Gum again looking at Josh. "You'll be petered out before Johnny gets here. They's scouts up ahead. They'll let us know if anything's twitchin'."

Josh felt a fool not to have thought of that before: rearing up till his backbone was petrified, and staring till his eyes popped, acting as if he were scout, trooper, captain, everything. He noticed that the other men were relaxed, guns dangling, or laid across their bed rolls, some smoking; a man behind him was having a nip of something that didn't smell like switchel.

"Old Morgan'll never come this way," one bearded farmer was saying. "That boy's shiftier than a creased buck. He ain't never goin' to fight his way in the front door when the back door's open."

"Back door ain't so all-fired wide open's you might think."

"Open or shut—what's it to Morgan? With five thousand men you go in where it pleasures you and don't wait for the welcome mat to be put out."

"Five thousand or ten thousand," said a quiet voice, "I'm going to stay right here. I'm going to give Morgan the butt-end of my mind, if nothing else, before he busts over this bridge and into my store."

THE afternoon wore on. To the funky smell of the river and the lush river growth was added that of sweating men and horses. Horses and men were growing restless. Josh eased Rome's girth and hoisted his blankets so that a little air could flow under them. Back in the saddle he felt light-headed and detached. Gum had been right about the cherries; they weren't setting right. He felt kind of sick but happy. He'd got here, he was all right, he was where he belonged. By twisting about he could see a curve of the Muscatatuck where it flowed in shallow ripples across a sandbar, then darkened as the channel deepened near the bridge. It was three or four o'clock. The sun went through the water and on to the sandbar, then flashed, pulsing with the movement of the ripples, back into his eyes. He could feel the movement in his temples. He could see the silvery glint of the little minnows, like bullets; a dragon fly ran its darning needle in-and-out—in-and-out—of the flowing water. It was July . . . a summer afternoon . . . the cool water . . . the hot sun . . . the darting . . . the silver bullets.

Josh's neck stiffened, his head snapped up, his hand closed round the stock of his gun. A horseman was pounding up the road.

"It's one of our scouts," said Ben Whitey.

The rider, a little fellow in uniform on a lathered black, pulled up beside the captain. Josh couldn't hear what he was saying, but after a minute the captain turned and told them, his voice quiet but with an edge to it, that let them know that this was it, the time had come.

"Boys," he said, "they're closing in. They're up the road a couple of miles. Less of 'em than we figured. I expect them to charge. There's just two things to remember: first, stand steady. Second, don't fire till I give the word." He stood in his stirrups and pounded the words home. "Don't fire till I give the word. If you fire before you can make your shots good, it's all over. They'll ride you down. Hold it. Your guns carry just as far as theirs, and you're better shots. Those men've been in the saddle for weeks now, and it's telling on them. Shoot low so's

if you miss a man you get a horse. But don't miss."

The scout went on past them at a gallop and Josh could hear the black's hooves ring on the bridge planking, then quiet as he hit the dust of the road on the west bank where the men in hiding were awaiting the news. The captain himself wheeled round to wait the attack with his men.

Josh reached for his gun. Waves of something—he didn't know what—were hitting his chest. "It's like riding through the woods and being hit by branches that leave thee in the saddle, but so belabored thy chest aches," he thought. Other waves—or perhaps the same ones—pounded against his ears, broke in deafening crashes as if he were deep under water. Then, in the midst of the pain and crashing, Josh thought, "It's thy heart beating. Nothing but thy heart."

Gum said, "Fix those lines, boy." And again, "Get those reins fixed. If your horse jerks his head he'll spoil your aim."

Josh saw that Gum was right. He got his hand out of the reins and rubbed it along Rome's neck. "Good boy," he said. "Good old Rome. Thee'll be all right." He knew he was encouraging himself. Rome didn't need cheering . . . he stood solid as a meeting house, only his big head moving up and down a little.

They were all waiting. Ben Whitey was cussing, a long line of words as if he was dreaming—or singing—in a kind of funny way. But they were mostly quiet—listening. Something came down, or perhaps it came up, out of the earth itself, something very thin and fine, like a spun web, and held them all together. Josh could feel it. Anybody could break away from it if he liked, but while they were headed the same way, and awaited the same thing, it held them. You could lean against it like steel. Josh felt its support . . . the waves beat against him, but he leaned against that fabric and it held him.

IT HELD him until he heard the first sounds: a rebel yell from up the road beyond the elder thicket, then another. Josh never knew a man could make a sound like that. It was a screech such as

an animal might make, only it was a man's voice, a voice that could say, "Farewell," or "Rain tomorrow," and that made it worse. It sounded crazy . . . it sounded as if the tongue that gave it could lap blood. It broke the web that held them together, it left Josh alone.

He could hear far away the thud of hooves, and the waves that had beat against his ears before began now to say words: Rome's fast. Rome's mighty fast. Run for it, run for it. The minute they turn the curve, run for it.

He looked around, he picked out the likely path. "Sure wish I had a cherry stone to suck on," said Gum Anson. "Sure am parched."

Gum's words drowned out the others. The hoofbeats came nearer. "What's the worst can happen to thee?" Josh asked himself. "Get a bullet in thy gizzard. Get killed. Nothing else." It was all right. He settled down to wait.

"Hold it, hold it," the captain was calling. "Wait for the word. Hold it, hold it."

From around the bend, very slowly, came a single man carrying a white flag. A few paces behind him were perhaps twenty or thirty other mounted men.

"It's a trick, it's a trick," the Home Guardsmen were yelling. "Watch it, captain. It's funny business."

"Don't shoot," shouted the colonel, who had ridden up. "Don't fire on a white flag. But watch 'em. Keep 'em covered."

He rode forward a couple of paces. "Are you surrendering?" he called.

The man with the white flag called back. "No. No surrender. We want to parley."

"Come on in," said the colonel. "You," he yelled. "You with the white flag. The rest of you stay back."

"Trying to get up inside our range and ride us down," said Gum.

The flag-bearer came up alongside the Home Guard colonel and saluted.

"Keep your guns on those men," the colonel called back, then lowered his own. Josh couldn't hear his words, but could see that the raider was talking fast and earnestly.

"Could be your brother," said Gum.

It was so. The rebel doing the talking was tow-haired and young, a gaunt brown-faced boy, very broad-shouldered and supple in the saddle. Josh's gun, which had been leveled on him, wavered, but he brought it to bear once again.

The Guardsmen grew restless. "Tell him to make up his mind. Surrender and talk—or shut his mouth and fight."

"What's he doin'? Preachin'?"

"'Lectioneering for Jeff Davis."

"Shut him up, Colonel. Shut him up."

"We'll make him talk outa the other corner of his mouth."

"You the one shot old man Yardell?"

The colonel turned his back on the raiders and rode up to his own men. "Don't take your guns off them," he told them. "He says we're surrounded. He says they've cut around in back of us—that they've got five thousand men circled around Vernon and it's suicide to resist. He says every bridge and ford can be rushed. He says surrender and save bloodshed. He says if we surrender nobody'll be harmed. Provisions and fresh mounts taken only. What do you say?"

The storekeeper who had wanted to give Morgan the butt-end of his mind rose now in his stirrups and delivered a piece of it. "He's lying. Men don't start talking until they're past fighting."

"If he had five thousand men they'd be in Vernon now. Bloodshed, so long's it's your blood, ain't nothin' to a reb."

"Horses and provisions, eh? Who appointed us quartermaster corps to the Confederate Army?"

Ben Whitey gave the final answer. He yelled. His yell wasn't practiced like the rebel screech; it hadn't the long falsetto midnight quaver which could raise the hackles and slide between the bones like cold steel, but it was very strong and it lifted toward the end with a raw, unsheathed resonance of its own. It seemed what they had waited for, it seemed the only answer to give. It drained away the uncertainty, the distrust, the fear that had accumulated during the long wait. Above the quiet river it rose in great volume and flowed in a roiled and mounting current across the summer fields. Josh's musket quivered with the violence of his own shouting.

The colonel regarded his men quizzically, then shrugged his shoulders as if to say to the raiders, "What can I do with such fire-eaters?" and rode back to the rebel leader. There was another conference, shorter than the first one, after which the raiders turned, cantered back down the road up which they had just ridden.

"They give us two hours," the colonel said, "to get our women and children out of town. After which, they attack."

AT EIGHT that evening they were still waiting, drawn up, ready. The new moon had set and the night was very dark and warm, filled with soft summer stars which seemed to escape from set star shapes and let light shimmer fluidly—and, it almost seemed, moistly—across the sky. Some time later the captain with a militiaman by his side came up to the group Josh was in.

"Count off here," he said. "I'm sending twenty of you men to Finney's Ford. The rebs could come through there as well as here if they know the crick. There's a company there now—but no use having any if you don't have enough." He turned to the militiaman. "Let some of your men sleep," he said, "but keep a heavy guard posted."

Josh rode with the twenty men slowly and quietly through the night, back across the bridge and to the north side of the river where any party attempting to use the ford could be fired on while in the water. He rode among strangers. Gum and Ben Whitey had been left behind, and he thought, as he had been thinking all day, "Now it begins."

In the darkness the company at the ford seemed very large—the men dismounted, speaking in muffled voices, their horses tethered and resting behind them.

"The crick takes a turn here," the new men were told. "Twenty feet down to the bottom here, so keep your eyes peeled. I'm going to let you men have a couple of hours' sleep, then you can relieve some of us. Get out of your saddles and get some rest—but don't rest so hard you can't hear a raider crossin' that branch."

Josh dismounted and felt his way along the bank in the layered darkness. He

felt rather than saw the stream below him, smelled it really, he believed, though he could hear the occasional lap of a little eddy against a stone, and see here and there a prick of light reflected from a star. He ate some cold biscuit that he had picked up when he left home, gave Rome a biscuit, then stretched out on his blankets, somewhat withdrawn from the main body of the militia and near the bank of the stream. Rome stood behind him snuffing at the scent of the strange men and horses, mouthing the already cropped over grass in search of a neglected tuft.

War, Josh thought, seemed a hard thing to come at. The dying and killing he had declared himself ready for at the breakfast table, and which he had imagined he would meet face to face as soon as he'd gotten out on to the road, seemed always to lurk round another corner. He had fortified himself for so many encounters—with either or both—that there were now almost no further breastworks he could fling up, or armaments he could assemble. His supply of anticipation was about used up. War appeared to consist not of dramatic and immediate sacrifice, as he had foreseen it at the breakfast table, but of an infinite series of waitings and postponements.

This is it, he had said, and it was only Ben Whitey waiting at the cut-off. This is it, and it was Vernon as much like Fourth of July as war. This surely is it, he had said, and it was the wind in the elder clump. This, this: a man with a white flag. And now in the dark night to defend the ford—and this was not it either—but simply lying at ease on his blankets, his cherry addled stomach settled with biscuit, Rome munching by his side, and the milky way banding the sky familiarly. Except for the gun under his hand it could be any summer night, lying outside for a time to cool off before bedtime. And if John Morgan himself should bend over him, prod him with his toe and say, "*This* is it, bub," he didn't know whether he'd believe him or not. Getting ready for war might be a short horse and soon curried, but war itself was a horse liable to stretch—so far as he could see—from July to eternity . . . head at Maple Grove and hocks in Beulah Land.

Josh closed his eyes to sleep; but beneath his lids there flowed not only the remembered sights of the day, the faces, attitudes, gestures he had seen and noted, but the multitudinous sights that there had been in daylight no time to name, or space within the crowded mind to delineate. Now in darkness, behind shut lids, they lived again. He saw the L-shaped rip in the pants of the raider who had carried the white flag. He saw now, trying to sleep, the controlled drop of a spider—delicately spinning, from the spire of an unblooming head of goldenrod to the yellowed grass beneath it. He heard a voice—the storekeeper's, he thought—say, "I'm a man of peace—but there ain't any peace when your neighbors are being killed. And if it's a question of good blood—or bad—on my hands, by God, I choose bad."

At last he slept—and continued to see and hear . . . a raider was trying to take his mother's starling . . . he had ridden his horse inside the summer kitchen, and overturned the table, trampled the crockery and was snatching at Ebony in his cage and Ebony, above the sounds of confusion, was screaming, "Wake up, wake up."

Josh woke up. He found himself in the center of a great bubbling cauldron of noise: men shouting, screaming advice, cursing; horses neighing; and in the creek below the splash and clatter of men and animals crossing the ford. There was a spattering of shots. Someone was calling over and over, "Mount, mount, mount."

Josh stepped cautiously, felt for Rome in the dark, said his name, doubled his hands hoping to feel them close upon horseflesh, harkened to the billowing roll of sound. Then suddenly the sound fanned out, burst inside his head, roared against the bones of his skull and, breaking through bone and tissue, trickled out by way of mouth and nose; it fluttered a few last times against his ear drums, then left him in quiet.

IT WAS daylight before he was sure what had happened: he had gone over the cliff, through the branches of a willow which grew almost parallel with the stream, and now lay within hand's reach

of the creek itself. At first he had tried to call out, but the sound of his own voice had detonated like gunfire inside his head and he was afraid that his skull, which he reckoned was broken, might fall apart with the effort. He was half-conscious, and wholly sick, but between bouts of retching he thought: "This is it. I've come to it at last. This is war. It's falling over a cliff, cracking thy skull, and puking."

It was just after sun-up when Labe found him. He had about given up when he heard sounds from beneath the willow.

"Josh," he cried, "thee's all right."

"No, I'm not," said Josh morosely.

"Oh Josh," Labe said again, and knelt beside him, "thee's all right."

"I wish thee'd stop saying that," Josh told him. "It makes me feel sicker. I'm not all right. My head's split, I think."

Labe looked at it. "It does kind of look that way," he said, "but if thee's not died yet, I reckon thee's not going to."

Josh moaned.

"Why didn't thee call out—get some help?" Labe asked.

"At first," Josh said, "because I didn't know anything. Then when I did, if I even opened my mouth to whisper, my whole head like to fell off. Then I got so's I could talk, but if I did, I puked. I still do," he said, and did. "I wish thee'd go away," he told Labe finally, "and leave me alone. I was beginning to get a little easy."

He lay still for a time. After awhile he asked, "How'd thee come to find me?"

"Rome came home without thee."

"I'd just as lief stay here," Josh whispered bitterly. "Go to war and fall off a cliff."

"Thee needn't let that fash thee," Labe said. "More did than didn't."

Then as if he'd just remembered why he was lying on First Day morning by a crickside with a broken head, Josh asked, "Where's Morgan? Did we get him?"

"He didn't come this way."

Josh lifted himself painfully up on one elbow. "Didn't come this way?" he said. "I heard him. I heard him cross the crick last night."

"That wasn't Morgan," Labe told him. "That was some cottonheaded farmers over'n the south bank who took a freak to

drive their stock across to where your company was, to save them from the rebs."

"I was fooled," said Josh. "I thought it was Morgan."

"Thee had plenty of company. They was all fooled."

"Where's Morgan now?" Josh asked.

"Dupont, they say. He gave Vernon the go-by."

Josh lay back. The happiness he felt hurt his head so that for a minute he couldn't speak. They had stood off Johnny Morgan—they had kept him out of Vernon.

When he had first come to, found himself lying at the edge of the crick, he had thought he would hate admitting he'd been hurt, not by gun or saber, but by falling over a bank onto his head. Now it didn't seem to matter. Yesterday morning and his talk of dying and killing seemed almost a lifetime away; the past twenty-four hours, a prolonged campaign from which he had emerged a veteran, with mind much cleared as to what mattered and what did not.

Next time . . . he wouldn't talk so big about fighting and dying. But that didn't

matter either, now. What mattered was that he had stood there . . . he had been afraid, but he had stood at the bridge. He had thought of running but he hadn't done it . . . he had stood in the front line not knowing but that Morgan himself might bear down upon them . . . he had stood at the crick's edge in the darkness and confusion and had been hunting gun and horse when he had fallen.

And the things he had learned . . . talk beforehand is no good . . . in the darkness on a twenty-foot cliff it is best not to hurry . . . death when you move toward it, seems to retreat; it is only when you turn and run, that it pursues.

"Labe," he whispered, "we stood them off. We saved Vernon."

There was nothing Labe could say to this. Presently he asked, "If I got some help does thee think thee could move, Josh? They're worried about thee at home. Pa didn't take off his clothes all night. He's on his way here now."

Josh felt his mouth begin to tremble and put his arm across his face as if to keep the sun out.

"If thee'd help me," he said, "I think I could. I'd like to meet pa half way."

{ *Harold Isaacs, a Newsweek correspondent,*
made the journey he describes after having covered
the war for a year in China, Burma, and India. }

NOTES ON A JOURNEY HOME

HAROLD R. ISAACS



Calcutta to Karachi

IT is a familiar sensation and suddenly I know what it is. This darkened plane, eighteen men sitting in silence, each thinking his home-going thoughts—it is like that time in the dark of a tiny cabin on a freighter; twelve men lying in narrow bunks, each thinking his going away thoughts, so obvious and yet so impenetrable. There is the controlled excitement, the jumble of mind-pictures rolling out before closed eyes. There is the effort not to think of anything at all but to know only the washing over of the single great fact. Then it was the going away. Tonight in this plane it is the going home.

How far can one venture upon a region unexplored except in the lonely self? I look around at the shadowy figures, each a man heading westward, heading home, each filled with the sense of his accumulated experience, each with his own thoughts and feelings. Some of these must be common to all, the acting out in detailed anticipation of the reunions to come, of all the encounters and the freshened contacts with the sources of life, the returns to the familiar and to all the private and well-loved people and places. But I know from the stubborn disorderliness of my own mind that these are but the flickers of light that play across the surface of a shapeless mass of shadows; the voices inside your head are the half-echoes of

many other more distant inaudible sounds. You cannot give them form without distortion. It is like trying to give adequate expression to pain.

I suppose that is why the language is filled with so many stereotypes and why sentiment in public print is always so sticky, like a wetting of thin, watery syrup.

It would have been better to have overheard from another the half-jesting protest when the flight clerk took up the tickets. Only it was I who protested and said: "It says here not to be surrendered until final destination—and we've just started!" The others all laughed but listened carefully to the young corporal's earnest explanation. The tickets would be handed back, he promised. Everybody else relaxed and you could not hear, only imagine, the gentle exhalation shared by all; you could not see, only sense, the quiet inner smiles of reassurance. You patted the orders in your pocket, plain words: "Proceed to the United States."

This was like no other journey in a time of much journeying and each man could lean back and feel the thought of it curling around his insides: this was going home.

Karachi to Abadan

THE truest army saying is that you hurry up to wait. You are routed out at one A.M. after two hours of groggy sleep, you hastily gulp your coffee, then you wait, groggily nodding, on a bench in

the palatial Karachi terminal building. It is a place where you meet people, like Union Station or La Guardia Field: the Chinese-American doctor you'd last seen trudging toward a regimental aid station on the front west of the Salween, the pilot who flew you once to Liuchow far above the frenzied evacuation, the young Chinese propagandist on his way to San Francisco. Faces you have known somewhere and can never attach to a name. You have hours to watch the passing by, the other men wearily waiting.

"You get so excited about going home," says the bomber pilot who's done his stint. "Then all the waiting you have to do drains it all out of you. You can't stay excited when mostly you're being sore and disgusted about hanging around hours at a time. . . ."

You nod appreciatively. You key down fast. It becomes something to be got over as quickly as possible, as though it were unpleasant, like an inoculation or an enema, and you can't stand its taking so long even though you know it will be all right afterward. Eventually there is the briefing, the boarding, the takeoff. Instead of being self-consciously alive to the significant moment of departure, you are stretched out, half asleep when the wheels leave the ground; full asleep before the plane, leveled out, is set on its westward course. . . .

Breakfast at Abadan was coffee with a young ATC pilot going home after nearly a year on the Hump run, home to a small town in Wisconsin. Traveling home excited him with the same glitter, but it was the going there, not the getting there, that counted. "Twenty-one days will be more than enough," he said. "When I used to go home before, I usually couldn't stand it after a week. Maybe it'd be different if I lived in a place like New York."

Abadan is like all the other bases across India, a tiny patch of America that might be in Missouri or Texas or Illinois. The names are exotic; under you pass the deserts and the empty spaces of Middle Asia; but when you come down on the ground it is strictly GI—the transient messes, the PX, the old magazines, the bored GI talk, the dry, quiet air of efficiency, and the chiseled courtesy of airline men working

for the Army. At Abadan men can nudge each other and say, "We're in *Persia!*" But they might as well be in Dodge City.

"I can always tell which way they're going," said the tall, blond flier, his legs stretched before him in the shade of the passenger terminal veranda. "I like to sit here whenever I can and watch the ships come in and go out and I can always tell. If they're going home, the passengers hang around kind of impatiently and when they're called to load they make a beeline for the ship. But if they're going out east, they wander around, stop in the PX looking at souvenirs, and always have to be rounded up to get back aboard when it's time to go."

Abadan to Cairo

WHAT happens to time on a long journey? On a voyage at sea there are at least decent intervals between the moments when you obediently move clocks and watches backward or forward as the skipper decrees. But on a long journey by air there is time neither for labored argument nor for sustained confusion. You devour distance and, if you are traveling westward, you consume hours so swiftly that they seem far more mysteriously lost than they ever do in the slower passage across water.

The plane operates, with thankful simplicity, on Greenwich Mean Time. Members of the crew always know exactly what time it is and they never seem to be bothered if it is high noon by the watch when up there ahead of us in a reddening sky it is obviously sundown. The passengers do not as easily accept this unlikely contradiction. There is a constant and frustrated effort throughout the journey to know, within reason, what time it is. Unless you are the kind of person who can add up a column of ten figures in his head, you have to use pencil and paper to solve the riddle at any particular moment; and by the time you've figured it out, you're hundreds of miles farther on and the whole calculation has to be done over again.

Here is a sample. You left Karachi at 3:30 A.M. Indian Standard Time, and when you got to Abadan the clock in the terminal there said it was 8:15 A.M. and

your watch, still on Indian time, said it was 11:15. Three hours had dropped, like unseen cigarette ashes, into the Persian Gulf. The pilot says you'll be in Cairo at 12:20 GMT, which means 3:50 P.M. Abadan time, which has become, in Cairo, only twenty minutes after two. If you haven't changed your watch since Karachi, it will be ten minutes to seven for you when you get to Cairo. You've lived and flown those five hours-plus but they don't show anywhere. And it seems to you that somewhere in there too you should have had a meal.

Cairo to Tripoli

AN HOUR before we got into Cairo the flight clerk came out and said: "If any of you guys is interested, we got the Dead Sea over on this side and Jerusalem and Bethlehem is coming up."

Everybody who could craned necks to see the Dead Sea. A few minutes later our guide said: "Bethlehem is right under us and Jerusalem is over there on the right."

Nobody could see Bethlehem at all but everybody in the proper strategic positions tried to get a quick look at Jerusalem beneath low white broken clouds.

A new flight clerk took up his duties after we left Cairo and as we rose into the air he spoke in the slightly strident, faintly bored tones of a barker on a rubberneck bus: "The Pyramids will come into view on your left in about three minutes."

Everybody looked to get his view of Cairo, leaning up against the sky as we banked, like a picture postcard in shabby color. "Looks like a real modern city, don't it?" somebody said. Everybody agreed that it did. Then under the left wingtip were the Pyramids. "The hotel you see down there," said the flight clerk, who hadn't even moved to a window, "is where the Cairo Conference was held, you know, where Roosevelt and Churchill and that Chinese guy Kai-shek stayed." Noses that were close enough pressed to windows for a look. Those who sat on the right had no view at all. Then the plane swung away westward, toward Tripoli.

The Air Transport Command is doing a remarkable job of pioneering for the commercial airlines of tomorrow but I doubt

if enough serious thought has been given to the problem of sightseeing from the air. So much depends on the side you happen to be sitting on. I had the Dead Sea on my side but I missed out on Jerusalem. I had the Pyramids on my side but once we started across Libya I had the desert side and never did get to see Tobruk or Bengazi. The desert was pretty dull; I yearned to see the bright blue of the Mediterranean and the white strand where it washed North Africa. The only way I could have done that was to crawl across my neighbor and sit in the laps of the two men sitting on the other side. It didn't seem practical. They'll do something about this, I thought, as night fell and I dozed. Maybe the airliners of the future will have to have plexiglas bottoms like the boats at Catalina.

Tripoli to Casablanca

THE old easy and comfortless informality of the ATC operation went out with the bucket seat. Nowadays, at every stop a crisp young officer steps aboard as you land and announces: "Gentlemen, this is So and So. You will be on the ground for one hour and ten minutes. The transient mess is in the terminal." Or, if you're to stay longer, he announces that transportation is available to the billets. In India you still get K rations on the longer hops but along here you're served box lunches with neat, moist sandwiches wrapped in real wax paper. "They can't be put aboard," a flight clerk explained, "if they've been wrapped more than two hours before takeoff." The members of the crew, smartly turned out in their blouses with razor-creased pants, make you feel dingy indeed in your wrinkled suntans.

Another thing that reminds you of the commercial airlines is the printed or mimeographed little poopsheet you will find at almost any terminal. Some of them manifest the loving care and production of men who are at heart local municipal airport boosters. They breathe courteous information of interest to travelers, when and where to eat, what to do about baggage, billeting, and usually some local facts of general interest.

From the fact sheet at Castel Benito, the

airport at Tripoli, you discover why this field is so distinctly different from all the others. This is the original Italian installation, it is apologetically explained, and is operated by the RAF. Nothing has been changed, not even the name Benito, and it is staffed by Italian prisoners.

This is to be borne in patience, you infer, because in a few weeks a brand new ATC base is to be put in operation at Mellaha, a few miles away. There, it is certain, the buildings will be mainly Frank Lloyd Wright, the mess GI. Castel Benito is strictly foreign in color, spirit, tone, and lack of comfort, and the food is full of garlic, not American-style food at all. Mellaha will be different. It will be plush and efficient. You won't know you're in Tripoli at all.

Casablanca to Washington

THE time is long, flying over a great waste of clouds and under a thin, bright moon, and there is no sleeping at all. Drawing close to home, how alert can one be to the sensation of flying across an ocean? It is an exciting adventure, even now, but you have to be casual about it in front of the corporal flight clerk who says, "This is my fifty-eighth crossing." And these are really the final hours.

Takeoff from Casablanca was close to the end of the day. In an instant we were over the sea, leaving behind the curving surfmarked coast of Africa and pursuing the sun westward. How lingering the daylight is when you race after it at two hundred miles an hour!

The coast was gone and night dropped over the world behind us, but for hours we kept in sight the band of light in the west where the sun, finally outdistancing the plane, had long since disappeared. Night eventually surrounded the plane and the stars shone. For hours from the co-pilot's seat, before the bank of luminous dials in the darkness, I watched the sea pass below the flecked, open, low-lying clouds which hung above it, looking like glowing whitecaps on the surface itself.

The base in the Azores was a flicker of lights, a wet runway, a comfortable break-

fast in a tidy restaurant on the field, an ATC captain talkative over plates of bacon and eggs. "You ought to see our new base," he said. "It'll be ready soon. We're taking over a whole island for it. Seversky was through here yesterday and we told him about it and you know what he said? He blew right up! 'What for?' he wanted to know. 'Who'll come down in the Azores? It'll be a whistlestop, that's all, a whistlestop!'"

The rest of the night we rode the surface of the cloud as though we were on skis. In the morning we came to the end of the cloud mass and rode out over the open sea, as though we had again left a continental shore. The gigantic bird rode through the great washed emptiness with such assurance that it never remotely occurred to you that the strong, steady hum might suddenly check to a cough and your passage be uncomfortably interrupted. It was a conquest taken for granted. "Arrival at Bermuda will be at 8:12," said the navigator. And when we took off for Washington he said we'd be there at 5:54. And we were.

Washington to New York

THE girl behind the counter looked at me and down at the baggage. "No, I guess you wouldn't know," she said. "But we don't have any chocolate ice cream." So I had a plain milkshake.

On the train a young Negro woman passed through the car talking to her companion. "That girl in there was crying," she was saying, "and I asked her what was wrong and she said she'd just learned her husband was killed. So I said to her: 'Girlie, shouldn't I be crying louder than you? I lost my husband and my brother. . . .'"

The middle-aged cabdriver turned up Eighth Avenue toward the Park. "Guess you're just back from somewhere?" he asked. "Yes," I said. "Wish I could have my boy back," he said.

He swung the cab around to the entrance and I got out and paid him. I picked up my bag and walked inside. "Hello!" said the elevator man.

Harper's Magazine

VOL 191 No 1145 October 1945



REPENT IN HASTE

A Short Novel in Two Parts. Part I

JOHN P. MARQUAND

WILLIAM BRIGGS was sorry that the press boat was alongside to take him off the support carrier where he had spent the last three weeks.

The ship's officers and the fliers aboard the *Rogue River* were all good kids, most of them boys just out of college, who had come from diverse home environments, but who were all much the same piece of goods. They always referred to each other as kids, as though to imply their lack of experience with the civilian world they had left. They still talked, aboard the *Rogue River*, about football and about fraternities and blind dates, when they were not talking about flying and combat. Curiously enough they frequently referred to the Japanese as kids. They used to say that those Japanese kids couldn't fly. They hadn't seen a kid out there for the last two weeks who had the word. When Lieutenant Boyden—he was the one they called "Boysie"—had returned from one of the volcano islands, he said that those

kids came out on the beach and started firing at him with rifles and he went down low and let them have it. You should have seen those kids go down—they had just been kids being trained, that was all.

William Briggs was playing gin rummy in the wardroom when the word came. It was like the wardroom of any other ship, furnished according to wholesale standards—the leatheroid upholstered seats along the bulkhead, the metal-frame mess chairs, the radio and the phonograph records, the shelf of paper-bound books, the green baize covers on the tables, the hot coffee, the electric toaster, and the cups.

"War Correspondent Briggs," the squawker called. "Report on the hangar deck. The press boat coming up forward on the starboard side."

William Briggs rose and put on his helmet.

"Well," he said, "good-bye, boys, I'll be seeing you in church. Do I owe anybody money?"

"So long, Briggsie," they all said. "Don't get your feet wet, Briggsie."

"Come on, Pop," Boysie Boyden said. "I'll see you over the side."

William Briggs smiled at him.

"All right," he said. "Come on, Sonny."

Lieutenant Boyden had molasses-colored hair, sandy eyebrows and stubby fingers—he was dumpy, almost fat, but he walked very lightly and easily.

From the rail of the hangar deck the sea looked lead gray and choppy. The press boat was an LCI camouflaged for the tropics in black and green and yellow. They had thrown lines aboard and she was bobbing and weaving alongside. Lieutenant Boyden was looking at the light gray sky and the darker clouds on the horizon.

"I wish to God it would get blue and keep blue," he said.

William Briggs knew what he meant. An overcast was always dangerous and the radar did not always work.

"You've got that written down now, haven't you?" Boyden asked. "Remember it's East Orange. If Daisy hasn't got the gas to meet you—but hell, of course the kid will meet you at the station—but if she doesn't, tell the taxi it's the third house down on Maple Street, the only double stucco house, and remember there's a goddam funny tree in front of it, the only one like it there. I don't know what it is—like a kind of a weeping something, but it isn't a weeping willow."

"Maybe it's a Jap tree," Briggs said.

"If it turns out it's a Jap tree," Boyden answered, "you tell Daisy I said yank the goddam thing out. I don't want the kid shoveling sand under any goddam Jap tree." The officer of the deck was moving toward them and Boysie spoke more quickly. "And you've got that stuff to give her; and you know what I said to say to the old man."

"I know," Briggs told him. "I'll call as soon as I get to New York."

"If you take the bus through the Holland Tunnel," Boysie said, "they'll let you off at the Socony filling station. If Daisy doesn't meet you, just ask for Maple Street."

"Why shouldn't she meet me?" Briggs asked.

"It's what I told you," Boysie answered. "She does too much at once, poor kid. Tell her I said to take it easy."

"All squared away, sir?" the officer of the deck asked.

"Yes," Briggs said. "Let's go." He shook hands with Lieutenant Boyden. "Take care of yourself, son," he said.

"Are you telling me," Boysie answered, "or am I telling you? East Orange, not West Orange."

When Briggs was halfway down the ladder, he looked up and saw Boysie leaning over.

"Watch it, now," Boysie called.

It was a choppy sea, but it was only a question of waiting until the LCI rose on a wave, and then of selecting the right second before she began to roll.

"I'll be seeing you," Boysie called, but his voice was thin and distant, broken by the wind. The LCI was moving away, and there was no telling whether he would see Boyden or anybody else aboard again. Already the episode of the *Rogue River* was over and everything that Lieutenant James K. Boyden had told him about his love and life was a matter of the past. He assumed that it would be lost in a confusion of other impressions, but instead he could not even forget the tone of Boyden's voice. Its raucous uncultivated quality kept repeating itself in his memory.

In a way it had not been fair, for Briggs had been too clever in piecing together all sorts of silences and stray remarks, so that now he knew too much about Lieutenant Boyden. The knowledge which had been placed in his keeping, carelessly, bit by bit, had become a sort of personal responsibility for which he had never asked. Superficially those revelations had the repetitious mediocrity of the story of the typical American boy, and the same sort of dull normality. It was the sort of thing they printed in the Sunday papers. It might have been the story of Master America.

AFTER ALL, when Briggs thought of it, Boyden was as dull as his story. In fact, all his aptitudes and perfections made for dullness—he had drawn an 18 on his Schneider, vision 20-20, emotionally

stable, organically sound, high school, three years of college, I. Q. 120. He was the best that America had to offer—God's gift to the Navy—initiative, moderate qualities of leadership, the type that could dish it out and take it without cracking under strain, fine timing under oxygen at 25,000 feet—Boysie Boyden, the norm of what they wanted—screened at Pensacola, disciplined by his group, without any queer ideas—Lieutenant Boyden, Lieutenant America. The only trouble, Briggs was thinking, was that if you knew too much about anyone, even someone like Lieutenant Boyden, there began to be lights and shadows.

For instance, there was the way that Boyden called everybody "Pops" who was over thirty-five. Then there was the way he looked at himself in the mirror when he was shaving, just after he had rinsed the lather from his face and was about to apply one of those fancy shaving lotions which he had bought at the ship's store. Briggs had caught him at it sometimes, as you do when you see too much of someone. Boysie would stand in his skivvies gazing into the mirror, in that complete goldfish privacy of the junior officers' washroom. He never looked at himself complacently; instead that tanned, round face of his wore an expression of frank surprise, as though he had never seen himself before.

Sometimes he would move his fingers very quickly, making little pellets out of the bread at table. He always held his cigarette between his thumb and forefinger, as if he were smoking the last quarter-inch of it, even though it had just been lighted. Then his shirt was always riding out of his trousers. He kept pushing back his chair and loosening his belt and wriggling and pushing his shirt back in again. Those were the things you noticed about someone you knew too well, and somehow they were hard to forget.

And now Boyden and the *Rogue River* were a mile astern, and the press boat was leaving the ships of the screen. The lieutenant commanding the LCI was holding a dispatch; the breeze snatched at it as they stood near the gun platforms amidships.

"We're putting you aboard Transport 240," he said.

"Where is she?" Briggs asked.

"She is in near the island," the lieutenant told him.

EVERYTHING since D-day plus 3 had been moving closer to shore. It was about noon when they were near enough to the land to see it clearly. It was a small island, surrounded by the gray silhouettes of all sorts of ships. They formed a patient cordon, that seemed slowly to be crushing out its life. The closeness of the ships to shore showed that there was no longer danger from land batteries, and that the problem now was one of supply and of blasting the pillboxes and the caves. Even at ten thousand yards you could see the smoke rising from the island at points where bombers were hitting it as they peeled out of the clouds. It was obvious that resistance was now confined to the southern end, for he could see the shells from the heavy battleships pounding the higher ground. As they came nearer he could distinguish all the familiar sounds—the concussion of the big guns, the more violent crack of the 5-pounders, the earth-shaking finality of 500-pound bombs, and in between, the anti-aircraft and the machine guns and the mortar fire, all forming the usual background of an amphibious operation.

Attack Transport 240 was lying less than a mile offshore. When Briggs climbed up a cargo net near the port bow, the disorder which greeted him was also familiar. They were hoisting aboard the Higgins boats, and the walking wounded were leaning on the rail looking at the shore, and the deck was still littered with equipment. The black sand of the beach lay just in front, with wrecks of landing craft washed against it and with new ships pushing in. He could see the colored markers, and the tanks and jeeps crawling inland. He could see the bursts of mortar shells dropping near a supply dump, and the greenish figures of a reserve Marine battalion, moving through the dust. Further inland there was a line of tanks, and he could see the flash from their guns and the sudden spurt of a flamethrower. He had thought it was a great show once and now it was commonplace—only another part of the Pacific war and so much a part

of ordinary living that it became puzzling to think of home. You could accept an environment of violence and sudden death, but once you had faced it, it was hard to understand the attitude of those who had not.

That was the great difficulty about going home. There would be that familiar sense of weariness and reaction—that feeling of incredulity and doubt as to whether any of it had really happened. No matter how intelligent you might be, no matter how excellent an observer, there were certain things that could never be explained in terms that anyone at home could grasp, things which even the combat pictures in the newsreels had lost. The individual's response was missing, his unchanging fear and his resigned acceptance.

Briggs was thinking of this at six o'clock that evening while the convoy was moving south. He was standing on the bridge, thinking that it was time for the customary air attack upon the shipping off the island, and like Lieutenant Boyden he did not like the overcast. He wished the sky were blue. If there was any sort of air cover, and he supposed there must be, he could not see it. They were a small convoy, eight empty LST's that rolled and tossed ahead of them, and then the transport. They were protected by a destroyer and a destroyer escort—not much fire power against an air attack.

Someone had once said that the first fight is always the best fight, and that all of the rest is something more of the same. If you had sailed aboard one transport, you had sailed on them all, for they were all made on a quantity production scale—the bridge, the guns, the wardroom, the crew and the troop quarters were all identical. Even the conversation was a repetition that was cut along the conventional lines of the ship. Briggs was standing with two Marine officers, one with a broken arm and one with a bad leg, and they were talking about the island. They had both been on Tarawa and Saipan and they were comparing the actions. The fire here had been heavier but the Japs were about the same. There was the same Jap officer who ran out of the pillbox waving his sword, and the same wounded Jap who blew himself up with a hand

grenade, the same infiltration and the same night attack. There was even the same Jap prisoner who asked to be shot, but who quieted down when they said they would spray him with a flamethrower. There were the questions about such-and-such company, and what had happened to so-and-so, and there were the old remarks about the dead.

In the middle of it there came the rise and fall of General Quarters. The crew were at battle stations already, as they always were at sundown. He heard the destroyer firing before he saw the plane, but it appeared a few seconds later, diving out of the overcast. It was smoking and the 40-millimeters were tearing through it. It was heading, as far as you could tell, straight for the bridge. There was the old sickening moment of standing and watching, and the old impression of silence in spite of all the noise. Then it veered and its control was gone, and it fell into the sea a hundred yards off the bow. It brought him nothing new. There was the same weakness in the knees, the same dull relief that became sharper and sharper until it expressed itself in the old excited words.

That night before Briggs went to sleep the scenes of the day moved through his mind in a slow orderly sequence—the ships, and the island, and the wreckage, and the transports, and the wounded lying patiently in their berths, and the suicide plane. He knew that there had been an instant on the bridge that would be indelible. That was when he thought again of Lieutenant James K. Boyden. There was that tree in the front yard that was a "weeping something"—the house was the only double stucco house on Maple Street . . . East Orange, not West Orange . . .

II

WILLIAM BRIGGS had first encountered Lieutenant James K. Boyden about eight months before, when people were easier to remember. He had seen so much of the armed forces since then that his faculty for identifying individuals was impaired, and character was lost in the monotony of the uniform. It had grown

hard to select any one person from the mass against that restive background. It was better to think of them all as the kids and the older men, as a bulk of expendable human material. It was simpler and safer now to divide them not as friends, each with a personal value, but into the Army, the Marines, and the Seabees; but all of that had been different eight months before.

Now he could view his old enthusiasms with the same faint amusement and the same distrust that writers who had been out there for a long while displayed toward the ideas of any new writer just visiting the theater. Eight months before, William Briggs had been very keenly aware of what was wrong with war reporting. He had believed it possible to describe people and places and events without resorting to propaganda and without preconceived opinion. He had believed that an observer could pick out small details, as Tolstoy had done, or Stendhal. He knew by now that he had been wrong, or at any rate that he had not been up to it, and he no longer blamed his contemporaries who had tried and failed. It seemed to him by now that the best writing of the war appeared in the impersonal reports and citations which simply accepted everything incredible as everyday, incontrovertible fact.

When William Briggs was new in the Pacific, there was an officer at Pearl Harbor assigned to Public Relations who tried to dig up subjects for the correspondents to write about, amazing things that were happening every day, things that they might otherwise have missed. There were kids coming into Pearl Harbor every morning, this commander used to say, who had done the damndest things you'd ever heard of—kids from Kalamazoo who had crossed the mountains of New Guinea, kids who had been captured by the Lolos in China, kids who had escaped from Japanese prison camps, and who had been with the Philippine guerrillas. He had planned a press conference along these lines one morning so that all the correspondents could see some of these kids themselves, and the kids were going to be allowed to talk right off the record. It happened just a week previously that

the fast carrier task force of the Third Fleet had made a strike at Formosa. The anti-aircraft fire had been exceptionally heavy over certain of the Japanese installations. Shortly after "bombs away" one of those carrier-based torpedo bombers—known as a TBM or Avenger—had received a bad hit. Her pilot kept in formation for a time but when he saw he couldn't make it, he had ditched the plane about a hundred miles offshore. The crew had been out two days on a rubber raft, and now those kids were back at Pearl.

William Briggs had been at Pearl Harbor for such a short while that he was still glad to stand by the hour, looking at the machine shops and the dry-docks and the berths, and this was his first press conference. The meeting was held in one of those Quonset huts, near CINCPAC. There was a table at one end of the room, and then rows of back-breaking metal chairs. When Briggs entered the narrow doorway, the low arched room was filling fast, mostly with men but with a few women, too, all in khaki. In spite of their uniforms, the correspondents all seemed like civilians. They were beings apart, looked upon with a certain curiosity and suspicion. They all were laughing and talking, slumping down in the chairs and lighting cigarettes, and the whole room was filled with bad jokes and smoke. Middle-aged men, and physically unfit younger ones, were pulling scraps of envelopes out of their pockets, and rummaging for pencils and polishing their eyeglasses. They all wore neckties because neckties had to be worn at press conferences. You could tell the ones who had been in the West Pacific by the bleached color of their khaki, and by their rough Marine shoes.

A young lieutenant junior grade opened a door at the far end of the room and stepped up to the table and cleared his throat.

"There will be no smoking, please," he said.

His words were followed by a loud derisive titter.

"Who said," someone asked, "no smoking?"

"You can't get pictures with all this smoke," the officer answered.

"Who said anyone wanted pictures?"

The officer glanced nervously toward the door behind him. "Listen," he said, "the word is the smoking lamp is out."

"Listen, sonny," someone said, "you don't need to put it in sea language. Go on out through the back bulwarks and tell them to start the floor show."

Then the door opened again, and the crowd in the back of the room began standing up to see. A commander, holding some papers, came in first. Then a lieutenant and two crewmen followed him, looking worried and self-conscious, like bad boys being led out before a school. Their foreheads shone with perspiration. Their hair was very carefully brushed. The lieutenant, short and round-faced, came to a halt behind the table and twisted his head from side to side as though his neck hurt him. The first crewman was a rangy, gangly boy who clasped his hands behind his back, and whose throat kept twitching when he swallowed. The other was thin and blond. He was staring straight ahead of him and chewing gum. Photographers were edging up to the table, assuming crouching attitudes.

"No, no, no," the commander said. "We'll take the pictures outside. Are the microphones all right?"

The lieutenant (jg) rushed forward and whispered something and the commander nodded.

"All right," he said. "Let's go. Let's sit down and go."

The pilot and his crew and everyone else sat down, and the commander fiddled with his papers.

THIS CONFERENCE is going on the sound track," he said. "So when anyone has a question, I'd like him to step near a microphone. I imagine everyone knows why we are here. These three men—" he paused and corrected himself, "an officer and two men—are the crew of a bomber from the fast carrier task force of the Third Fleet which struck installations on the Island of Formosa on the morning of—" he glanced at his papers—"the twenty-second. That's right, isn't it, Lieutenant?"

"Yep," the pilot said. "The twenty-second, sir."

"They were hit by flak and the motor began missing. They were obliged to land in the water about a hundred miles out. That's right, isn't it?"

The first crewman swallowed, started to speak, and coughed.

"That's near enough, sir," he said.

"All right," the commander said. "Two days later they were picked up by the destroyer *Scaife*. That would be the morning of the twenty-fourth, wouldn't it?"

A chair scraped. A correspondent raised his voice. "What did you say the name of the destroyer was?" he asked.

"*Scaife*," the commander said, "I'll spell it. *S-c-a-i-f-e*. Got it?"

"What's her commander's name?" someone asked.

The commander glanced at his papers.

"What was his name?" he asked. "Do you remember?"

The three boys looked at each other vaguely.

"It was a sort of a long name, sir," the pilot said. "It had something like grass in it. If someone would say it, I'd remember."

"Was it Snodgrass?" one of the crewmen asked.

Everyone laughed and the commander smiled.

"Never mind," he said. "I'll get it for you afterwards. But right now I want you to meet these men, and they'll tell you the whole story better than I can. I just want to say, it's just a normal story out there. We want folks at home to realize that fliers do get picked up. Here's the pilot—Lieutenant James K. Boyden, USNR. I'll spell it—B-o-y-d-e-n."

"Where's he from?" someone asked.

"21 Maple Street, M-a-p-l-e Street," the commander said, "West Orange, New Jersey."

"East Orange," Lieutenant Boyden said. "Not West Orange."

"Sorry," the commander said. "There's something wrong here—East Orange. And next is the tunnel gunner, Orrin W. Smith, radioman, USNR. I don't have to spell Smith, do I? 21 Parkway Street, Winnetka, Illinois. Got it? Parkway Street. And then the turret gunner, Alfred J. Komiskey, aviation ordnanceman,

First Class, USN. 28-A—at least, that's the way I've got it—28-A Thumbull Street. Is that right? Thumbull Street?"

"No, sir," Komiskey said, "Trimble Street."

"Oh," the commander said, "Trimble Street, Boise, Idaho. Got it? Will somebody open some windows here? It's pretty hot. Well, now I'm going to turn the floor over to these boys. Lieutenant Boyden is going to tell his story just the way he told it to me. If anything is off the record, we'll tell you later. Go ahead, Lieutenant."

LIEUTENANT BOYDEN stood up and leaned his hands on the table. Then he looked down at his shirt and loosened his belt. His two crewmen gazed at him glassily.

"I guess," Lieutenant Boyden said, "I'm not much at public speaking and there isn't much to tell anyway. There have been lots of kids who have been ditched and on a raft. Rickenbacker was on a raft. You just get out and go for it, that's all."

The commander started to speak and stopped.

There was a long undramatic pause while Lieutenant Boyden stood motionless staring fixedly at nothing. The room was as humid as a college lecture hall, and Lieutenant Boyden was a disappointing figure—not the bird-man type—a short boy, inclined to plumpness, who was already losing the attention of his audience.

"The motor was hit," he said. "Some days you don't get it lucky. I couldn't keep her up in there and I had to give the word we were going to get our feet wet. It kind of threw me when we hit, and I don't remember much. Maybe Smitty—that is, Radioman Smith—knows something."

Smitty looked startled and swallowed his gum.

"Lieutenant Boyden sat her down all right," he said.

"Speak up a little louder," the commander told him, and Smith spoke louder.

"He sat her down all right."

"Then what?" the commander asked.

"We just broke out the raft. You pull a

couple of things and poops—it inflated, just like they said it would."

There was another dull and clumsy interlude. The plane was on the sea and there was the raft, but that was all there was. The three that had been aboard stood behind an embarrassed wall of silence.

"How much time did you have?" someone asked. But none of them appeared to understand the question.

"How long did the plane stay afloat?" the commander asked.

"Maybe thirty seconds, but you don't time it," Smith said. He rubbed his hand across his forehead. "Wasn't it thirty seconds, Lieutenant?"

"How should I know?" Lieutenant Boyden answered. "I was half out."

"Yes," Radioman Smith said more brightly. "He was really out, and do you know what he said when we grabbed him in the water? He said, 'Daisy, get me up on the front stoop.' He was really out."

There was another silence while bodies shifted uneasily on the hard seats and feet scraped on the floor. The boys behind the table might have been speaking in some foreign language for all they were able to convey. The plane had sunk in the Pacific, one of those orange-colored rafts had inflated itself—poops! Those boys did not seem older or wiser. No fine thoughts had appeared to go through their heads in the struggle for survival.

"Who was Daisy?" someone asked.

"That's my wife," Lieutenant Boyden said. "Mrs. James K. Boyden, 21 Maple Street, East Orange, New Jersey."

"Any children?"

"James K. Boyden, Jr., five months," the lieutenant said.

"So you were thinking of her out there,"—it was a woman's voice—"and the little boy."

"I wouldn't know," Lieutenant Boyden said. "Maybe I was thinking that Daisy and I, that is, Mrs. Boyden, had been out dancing somewhere and I had taken three or four too many and she was helping me up the steps. I wouldn't know. Then I heard that fellow there—Smitty—say 'get the hell ahold of him' and then I was on the raft. When I woke up we were still

on it. The kids were breaking out gadgets. There are a lot of gadgets on those rafts. Then the next morning a plane spotted us, and the morning after, a can came up. We were really glad to see that can. When I got aboard, I said to the skipper, 'Let's get the heck out of here.' It was enemy waters, but the old man wanted to cruise a while. We were really frightened on that can."

"Well, I guess that's about all," the commander said. "And I know that everybody here is very grateful for hearing your own story in your own words. There may be a few points and a little more color, if anyone wants to gather around and ask questions, but I'm sure we're all very grateful, so thanks a lot."

THE CHAIRS scraped across the floor, and there was a perfunctory round of applause. A few of the correspondents gathered around the fliers by the table, but most of them walked out, and William Briggs walked with them into the bright Hawaiian sunlight. He knew he had heard all there was to hear. Those boys would never be able to put their thoughts into words. He was as embarrassed as they had been, by that indecent public exposure. He could imagine already the version of it that would reach home.

This morning at Naval Headquarters three young fliers of the Carrier Force of the Third Fleet added in their own words another epic to the legends of the sea. They were Lieutenant James K. Boyden, USNR, pilot, East Orange, New Jersey; his turret gunner, Alfred J. Komiskey, Boise, Idaho; and his tunnel gunner, Orrin W. Smith of Winnetka, Illinois. Looking at these three lads standing modestly at their first press conference, it was indeed difficult to visualize that they had crashed in the ocean, and had been picked up from a raft only two days previously. Now, no worse for their ducking, they chatted and reminisced almost gaily about sharks and wind and drift, and about their thoughts of home.

"I was more frightened when I was aboard the destroyer that picked me up," Pilot Boyden said, with a merry twinkle, and his two crew members joined in the laugh that followed. . . .

It was a fair sample of many press conferences, and most of them added up to just as little. Yet William Briggs wondered, at the time, whether it might not all have been different if that interview had

not been so artificially contrived. If he had seen Lieutenant Boyden alone, for example, if they could have taken a drink or two together, the lieutenant might not have been inarticulate. He thought of Kipling and the three soldiers, and of Owen Wister and *The Virginian*. It was a question of the personal touch, he thought—but then there was no basis for companionship between himself and Lieutenant Boyden. It never occurred to him that he would ever see the lieutenant again.

III

WHEN WILLIAM BRIGGS had agreed to go out to the Pacific for a syndicate, he was confident that he would do as well as most. He was rated above the average among special feature writers, although he had never been foolish enough to have illusions that his work possessed a high literary quality. He had been in Paris in 1940 and had been in London during the blitz. He had a clear perspective and a retentive memory, but now, when the time had arrived to produce some sort of article, for almost the first time in his experience he had no concrete ideas.

Beneath the window of his room at the Moana Hotel that evening the beach was deserted, except for three small Hawaiian boys in bathing trunks. When a wave broke, they would run for it, fall flat, and glide over two inches of water without ever once scratching their bellies. Now that the darkness was coming on, quickly as it always did out there, a detail of troops had arrived on the seawall and began setting up a machine gun. Somehow these extraneous sights made William Briggs feel lost and unsure of himself. He recalled what an admiral had said to him that afternoon at Pearl Harbor, something about everyone's being in one big team, and he had not yet become resigned to that almost universal habit of generals and admirals—explaining war in terms of a football game. It was time for him to write a letter home.

"Dear Meg," he wrote. "I got here three days ago and I suppose I shall be moving out before long, but I should like to see the show here first. It is all pretty

confusing and crowded. Someone said this afternoon that we are all one big team. . . ."

When he went downstairs to mail his letter, everyone else was going somewhere, and most of that coming and going was arranged for in a vast pattern and he was no part of it. He was under his own volition to come or go—to take it or leave it. He felt like a neutral observer.

In the courtyard that faced the sea he came upon a group of professional entertainers playing Hawaiian music. Colored electric lights were strung beneath the branches of a banyan tree and the artists were gathered on a porch. As he peered over the heads of the crowd that stood listening, the music stopped. A young man with marcelled hair, clad in white ducks and a batik sports shirt, took his place before a shining microphone and read a piece from a sheet of paper in a mellifluous radio announcer's voice.

"This is the Friendly Voice of Hawaii calling the Mainland," he was saying. "And before we continue our program of island songs and fantasy, some of your boys here with us are going to step up and say a few words to the folks at home. First we have Pharmacist's Mate Joe McCloskey. His folks are waiting at Utica, New York, to hear his voice. Step up here, Joe. Tell them how you are, Joe."

Pharmacist's Mate McCloskey rubbed the palms of his hands upon his trousers and swung backward on his heels and then forward to his toes.

"How long have you been out here, Joe?"

"I've been stationed here for eight months," he said.

The announcer clapped him on the back. "Come on, Joe. The folks are waiting in Utica, New York," he said. "And while Joe is thinking what to say I'll tell you he's looking fine. He's put on weight and he's got a good suntan and not from any ultra-violet lamp."

The announcer thrust a piece of paper into McCloskey's hand and McCloskey began to read.

"Hullo, folks," McCloskey said. "Hullo, Pa—Ma—and everybody. I want you to know I'm fine and I like it here. Everybody treats us boys right on

this old rock. I want to say 'hullo' to the old gang, if any of the old gang is left, and I particularly want to say 'hullo' to a certain party, and I guess you know who I mean, and I hope she is listening to me now. Good-bye now."

"Well, that's fine, Joe," the announcer said. "And now stepping up is Private 1st Class Norman Judkins, from Green Lake, Ohio, and Norman is looking fine, too. How long have you been with us, Norman?"

William Briggs' attention was distracted by an impolite sound just beside him, and he was surprised to find that he was standing next to Lieutenant Boyden. The red glare of the electric light bulbs shone on the lieutenant's face. Briggs would never have spoken if Boyden had not spoken first. He had a certain feeling of reluctance at presuming to intrude, since he was not a member of the team.

"That poor kid must be goddam lonely," Lieutenant Boyden said, "to face up to anything like that."

William Briggs remembered that he was pleased and flattered when Lieutenant Boyden addressed him.

"Yes," he answered, "it's a long way from Utica."

Lieutenant Boyden nodded. "That isn't what I meant," he said. "I had to do the same thing myself this morning in front of a whole goddam room."

"I know," Briggs said. "I heard you," and he felt apologetic.

This accidental meeting was exactly the sort of opportunity that he had wanted. They had all told him that the thing to do was to chat with some of the kids and get their point of view, and there was Lieutenant Boyden, but the difficulty was that there was nothing to chat about.

"Cripes," Lieutenant Boyden said. "I thought you were in the Army, Pop."

"It's these electric lights," Briggs said, and then without knowing exactly why, he felt it was necessary to explain himself. "I'm too old to fight in this war. I just came out to do a little writing. That was quite a talk you gave this morning."

"It was lousy," Boyden answered. "Don't kid me, Pop."

"It must have been hard standing up

there," Briggs began. He realized that the conversation was getting nowhere, and he was glad that he did not have to go on with it.

"There's some rye up in the room," Boyden said. "I guess it's time I got back to it. Well, so long—unless you could do with a drink."

"Why, thanks," Briggs told him. "If it wouldn't bother you."

"Cripes," Boyden answered. "Nothing bothers me. That's how I keep alive."

IT WAS only in the elevator when they were going up to Lieutenant Boyden's room that Briggs saw that he was drunk. It did not appear in his walk and speech as much as in his defenseless candor.

"Yes," Boyden said. "Don't let anything bother you. There used to be a friend of mine on the old *Lex* who said that. Why bother?"

He led the way down the hall with quick brisk steps.

"Now, what the hell was the number?" he asked.

Boyden ran his hands through his pockets and produced a key. He pushed aside some empty bottles, unlocked a door, and turned on the light. Everything in the room had been thrown every which way. There were three beds. The contents of three sea-bags were strewn across the floor. The bureau was covered with bottles and containers of melted ice. Towels, uniforms, bathing trunks, and toilet articles were strewn across the beds and two lieutenants (jg) who were also pilots were sprawled on the beds, dead to the world.

"Nobody to talk to," Lieutenant Boyden said. "That's why I came downstairs." He picked up a bottle from the bureau and filled two glasses. "Well, here's looking at you, Pop. Move their legs over and sit down." William Briggs sat down carefully.

"Happy days," he said.

Lieutenant Boyden took off his tie and pulled off his shirt. His undershirt with its quarter-length sleeves had holes in it that displayed ragged sections of the lieutenant's plump, muscular torso. The lieutenant's eyes were gray-blue and round, and his mouth, rather a large mouth, was

half open, as though he were not sure that he had heard correctly.

"What's that you said?" he asked.

"I said, 'Happy days,'" Briggs answered.

Lieutenant Boyden brushed some shirts and socks off a chair.

"Oh, yeh, pardon me, Happy days," he said. "Don't mind the kids. Those two always pass out early."

He raised his glass, threw his head back, and finished half of it. William Briggs sat on the edge of the bed trying to think of something to say, while the sound of music from the courtyard came through the open window.

Just before he had left New York, when he had come back to the apartment at five one afternoon, he had found his daughter Clara giving a tea-party for her dolls, and she had asked him to sit on the floor beside the little table. Curiously enough he was now experiencing the same sense of unreality, the same embarrassed effort to adjust himself to the unfamiliar, the same attempt to recapture something which he had lost. Now, instead of a doll's teacup, he was holding half a glass of raw rye whiskey. Instead of dolls, he was on a bed beside two insensible young officers. Instead of Clara, he was talking to a drunken lieutenant.

"There used to be a correspondent on the old *Lex*," Lieutenant Boyden said. "What's his name? I don't remember. What's your assignment, Pop?"

Before he answered, Briggs finished his drink, but the drink made it no better.

"I'm going out with a task force. What's going to happen to you?"

Lieutenant Boyden had been looking at him and past him, and now his eyes focused unwinking on William Briggs.

"Two days' leave. Doctors. Reassignment. You've just come out, haven't you?"

"How can you tell that?" William Briggs asked.

"Hell!" Lieutenant Boyden told him. "Anyone can tell them when they're new. How's it back there? How's New York?"

"Just about the same," Briggs answered; "not so many lights."

Lieutenant Boyden finished his drink and reached for the bottle.

"The other night I heard a New York broadcast," he said. "Sometimes I get to thinking, although I don't let it bother me. That's my motto, you understand. Don't let anything bother. It was called 'Do Our Boys Know What We Are Fighting For?' I sometimes wonder why they don't get over it."

"How do you mean?" William Briggs asked.

He could see that Lieutenant Boyden was struggling with an abstract idea, and it was almost a physical effort. He set his glass on the corner of the writing table, beside some shaving implements, and grasped both his knees with his plump hard hands.

"I mean why the heck should it bother them, if we're in here pitching. We're in here pitching, aren't we?"

IN HIS still fresh enthusiasm William Briggs was trying to translate the scene into the terms of a human-interest story—the clear-eyed young officer speaking confidently of his ideals. Briggs was still thinking of war aims and of why people fought and died. It was true that the atmosphere was not exactly suitable, with two young drunks on the bed, and instead of being clear-eyed, Lieutenant Boyden was having trouble with his eyesight and his syllables. When he reached for his glass again, his arm hit the bottle. It tipped sideways toward the floor, but there was still nothing the matter with the boy's timing. He caught it when it was in mid-air and laughed.

"Baby, that was close," he said.

Briggs was thinking it would be quite possible to place this conversation in a more palatable setting—the beach—the sun—Boyden back from a long swim, with a trimmer figure and full of the zest of living, defining ingenuously his philosophy.

"Well, now you've brought the subject up—what are you fighting for?" Briggs asked.

Boyden scratched his skin under his undershirt.

"I think I'm getting the itch," he said.

"Go ahead," Briggs said, "never mind the itch. What are you fighting for?"

Boyden stopped scratching and put his hands back on his knees.

"What the hell else is there to do?" he asked. "We're in here pitching, aren't we? You get used to it, Pop. What else is there to do?"

"Let's put it another way," Briggs said.

"What other way?" Boyden asked.

"I mean," Briggs said, "*why* do you do it? And don't say 'what else is there to do.'"

"Well, that's still the answer, isn't it?" Boyden said. "You wouldn't let the gang down, would you? That's the word—don't let down the gang."

"How long have you been out here?" Briggs asked.

"Since late summer of '43."

"That's quite a while."

"Yeh," Boyden said, "if I last much longer, they'll begin to call me Pops."

"Did you always feel this way?" Briggs asked.

"What way?"

"The way you feel now."

Boyden was having difficulty with the line of thought.

"If I hadn't," Boyden said, "I'd have washed out. What d'you think I am, Pops, emotionally unstable?"

"No," Briggs told him, "I wouldn't say you were."

Lieutenant Boyden picked up the bottle and crossed the room to where Briggs was sitting. He swayed with his first step, then regained his balance and threaded his way around the sea-bags neatly and easily.

"Kill her off, Pop," Boyden said. "We've got to kill her off."

"Thanks, haven't you had about enough?" Briggs asked.

"No," Boyden answered, "you never can tell when you'll get it next. I'll tell you something—now we're on the subject. The thing is not to think too much. I've seen a lot of kids thinking, especially the new kids, and it isn't normal."

"I don't see how you can help it," Briggs said.

"I'll tell you," Boyden answered. "Take torpedoes. You go in over the water, maybe as low as fifty feet. You let it go when you're two hundred yards away. It's all right when you're doing it, if you don't get thinking first. Just climb in and say a little prayer."

"You pray, do you?" Briggs asked.

"Praying's better than thinking, isn't it?" Boyden answered, "but I'll tell you, now we're on the subject. There are times when it doesn't hurt to let yourself go, and think."

"When?" Briggs asked.

"At a time like this," Boyden said. "You've got me thinking."

"What do you think about?" Briggs asked.

Boyden looked up at the ceiling and reached for the bottle again.

"Home," he said. "This just about kills it. My kid, and when I was a kid—all those things. Only there's one thing you've got to remember. This is one place and that's another. You don't want to get the two of them mixed up. Do you know what I mean? I don't know what they're doing and they don't know what I'm doing. That kind of thinking's all right—that's normal; and me, I'm very normal, or else I'd be washed out."

"So you think about home and when you were a kid," Briggs said.

"I make it into a kind of a story in my mind," Boyden answered, "at a time like this."

But against that background William Briggs could not help mixing the two things together—Lieutenant Boyden in his undershirt and the Boyden back home.

"And there's another thing I've learned, Pops," Boyden said, "out here, you don't want to get liking anyone too much. Be pals with the crowd, but don't like them too much, because what's the good in it? You get to liking a kid and it upsets you when he dies. But it's all right at a time like this when you have a little time. It's normal to be more friendly." He pointed toward the bed. "Now, those kids there are the best damn kids." He picked up the bottle and it was empty. He tossed it on the floor. "They're the same as any kids back home."

AS TIME went on, William Briggs understood what Boyden meant. It was safer not to get too interested in anyone out there. It was better simply to know everyone superficially and to let it go at that. You could never tell who would come or who would go. New faces appeared from Washington and old faces left

for shore duty. Submarine so-and-so was overdue and presumed lost, and the next-of-kin were notified. You would board a ship and have coffee in the wardroom and the next morning she would have pulled out—you never knew just where. You would go out with a DE and watch the rocket practice, and talk about baseball and the Civil War, and you might never see those boys again; but on the other hand, perhaps at some officers' club on some island when the bar was open, you would see a face and there would be the skipper of that same DE, or the transport pilot who had let you sit beside him in the co-pilot's chair for an hour or so when you flew out to Guam.

It was a long while before he saw Boyden again after those few days they had been together at Honolulu. It was not until Briggs had been assigned to the support carrier *Rogue River* off Ulithi and the whole aspect of the war had changed, and Briggs himself had changed in many ways.

The word was that this rendezvous was going to be the beginning of the biggest show yet. There was the greatest concentration of warships that the world had ever seen. They extended over the rims of the horizon, so many that he wondered how an organization could exist that could supply and group and count them and send them on their way. At night the ocean was dotted with their lights, shining contemptuously although the Japanese at Yap were only a few hundred miles to the south. Briggs had just climbed aboard the support carrier and before he had even reported to the officer of the deck he came face to face with Boyden on the hangar deck. Boyden looked well and rested, without a new line on his face.

"Hullo, Pops," he said, "are you going north on this party?"

"Yes," Briggs said, "and then I'm heading home."

"Home?" Boyden repeated.

"Just for a month or six weeks," Briggs told him.

"Well, keep your fingers crossed, and wash behind your ears, and maybe you'll make it," Boyden said.

"Where's Smitty?" Briggs had asked him.

"Smitty?" Boyden repeated. "That kid's gone."

"Gone where?" Briggs started to ask, but then he realized where Smitty had gone.

"He was a good kid," Boyden said. "He wasn't with us, but we got the word."

"Where's the other one?" Briggs asked, "the one from Boise, Idaho?"

Boyden laughed.

"Back at Pearl," he said. "28-A Trimble Street, not Thumbull Street, remember?"

It had been quite a while but Briggs remembered. He was transferred to Transport 240 three weeks later.

IV

IT WAS a fine clear day, and very much warmer than it had been six hundred miles up north, when Briggs got back to Guam. Transport 240 steamed through the narrow entrance of Apra harbor, passing the steep cliffs to starboard with their rich vegetation. The sunlight gave the water over the coral reefs to port tints of green and violet. They were busy blowing out the coral with dynamite and the charges went off like bombs, blowing geysers of water up toward the light blue sky. There were several new dry-docks and dozens of new berths.

The transport edged close to a sand and coral mole, where a column of ambulances was lined up to take off the wounded. Briggs was standing on the bridge with the chaplain, who had been speaking of a group of gravely wounded in the ward-room.

"Those boys," the chaplain said, "have never had a chance to live."

He was partially right, but out there time possessed all sorts of dimensions and a good many of the boys who were dying had experienced years in terms of minutes.

In some ways Guam was like an oil town in Oklahoma. The Navy and the Army had certainly struck it rich in terms of the taxpayers' money. Nothing was too good for Guam, nothing too expensive, because there was a war. Once Congress had jibbed at a few millions for harbor improvements, but now the sky was the limit. They had carved out motor high-

ways and they were building more. They were leveling off the tops of the hills, and building towns for the natives beside the ruins of Agana. The B.O.Q.'s up on the hill at CINCPAC—called Bachelor Officers' Quarters as though different accommodations for married officers existed there—were as comfortable and very much quieter than the B.O.Q.'s at Pearl Harbor. The Officers' Mess was established in one Quonset hut with tables and silver for captains or better, and the Officers' Club had already opened in another. Briggs recalled that, aboard the *Rogue River*, when the word came that the Marines had raised the flag on Suribachi, someone had said they would be building the Officers' Club up there tomorrow.

Guam was still enough of a frontier so that the club was like a frontier bar, with a board counter where the drinks were being sold, and a long mess table covered with empty beer cans. The benches were crowded when Briggs came in. Army, Marine, and Naval officers, Red Cross men, and correspondents were all there talking at once, because the day was over. It was the crossroads to anywhere. You talked and drank your beer and left and only God or Headquarters knew whether you would come back again.

THE PASSENGERS were already climbing into the black shadows of the cabin when Briggs reached his plane next morning—first the captains, then the commanders, according to rank, like animals entering the Ark. Inside the two rows of bucket seats faced each other. The life rafts were packed and the thermos of coffee was ready for the evening meal.

The plane was gaining altitude and getting on its course. The palms, the deep green, shining leaves of the breadfruit trees, and the roads and the Quonset huts grew smaller. They were well above the island now, so that he could look into the gorges where there were still pockets of Japanese. Soon there would be nothing but cloud and water until they let down at Kwajalein that night.

Passengers balancing on their bucket seats, with angles of aluminum to lean against, formed a cross-section of all the Pacific services—Army and Navy fliers

going back to join new groups, a submarine lieutenant commander, a Navy captain from the Headquarters Staff, a yeoman and three electronic specialists, a captain of the Marines recovering from malaria, three paratroopers, a middle-aged officer from the Seabees, an Army lieutenant with the Silver Star, a lieutenant (jg) carrying dispatches. Some of them had pulled out cigarettes. Some were reading paper-covered detective stories, and others were simply thinking. One might have learned a great deal about the war if they had only spoken their thoughts, but they were silent. It was only in the war books that fliers and PT boys really ever talked. Suppose everyone on the seats opposite had begun speaking as they did in one of those books "as told to Bill Sykes or Spike Mahaffey." For some reason all those authors signed their names in abbreviation.

A group of fresh-faced, happy-go-lucky fellows, tanned by the sun and inured to the hardships in the Pacific, gathered about this reporter in a jovial little knot, as the plane winged its way from Guam to Kwajalein.

"You ought to see the going-over the cans gave us off Yokohama," the big submariner began.

"They shook the paint off the old pipe," his companion interjected, taking up the tale.

"Then we made a pass at that sampan," the little flier interrupted brightly.

"I didn't think I'd ever see Junior again," the other flier ejaculated laughingly.

"You boys ought to have seen it at Leyte," the tank man interrupted, unwilling to be left out.

"It was really rugged at Leyte," the paratrooper volunteered. "We really hit the silk."

All those boys were talking so fast that this reporter found it difficult to unravel their skein of experience.

That was the way it went in those war books, but William Briggs had never heard them talk like that.

ABOUT the time that the sun was setting, he was thinking that Lieutenant Boyden was a fair common denominator for all these figures seated opposite. He was thinking of Boyden as a baby and as a little boy, as a composite of those photographs of children that everyone carried in wallets, or pasted sometimes on the scabbards of their dirks. It was difficult to see across the plane now that it was

getting dark. The door of the crew's compartment opened and one of the crew walked slowly down to the tail, giving the word from the plane commander. They were going to proceed blacked out—no lights, no more cigarettes. In a little while there was nothing in the plane but darkness.

Briggs had once told Lieutenant Boyden that he had first seen New York in 1922 in the spring vacation of his junior year at Dartmouth and Boyden had said it was funny the way things happened. That was the very year that Boyden had been born—right there in New York City. There was Briggs, a college man, and Boyden drinking milk. Boyden had said that his father, Philip Boyden, had a job with a printing and engraving company, and had married a girl in the office named Carrie Hines, who used to work on lay-outs. The old man, Lieutenant Boyden said, had been in one of the infantry regiments of the old 77th in the last war, shortly after he had graduated from Hamilton College. Boyden's mother must have been a fairly pretty girl, and on the whole, the marriage could not have worked out badly. There was one thing the Boydens had always wanted and that was a home of their own, and when the boy was born they moved out to East Orange to a new and quite badly built house which they could pay for finally just like rent.

Boyden must have passed through the usual conventional middle-class childhood, and when William Briggs tried to relive the pattern of it, as he sat there in the dark listening to the motors, its simplicity and security conveyed an extraordinary sense of peace. There was so much in those days that one always took for granted. There was a sense of routine activity which included a lively instinct for acquisition usually applied to marbles, stamps, or rabbits. It must all have had some purpose.

"I used to have the damndest tumbler pigeons." Briggs' memory of Lieutenant Boyden's voice chimed in with the motors. "The old man helped me fix them up in the back yard, and Susie was always trying to get in at them. By God, you should have seen them drop, just as though you'd got a bead on them and let them have

it. . . . The boys used to pick on me because I was kind of fat." It was Boyden's voice again. "Until I took two of them on at once. They licked me but I marked them up. I wasn't so bad for my weight. I played end once in the game against Summit High."

You could put it all together into a sort of common reservoir of national thought. Despite their disparity in age, he and Boyden must have shared the same superstitions, and the same vulgar word-of-mouth beliefs. They both must have read *American Boy* magazine, and *The Adventures of Frank Merriwell*, and the works of the late Ralph Henry Barbour. They both must have learned not to lie, and not to go back on the crowd. No matter who you might be, you were exposed to certain precepts of conduct. You learned the Lord's Prayer, and that Christ had risen from the dead, and that you must pledge allegiance to the flag, and that we had fought the British and gained our independence because we could lick anybody in the world. You picked up a few frontier notions as a boy scout or from a visit to a summer camp, and also a few inaccuracies about sex. Those were the things you learned so well that all subsequent knowledge was built on their plain foundation stones. You could disbelieve parts of it afterwards, but you could not forget.

THE OLD man used to make gadgets down in the cellar on Saturdays when he was home." It was Boyden's voice again. "He had a lathe and a jig-saw. He made a doll's house for Susie. Boy, it was really quite a house. I made a plane down there—the kind you bought knocked down, but you had to be some kid to put one of those together. You wound it on elastics, and poops—you let it go."

There would be, if Briggs cared to fill in the blank spaces, a front lawn that ran down to a concrete sidewalk, and a flower border with peonies and iris and hollyhocks, and a vine of Indian pipe that climbed along the uprights of the front porch. There would be the house itself—a ten-thousand-dollar wooden type of a house that was known as colonial—and then beside it two strips of concrete lead-

ing to the garage in back, where the pigeons lived behind their netting and where the clotheslines were stretched.

"Sundays we would go out in the car, Ma and Susie—all of us. The old man taught me to drive it when I was sixteen. He was great at fixing up a flivver. He can still make them go, and he and my mother played a pretty good game of bridge. When he got more in the chips, he joined the golf club because that was the thing to do, but he never had the jack to go there much."

You could place them easily enough from such remarks of Boyden's. His father would be in the category of a minor executive with an annual income of perhaps eight thousand dollars, one of those thousands of commuters who streamed out of the ferry slip into downtown New York each weekday.

"Ma played the piano some. Susie used to take music lessons."

They always did have music lessons in Boyden's walk of life.

There were antimacassars on the parlor chairs and the radio had Jacobean legs and an inlaid front and the gas stove would cook without watching and there was an automatic electric toaster and an electric percolator in the breakfast nook. Boyden always spoke of all those things as though they were in front of him and each endowed with a peculiar importance. He could also remember the titles of the books in the glass-covered bookcase in the parlor. It was of golden oak and the key was kept in a white glass vase on the piano. There was a set of Conrad which the girls in the office had given his mother as a wedding present, and *Specimens of Famous Oratory*, and then some of his father's college books, such as *An Introduction to Geology*, Chaucer, Shakespeare in two volumes, and a French dictionary.

His own room was upstairs over the kitchen. That was where he kept his own stuff and Briggs could guess what it was, even before Boyden told of it. An air rifle, a fielder's mitt, a box of electric gadgets, schoolbooks, a colored print by Maxfield Parrish of a tall blonde talking to a knight in front of a medieval castle; and later, a photograph of his high school class, and later still, a picture of the crowd

in front of his frat house. When Boyden came back to the States on his only leave, he had gone upstairs to look at his room and, Boyden said, it had given him quite a bang. There had been no time to move any of it to his new place, but some day when this show got over, he was going to have a place something like a rumpus room but not exactly, where he could take friends for a drink, and he was going to have a lot of his old stuff in it. He was going to collect a lot of old snapshots of kids, the boys and girls he used to know. Daisy had never cared about those things, because she was always doing too much at once, but someday he was going to get all his things together and sort them out and throw away the stuff he did not want, such as girls' letters. There was no use keeping too much kid's stuff around too long.

There was the drugstore on the corner down by the car line, and the movie house and the mountain where you could walk along the ridge through the woods and see New York City.

WASN'T there a girl next door?" Briggs had asked him once.

There had not been a girl next door. She had lived three doors down on the other side of the street and her name was Verna May Lewis. Mr. Lewis had something to do with a public utility company and Mrs. Lewis and Boyden's mother belonged to the Woman's Club, and they both were in the Altar Guild at the Episcopal church, but he had never noticed Verna May much. Sometimes in high school he would walk down the street with her, but the truth was that he was afraid of girls when he was a kid, shy, and besides his mother and everyone else seemed to expect him to go around with Verna May.

"Wouldn't it be nice," his mother used to say, "to ask Verna May over to supper, Jimmy? And then you two could go to the moving pictures."

Then Susie would begin to giggle, and his father would say, "Yes, why don't you take Verna to the pictures, Jim?"

Now anyone should have known what people would say, if you went around with one girl. He wanted it to be very clear that there was nothing whatsoever be-

tween him and Verna May. His best friend was a kid named Sam Tilton, and God knows where Sam was now; but Sam was the one who taught him a good deal about women. Sometimes he and Sam would take some of the girls in school out in Sam's father's car, and there would naturally be a certain amount of petting and necking—nothing very serious (you know the way kids are) but he never took Verna May on any of those rides. Verna didn't go around with that crowd; besides, Mrs. Lewis would have heard of it and Mrs. Lewis would have told the family and then there would have been hell to pay; besides, Verna would have thought it all meant something, and of course a little necking did not mean anything at all.

THERE WAS one thing that impressed Briggs—the unblemished mediocrity of that boyhood and youth, so complete a tribute to environment.

"Did you ever get to thinking what anything was about?" Briggs had asked Boyden once.

"What the hell do you mean, what anything was about?" Boyden answered.

Of course Briggs had meant the outside world, its economic and political tumult and the events that indicated the end of peace, but Boyden said that there had not been any time to think of any of that stuff. Professors up at college kept talking about that stuff, but Boyden's idea had always been to let them and Mr. Roosevelt do the worrying, and any kids who began figuring on those angles were in the queer bunch. The family had taken out educational insurance so that he could go to college, and he was having too tough a time with French and chemistry and ancient history to worry about any more deep stuff. He was doing what everyone was doing and it took up all his time. There was the fraternity rush season and he had to put his mind on whether he ought to go Sigma Delt or Gamma Phi, and besides there were all the college sports like football, for instance—and that was a full job in itself—let alone passing the exams. He was light for college football but he was quick on his feet and he had played in the last quarter of the game against Summit High. Besides, he was learning quite a

lot about life, and that took a lot of thinking. It wasn't normal not to go out with the crowd, where there was a juke box and a few drinks, and all that sort of business used up a lot of energy. It took real work just trying to learn and to get things straight without worrying what krauts and frogs and wops and share-croppers were doing. You had to learn how to tell a real joe from a drip, for instance, and how far you could go with a certain type of girl.

"Believe me," Boyden said, "a kid has a lot to learn, particularly an American kid."

You had to know all those things he was talking about, and besides you had to get to develop some sort of a line so you wouldn't be a drip yourself. You had to learn the swing steps and the proper clothes, if you wanted to keep up with the crowd—and all of that was a full-time job in itself—let alone everything else that everyone kept pushing at you.

"Didn't you ever plan what you were going to do?" Briggs had asked him.

"Do?" Boyden said. "Believe me, I was doing plenty, Pop."

Of course, Boyden said, you had to get around to that sort of thing sometime. You could cope with it in your last year at college but there wasn't any last year, because the war had busted it all up. Besides you had to get set first, and you had to learn all these other things and look around. Boyden's idea was that maybe he would have liked to get a job travelling to places like the pictures in the *National Geographic*, but he was fed up on those places now till they were running out his ears. Anyhow, there were other matters much more important to an American kid than what he was going to do, because you always ended by doing something. Love was more important. There was a problem that a kid simply had to work out for himself.

"It's a funny thing—love," Boyden said.

"Yes," Briggs repeated after him, "It's a funny thing—love."

ALL RIGHT, you could be cynical about it if you were an old guy and had worked it out, but the funny thing about love was you couldn't tell what was real love and what wasn't, not until it was all

over and you began loving somebody else. This wasn't just Boyden's own experience either. In fact he knew now that everything that had happened to him was perfectly normal because he had compared notes with a lot of other kids. Of course, he had thought he was in love a couple of times before it got serious, once with a little number back in high school, and once with the daughter of a professor of physics in Troy, New York, but neither of these was serious. The first time that he was positive that he was in love, so that it fooled him, was the Christmas vacation of his sophomore year, and Boyden said that this was the way it happened.

No sooner had he got to East Orange and got his stuff up to his room than his mother came knocking on the door. She was just back from the Altar Guild where they had been working on floral plans for the Christmas services. She gave him a big kiss and said how well he looked. It was a funny thing that you never felt grown up when you were with your mother, and that was not just his individual experience either.

"Jimmy," she said, "I've accepted an invitation for you tonight to go to Verna May's birthday party."

He had been to Verna's party last year and he imagined that there would be a cake and musical chairs just as though they were all still kids.

"But Jimmy," his mother said, "You know you are very fond of Verna May."

There was no way of getting out of it, because his mother and Mrs. Lewis were dear friends and both in the Woman's Club, so he put on his tux and walked across the street with Susie, who was just fifteen and old enough to go.

"Jimmy's fond of Verna May," Susie kept saying. "Jimmy's fond of Verna May." There was no use telling Susie to shut up. In fact, it was his experience that you never got anywhere arguing with women. It was easier to take it and walk along and whistle a tune.

He was just beginning to learn that some people were more in the chips than other people, but it never bothered him the way it did some other kids. He was just as good as anybody else, and he could make all the dough he wanted as soon as he got

around to it. That was why going to a home like the Lewis home never troubled him, although it was pretty big, with a downstairs lavatory just off where you hung your coats, and a sun porch, and a library, besides a living room. No matter how big those houses were in the Oranges, and no matter how much jack the old people had, they were always looking for an extra man at parties—particularly a college man with a good line who was good on his feet. There was quite a crowd at the Lewises', even some kids from Llewellyn Park. The dining room table was all covered with little cakes and sandwiches and coffee, and there was a fruit punch and coke and gingerale, and even some sherry. It was a lot better party than he thought it was going to be, if they just hadn't played paper games and stuff like "Twenty Questions."

When he saw Verna May standing in the living room talking to some Princeton and Yale drips, it amazed him that he had never realized what a cute little trick she was. It all went to prove that you could never tell how a kid would turn out until she started working on herself. Verna May was a little taller than he was and that was something that had always put him off her, but now it did not matter, because she had a new hair-do that made her look dark and slinky, and lipstick, and a sort of a yellow-green pastel party dress.

"Hi, Verna," he said, "how's tricks?" or something like that, just a casual opening line. Somehow when you liked a girl, it was his experience in some way she could tell it and you also could tell in some way, right off, whether she liked having you like her. That was the way it was right off with him and Verna May.

"I never knew you liked me until that night," she told him.

That was one of the peculiar things about love, whether it was real or not, you always thought that you had always liked someone that you thought you were in love with, and that was just what Verna May said.

"Of course, I always liked you subconsciously, Jimmy, but you were *so* sophisticated that night."

And that was exactly the way he had felt about her, too. She was sophisti-

cated. She was sophisticated the next night when he kissed her after he had taken her to the movies.

"We mustn't be too silly, Jimmy dear," she said.

In his experience you could always tell after you had kissed a girl whether you wanted to go on with it. There was only one thing about Verna May that bothered him—or maybe there were two things. She seemed to be too sure about him and she began right off trying to do things about him. It was Boyden's experience that it was always tough, at any rate for a man, to have a woman feel that she owned you. It was normal for a man to feel that way about a woman, but if a woman felt that way about a man it was a lot better if she did not show it.

THAT CHRISTMAS was in 1940, and they were always together after that, vacation times. Verna would go with him to see plays in New York, not musical shows but pretty deep stuff. If they were in town in the afternoons, instead of looking in the shop windows or going to a picture, she wanted to go to art galleries where you saw oil paintings of fallen-down barns and skulls of dead animals on the desert. She was different but it didn't gripe him. All that next year, his junior year, he would write her at Smith College where she went to school and she would send him books about China, and books of stories by men like Steinbeck. He read them whenever he had the time, because love was like that. Verna made him finish out his year when the war started instead of quitting cold the way a lot of the kids did. If it hadn't been for Verna May, he would have signed up that next Christmas after Pearl Harbor. She had cried when he had told her what he was going to do, instead of being proud of it, and it was uncomfortable having some kid cry on you when there was a war on. It was no time to be studying history and who socked Socrates when there was a war on, but he stuck it out till April because they said you stood a better chance for a commission if you had stayed in college. There wasn't any stopping him when it came April, and that was when Verna said something that upset him.

She said it the afternoon when he got back from 90 Church Street, after the doctors had spent all day giving him the works.

"Jimmy, dear," Verna May said, "I wish you wouldn't act as though it were a football game."

Those were not the right words to use at a time like that, although it was his experience that most women were always emotionally unstable. Verna never seemed to understand that you had to pay your way for what had been given you and that if you didn't get in there and pitch, a lot of little slant-eyed joes would be kicking you around. She didn't seem to understand that anybody with guts wasn't going to sit around and let some college turn him into a quiz kid until his number was called.

"But, Jimmy," she said, "why do you have to go into aviation?"

She did not seem to understand that all the best kids were trying out for it; besides, it was better flying than walking in the mud; besides, you could get a commission and flying pay; and besides, it was something to aim at because it took guts; and besides, someone had to do it.

Yet this did not answer a part of Verna's question. What sort of faith did Boyden and those others like him have that made them brave? It must have been something more than the valor of sheer ignorance, and more than pride, or competition, or loyalty to a group. Somewhere there was some meaning in his meaninglessness that escaped all definition. They were dying every day for something.

BRIGGS was half asleep when he was aroused by someone shaking his shoulder. The pressure in his ears told him that the plane was letting down. The air was growing as sultry as July at home. They were letting down at Kwajalein and a weapon carrier would take them to the mess. Except for the airport and the kitchens, Kwajalein was sound asleep. He could see vaguely the outlines of barracks and supply depots and an occasional decapitated palm—the only visible monuments of the taking of the island. When the passengers tramped in and sat on the benches of the mess hall, it looked like an all-night diner. The lieutenant next him asked for the evaporated milk.

"It's a hot night," Briggs said.

"Yes," the lieutenant answered, "it really is hot. Are you going back to the States?" The lieutenant stirred his coffee and poured some syrup on his French toast. "The last time I was back I didn't know exactly what to say. Did you ever feel like that?"

"Yes," Briggs answered, "almost everybody does."

"It's like being two places at once when you're on leave," the lieutenant said.

He remembered that Boyden had said the same thing once. It was like adjusting two images in an optical instrument, but no matter what you did those two images would never exactly coincide.

V

BY THE time Boyden got to Pensacola, Verna May must have heard the other girls talking because she seemed glad that he was in there pitching. Somebody must have told her that what the boys wanted most were good long letters from home, because she wrote him letters that took a long while to read, what with other things on your mind. She told him how proud she was to have someone who belonged to her—that's what she said, "belonged to her"—fighting for his country, and then she used to ask him what books he had been reading. She would not have understood if he had told her that he used his spare time in other ways. You saw a whole lot of the United States when you were going to those different schools, and you picked up a lot of new ideas. Somehow it was hard for him always to keep Verna May in his mind. He had her picture in his wallet and she had his at home, standing in front of the old crate he was learning to fly—but that did not mean he belonged to Verna May. He was definitely *not* engaged to her, although he and Verna may have talked the way you do sometimes about the future, but she should have known that he always did it in a kidding way, and besides there was a war on. He was getting too many new ideas to be able to read long letters, or to write many back. The truth was that he had not been in love with Verna May at all; he had simply in his mind made Verna

May into the sort of girl he had wanted to love.

This was the sort of thing that crept up on you and smacked you, without your knowing it was coming. The truth was he could not blame himself for something that was an honest mistake. He had simply known Verna May before he had gone to all those flying schools. They shot a lot of stuff into you there that tended to make you different. You found yourself facing up to a lot of things that weren't the way they looked in print. You realized that you might die if you didn't remember what you were told, about reading a map, or manipulating gadgets. It didn't pay to have too much else on your mind, and yet in a way you noticed more things than you ever had, and sometimes after a hard day when something had almost happened to you but not quite, you were just very glad to be alive. Without its worrying you at all, you couldn't help but get, finally, into a new sort of mood.

He could not understand exactly why love should be mixed up in this mood, but it seemed to be that way with lots of people. Once he heard someone recite a poem. It was a kid in a sack near him who had a volume of Kipling, and the poem was about some things being greater than other things, and three of the things that were greater were women, and horses, and war. He did not know anything about horses, but maybe it was true about women.

MAYBE LOVE was different at different times according to your mood. At any rate, down at Pensacola, not so long before he got his commission, he was at one of those Saturday night dances at the USO, with no premonition that anything extraordinary would happen. He was simply down there at the dance and someone had introduced him to a little blonde who was quite a cute little trick. She had a turned-up nose and blue eyes. She said her people were sort of camping out in a bungalow on Mariposa Avenue. She said that she had been dancing with so many boys that her feet hurt and she could not tell one from the other and Boyden had asked her what she

couldn't tell apart—the boys or her feet. Later she said that her feet hurt her so much, perhaps if he would take her home, she could tell him apart from the other boys. So he drove home with her in her car and she took off her slippers, and then she took off her stockings because it was a very hot night.

Her name was Daisy Sonberg. Her father had lived in Charleston, West Virginia, before he had retired, but he was really her step-father, because her mother had married again after a divorce and she did not know where her father was and sometimes it made her sad and lonely. After a while they began talking about life and they both agreed that you could not tell what would happen next. For instance, here they were just sitting alone on the porch, although neither of them had known the other existed the day before. Daisy was engaged to a boy who had left for Pearl, but now that she saw Boyden she was not sure whether she loved that boy or not, and Boyden told her he knew exactly what she meant because he suddenly realized he was in exactly the same situation. He was not at all sure that he was in love with Verna May. It was a very interesting thing to discuss, that lieutenant off at Pearl and Verna May in Orange.

"We're just two lonely people, aren't we?" Daisy said.

It seemed that Daisy's step-father and mother were off somewhere for the weekend, so they had the bungalow all to themselves—just as though it were their own. When they went inside and Daisy got some ice and soda and a bottle of her step-father's Bourbon—running out to the kitchen in her bare feet to fetch the glasses—it seemed to Boyden that he had always known Daisy. When they went around looking for the bottle opener and that gadget that pried the ice loose out of the tray, he realized the kid needed someone to help her, not like Verna May, who could always help herself. She cut her finger trying to open the soda bottle and then they had to look through the bathroom cabinet to find a band-aid for it. Then out in the kitchen she knocked over two glasses.

"You better park yourself on the sofa and let me handle this," Boyden said.

She looked up at him with her blue eyes wide open, just like a little kid, and she was shorter than he was—not taller like Verna May.

"I'm not fit to marry him," she said.

Of course she was referring to that unknown lieutenant out at Pearl but Daisy was all right.

"You park yourself on the sofa," Boyden told her.

"My hair's a mess," she said, but he always liked her yellow hair when it was rumpled. It was just as though it were their own house when they sat on the sofa polishing off the Bourbon, and they had a pretty interesting and serious conversation. Just for one thing, they were both interested in that radio program where people told their problems once a week, and just the week before there had been a girl on that program who was engaged to one boy, but who had met a second one, and now could not tell which one she really loved. The mediation board had said it was very courageous of her to face the problem squarely, and that if she kept on facing it, her instinct would tell her which one she ought to marry.

"Listen, baby," Boyden said, "you don't love that heel at Pearl."

"How do you know I don't?" Daisy asked.

"Because you wouldn't talk about him to me, if you did," Boyden answered. That was when he realized for certain that he had simply made Verna May into the girl he wanted to love. Daisy sat on the sofa, looking at her bare toes, with each little toenail done with red nail paint, to match her fingers.

"How do you make them match?" Boyden asked.

"They don't," Daisy said. "I lost the bottle I did my hands with, and I couldn't remember the color when I got one for my toes."

It was true when you looked. Her toes were one color and her fingers were another.

"I wish I wasn't so mixed up," Daisy said, and all at once she began to cry. It seemed that Daisy hadn't been telling quite the truth about that boy at Pearl. She hadn't wanted to because she was so ashamed, but now that she knew Boyden

better, she wanted to tell him that the boy had written, all of a sudden, and told her that it was all off.

It had not occurred to Boyden until a long while later that the kid at Pearl must have felt about Daisy just the way he was feeling about Verna May. Even when it did occur to him, he knew that there was no parallel, because Daisy was not Verna May.

"Darling," Daisy said, "I guess I'd better go to bed."

Boyden stood up, and picked up his cap.

"But where are you going to sleep?" Daisy asked him.

"I've got a twenty-four hour pass," Boyden said. "I've got a sack at the hotel."

"You can sleep on the couch here, if you want," Daisy said, "the family won't be back until tomorrow night."

Now Verna May would never have had the courage to do that. She would have been afraid of what people would have said. At any rate, it was a very romantic thing and Daisy did not care what people said. It was like living in a story—parts of it. Daisy's room was just off the parlor, and while he lay there on the couch they talked to each other through the half open door. His nerves had never been so quiet. He had never slept so well; in fact he never woke up until nine the next morning, when he opened his eyes to find Daisy in a pink wrapper leaning over him. It was exactly as though it were their own house.

"Darling," Daisy said, "when I put the coffee on I broke the percolator."

THERE WAS nothing wrong about it and it was a very beautiful experience. It was quite a rest after all the technical stuff he had been learning, about astronomy and azimuths—something he could remember without its taking his mind off his work. The main thing that they wanted to be sure of was that they really loved each other as much as they thought they did, and the week after he was commissioned they knew they did. His pay was large enough to support a wife, particularly since he was going to sea, and so they were married two days later when he got his leave.

All the rest of it was like something

which you thought about and which never seemed quite possible. He had bought an old jalopy there at Pensacola and he had a gas allotment to drive it north on leave. Sometimes before Boyden went to sleep he would think about that ride, and of all the places where they had stopped along the coast—the pine woods where the tire blew out, the night in the tourist home in Savannah, the day in Charleston, and the day in Washington. There was nothing wrong with a single minute of it as far as he could remember. Of course they were surprised at home when they saw Daisy, but it was Boyden's experience that this sort of thing was happening all the time, now that there was a war on. Although thirty days was not much, it was time enough to get things squared away. Daisy was not very good at looking out for herself and he wanted her to be in an apartment in East Orange where she could be comfortable and secure, right with his own people in case she was going to have a baby or anything like that. Sometimes when he thought of luck he thought of himself and Daisy. It had been good luck that they had found the apartment on Maple Street, exactly the right size. It had been good luck after that leave was over that they had been able to travel together, in a lower berth, out to the West Coast and to find two rooms at San Diego.

You got to know someone very well, particularly a girl like Daisy, when you batted around here and there the way you did in this war. You got to know what love was, living in little shacks and one-night stands on the West Coast while you were waiting for your orders. But the best part of it was that there were all sorts of married kids from all over the country in just the same position, so that you made a lot of friends and had a swell time while you were waiting for your orders. Everybody was kind to you, even the brass. His squadron commander had them to dinner twice, right at his apartment in San Francisco, just as though they were the same age. It was a great experience being married to anyone like Daisy, and that wasn't like anybody else's experience. It was something to know that all you had to do when you got leave was to send a wire when you

reached the Coast. It was something to remember that she was right there, with a kid fifteen months old that he had never seen, but he had the pictures and the letters. It was something to remember.

"It's kind of funny," Boyden said, "having a kid in just that way."

"In just what way?" Briggs had asked him.

Boyden shook his head when he tried to think of the right answer.

"In that way—" Boyden said, "all ready-made."

"It's the fashion now," Briggs said.

"Without doing anything about it," Boyden said, "that is, at least, not very much. All ready-made. It's hard to believe, isn't it?"

"You'll believe it when you see him," Briggs said.

"Yes, I suppose so, when I see him," Boyden said. "You're married, aren't you, Pop? Did you ever get so you didn't remember exactly how it happened?"

"You mean, so much else has been happening?" Briggs asked him.

"Yes," Boyden said, "maybe. You have to work quick when there's a war on. Sometimes I look at the pictures and I can't remember. Sometimes it's like it's all ready-made without my making it. That's what I mean when I say I don't remember."

There was the story of Lieutenant Boyden, a sequence of a few natural impulses and a few automatic responses. Yet the character that produced those impulses and responses was capable of others. With that unpromising background for a beginning, Lieutenant James K. Boyden could wear, if he wanted to wear ribbons, the Ribbon of the Navy Cross, the Distinguished Flying Cross, and the Air Medal with a Gold Star. If he still thought about the war as an athletic event, he was winning all the cups. . . .

THE LIEUTENANT next to Briggs nudged him.

"Johnston," he said, and Briggs turned to look through the small round window behind him.

"Remember the sign in the head at Johnston?" the lieutenant asked, "about going easy on the water? One gallon of

fuel oil to distill one gallon of drinking water, or is it two gallons?"

It was dawn, and the cloud formations were a soft pink above the pastel blue of the ocean. Johnston Island lay below them, a man-made airstrip built upon a shoal, and Briggs could see the half circle of breakers on the coral reef. It looked incredibly remote and small, and the faint colors of dawn made it weird and beautiful. Screwball islands, Boyden had called the Pacific atolls once—bodies of water completely surrounded by land, and no wonder too many screwy sights like that drove some kids nuts. . . . Full fathom five. . . . The pink clouds, the half light in the plane, the strained, unshaven faces of the passengers, and then some slight change in the revolution of the motors must have brought the words to Briggs' memory . . . Full fathom five . . . and too many of those screwy islands drove some kids nuts. The rest of the words came back to him, fantastic restive words, a half-answer to everything he had been thinking. They were all sunk fathoms deep in the unnatural element of war. No one who had ever been out there would ever be the same again.

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell. . . .

VI

IT WAS snowing in New York, and the snow and an undercurrent of sound half-blotted out the city the afternoon that William Briggs took the bus to Orange. The bus was crowded and the air inside was thick and wet and damp. He had never been a commuter and he felt awkward and out of place. He had tried several times to get in touch with Daisy, though he had a good many problems of his own. It was hard enough getting ac-

customed again to his own friends. There was an atmosphere of unreality about the old faces, and about his former habits, and association had no permanence because he was going out again. When he called the number which Boyden had given him, he was told several times that it did not answer; then he was told that the number was out of order and finally that it had been discontinued. He sent two telegrams also, but there was no reply. At length on a Saturday morning he was able to reach Boyden's family, and Boyden's father had been at home. That was when he learned that Daisy was away for a few days, but was expected back that evening, and wouldn't he come out for supper?

"Hello, Mr. Boyden?" he had said. "My name is Briggs, William Briggs. I am just back from the Pacific where I saw your son, Jimmy."

"What's that?" Mr. Boyden asked. From his voice it might have been Lieutenant Boyden speaking. "You say you've just seen Jimmy?"

"Yes," Briggs had answered, "he wanted me to tell you he's doing fine."

Of course he would come out. It would not be any trouble. It would be a pleasure, the least that he could do. Orange was only a step from New York and he would be glad to stay for supper. Boysie—that is, Jimmy—they called him Boysie out there on the carrier—had told him so much about his family that he felt he knew them already. That was the way one always put it. He couldn't go back without having seen them, and if they had any messages—yes, he was going back again—and it would be no trouble at all. It would be a pleasure, the least that anyone could do. That was the way one always put it—the least and it was almost nothing.

He knew if he had not gone that it would have been like leaving the theater before the last curtain. There was something along that bus-line for which someone like Boyden cared to die.

(To be concluded)

{ *Professor Shapley, long distinguished* }
{ *in astronomical research, is director* }
{ *of the Harvard College observatory.* }

STATUS QUO OR PIONEER?

The Fate of American Science

HARLOW SHAPLEY



THAT is the question I have been trying to ask—shall we tag along or lead?—but it has taken three sensational percussions in New Mexico and Japan to get your attention. My question is divisible and multiple. It also has shades and tints, and low implications. In a few minutes of argument, however, I can intimate, if not fully explain, why there are half a dozen new bills in Congress linking the government and its resources with scientific research and social evolution.

In the pre-bomb days it was the tendency of the average citizen and lawmaker to possess and exhibit the misconception that science is gadgets and nostrums, corn yield, mosquito control, and the testing of tobacco by eminent medical authorities. Also it was easy for the press agents of industrial laboratories to suppose that the developing of manufacturing processes is scientific research.

But now there is a growing public suspicion that science is a basic way of life, more inclusive of all the arts of living and knowing than the schoolbooks have told us. It is therefore high time that Congress should look into this business. For among the voters it is becoming widely known that the basing of conclusions on observations, on testing and logical reasoning, with a minimum of emotional grasping and evading, is the scientific method. It

is also the intelligent method. It works. It gets places in a world that competes for knowledge, comfort, safety, and experience.

Fortunately, we are nearly all scientists. The farmers, miners, machine operators, merchants, and housekeepers are scientific in spirit and in practice, even though not trained in schools to the scientific formula. These workers no longer rely chiefly on tradition, superstition, signs, and the supernatural for the common operations of daily life. And this is indeed fortunate, for these science-sensitive citizens are exactly those people who are now asked the preliminary question: What should our government do about the advance of scientific research and development? Should science continue to be just a slight and incidental interest in the national policy, or should it assume a position in keeping with the necessities of national growth and national defense against all foes, whether those enemies be human or protozoan, despots or diseases?

THE new Russia has a highly constructive attitude toward the place of science in the national economy. The attitude is indeed amazing, and may be somewhat ominous for those competitive nations that hope to share the future. Also the plans in England for governmental

support of scientific exploration and realization are something to be watched; for in the struggle to maintain itself as an important intellectual and commercial state, in the midst of more populous nations, the old British complacency has been shuffled off. Even the Chinese leaders, who are concerned with the evolution of their one-fifth of the planet's population, are asking if we of good will cannot help them to follow up their agricultural reforms, and their revolution in public health, with the introduction of the scientific method in the life of their common man.

But we in America, who seem to lead the world in technology and have an abundance of scientific talent in the colleges, in industry, and latently in the public schools, have been officially asleep. We drafted our young scientists out of their specialized training into the front line soldiery, with a smirk of obeisance to what we think is the fine democratic principle of not catering to any special group. We used the mature scientists and engineers fully and hopefully in our extremity to win a war that was permeated with science and technology; and we use them to provide the miracles of medicine, transportation, communication, and entertainment to an extent that has transformed and enriched the way of modern life. But there it ends. We assume that those who are scientifically trained would be incompetent to help shape the future, to safeguard the social gains, to build into the human race rationality and dignity, and a sensitivity to the need of international co-operation. We call them in, when the statesmen mess things up, for repair work; but not for planning, not for international engineering.

Should this assertion be documented? How's this: Half a hundred nations a few months ago sent official delegates to San Francisco to help reconstruct a confused wartime world. Our country's delegation was important, with a significant part to play. It had need of advisers, because many far-reaching and intricate problems must be elaborated. It invited about four hundred consultants, representatives of some forty American organizations. These representatives were on hand to acquire personal glory, advise on national and

international problems whether requested or not, and propagandize their own wares. The Kiwanis were invited, and the Church Peace Union; also the Rotarians, the Lions, and the National Association of Manufacturers.

But not one of the nation-wide scientific or engineering societies was invited or represented. No, not one scientist or engineer. A dozen of these scientific organizations have convenient headquarters in Washington or nearby. For some the memberships are in the tens of thousands. But they were shrugged off. Two or three scientists timidly suggested that science and technology be represented in the official consulting group, but they were easily brushed aside. We do not want to be saddled with such people, implied the inviting authorities. We cannot bother with those crackpots, those visionaries who concoct penicillin, quantum theory, helicopters, atomic war-stoppers, FM radio, jet propulsion, TVA's, plastics, and blood banks. Not those fellows! We shall invite instead the Women's Action Committee for Victory and Lasting Peace.

As one cools down to plain bewilderment, he remembers that the engineers and scientists are themselves partly responsible for the San Francisco snub. They have long been too indifferent to their social responsibilities. They have preferred test tubes to soap boxes; near-at-hand triumphs to long range duty. Also they lack political experience, such as is possessed by the American Federation of Labor. Political battles, they argue, would distract them from the fight against the Tyranny of the Unknown. Moreover, some would say, public administration and political manipulation are disgustingly messy, compared with the decisiveness of a chemical formula. Undignified, say others.

But all this was long ago, very long ago, socially speaking—several weeks before technical tests of certain hypotheses about atomic structure were completed in July in a Southwestern desert. It was before a terrified Mikado said "Enough!" and before hundreds of startled philosophers and thousands of apprehensive pastors exclaimed, "Oh, my God!"

Now our government's apathy with regard to its responsibility for scientific research may rapidly attenuate, if not dissolve completely. Perhaps the social carelessness of the engineer may be somewhat ionized, even though not broken down. But the fight for awareness is not won; my question in the title is not answered.

In the excitement of revelations about atomic power, so much sense and silliness have been printed and talked that we may experience a reaction against scientific methods—perhaps a revulsion. The social jolt is oversold. Also some vested intellectual interests may soon be heard in fervent appeal for a return to emphasis on the supernatural, a return to the "humane tradition," a turning back toward the good old days of ox-teams, backhouses, and medieval college curricula.

And again we may hear the plaintive query, "Does not this emphasis on science mean the death of art and poetry? Does it not sabotage religion?"

The brief and complete answer is "Nonsense!" The longer and incomplete reply is that we should bury for a moment or longer our unreasoning automatic prejudices and look again at the new Russia.

Science is a central business of government in the Soviet Republics. It is a national program, an ingredient of life, and in some respects a revealed religion. And why should it not be? Science is basic in the philosophy of Lenin. It is at the bottom of the modern industrialization of the State. It has definitely made it possible to win the hardest war in the history of the world and save the nation from slavery. It has provided Russia with the best child-welfare system and the healthiest youngsters to be found in any of the major nations. And science is destined to transform the necessarily stern wartime living standards of the Russians into the richer and more exciting "life of conveniences" enjoyed by the average American. No wonder, then, that in their political system, where the government guides all, we find that the advance and use of science is a major governmental concern.

But does art suffer in consequence of this recognition and subsidy of science? Most

clearly it does not. Painting, sculpture, the theater, belles-lettres, music—these arts that crown and justify the efficient and effective life and are indeed the flower upon the many-panicked stem we strive to cultivate and strengthen through scientific culture—these arts and crafts are healthy and aggressive in modern Russia. No one questions the leadership of Russian musicians in composition and performance. Paintings are found in the modern art museums which the experts tell us are masterpieces. They are not escapist canvases like those which we so often paint, exhibit, and buy, nor experiments in decadence, but interpretations of the grimness, humor, and serious thoughtfulness of life in a society that was reborn in heavy weather only a brief generation ago.

THERE is another point of interest to us and our congressmen in the Russian policy and example. Science as there understood has a broader base than with us. The Academy of Sciences, which dominates both scientific organization and research, includes not only the physical and biological sciences and technologies, but also all historical and social studies. For *science* read *knowledge*, and leave only the fine arts out of the over-all concept. It is this academy of knowledge that is so highly respected and devotedly supported in Russia. An exploration into the ancient cultures of Turkestan, or into comparative philology or the structure of nineteenth century novels, is just as significant to the government as an inquiry into synthetic quinine or non-Euclidean geometry.

Probably we should follow the well-balanced Russian example in our development of governmental support of scientific research. We too should make it knowledge-research. Congress must shade its eyes against the glare of atom-splitting, industrial dividends, and the promise of longer lives, and realize that these extended lives will be happier if the arts and letters, social adjustments and historical perspectives grow along with the sciences and technologies.

But for many reasons it will be best to start with the narrower scientific programs. Governmental planning and action, in those fields of knowledge where

both the need and the results are quickly and clearly discernible, must not be delayed. The base can be widened, perhaps soon, to provide for social studies. Eventually we must provide also for historical, linguistic, and literary disciplines, but only if their growth and contribution are encouraged without cramping by official concern for their futures. For whenever opinion and personal judgments must largely replace measures, we need to be wary of government support.

Certainly it is imperative, however, as we embark on the treacherous days of peace, to accept our governmental responsibility to the basic sciences. An emergency situation must be recognized nationally. It is a hopeful step that in both the executive and legislative branches of the government such recognition now exists. Within the past few months half a dozen science bills have been introduced and referred to committees. A National Scientific Research Foundation as a new, independent, and potent government agency is the goal toward which we move.

II

NEARLY every active scientist, even the puttering powerful individualist, naturally favors a more effective public worry about scientific research. But vague uneasiness is not enough. Action on a large scale is required. Fortunately, the army of professional scientists has had in recent years important civilian support in high government positions. Among those civilians are two who should be credited with an effective aggressive interest—Franklin D. Roosevelt and Senator Harley M. Kilgore of West Virginia. (Included with them might be Henry A. Wallace, but he can scarcely pass as a civilian in science.)

A couple of years ago Senator Kilgore, as chairman of the Subcommittee on War Mobilization of the Committee on Military Affairs, dropped a malodorous bomb among the scientists and technologists. They blew up promptly. Many science-sapping industrialists, and their academic satellites, felt very bad because this Kilgore bill advocated that the government get interested in the management and en-

couragement of science. They bemoaned especially that the rights of the public with regard to patents would again be "protected." The hypocritical "Free Enterprise" slogan was loudly shouted, and General Motors announced at a magnificent dinner attended by the great men of scores of corporations that they were setting aside \$500,000,000 to support a postwar free enterprise system. No one laughed.

Among the scientists meetings were held, resolutions passed, and the obvious weaknesses of the bill were highly magnified and worried about. For the bill was pretty terrible. It attracted attention to the subject, however, and permitted the holding of hearings and the examination of the government's relation to science and the public's relation to patent policy.

Kilgore's initial bill, which exploded so noisomely, was in a sense a reconnaissance bomb. In the next session of Congress a greatly improved model was brought out. It found favor with a large number of scientists. But still there were many who wanted to separate the proposals for governmental support of scientific research from such social reform features as were involved, rather mildly, in those provisions of the bill that dealt with the government's right to handle and mishandle all the patents that might arise from government-supported investigations.

Senator Kilgore's interest in the government's responsibility for science and technology has not been confined to the introduction of bills and the conducting of hearings on those bills. He has also sponsored investigations of governmental scientific and technological activities. On the basis of this examination of the government's wartime research a new bill was introduced on July 23 by Senators Kilgore, Pepper, and Johnson of Colorado. The document is important for the future of America.

BUT now let us turn to the scientific activities of that other prominent civilian of science, the late President Roosevelt. The White House was involved from the beginning in the atomic energy project—and the beginning was long before the shooting began. Funds and powers were quietly provided without

stint; experienced administrators from the universities and the military were put into this grim and dramatic competition with the enemy atom-splitters, and dozens of well-known scientists noiselessly dropped out of sight and out of public conversation. The President watched this concentrated scientific adventure, the greatest of all time, with confidence and anxiety. As the successful conclusion of the war approached, his concern for the future, his hope for the permanent retention of the social gains that had been acquired during the twelve years of the Roosevelt Revolution, his natural interest in the health of the people and the defeat of the major maladies, led to his famous brief letter of November 17, 1944.

The Roosevelt letter was addressed in spirit to American scientists. Actually it was sent to Dr. Vannevar Bush, director of the Office of Scientific Research and Development, who was, in view of that position, the official wartime head of American science. Four questions were asked of the scientists: How soon and how completely should we tell the world about wartime discoveries and developments? What should we do to maintain our remarkable progress in the medical sciences? What should be the government's responsibility toward scientific research in general? And how could we discover and encourage scientific talent, especially among the youth of America? In one fine sentence the President saluted science as the endless frontier that should always beckon horizon-searching Americans: "New frontiers of the mind are before us, and if they are pioneered with the same vision, boldness, and drive with which we have waged this war we can create a fuller and more fruitful employment and a fuller and more fruitful life."

The President's letter set fifty scientists to work and thought, and six months later the four questions were provisionally answered in careful reports. Dr. Bush has published the four answers along with his summary and recommendations in a mind-and-spirit-moving document that has inspired the production of other congressional bills by Senator Magnuson (S. 1285) and Congressmen Mills and Randolph (H.R. 3852, 3860).

LIFE is at stake in these issues that are now before Congress—the longer and happier life of individuals, which the proposed support of medical research should provide; and the national existence itself to the considerable extent that we depend on science and technology for national defense. The *annual* number of deaths in this country from one or two diseases alone is far in excess, the Roosevelt letter reminds us, of the *total* number of lives lost by America in battle during the war; and we might add the frightening fact that diseases of the circulatory system—the killer that slays more than half of all adults and most of them while in the full course of useful life—are opposed by practically no research funds, private or public.

I would be embarrassed to confess how few American scientists in any field have full opportunity to develop their ideas, and how much of the scientist's time and courage must be devoted to imploring for monetary help. The situation is dangerous and intolerable. Philanthropists cannot continue to carry the enlarging burden, with taxes what they are. And it is unarguably unsafe and unwise to leave pure science to the mushrooming research laboratories of the large industries. Nor do the industrialists want the major responsibility. They recognize the importance of university laboratories, and the advantages of academic independence from nearby dividends.

Both the Kilgore and Bush reports emphasize the need of supporting basic research, especially in educational and non-profit research institutions, as well as research applied to the immediate interest of health, national defense, and industrial development. America's brilliant technology, the envy of the world, is not enough; and our accomplishment in pure research is still too much the after-hours effort of tired teachers. The following statements from Kilgore's report pin-point the problem:

We have been depending in the past very heavily on the basic research done in Germany with the support of the German government. . . . Hereafter we must rely on ourselves for basic research. This is a field of public responsibility, because basic research is seldom immediately profitable although the application of such research may be of enormous value. The

nation's universities, both before and during the war, have distinguished themselves for their work in basic research. . . . Funds must be provided to carry on the work upon which our future progress in applied science and technology depends.

The Magnuson bill originates directly from the Bush report and aims to implement its recommendations. It provides that there be established "in the executive branch of the government an independent agency to be known as the National Research Foundation," which will have several specified powers and duties, including two major items: the support of medical, military, and basic research with the help of grants, and the discovery of scientific talent and its development with the aid of governmental scholarships. Both it and the Kilgore plan imply an expensive program compared with the prewar government investment in science, but it will be trivial compared with the expense of world-wide war. The cost for one entire year, when the National Research Foundation attains full operation, will be much less than America's expenditure, during this past year, for each day of war.

The Kilgore and Magnuson bills have identical ideals and goal—to promote the progress of science and the useful arts; to secure the national defense; to advance the national health, prosperity, and welfare. They differ in details that can be readily adjusted in the hearings before the Senate Committee on Military Affairs, where the definitive legislation will be fabricated.

The Kilgore bill reaches further than the bill based on the Bush report. It not only contemplates an over-all survey of the country's efforts and needs in science, but would closely involve the many existing research bureaus in various parts of the government, and would explicitly reserve to government ownership and public use all patents that may eventuate from governmentally supported scientific research. This patent policy sounds reasonable, almost inevitable, but the matter is not simple in an industrial state where low-cost mass production prevails.

Whether or not it be specifically assured by the adopted legislation, decentralization of scientific activity is necessary. A wide dispersion throughout the country of research activities, of scholarship assistance for young scientists, and of technological service to industry must be a fundamental principle of the National Science Foundation. Doubtless it will be expensive in the beginning to advance science through financial assistance to the poorly equipped and less experienced small colleges and universities. In the war emergency, concentration of scientific work in the large effective laboratories could be justified. But now we have time for long-range plans, and the small research organizations, like the small business enterprises, must be freed, for the nation's good health, from strangulation or discouragement by the higher efficiency and power of the large institutions. The national scholarship plan in the Bush report recognizes this Principle of Wide Spread in the search for scientific talent, and recommends also highly dispersed management of scholarship aid.

IN THE minds and in the ideals of Americans we have untouched natural resources that need developing just as much as the material treasures still tucked away in unused patents, in undeveloped river valleys, and in the atomic nuclei. For the next war, if one is still required to iron out national vanities, we shall need not so much manpower as brainpower and alertness. For the continuing fight against disease, we shall need trained technical skills and unlimited resources in laboratory equipment and service. For the advancement of knowledge generally, we need a deliberate plan to free contemplative men for quiet and respected contemplation. For the realization of "fuller and more fruitful employment and a fuller and more fruitful life" we need a National Science Foundation and a country-wide awareness that governmental support for knowledge-research is henceforth basic in the national policy.

{ Major Temple H. Fielding, recently retired from the Army, }
{ spent several months in Yugoslavia with the Independent }
{ American Military Mission and came to know Tito well. }

TITO: A PORTRAIT FROM LIFE

TEMPLE H. FIELDING



ANNA HELD relaxed in tubs of vintage champagne. Father Divine is the Great God Jehovah. Huey P. Long is the martyred George Washington. Tito is the guerrilla with the ragged pants and the dagger in his teeth who swooped from the mountains to save Yugoslavia.

There has been more drivel, more sheer nonsense written about Tito than about Frank Sinatra. Much of it has been sponsored by Partisan Headquarters, shrewdly judging the value of the romantic appeal in Anglo-American publicity. Much of it has been sponsored through the left-wing press. Most of it is as phony as a seven-dollar bill.

Before Tito announced himself as Josip Broz, the liberals gave him a masterful build-up. Speculations, most of them Partisan- or Soviet-inspired, were rife. He was "Lebediev," the Russian Councilor of Legation at Belgrade. He was "Moshe Piade," a Serbian Communist of Jewish extraction. He was "Kosta Navy," "a woman," "a Rumanian," and "a Russian." He had fought in Spain as a "Mr. Klein"; he was a former Communist agent to the United States, "Raymond Baker."

To wistful Indiaphiles, he was the "Gandhi of Croatia." To excitable Mexicans, he was the "Balkan Pancho Villa." To his followers (I quote a Partisan choral recitation):

He was born of an angry father and the people.
. . . You ask, who is Tito?
Write, my darling machine gun. Write Tito.
Tito is the army, earth, and river . . .

The same propaganda mill had him in prison, spending months "learning Shakespeare and Clausewitz by heart." He was so overawed by the genius of Stonewall Jackson that he was "ready to put an Oak Leaf Cluster at Stonewall's tomb." Russell Birdwell couldn't do better.

From the welter of confusion, from the tissues of legend and speculation and half-truths surrounding the Partisan movement, three things stand out clearly: the man, the record, and the platform.

JOSIP BROZ-TITO is Marshal of Yugoslavia, Supreme Commander of the National Liberation Army and the Partisan Detachments, Chairman of the National Defense Commission, and Secretary-General of the Communist Party. Shorn of his rank and his medals, he is the most dynamic man in central or southern Europe. Like the late President Roosevelt, he possesses a devastating personal charm. He smiles, he tells a simple anecdote, he shakes hands—and red becomes white in the mind of the observer. I spent several months behind enemy lines at his headquarters. I have watched him talk with the British, with the Russians, with visiting American dignitaries. Never once did I see this magnetism fail.

The first sight of him is deceptive. He's a squat, muscular man, the same five feet eight as Stalin and Churchill. He is barrel-chested, soft in speech, scholarly in manner. When we went to the mountains, we expected to find a buccaneer, a swashbuckling guerrilla; instead, we found a cow-college professor, horn-rimmed glasses and all.

Physically, three things about him are outstanding. His eyes, the blue of Wedgwood jasperware, are avid for knowledge; they rove ceaselessly, alive with curiosity. His hands, stubby and square, are never without an object to caress: a duPont cigarette holder, a box of British matches, a pencil, a table knife. His forehead is long, with the same recessive slope as that of the poet d'Annunzio. Ringlets of pepper-and-salt hair tumble in disarray about his ears. By American standards, he always needs a haircut.

Most of his photographs, released for inspirational propaganda, show him the scowling, stern man of affairs. Actually, he laughs more than he frowns, and when he does, his charm snaps on like an electric light. He loves to banter. His interpreter and his generals, who call him "*Stari*" ("Old Man"), pull no punches in returning his chaff. His humor is heavy, unsubtle as a battleship. Once, at a rigidly formal buffet lunch at the British Mission, my chair collapsed; I sprawled flat on the ground, desperately juggling my plate and my glass. Tito roared. It was better than Mickey Mouse.

He is far from an ascetic. He takes a trencherman's interest in good, rich food and his cooks work overtime to please him. His interest in alcohol is two-fisted. At midnight or at noon, he can consume enormous quantities of *rakija*, the 120-proof native brandy, without visible effects. Often his toast is "*Dva!*" ("Two!") giving his companions no option on the number of gulps they may have to finish the glass. Like most Slavs, he cannot handle American whiskey; "It makes me drunk," he says.

He entertains lavishly, with a flair. A typical mid-morning buffet might consist of raw bacon, local cheeses, crayfish, sardines, sweet native tomatoes, Heinz pickles, and spam. Even in his rude

mountain cave, his table would do credit to a Newport hostess. One set of china is fine blue-and-white Meissen, monogrammed "H.P." When I asked the Marshal the meaning of the initials, he smiled and shrugged his shoulders. Most of his furnishings are "requisitioned" from the countryside; he is not interested in who had them last.

HIS DOG, his bodyguards, and Olga are always in attendance. Tigar, a brown Dalmatian, is his most treasured possession. He talks to it, rubs its head, tosses it tidbits, and—according to wags—asks its advice on the latest political move. His bodyguards, thin-lipped Partisan lieutenants, look like the villains of a cheap gangster quickie. His interpreter, Olga Ninchitch Humo, is the daughter of one of Tito's bitterest enemies, the opposition Foreign Minister from 1941 to 1943. She is languid, aloof, with a patent disdain for Englishmen and Americans; she translates only what she thinks Tito should hear. Tito's second wife, Herta, a Slovenian peasant, did not live at his headquarters. It is common gossip that Olga has taken her place.

Linguistically, it is his whim to ignore English. He can play a faster game in a more familiar medium. He speaks Serbo-Croat, German, Russian, Czech, Kirohian (a Mongolian dialect from Siberia), some French, and some Italian. At first he "knew no English"; later he was "too shy to use it, for fear of mistakes." But he understands a great deal more than his interlocutor is led to believe. Once, after the third tumbler of fiery *rakija*, an American major double-talked to me, "Another shot of this 100-octane benzine and I'll fly down the mountain!" Tito, who would hardly be expected to know American colloquialisms, laughed heartily.

In private conversation, he punctuates his remarks with the Serbian expression for "With God's help!" As a public speaker he's on a par with Robert A. Taft. His tenor voice is nasal, and his delivery is bumbling. But although he is master of none of the verbal fireworks of the typical demagogue, it is significant that the audience's reaction is always hysterical. Some of it is due to the build-up of the marshal

as a Jovian legend; the rest of it can be credited to the immense dynamism of the man, which bursts the shackles of platform ineptitude.

He can be flattered on only two points: his dog and his personal physical prowess. It is his frequent boast that "no one in my army can outwalk me, young or old!" In a conversation about the *pokret* (foot-marching, in guerrilla warfare), I asked him what was his longest consecutive walk, without rest. He thundered "Twenty hours!" and beamed like a small boy who has just flexed his muscles for the new neighbors. At fifty-three, he looks like a pocket-size Charles Atlas.

His uniforms are neat but unpretentious. Informally, he favors a khaki Norfolk-style blouse with marshals' leaves on both lapels, civilian trousers, black shoes, and a blue civilian shirt, collar unbuttoned. During the mountain winters, he wears the heavy Confederate-blue N.A.L. uniform flown to him from USSR. He shaves every day; he seldom wears a necktie, dislikes a hat. On his left breast glitters the Order of Yugoslavia National Liberation Medal, a Partisan decoration awarded to Tito by Tito; on his right breast is the silver star of the Soviet Order of Alexander Suvarov. His only jewelry is a large scarab ring of transparent glass. He chain-smokes Chesterfields, up to three packages a day, always in one of his numerous holders. As a courtesy to a Head of State, we presented him with several cases of these cigarettes, rushed by air from Italy.

What, then, is the man Tito? Dynamic, with compelling personal charm; scholarly, with the earthiness of the peasant; shrewd, with the canniness of the chess master; cold and warm, hard and soft; Messiah to some, Moloch to some, Strong Man to all.

II

THREE theories have been advanced for Tito's remarkable reticence about himself and his prewar activities: (1) modesty, (2) glamorization by mystery, and (3) fear of discovery of the extraordinary strength of his Communist ties. The following appears to be the pattern of fact:

Josip Broz was born on a thirty-acre farm in Zagorye, Croatia. His father was a Slovene blacksmith, his mother a Croat peasant; both were illiterate. In 1914 he was drafted by the Austro-Hungarian army; he lost no time in deserting to the Russians. Refusing willy-nilly to fight for the Czar, he was sent to a concentration camp in Omsk, Siberia. When the Bolsheviks freed him, in 1917, Broz joined up. For three years he was apprenticed in the brutal trade of revolution.

He was good; they saw it immediately. Between 1920 and 1923, they sent him to the supersecret West School in Moscow. Here foreign commissars were trained in subversion, in sabotage of capitalist governments. At 28, a hard-bitten, disciplined Communist, he left his Russian wife and son and returned to Croatia. As leader of the Metal Workers' Union, he stirred up a hornet's nest in the railway shops. He was clapped into the Belgrade jail, reportedly tortured. Five years later he was released, tougher, more bitter, more certain than ever that the foes of communism must perish. He went underground as an active Communist agent. His name was now "Tito," Serbo-Croat for the Roman Emperor Titus.

For the next thirteen years, the portrait is blank. Tito says nothing about this period. Some sources report that he was a full-fledged member of the Comintern, the highest-ranking representative of Stalin in the Balkans. Victor Serge, a former member of the Moscow main office, denies this, stating that he knew all personnel by sight. Every trace has been covered; nothing can be found in central or southern Europe. To thoughtful observers this lacuna acquires positive significance. The Soviet military intelligence service is a separate spy agency. It is so secret that not even the Comintern knows its activities. It is established that Broz was an important Communist agent; it is established that he was not known in orthodox circles; ergo, he was a spy for Soviet Russia.

Contrary to rumor, he did not fight in Spain with the Loyalists. He ran underground railroads across Italy, Austria, Switzerland, and France, to feed Republican ranks with Communist recruits. He

visited Paris, Vienna, and Berlin frequently from 1929 to 1939; he admits that he made "occasional secret trips" to the USSR during this period.

HITLER attacked Yugoslavia on April 6, 1941. Hundreds of resistance groups sprang to arms to oust the invader. Broz and the Communists didn't cock their pistols. Two months later, the exact day that Germany attacked the USSR, the Partisans began to fight. Tito explains this delay as a matter of tactical expediency; by coincidence, he says, he was "not properly organized" until that moment.

Among the existing Yugoslav factions were the Chetniks ("Men of the Companies") of Draga Mihailovitch, a composite force strongly pro-royalist (and thus pro-capitalist); the Ustachi ("Insurgents") of Ante Pavelitch, a band of Mussolini-backed terrorists; and the quisling government of General Nedich. With both feet, the Partisans jumped into the race for dominance.

Disguised as traveling men, priests, peasants, and housewives, their agents recruited all over the country. They used slogans, posters, tried-and-true propaganda appeals. "We are not Communists," they cried. "We are fighting patriots! Death to fascism! Freedom to the people!" Thousands of shopkeepers, of small farmers, of five-dollar-a-week clerks were drawn to their ranks by the flaming banner of nationalism. In October 1941, the leaders, as a tentative experiment, set up three "Soviet Republics" in Serbia, Bosnia, and Montenegro. The time was not ripe. The rank and file did not want collective farms; the local peasants fought dispossession. The people were not ready for unvarnished Russification.

Mihailovitch and Tito were soon at each other's throats. The National Liberation Front grew to an estimated 200,000; the Chetniks shrank to an estimated 30,000. Tito charges that Mihailovitch collaborated with the Nazis; I have never seen proof of this accusation. It is known that the Chetniks killed many Germans, then suddenly called off the war; Mihailovitch has claimed that his minuscule army

would have been crushed by the Partisan steam-roller had he continued to fight two enemies. Strip the foliage of this sprawling upas tree, reach to the roots, and a single fact emerges: this is a struggle of two social classes, with basically opposite ideologies.

WITH THE UNRESERVED, aggressive backing of the USSR, Tito flourished. His soldiers saluted with the clenched fist (this was banned in December 1943, after the arrival of the British Mission); there were commissars everywhere, for "political education"; the flag was the Red Star, the appellation was *Drug* ("Comrade"), there were "Youth Groups," posters of Tito and Stalin, all the externals of Soviet Russia. The dreaded OZNA appeared, a secret police organization patterned after the infamous NKVD and OGPU. Except for the tolerance of small private trading, except for the absence of collectivization, it was a miniature Moscow in the heart of the Balkans.

The British saw the handwriting on the wall in bright red letters. They knew that they must avoid friction with their ally; they saw their entry stalled at the starting gate, a hopeless plater; they transferred their bankroll to Tito-to-win. A formal Mission presented itself in September 1943, headed by giraffe-tall, pencil-thin Brigadier F. H. R. MacLean. America swung to the Partisans nine months later.

In switching to Tito, Churchill acted without love or sympathy. A King Peter supporter, he was vastly disturbed over Soviet domination of Yugoslavia. He saw bristling Soviet ships and bustling Soviet ports approaching the lifeline of empire. But his hands were tied. For a while he believed that he could build Tito as an independent power, a buffer state, strong enough to defy Stalin when the chips were down; this wistful dream lingered for weeks.

The "Liberation" forces continued to grow. Scrap-and-patch uniforms were discarded for smart battle-dress labelled "Philadelphia, Pa." Spam and M&V (American canned meat and vegetable stew) replaced horsemeat and *skrob* (boiled oats). British commandos brought in thumping artillery. U. S. aircraft, strik-

ing from Italy, smashed thousands of targets which would have been suicidal to the antique, wood-and-string biplanes of the "Yugoslav Air Force." Anglo-American flak, radar, tanks, shoes, shells, and soap were rushed to the front. The penniless Partisans had hit a ten-strike.

Thoughtful Yugoslavs of the older generation, who had seen decades of fraternal strife, viewed with caution Tito's plea, "There are no barriers of religion or politics. We embrace all patriots. . . ." But youngsters flocked to his banner—and women too. Roughly twenty-five per cent of his army is female. Husky, hairy peasant girls fight, eat, and sleep with the men. There is remarkably little sexual admixture; Tito has encouraged the belief that women caught in adultery will be shot.

It has been estimated that three-quarters of his followers are not over twenty-five years of age. A saboteur I met, with five locomotives to his credit, was thirteen. A brigade commander was nineteen. Most of the lieutenant generals were in their middle thirties. For the very young, Tito has formed the "United Alliance of Anti-Fascist Youth of Yugoslavia," a pioneer organization similar to Soviet Union groups, the *Hitlerjugend*, and Mussolini's ill-fated *Balilla*; as soon as they reach their middle teens, they are graduated to regular army units. Youth is the keynote; youth is what makes the movement shrilly hysterical. Day after day they are fed the inspirational phrases "Alliance!", "Liberty!", "Freedom from the Fascist Yoke!"; they respond by chanting "Ti-to-Ti-to-Ti-to!" They seldom analyze; they believe they are fighting for "democracy" because the marshal tells them so.

AFTER THE fall of Italy, Tito talked and dined with practically every important British and American official on the Italian peninsula. Dignitaries like Ambassador-at-large Robert Murphy flew to his Yugoslav headquarters. There were many conferences. Sure of Russian backing, Tito played for English and American backing too—and succeeded, time after time. He first tabled King Peter to a postwar plebiscite, then forced him out for

good; he refused entry to UNRRA; he scored heavily when he channeled a flood of Lend-Lease supplies to himself, with no tangible concessions in return.

Only once did he overbid. Early in the game, those of us on the spot learned that there is one method of persuasion that the Partisan *Vrhovni Stab* (Supreme Staff) understands well. At first we might ask for a pass to visit a nearby headquarters; there would be polite excuses, for weeks at a time. Finally, when we caught on, we would say, "On Wednesday an American LCI will arrive, with so many rounds of ammunition and so many pairs of shoes. We fear that there might be certain—ah, difficulties in docking her without your co-operation. You understand, of course . . ." It never failed.

The British and American governments used this technique at Trieste and Carinthia. In February 1945, Tito made an agreement with Field Marshal Sir Harold R. L. G. Alexander, settling jurisdiction over these areas and drawing up plans for a smooth joint occupation. Early in May, ignoring this agreement on the grounds that "recent events have changed the situation," the Partisans pounced. They blocked the roads to Anglo-American troops; they took over the civil administrations, arrested a thousand people on non-specified charges, and set up the iron fist of martial law. In view of existing occupational commitments, it was as injudicious as if the Mexican Government were tomorrow to seize Brownsville and El Paso.

For the first time, America and England backed up on their hind legs. Alexander compared Tito's methods to those of Hitler, Mussolini, and Japan. Churchill predicted troublesome times for Europe "if totalitarian or police governments were to take the place of the German invader." Doughboys of the U. S. 91st Infantry Division dug in in tactical positions. Heavy units of the Royal Navy were rushed to Trieste on the tongue-in-cheek prevarication that they were sent "in the course of their normal duties, and for opening of the heavily-mined port."

It was fish or cut bait for Tito; he backed down. He withdrew his armies, leaving both areas under the command of Alex-

ander's Supreme Allied Headquarters. Chastened for the moment, he agreed to accept any settlement made by the United Nations at the final peace table.

But will he wait? On June 4, he thundered to his people over Radio Belgrade, "Carinthia is ours, and we will fight for her!" On June 14, as his forces withdrew from Trieste, "unorganized" bands roamed the streets, ripping Italian flags from all window-ledges. Wrote Sagittarius in the London *New Statesman*:

Acclaimed from a distance for feats of resistance,
And applauded for gallant defiance,
He will learn common aims do not constitute
claims,
Nor do kind words imply an alliance . . .

Communist Tito has been to a hard school; he learns more slowly than he used to.

III

THE National Liberation Front has pledged itself unequivocally to the following four-point platform. Let's examine each plank:

1. *Creation of a nationally-equal Federal Yugoslavia, where all nationalities will enjoy their national rights.*

In the new Cabinet of March 1945, Tito is (1) Premier, (2) Minister of War, and (3) Commander-in-Chief. Subasich, a hundred-per-cent machine politician, is Foreign Minister. Twenty-one ministers are Titomen; four are mild dissenters.

Yugoslavia has been apportioned into six "locally autonomous" states, responsible to this Cabinet: Serbia, Croatia, Slovenia, Macedonia, Bosnia-and-Herzegovina, and Montenegro. In five states the controlling ministries are in the hands of young Communist intellectuals; in Serbia, the sixth, the reins are held by the prewar leader of the tiny Republican Party, fierce enemy of the king.

This chops off the legs and arms of Tito's bitterest opposition, the once-powerful Serbian Kingdom. By shrewd gerrymandering, the solid block has been hewn into four chips, three of them falling into precincts where they constitute small minorities. The Serbs, comprising fifty-one per cent of the country, charge that not one of their prewar leaders has joined

the National Liberation Front. They accuse Tito of executing thousands, of imprisoning tens of thousands. They name names; they charge destruction of their most basic rights. They are Tito's gravest problem; a hefty, hearty, swaggering people, they are Texan in temperament, Texan in what they believe are their personal liberties. Tito has one-third of Yugoslavia solidly behind him. It is an axiom that a dynamic, armed minority, holding power, can maintain itself indefinitely; it is also an axiom that the man who jams down the lid of the powder barrel never hears the explosion.

2. *"Truly democratic" rights and liberties.*

For American military personnel to enter Yugoslavia or to do business in Yugoslavia, all names had to be submitted to Partisan Headquarters at Bari, Italy, and at Belgrade. Candidates "politically unsympathetic" were rejected. American citizens who were natives of Yugoslavia were rejected. Knowledge of the language was a distinct liability. The screening process often took a month.

Once inside, Americans were forbidden, on penalty of immediate expulsion, to communicate with civilians. They were forbidden to go three miles from their base without a special pass for each occasion, and a Partisan guide, "for protection." The restrictions are virtually penal. Americans know democracy, in its purest form; they must not see too much of the Partisan version.

Commissars and secret police are everywhere. People seen in the wrong company are promptly arrested; criticism of Tito or of the USSR is punishable by death. A State Trust has been set up for control of all movies. The courts have been reorganized along Soviet lines. *Politika*, the Belgrade party organ, stated on November 26, 1944:

Until now, justice has been anti-people. Now . . . the movement (*Partisan*) has created justice for the people. The old courts were expensive and slow; ours will be quick and without cost. The procedure is simple and rapid . . .

In Belgrade alone, over five thousand people have faced this justice.

From start to finish, from Aa to Zed, the Liberation Front is "truly democratic" to

just about the same extent as Soviet Russia.

3. *Inviolability of private property.*

It has long been a boast of Tito's men that they confiscate nothing from the countryside. They emphasize the point that "every item of supply is a voluntary contribution." For Partisans, and for Partisan-supporters, this is entirely correct. For others (two-thirds of the country), it is not. I have seen "requisitioned" homes, "requisitioned" factories and stores and personal effects. No shred is left to those whose political theories are not in alignment with the Liberation Front.

Food is distributed on the same basis. If you are a Partisan, you eat; if you are not, you starve. I was there during the UNRRA negotiations; Yugoslav civilians were dropping in the streets from starvation, but Tito refused entry to American relief ships docked in Italy, with cargoes rotting. He held out for complete control of distribution of supplies. "Otherwise," he said, "UNRRA might be used politically against the National Liberation movement."

4. *No revolutionary, economic, or social changes.*

In November 1944, in the city of Dubrovnik, I witnessed one of the first "free" elections in Yugoslavia. The theater was jammed with voters. The stage and the stalls were strung with placards—"Hurrah for the First Conference of a Single People!", and "Hurrah for the Union of the People of Dubrovnik!" Candidates from all parties made impassioned pleas. A public-address system flashed bulletins to the milling crowds in the plaza. It was spectacular, a Hollywood production.

There were only two things wrong with it:

(1) The audience was hand-picked; guards at the doors barred undesirables.

(2) The vote was cast by show-of-hands; commissars and secret police watched the

proceedings with practiced eyes; all candidates won their spurs unanimously, without a single opposing vote.

This is the vaunted "freedom from revolutionary changes."

The economic and social structure is gradually and deliberately being Russianized. Soviet officials can wander anywhere in the countryside; their smallest desires are usually anticipated. British and American officials are acutely restricted; they must argue for everything they get. On direct orders from Tito, the glories of the USSR are pumped to the people morning, noon, and night. I have heard Partisan commissars extol to the people the marvelous "Russian" jeeps. I have heard them "educate" the people about meats tinned in Chicago, uniforms cut in Philadelphia. On a boat along the Dalmatian coast, I saw a commissar herd together a group of refugees, point to three hundred B-17's in the sky overhead, and announce with pride, "*Russki! Russki!*" Religious tolerance still exists; there is no collectivization of the land; how long these will stand firm is a matter which history will decide.

YUGOSLAVIA may be the nidus of future war or peace. To the west lie a thousand miles of coastline, with harbors great enough for the navies of the world; to the east lies Soviet Russia, landlocked, spread over ten thousand miles of rich hinterland; in the middle sits Tito, dynamic, magnetic; ex-Communist agent, ex-world revolutionist; avowed advocate of capitalism and democracy. His people are singing their national anthem with full hearts, with full hopes:

Oh God of Righteousness, Thou who hast saved
us from disaster,

Hear our voice again, and be our salvation.

For an internationally-minded America, for a British Empire at the Rubicon of fortune, what will be the answer?

THE Easy Chair *Bernard DeVoto*



FROM August 10 to August 14 there was no way of knowing how one felt. Consciousness was spellbound. Habit and a deeper instinct kept one at the routine job, not knowing whether it was done well or badly and unable to care. There was a compulsion to stay by the radio, as there had been at all the nodal crises of the war during the past six years, but the words that came from it struck nerves that had gone out of communication with the self. Some of us were spent and flaccid, some numb, some fearful; some of us were under an urgency to get out, to get among friends, or to join crowds. Sporadic celebrations broke out, half perfunctory at first, hysterical rather than convinced. It took four full days for them to grow intense. They began in a kind of catalepsy; for a long time they seemed of the exterior only, without content.

Deeper than the mind, down in the marrow where the blood forms, the change or reversal or renewal was going on, but weeks must pass before it could reach consciousness and months or years before it could be comprehended. We were living in a suspension or hiatus, an emptiness edged round by unreality. Our conditioned minds were trying to complete a sentence which a speaker had left unfinished, or a phrase of music that had been broken off. Six years ago and four years ago we had said, "It will end." Now that it had ended we were in a state of being that was not quite dream but nevertheless seemed somehow to be somnambulism.

Memory is the mind's self-healing. The vacuum filled with remembered intensities which could be trusted. They were the war's nodes and therefore the self's nodes, the crests of the flowing continu-

ity of six years. All of us experienced them now; for each of us they were moments staged and costumed with his own private scene; in sum they are a secret drama of self and sanity preserved, a drama of reality continuing.

IT WAS about a quarter to nine on the morning of August 10 when a neighbor stopped by to say, "Better keep your radio going—the big one may break any minute." It was a few minutes past seven in the evening of August 14 when the village fire whistle began to blow; in a moment church bells were ringing, and in another moment automobile sirens and the voices of village children were shrill together. For me and my family those moments are set forever on a rocky promontory thrusting out from Cape Ann into the open sea. The same headland was dreary with rain throughout the third week of June a year ago, 1944, and that rain will carry our remembrance of a maddeningly slow accumulation of bulletins which built up at last to a realization that, while the Army was fighting farther into Normandy, the Navy had won a great victory in the Philippine Sea. A fierce sun was burning the same rocks when I came up from the beach on July 25, 1943, and a young officer who had come up before me ran out on the porch shouting "Mussolini has been kicked out." Granite and elms, blue water, the smell of salt marsh and low tide and wintergreen under sun, the Cape Ann summer—they will always be interwoven with the end of the Japanese fleet, the end of Mussolini, the end of the war.

In these fixed scenes the mind binds emotion to physical surroundings, to be added upon like coral thrusting up above the water or to be guided by like a distant peak that gives a bearing. These were

the mind's continuity during those four August days this year. Every man to his own remembrance and his own drama of private images. A week after August 10 the sudden release of gasoline enabled me to make my first automobile trip in four years—and I made it to the Vermont mountain where six years ago I was one of a group of friends standing in the first of those catalepsies round the radio that have been repeated so often. The first one was seeing the last moments of what we still called peace running out. Most of us, all the laymen, knew inwardly that it was war, but one of us was a professional military analyst and told us that it could not be war because the Germans would not have enough trained reserves for at least four years yet; one of us was a professional revolutionist and told us that it could not be war for the capitalists would make another deal as soon as they had scared their people sufficiently; and one of us was a professional diplomat and told us that it could not be war for Hitler was not fool enough to attack the world. Now, on August 19, 1945, with some of that earlier group I listened to another radio at Bread Loaf Mountain and this time it was saying that the Japanese mission of surrender had landed at Manila. I was six years older. It was not at that radio of six years before that our era had reached its end.

MY OWN fixed points are oddly scattered across the map of the United States. Gambier, Ohio, will always be for me some hours in a quiet, pleasant house and the same catalepsy through some hours while the radio was a string of guarded bulletins about a battle in a place later identified as the Coral Sea. The night of June 4, 1944, will be the night when I said good-bye to a friend on East 81st Street, remarked "Well, not tonight," got on the Owl, and woke in the South Station to find that it had been that night after all. Most of them show the thin mists, the mild sunlight, the diverse, drab seasons of Cambridge, lilacs or autumn leaves, snow or wind—Alamein, Stalin-grad, the bombers over London, the bombers over Berlin, Casablanca, Guadalcanal, Tarawa, Saipan—strung on the

mind's guyrope or lifeline with whatever weather was blowing through Cambridge streets when the voice reached me from the radio or the type stood up from the page. December had reclaimed a day from early October and the Sunday afternoon was warm with autumn when I walked homeward up Garden Street, found the radio on, and needed some moments even to understand the words it was saying, that bombs had fallen at Pearl Harbor.

Why, on the night of August 14, 1945, did no radio chain break in for a moment or two on its repeated mouthing of what no one in the country needed any longer to be told? You heard that crowds were noisy everywhere. You heard officials and dignitaries trying to say what no one could put into words. In one of radio's more abysmal effects you heard Tallulah Bankhead proclaiming in sleazy rhetoric that she was the cruiser *Helena*. But no one, so far as I am aware, spoke from Hyde Park to remind you that the man buried there had not lived to see this day and that his voice could not commemorate it by any miracle of radio. I heard his voice in what we came to think of as his first war speech in May 1940, stopping in the dusk a few miles outside Trinidad, Colorado. I stopped again on a hill above a lake in Utah to hear it outlaw Mussolini for invading France. In retrospect those two speeches seem prophetic, more charged with portent than any that followed them, just as May and June of 1940 now seem more terrible than any months that followed them. Nothing is more amazing than that fact and it may carry an omen of good hope. Our greatest despair came before our own active war, we were most hopeless when Europe seemed to have fallen, the fate of the United States seemed more desperate when the French surrendered than when the Japanese attacked.

In the second week of August 1945, the mind held desperately to these things, voices from the radio and lines of type on the front page, charged with the lights and colors of one's own town when the intensity was greatest. They were the foci of things felt, the self's continuing identity through six years. Underneath them, I

have said, was a feeling as if a sentence had been broken off and the mind was trying to finish it in the rhythm six years had established, while it tried also to realize that the sentence need not be finished, the war was over. And if six years, why one was six years older—an irreversible reaction. My nine-year-old son was fifteen now. All American children of his age, though they had been spared what many millions of children had suffered, were nevertheless shaped by the war years otherwise than they would have been. His brother was nearing six, had been born into the war, had no ganglions of thought that had been formed in peace. We can give the American six-year-olds the wind-up toys they have never seen, English children will stop screaming when the street lights go on, European children will grow stronger bones and lose their bewilderment when told to eat the golden globe called an orange, but the set their lives have taken is an irreversible reaction too. None of us will be going home again. None of us will resume the old love, the half-written book, the shady street in summer afternoon of six years ago. But one is not the same person, we are not the same people, this is not the same nation or the same world. Only in the way that the self has kept its continuity will the United States keep its pattern. We have held the forms intact, we have kept the channels open and free, we have saved the energies and the relationships and the stabilities, but that shady street will not curve back upon itself and none of us will walk it back toward town. No one will be going home, there is no way to go but on.

COSMIC dramaturgy added to the somnambulism of that second week of August the shame, guilt, and terror of the atomic bomb. There was the knowledge that one of man's oldest dreams had been fulfilled when the basic secret of nature was unlocked. There was the knowledge that one of the oldest nightmares had been fulfilled when into man's hands came the power to destroy his civilization and himself with a single stroke. Thus at the very moment when the mind was struggling to bring up from its depths the re-

newed hope of peace, there came in a curious *déjà vue* the sick feeling of six years ago that our era had ended. We seemed survivors in a dead world about to die. Our generation seemed the remnant of an infertile form of life, wading in contracting swamps as the earth dried out. Like the dinosaurs we should have no posterity. Physicists who worked on the bomb, the papers said, had hoped that they would fail, and there ran through our spellbound consciousness the bitter, hopeless wish that they had failed. But the unlocking of the atom was like the war, an irreversible reaction. It could no more be undone than death. On that street also there was no turning back. Without it, one thought, there had been enough fearful amazement keeping us in victory curiously untriumphant and at the end of war curiously apprehensive of peace. It came into our dismay to declare that though the war phase was over the revolution hurtled on. The street led straight from what could be remembered to what could not possibly be foretold.

Yet an obstinate sentience denied that this was true. Our generation has always had an obsessive sense that our time was meaningless. But that bluff was called and we found more than enough meaning to see us through. We had been forced to tunnel through strata of illusions and to shape a meaning out of war and death—and had found that that meaning had been with us all along. There were demonstrations as lucid as any in mathematics. There may be pirates hereafter and they may well bend the earth out of its orbit or dissolve its surface in radioactive gases. If we let them. But there will be no more world conquerors. We have seen the last Caesar. The nightmare of men as automatons has been broken forever, dissolving in a series of silhouettes in our minds at mid-August, the puffy corpse of Mussolini strung up by the heels in a Milan square, the people of Berlin hunting rats through their broken sewers for food, the silly samurai swords clattering when the defeated Japanese generals came down the gangplank in the Manila they had burned only a few months before.

New terrors may lap us round like chaos but the despairs our time has had to

live through are laid like ghosts. Mathematical demonstration has put an end to the lies we were almost persuaded into believing, and we are not paralyzed nor is our will burned out. We had to wade through beastliness without parallel and it has meant the ruin of half the world, but we have made our point. There came a time when we had to say out loud what we had hardly dared to say in secret throughout our period; it is now proved as finally as anything in Euclid. The will is free, the free man is the best man, the society that asserts the dignity of man will not end. Our cowardice came from a superficial shame and a shallow disbelief. Its cost was assessed against us and has now been paid. We have paid those millions of lives to have proved to us that the shame was superficial and the doubt shallow. As far as thought can reach ahead there will be no second accounting. Man as automation is buried under the ruins. Christian man, Renaissance man, democratic man has triumphed. The knowledge of that triumph is what is building up in the marrow, underneath the catalepsy. There was also chaos when the morning and the evening were the first day.

THE NIGHT of August 14 there was a new moon in the west. One watched it set knowing that it was a crescent moon. The curve of the earth moved to hide it but night by night it would wax, it would not wane. Long since, the automobile sirens and the church bells had given up their noise and the children had gone to sleep. The headland thrusting into the open sea had grown silent long ago; there was the movement of elm tops in the midnight breeze, the wavering of dock lights in the flowing tide. Channel buoys were blinking and at the horizon was the flash of a lighthouse which we had not seen through three summers. On all coasts the range

lights, the lights of navigation, had been turned on.

One sat spinning the radio dial to tune in distant places for a moment or two, all over the earth. Places one would never see, places where Americans had been scattered by the war, places where conquered people had been liberated. Cape Ann was so quiet that you could hear the tide running but there was quiet nowhere else. London, Chungking, Paris, Amsterdam, Capetown, Oslo, Rome, Moscow, Sydney, San Francisco—the people were in the streets everywhere. They were rejoicing. At last an exultation had broken free that was not going to be controlled. Were they wrong, was this wild release a spectacle too sardonic for man to endure, was it fit only for the detached laughter of the gods?

So one came to the soldiers and sailors everywhere, but especially at Okinawa and the waters leading beyond it to Japan. The guns there, the radio said, were filling the sky with bursts that were no longer battle fire but only fireworks. The men who fired them had been condemned to death in battle but now would not suffer it. No one need ask those men if peace had meaning, and they were not asking whether the future might not be the sardonic laughter of the gods. The difference between those of us who sat tuning our radios across space in search of assurance was a difference of the first step, of the elements themselves. Certainly man carried with him the seed of disaster but when had he not walked with the destruction that wasteth at noonday? The guns at Okinawa were fired in wisdom, in knowledge that the world had turned lifeward from death. Men who were free and had been sanctioned to live again, who had saved the continuity of the street leading onward, were turning the muzzles of their artillery in the direction of the gods.

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THE FUTURE OF THE MOUNTAIN STATES

MORRIS E. GARNSEY



ONCE UPON a time there was a man who, so the story goes, expected the millennium to arrive with the dawn. So he attired himself in a long white robe and climbed to the ridgepole of his barn, there the better to watch for the first signs of a brighter future.

We of the Mountain States are not unlike that man. Some of us seem, even as he, to have full confidence that the bright future is just ahead and that we need only to wait calmly for its arrival. But many of us already have reached the stage of doubt and anxiety. Seated astride the ridgepole of the continent, we are looking anxiously at the signs of nascent prosperity all around us—a future promise in which we do not seem to share. To the west, the Pacific Coast is fairly bursting with optimism and talk of more population, more jobs, and higher postwar incomes. To the south, Texas is hardly less exuberant than California, and even the Deep South seems to be stirring. To the east, the states in the Mississippi Valley are quietly confident of their ability to continue their steady progress; while the Atlantic States, long established and secure in their position, seem destined to maintain their pre-eminence. Here at home, by contrast, there are very few signs of light; and we are beginning to wonder uneasily whether economic progress will pass us by as lightly

and indifferently as the transcontinental planes surmount our rugged mountains.

“Why these doubts?” the transient visitor might well ask. “The Mountain States are still ‘new country.’ Vast natural resources lie untapped and yet to be developed. The people of the region are equal in skill and ability and cultural heritage to those of other parts of the country, and the pioneer spirit is by no means dead. Of course, your capital equipment is relatively small and inadequately developed, but this factor is actually a favorable one for postwar growth, since it provides an obvious opportunity for expansion.”

With all of this, fortunately, we can thankfully agree. The extent of the natural wealth of the Mountain States is almost beyond comprehension. Today much of the world’s production of copper, vanadium, molybdenum, and other vital metals comes from the Rockies. Large deposits of uranium-bearing ores—the raw material for atomic bombs and potentially for atomic power—are found in Colorado. Quantities of petroleum are held in reserve, and billions and billions of tons of coal and oil shale eventually will provide the United States with much of its fuel. There is enough for decades—even for centuries. Moreover, the hydrogenation of coal and the processing of shale to produce oil will create opportunities for a

galaxy of satellite chemical industries. Pyridine, cresylic acid, synthetic rubber, and drugs are examples. The greatest known deposits of life-giving phosphate lie in now economically inaccessible parts of Idaho and Wyoming. When developed, they will enrich the wide grass lands and irrigated valleys of the Mountain States and other regions as well. The huge national forests offer a perpetual "crop" of timber under modern methods of lumbering. Natural resources are indeed varied and abundant.

The human resources, too, are of great value. Mountain men are traditionally noted for their resourcefulness and vigor. It is no accident that the big new war plants in the Rockies piled up astonishing records for labor productivity. Among smaller enterprises there are many examples of the development of new products and new techniques, often against heavy odds. The Mountain States need not apologize when questioned about the potential promise of their people.

BUT there is another vital factor to be reckoned with. The natural resources, labor, and capital of a region do not automatically combine to produce jobs and income. They are brought together in creative effort by men. The men in turn do not operate in a vacuum. They perform their managerial and creative functions surrounded by a complex environment of economic, political, and social forces. The sum total of these forces is sometimes called the "economic climate"; and the importance of having a favorable climate in which to nourish economic activity is well recognized.

Unfortunately, there are good reasons for believing that today the economic climate in the Mountain States is none too healthy. Westerners perpetually boast of their magnificent natural climate, of long bright days and cool starry nights. But in 1945 the economic climate does not seem equally salubrious. Storm clouds and thunderheads are looming on the horizon. Among the several institutional barriers which stand in the way of economic progress, two stand out like Pikes Peak on a sunny day: the absentee control of our natural resources, and the shortsighted-

ness and unintelligence of our own business and political leadership.

II

ABSENTEEISM is, of course, an old plait of the West. During the days of the gold and silver strikes, large fortunes were made by men on the ground, and even today their descendants sometimes live in the region and take an active part in business and social life. But gradually control slipped away.

Today nearly all of the West's largest enterprises are directed in the final analysis by remote control. Climax Molybdenum Co. takes more than 75 per cent of the world's molybdenum production from a rich hill near the continental divide in Colorado. Its managers live in New York. The Colorado Fuel and Iron Co., until the war the leading steel mill west of Chicago, was a Rockefeller property for many years; now it is owned by an Eastern group even more foreign to the West than Rockefeller. Eastern control of other minerals and metals is extensive. Anaconda, Kennecott, and Phelps Dodge are important examples in copper. United States Potash is another Eastern firm exploiting a Western resource. Electric power, communications, and railroad facilities are tied in with national systems both physically and financially. Meat packing is largely in the hands of the big packing companies.

Such remote control clearly has the tendency to intensify the traditional business policy of emphasis on short-run profits. "Get control of the raw material, get it out as cheaply as possible, and haul it away as fast as possible. We're here today and gone tomorrow. Never mind what we leave behind." Such is the common policy of absenteeism. Absentee control also leads to inflexibility of management and general indifference to the local implications of over-all policy. The interests of the local area are a secondary consideration. The region becomes a colonial dependency of an industrial empire.

ABSENTEE control over local enterprises is bad enough, but the economy of a region fares even worse when established industry elsewhere is successful in thwart-

ing the creation or development of local enterprise. The Mountain States have experienced the effects of this particular kind of absenteeism. The region was settled and developed late, after industry was well established in the East. The handicap of a late start is difficult to overcome. The difficulties become almost insurmountable when artificial obstacles are added by a vigilant corporate overlordship. The dominant enterprises of other regions have employed many devices to protect their privileged position and to prevent local competition. The long-continued discriminatory freight-rate structure is an example of the broad, indirect type of control. Patent control as a more direct device has often been used for preventing the development of local plants producing for the local market. In short, the numerous restrictive practices of large-scale enterprise have had an unfortunate regional significance too often overlooked and too little understood.

It is not easy to cite specific examples of the effects of absenteeism on regional development. Such facts are not readily revealed; and it usually takes an official government investigation to bring them to light. The recent investigation of the concentration of economic power by the TNEC has yielded some highly significant evidence on this point.

Among other things, the TNEC hearings on the glass industry established the fact that the Hartford Empire Glass Company, a patent holding company, used its control over patents to eliminate a small independent milk bottle company established in Santa Anna, Texas. The Texas plant was started by local businessmen and technicians and utilized local natural resources. It supplied a regional market and certainly was not a serious threat to the total national market. Nevertheless, Hartford engaged it in expensive litigation and eventually forced the independent to choose between bankruptcy or selling out to a licensee of the glass combine. It chose the latter, and the Santa Anna plant was razed to the ground. The full story, with a discussion of its economic implications, may be found in Walter Prescott Webb's *Divided We Stand*, one of the few good books on American regionalism.

ANOTHER important business practice with regional implications is the basing-point system for fixing prices, which is widely used by large-scale enterprise. The nature of this system and how it has worked to prevent the development of the resources of the Mountain States is excellently illustrated in an interchange of views between Senator O'Mahoney of Wyoming, chairman of the TNEC, and the eminent Princeton economist, Frank W. Fetter, during one of the lengthy TNEC hearings. Chairman O'Mahoney is speaking:

Well, there is a more exciting instance even than that. It is the case of gasoline. In Wyoming we have the Salt Creek oil field and the Teapot Dome, of which the whole country has heard. We produce a very high grade of natural petroleum, crude petroleum, and we have refineries there—the Midwest Oil Co., and the Standard Oil Co. of Indiana, and the Sinclair Refining Co., and yet though the crude petroleum is pumped out of the soil, as it were, in Wyoming and refined in Wyoming, and turned into the tanks of the filling station in Wyoming, the Wyoming citizen who rolls up in his automobile to the Standard Oil filling station immediately outside of the Standard Oil refinery pays a price Tulsa plus, not the price of oil as refined in Wyoming from Wyoming crude, but as though that oil had been refined in Oklahoma and transported by railroad all the way from Tulsa to Casper; and there our people pay this phantom freight. So it is a matter of great interest to the consumer as to whether or not that is a system which should be permitted to exist.

PROFESSOR FETTER: These illustrations all are very pertinent to show how the basing-point practice inverts geographical relations. There is something rather offensive to the reason of men that it should do that. . . .

CHAIRMAN: Well, have you given any consideration to this phase of the problem? If there were no basing-point system and no delivered-price system, what would be the effect upon the development of industry in states which are far distant from the centers of population?

PROFESSOR FETTER: My judgment is that it would tend very largely toward decentralization of physical plants in industry, and would tend to decentralize the control of industry to a considerable extent, and to make industries serve their own communities and neighborhoods to a greater extent, and make collusive prices more difficult, if not impossible.

Absentee control, therefore, leads to the underdevelopment of regional resources. Businessmen are denied opportunities for the full profitable development of local resources, workers are denied jobs, and

consumers are forced to pay higher prices to Eastern producers.

A THIRD form of absenteeism cannot be ignored. This is the absenteeism of—or remote control by—the federal government. Federal absenteeism takes two forms. The first is the tendency, all too common in Washington, to enunciate and enforce a general policy without adapting it to regional differences. Joseph Kinsey Howard shows in *Montana: High, Wide, and Handsome* how the credit policies of the Federal Reserve Board played havoc in Montana just after World War I. A more recent example is the notorious case of the closing of the gold mines. National considerations important in a wartime economy may well have justified this action; nevertheless its application was arbitrary and poorly managed. Quite unnecessarily a “Washington Bureau” roused antagonism and created misunderstanding while seeming to maintain an air of remoteness and indifference. Washington is too far away and regional offices too often are not able to operate with sufficient autonomy and flexibility.

In addition, the federal government is an absentee landlord in the West. It owns some 275 million acres, nearly 50 per cent of the area of the Mountain States, in national forests, parks, and mineral reserves. The fact that the federal government pays no taxes on these lands is a constant source of irritation to state and local governments. The two or three million dollars in annual payments in lieu of taxes described as “shared revenues” is hardly sufficient to allay this source of anti-federal feeling.

Like any landlord, the federal government seems high-handed once in a while. The most recent and most publicized case in point is that of the controversy over the Jackson Hole National Monument in Wyoming. An intensive campaign in the Western press has led Westerners to believe that Mr. Ickes and “Washington” have been most arbitrary and dictatorial in taking over more land, removing it from the tax rolls and from use by private enterprise, and in general disregarding the interests and desires of Westerners.

Whatever the truth may be, many per-

sons in the Mountain States were readily willing to believe the version they had read; and as a result the gulf between the Rockies and the Potomac has again widened.

ON BALANCE, however, the federal government creates more economic activity in the Mountain States than it destroys. National interest demands the conservation of our natural resources; and in its operation of the oil, mineral, and timber reserves of the Mountain States the federal government has proved itself a good steward. Most of the postwar planning and experimentation for resource development in the Mountain States today is being carried on by federal agencies or with federal funds. And while the federal government pays no taxes on its lands, it does hand over to local governments large sums as subsidies to support national programs.

In 1940, for example, the Bureau of Internal Revenue collected about 75 million dollars in taxes in the eight Mountain States. In the same year, Uncle Sam spent 255 millions in those same states in subsidies, relief payments, and other forms of payment. Additional millions were disbursed for government salaries and for loans by the AAA, the RFC, and similar agencies.

Private absenteeism, by contrast, not only drains away the natural wealth of the West, but pockets the profits as well. There is no balancing item on the other side. Yet there is very little popular outcry in the West over the deleterious effects of private absenteeism, while “States’ Rights” and “Down with Bureaucracy” have become the clarion call of every local demagogue from Arizona to Idaho.

Perhaps the explanation of this seeming paradox is to be found in the alliance of business and politics which is largely in control of Western policy and Western thinking today—a control which in many of its aspects presents the most serious barrier to postwar economic expansion in the mountain region.

In the alliance of business and politics in the Rockies, business is clearly the senior partner. The dominant characteristic of its thinking is conservatism, and it has

managed to impose its philosophy on many a citizen. The advocates of traditional Western progressivism are decidedly in the minority in the Rockies today.

The basic policy of this business leadership is the defense of the status quo. It wishes to protect its power against all encroachments; and by and large it is satisfied with things as they are. The Mormon business leaders in Utah looked askance at the surge of war activity in their empire. The "Seventeenth Street Crowd" in Denver thinks that what Colorado needs is more tourists and not more factories. The public utility and copper combines in Montana and Arizona want no interference with their policies. The sugar and cattle interests in Colorado, Wyoming, Nevada, and New Mexico are united in the support of the same popular orthodoxy.

IN CONSEQUENCE, the few progressive dissenters in the business world are highly unpopular with the dominant business leadership. Henry Kaiser in particular represents a serious threat to established power and accepted patterns of thinking. Mr. Kaiser actually has said that the West needs to be industrialized. More serious still, he has let it be known that he has plans for the operation of the great Geneva Steel Plant in Provo, Utah, and the equally strategic Denver Ordnance Plant in Colorado. If Mr. Kaiser persists, he may well become the spearhead of a drive to break up the established status quo policy of the Mountain West.

But Mr. Kaiser not only has to do battle with Western conservatism. He also must overcome Eastern opposition to his program of Western development. In July he launched his major drive by proposing a 350 million dollar program for Western steel—a program which involves the integration of his own Fontana, California, plant, the government's gigantic Geneva Steel, and the privately-owned Colorado Fuel & Iron Co.

In making this announcement Mr. Kaiser showed that he knew what absenteeism means to the West. On July 17th in Los Angeles he said (as quoted in the press), "There isn't any question but that there's a terrific fight to stop the operation

of Western steel. . . . Actions of big Eastern steel corporations indicate they are trying to prevent us from accomplishing our objective.

"I was told to stay out of this thing or I'd really get hurt," he declared.

Asked if there was any chance that he would give up his plans and sell his present Western steel interests to U. S. Steel, Kaiser answered, "Not as long as I live."

If Mr. Kaiser succeeds in setting up an independent integrated steel industry in the West, he will have moved a long step forward toward the elimination of absentee control of the West's economy.

III

THE POLITICAL leaders of the area, with a few brilliant exceptions, follow business thinking very closely. "What's good for business is good for politics," regardless of the general welfare of the people of the region. Three examples will suffice to illustrate this tendency in politics.

First, there are the blocs. The Mountain States region is the home of some of the smallest, yet best organized and most powerful, special interest blocs in the United States. Most notorious of all, perhaps, is the silver bloc. Silver is a minority interest, even in the West. Yet this group has been able to impose an expensive and nonsensical silver monetary policy upon the entire nation. The gold mining interests have been almost equally successful in their special interest policies. Opposition to Senate confirmation of the Bretton Woods International Monetary Agreement has come largely from the "silver senators." As "hard money" men, they concentrated their obstructive efforts on trying to ram ever larger masses of indigestible metal down the throats of an unwilling international economy.

The Western beet sugar bloc is another which has successfully protected a minority special interest at great cost to all American consumers. And the cattle bloc has preferred to spend its energies fighting the importation of Argentine beef rather than in working with the ranchers of the West to improve the efficiency of their operations.

The typical attitude of the Western poli-

tician toward the blocs has been well expressed by Governor Dempsey of New Mexico. Speaking in Denver a few days after Mr. Truman became our Chief Executive, Governor Dempsey did not hesitate to line up the President on the side of Western conservatism and the special interest blocs. Governor Dempsey is reported by the press to have said: "I think that we can depend on President Truman for a number of things that have by the nature of things been uncertain before. First, I think we can depend on him to protect the resources of the West from foreign importation. I think we can depend on him to protect our cattle and our sheep, our copper and zinc and rare metals. I think this is most important for our postwar prosperity and I know that he does too."

A SECOND example of the shortsightedness and economic naïveté of Western political leadership is to be seen in the current controversy over the proposal for a Missouri Valley Authority. Taking their cue from the power and irrigation lobbies, and hypnotized by their own oratory about "States' Rights," the politicians in power in the Mountain States are almost unanimously opposed to an MVA. The reasons for this opposition have been well detailed by Joseph Kinsey Howard in *Harper's Magazine* for June 1945. Mr. Howard wrote too soon, however, to report on the *reductio ad absurdum* of this opposition—the ludicrous threat of Governor Vivian of Colorado to spend "every cent" of the state's nine-million-dollar surplus to fight the MVA. The insidious idea of a well-integrated and comprehensive program for the development of the natural resources of the large parts of Montana, Wyoming, and Colorado which lie in the Missouri River Basin brings shudders to our governors and state legislators. Indeed, opposition in the Mountain States to the River Valley Authority idea appears to be compounded in about equal parts of ignorance, prejudice, and dog-in-the-mangerism.

THE THIRD example of almost incomprehensible political leadership is to be found in the recent history of the vital

freight rate controversy. Economists are almost unanimously agreed that for decades the freight rate structure of the United States has discriminated against the South and West. The recent order of the ICC removing the basis for discrimination has been hailed on all sides as a great victory for these regions. Yet the political and business leaders of the West have actually fought against the removal of this major handicap to their development—or at best they have shown a colossal indifference to the whole subject.

In the recent freight rate war as in the MVA battle, Governor Vivian again distinguished himself as a supporter of special interests and an opponent of the general welfare. In 1943 the Southern governors promoted a conference of Southern and Western governors in Denver for the purpose of rallying the West to their common cause: the fight against economic colonialism. By a clever maneuver and by virtue of his position as host, Governor Vivian brought forward an unscheduled speaker during the meeting. This "distinguished guest of Denver" turned out to be none other than Big Bill Jeffers, president of the Union Pacific.

Mr. Jeffers spoke long and forcefully. He argued that the railroads could and would look after the West and that freight rates should be left alone. His oratory must have been persuasive. At any rate, the Western governors refused to be persuaded by their Southern colleagues. The result was that the South had to carry the freight alone. In Georgia, Governor Arnall took the case to the Supreme Court. In the West, governors and legislators alike have given the entire problem the well-known "silent treatment."

IV

THESE, then, are three significant examples of the thinking of Western leadership: protection of special interests, opposition to the valley authority idea, and indifference to proposals for the removing of barriers to industrial development. In consequence we are forced reluctantly to the conclusion that business and political policy in the Mountain States favors traditional restrictive practices and is opposed to economic expansion.

In view of this situation it is pertinent to inquire if hope for the West can be found in the realm of intellectual leadership. A state or region should look to its universities to supply the foundation for its attitudes and ideas. Unfortunately the universities of the Mountain States cannot be credited with outstanding performance of this function. Inadequately staffed and inadequately financed, they have played a secondary role. Whenever a promising intellectual leader does appear, he is quickly snatched away by more opulent institutions. J. L. Morrill made an excellent record as president of the University of Wyoming, but after a few years he went on to the presidency of the much more important University of Minnesota. At the University of Colorado, Reuben Gustavson in serving for two years as acting president so enhanced his reputation as an outstanding scientist with a liberal social consciousness that he was invited to become dean of the faculties of the University of Chicago.

Who can blame these men, and others like them—Federal Reserve Chairman Marriner Eccles of Utah and Thurman Arnold of Wyoming for instance? They have gone on to immediate opportunities for greater leadership. But the Mountain States needed them badly; and needed them all the more because the dominant complacent and reactionary groups, who have not hesitated on more than one occasion to infringe upon academic freedom, congratulate themselves that the community is rid of "dangerous men." There is much room for improvement in education, research, and intellectual leadership in the Mountain States. But there is little immediate hope that the universities and colleges will be able to take the lead in planning for an expanding economy and the increased material well-being of the people of the region.

THE MAJOR institutional barriers to economic progress described above—private and federal absenteeism and local conservatism—offer a serious threat to the economic future of the Mountain States. This situation is aggravated by the fact that in the late thirties the Mountain West lagged behind the rest of the country in

economic development, and during the war it failed to expand as rapidly as other parts of the country.

The recent economic history of the Mountain States in general is not unlike that of Utah. Conditions in that state have been well described by Professor J. R. Mahoney, director of the Bureau of Economic and Business Research of the University of Utah, in the following terms:

"In the twenty-year period from 1920 to 1940 there was a whole series of accumulating difficulties and maladjustments in the economy of the state. . . . The population increased by 100,000 from 1920 to 1940, but the number of employment opportunities was virtually the same at the two census dates. . . . During this twenty-year period the productive facilities of the state were not increasing. . . . The results of the impact of a growing population on basic industries that failed to expand were unemployment, employment under unfavorable circumstances, and under-employment of the population." Or, as an anonymous observer once expressed it more succinctly, "Utah's main export is its children."

As a result, unemployment was a more serious problem in the Rockies before Pearl Harbor than elsewhere in the United States. The 1940 census indicated that 16 per cent of the total labor force in the country was then unemployed or on emergency public works. In Wyoming and Nevada, the two smallest states of the region, unemployment was about equal to the national average; in the other six states, however, it was well above the national average, ranging from 19.3 per cent in Colorado to 23.9 per cent in New Mexico.

It is not surprising, therefore, that in the early stages of the war the Mountain States were looked upon as a labor reservoir area. Emigration was rapid, particularly from the rural areas. It is true that several metropolitan areas in the Mountain States increased in size during the war, notably Denver, Salt Lake City, and Las Vegas, Nevada, but the region as a whole has lost population. On V-J Day there were fewer civilians residing in the Mountain States than there had been in 1940.

Employment, of course, increased during the war—at least temporarily. But the great bulk of the war-created facilities in the Mountain States can be converted to peacetime use only with great difficulty. The Rockies are dotted with air fields, ammunition depots, and army camps, which offer few postwar jobs. The chemical warfare arsenals and shell-loading plants of the region possess greater conversion potentialities, but problems of products and markets are yet to be solved.

Probably the future use of these latter facilities depends largely on the creation of a Western steel industry. Much has been written on this subject. It is perhaps sufficient here to recall Mr. Grattan's article in *Harper's Magazine* for March 1945, in which he emphasizes the fact that the problem of a Western steel industry is a problem of the entire West—the Pacific Coast and the Mountain States combined. At present, however, most of the leadership in dealing with this issue is coming from the Pacific Coast, and not from the Mountain States where the vital coal and iron ore are located.

THUS WE come again to the crux of the problem. Although the war brought increased employment and new capital equipment to the West and stimulated the region to renewed activity, Western leadership has remained shortsighted and proud of its out-dated conservatism.

In recent years the region has been falling behind in the march of economic progress, in spite of its great potentialities in human and natural resources. Potentialities are not enough. For though the Mountain States were awakened by the war from their lethargy, other areas have been stimulated to even greater expansion. The West is now faced with an opportunity to consolidate its wartime gains and is challenged to catch up with greater progress elsewhere. The people of the Mountain States are no less anxious for a healthy development of industry than the people of other regions, they are no less deserving of opportunity, and they are no less capable. But they will be denied the freedom even to strive for economic expansion, unless their leadership awakens to its responsibilities.

Labor in Politics—a Prophecy

WHEN you give to men who do not like to be bossed, but whom you have been bossing industrially, the power to boss you politically, and when they realize that they can get very definite material advantages by bossing you politically, you have set the stage for a contest that will not be stopped by any instrument or policy of mere opportunism. This is exactly the situation today. Employees not only have political power but they outnumber the employers so far that, given anything approaching a consciousness of their power and a solidarity of purpose, employees can get by political means most of the things that they are unable to get by industrial means. They can control governments by concerted action at the polls and by their blocs in legislative bodies. The dictation of the taxation policy of a government, we must never forget, is a weapon that can reach far back into industry.

To put it bluntly, then, industrial democracy is inevitable because political power has been given to the masses. If they cannot settle their issues inside industry by industrial methods they will go outside industry and settle them by political methods. — Edward A. Filene, in *The Way Out*, 1924.

SEVEN KEYS TO ADDLEPATE

LLEWELLYN WHITE



I AM sick and tired of the people who know all the answers and want to regiment me into joining their party. I want a chance to make up my individual mind for myself on the basis of objective news reports and balanced discussion. I am sick and tired of the omniscient social scientists and the high priests of economics. ("Economics is beyond the ken of ordinary mortals, but, fortunately for us, the doctor understands it. Just drink this bottle, Brother, and write your congressman, and find yourself in a fine new depression-proof, war-proof world!") Having lost what little faith I ever had in the ability of clergymen to save my soul and in the ability of a wonderful thing called "government" to save my bacon, I do not propose to throw myself bodily into the arms of Alvin Hansen or Leo Cherne.

But what do I get? A row of dogmatic little books called *The Key to the Peace*, *The Key to Prosperity*, etc. (I call my little collection "The Seven Keys to Addleplate"); magazines which present either pro or con, but never both, and seldom in the words of men whom I believe qualified; newspapers and news magazines which are no longer subtle about their selective weighing, their bitter bias, their contempt for the judgment of me, the reader. Even the press associations, last stronghold of the tell-the-folks-everything-and-let-them-draw-their-own-conclusions school, are losing their belief in what Harry Luce calls "the myth that reporters can present facts objectively."

Are we going to come to open bias all around, with the mass media strung out along the various party lines and every reader buying those newspapers, magazines, and books, listening to those radio programs, and seeing those movies which confirm him in his unreasoning prejudice? It is getting so that readers of *PM* cannot converse with followers of DeWitt Wallace, and devotees of Kaltenborn cannot keep their shirts on when talking to Ed Leahy fans. The thing even spreads to colleges and professors. One hears earnest young girls discourse for five minutes and recognizes them as products of Chicago or Black Mountain; one listens patiently to a somewhat older male and says to oneself, "I bet he went to school to old Charlie Merriam."

I should like, while there is yet time, to strike a small blow for that objectivity which has been the basis of the American free press, and for every publication that still has question marks on its typewriter keyboards and uses them.

{ *Russell Lynes, one of the editors of Harper's, follows closely—as a layman—the trends in architecture and other arts.* }

ARCHITECTS IN GLASS HOUSES

RUSSELL LYNES

Pictorial Comment by Charles E. Martin

THE MODERN architects are butting their heads against a plexiglas wall.

For twenty-five years these amiable, ingenious, and sometimes preposterous fellows have been trying to induce us to live more rational lives in more sensible surroundings. Now that the war is at an end they will certainly press the attack with increased vigor. Yet, though they will be armed with a formidable battery of war-born building techniques and materials, and though the prospect of an unprecedented housing boom might seem to offer them wonderful new opportunities to exert themselves, they are not likely to succeed in sweeping us into a bright new era of sunbathed living in functional houses.

They believe they know what is mechanically good for us and practical. But since the days of the earliest settlers the American tradition of home ownership and home architecture has not been based entirely on practical considerations. Sentiment, individualism, pride, the competitive spirit, and identification with the past have had much to do with the kinds of houses we have chosen to live in. The false front of the Midwestern town, the Dutch colonial suburban cottage, the Renaissance apartment house cannot be defended in practical terms, but neither are they to be dismissed as mere aberrations of taste. They have indulged whims and aspirations architects will probably

have to reckon with for some time to come.

Especially in a victorious America.

After the last war, and in quite a different way after the Civil War, architecture went fancy. The frivolous and disillusioned nineteen-twenties littered our expensive suburbs with English manor houses, and our more urban suburbs with apartment houses touched up with Elizabethan half-timber; the barns and attics of New England and Pennsylvania were emptied of their "antiques" so that curly maple washstands could become radio cabinets; colleges went medieval Gothic. The years following the Civil War brought the great rush to rip classic porticoes off Greek Revival houses and replace them with gingerbread ornament, and to make tracery on mansard roofs with cast-iron railings.

With the war over now, no amount of inspired (or doctrinaire) theorizing is likely to withstand the popular reaction against the regimentation of wartime, and the earnest desire (at least on the part of an estimated four million home-buying servicemen) to recapture the familiar. And so, if there is plenty of money to spend, architecture will probably be off again in a happy, ridiculous, and perhaps entertaining dream world.

II

THE MODERN architects may blame it all on our American sentimental cussedness. But I suspect there will be

more to it than that. The truth is that they have frequently misjudged us.

They have reasoned that we are a mechanical and practical people, spiritually industrialized, and with a natural receptiveness to new concepts of living. Lewis Mumford, apologist extraordinary for community planning and for modern functionalism in house construction, once put it this way: "We value the positive results of science, disciplined thinking, coherent organization, collective enterprise, and that happy impersonality which is one of the highest fruits of personal development." (That was in 1932, in a discussion of modern architecture.) These are strange qualities to ascribe to a people who disdain regimentation and have been fighting for their lives against a philosophy that set great store by "happy impersonality." Regimentation is something that we as a people can use when we need to, but we like to keep it in its place—and to be sure we can escape from it.

Its place, we have decided, is chiefly in our working life. We are willing, indeed we expect, to work under rational conditions. We readily take to the idea that the ideal office or factory should be a purely functional building, accommodated both to tools and to the people who use them. That is why the current formula of architectural functionalism—simple, geometric construction with large areas of glass—was first accepted by us in the building of factories, offices, and stores. There is no need any longer to defend to us the functional design of a grain elevator, or the River Rouge plant; or the exposed steel construction of a bridge. But there is a difference in our attitude toward functional, efficient, bloodless architecture when it is applied to the place in which we live.

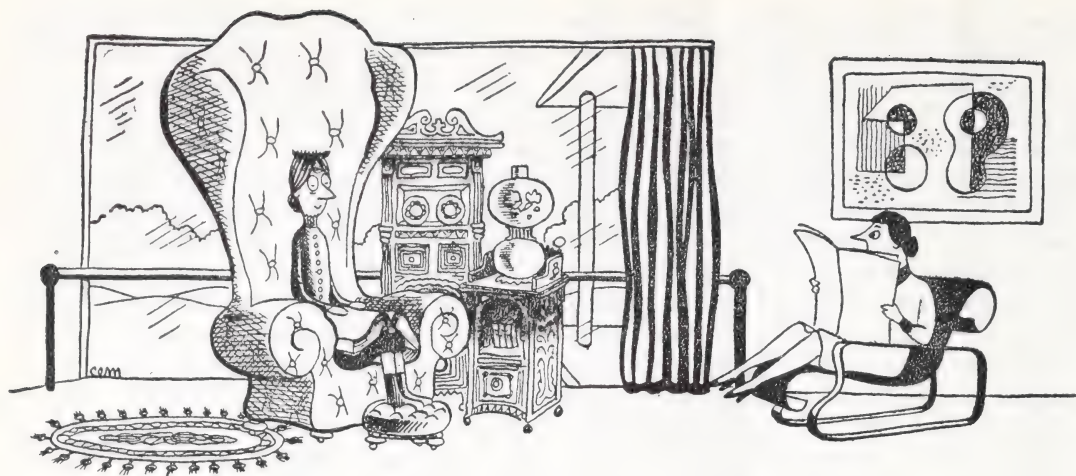
Individuality, submerged at work, insists on coming to the surface at home. The worker, on whatever rung of the ladder, goes home to get away from it all. He needs, or thinks he needs (which is just as important), a contrast between work and relaxation. If safety rules have kept him neat all day, he wants the right to be messy at home. He wants to be the boss. He wants to be private. He wants, if he can afford it, to indulge in some of the tokens of luxury. Also, he wants his home

to provide, for himself and his family, some of that sense of security—not economic security but the security of affection and the familiar—that the home of his childhood gave him. This is likely to be bound up in his mind with the familiar things with which his parents surrounded him. And even if he has outgrown his parents' taste in architecture and furniture, the idea remains with him that this home to which he gets away should contain some of the symbols of continuity.

So we are likely—not being as rational as the modern architects would like us to be—to cling to the traditional. We like our heirlooms; or if we haven't any, and can't buy somebody else's, we like our Grand Rapids simulated heirlooms. We feel secure in our historical past, and if we haven't an early colonial house, we are likely to build one. Thus, when the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company built a housing development in the suburbs of Washington, it produced a glorified traditional American village. To people who work in the highly functionalized Pentagon Building, a highly unfunctional-appearing home looks good indeed. It reminds them of the past—if not their own past, the past of others whom they admire.

We want, too, a house which will give us the sense of importance which goes with what we regard as a suitable setting. Mumford speaks with scorn of "the bourgeois emphasis upon 'possessions' rather than functions," but certainly the sense of possession is strong in all classes of our society, and at all ages—from the boy with pockets full of marbles, rusty nails, string, and pebbles, to the grandmother with her treasured memorabilia of a long life. Pride in our possessions is a general if not an admirable trait, and the quality of possessions has come to serve as a measure of success—a sort of social wampum. They are in a sense the accumulated symbols of a personal tradition; and as long as free enterprise prevails as the basis of our spiritual—if not our economic—life, they are likely to continue to be regarded as part of our accumulated reward.

OUR TENDENCY to cling to symbols of our past may be a manifestation of our national sense of insecurity in matters



of culture. It has been dinned into us for a couple of centuries by the arbiters of taste that American culture is inferior to that of Europe, less sophisticated, more provincial; and they long ago so shook our confidence in ourselves that in what we recognize as cultural matters most of us are still easily led wherever the cultural fad-dists want to take us. But where mechanical things are concerned, we feel sure of ourselves. When the arbiters of taste begin to talk about the machine, we are on common ground and not afraid to talk back. And when we hear people talking, as some of the modern architects have done, about "machines for living," it gets our dander up! We know about machines and we know—or think we do—about living, and we have pretty definite convictions on how far we want one to intrude on the other.

We want a machine that will keep us warm in winter and cool in summer. We want machines that will wash our clothes, toast our bread, cook our roast. We recognize that there is work to be done in the home as well as at the office or the factory; and just as we accept the idea that the office or factory should be mechanized and efficient, so we accept the idea that the kitchen—which is the housewife's machine shop—should be mechanized and efficient. The better organized it is, the cleaner it is, the more quickly she can get through with her work there and get about her life.

Her escape from the kitchen is like her husband's escape from the factory. She wants to move out of the confinements of

work and its impersonal trappings into an atmosphere of relaxation with very personal trappings. As a homemaker she considers it her function to make the house comfortable, "homey," a reflection of her personality and her femininity. Furthermore, she wants to look well in it. There aren't many women who look their most enchanting against a spare and simple background, no matter how handsome it is, and they know it. Prettiness may not be as desirable as beauty, but it is a commodity that we have lots of in this country, that we set great store by, and that is going to prevail if men have anything to say about it and if women can still capitalize on it. Women are going to continue to insist on a setting that shows their prettiness to the best advantage.

Tell a woman that she must live in a machine, and she will revolt. Le Corbusier, the Swiss architect who is the idol of the functionalists, could have done the cause of modern architecture no greater disservice than by inventing the phrase "machine for living." It sums up all too succinctly the basic theories embodied in the modern house and puts them in a package so uninviting that few people want to have anything to do with it.

III

NOT ONLY have the modern architects failed to understand the limits of our zeal for mechanical efficiency; they have also, thus far, tended to take a somewhat arbitrary view of what we need in our daily life. Wanting us to have functional

houses, they have interpreted our human functions too narrowly. It is as if they had designed houses to accommodate part of our human nature and had left the rest of it with no place to go—almost as if they didn't approve of it and preferred to exclude it. Let us look for a moment at these houses, outside and in.

The outward and visible signs of modern domestic architecture haven't made much impression on our landscape as yet, though the inward and spiritual impact has been strong. There are still very few houses in America that the critics and architects classify as really modern. A catalogue published by the Museum of Modern Art lists less than a hundred and fifty in all the northeastern states. This means modern inside as well as outside, and excludes "modernistic" (debased modern) and "modernesque" (debased "modernistic").

So far as the externals are concerned, the modern architect has devised a formula as doctrinaire in its attempt to emphasize the functional as the Beaux Arts-trained architects of another generation were in their neo-classicism. The strip window, the flat roof, the flush doorway without moldings, emphasis on the horizontal rather than the vertical, the glass wall, dependence for abstract composition on the juxtaposition of flat areas and solids: these are the stock in trade of the modern architect, the union suit in which he clothes, skin tight, the functional plan of the interior. Even a formula which frees the architects from traditional clichés, as does this one, runs the risk of becoming hidebound, and its application to all sorts of architectural problems in all sorts of climates seems as nonsensical as the traditions from which it sought to escape.

Furniture designed to fit the modern house formula follows a similar established doctrine. A chair, for example, is conscientiously designed for what is considered by the designer to be a normal, functional fanny, for a healthy position for relaxation or eating or working, and for the conformation of the average body. The results are frequently handsome. They are simple. The materials are often pleasant (though hard to assimilate with older furniture). The furniture is less frequently comfortable; but that is be-

cause few of us have average figures, and nobody likes to sit in one position very long no matter how good it is for him, and comfort is not only a physical feeling but an optical illusion as well. (Lots of modern furniture which is actually comfortable looks as if it had been designed for discomfort.) Modern chairs are delightful so long as you give yourself to them utterly; but try to shift your position—to sit eagerly forward in a relaxing-chair, or to lounge limply in a brisk working chair—and you are in trouble. Some, like the Aalto occasional plywood chair with no back legs, are out-and-out mantraps; lean forward—and they may abruptly pitch you on the floor. The trouble with such items of furniture is that they have not allowed for the part of human nature that likes perversely to stay in one place while doing different things. Their designers in effect insist that whenever it is our whim to cease sprawling at ease and begin to take an active interest in life, we should celebrate the occasion by moving to another chair.

It is the interior plan of the house that interests the modern architects most keenly ("the exterior grows normally from the plan"), and it is in devising the plan that they have made the greatest incursions into our lives.

The "open plan" in which room runs into room, in order to give an illusion of space, is part of the doctrine that has spilled over from the functional house into all sorts of compromise dwellings. It is frequently handsome, giving as it does a look of unconfining airiness. But it sacrifices privacy unless the family can afford a large and rambling structure. In the small open-plan house, those of us who like to go into a room and shut the door against the children's racket have no place to go when we want to read, except the bathroom or the bedroom; and pleasant as either may be, reading is not the function for which they were planned. Privacy is always an expensive luxury, but it is prized by every member of the family except young children; and most of us are willing to sacrifice space for a place in which we can shut ourselves up. If we want to be moral about it—and

architects are now moralists—we can say that it is better for our daughter to have a room in which she can entertain her friends than to go out on the town. The New England village house and farmhouse always had a parlor, often the most elegant room in the house, where the best furniture and the family mementos were stored, while the family lived in the kitchen. It was not reserved merely for funerals and calls from the clergyman; it was there for escape, for courting, and for family dignity. It had a value that can't be explained in mere terms of spatial economy.

The "open plan" doesn't stop at the walls of the house. It brings the outdoors indoors. In a recent exhibition of "Tomorrow's Small House" at the Museum of Modern Art, each of the ten houses seemed to have more glass walls than masonry. The glass in almost every case faced south in order to let in the maximum amount of sunlight during winter when the sun is low. Projecting eaves protected the rooms from too strong light in summer. The architects assume that we all want—or ought to want—all the daylight we can get, and that we want the illusion of space that comes from incorporating the outdoors into the living room. It is an assumption that goes back to the earliest experimenters in modern architecture. Le Corbusier, Mies Van Der Röhe, Gropius, and Oud rejected conventional fenestration to let the light pour in. (The idea went along, chronologically, with the cult of nudism.) It was, and still is, an appealing idea to any healthy city-dweller starved for natural light and sunshine. But it disregards the fact that for some people, at some times, enough is enough, especially if they live all year round in the open country where sunshine is plentiful. And it disregards also our natural inclination to go home and shut the door behind us, to shut out the world and enter our own private domain. If we want to look at the outdoors we have only to walk to the window, but to have the outdoors always peering at us, even through a curtained wall, is a little embarrassing.

A similar arbitrariness appears once more in the matter of storage space. The architects know us very well statistically. They know precisely how many objects an

average family in a given income bracket has to store—how many bicycles, trunks, shovels, croquet sets—and how big they are. Storage space is planned accordingly. The "storage wall," for example, is based on the conclusion that the average small family has about a thousand small objects not more than twelve inches in depth to keep hidden. This wall, the principle of which dates back at least to the Renaissance and has been in constant use as a wall with cupboards in it, has been re-invented by the ingenious architects of *Life* magazine; the basic difference is that theirs is made of movable units and you can get at it from both sides. It assumes that we are naturally tidy, and would rather keep things neatly in a wall than toss them into the cellar, the attic, or the hall closet, and also that we resolutely throw away the things we no longer need.

These assumptions are flattering. But having eliminated the cellar in favor of storage closets and "utility rooms" (in which the furnace and other mechanical necessities are hidden), and having eliminated the attic in favor of a flat roof, the architects are forcing us to get rid of our pasts. They are also forcing us to become men and women of decision, always ready to make up our minds whether we should throw away those outmoded galoshes, that outgrown kiddie-car, that unsuccessful oil portrait of grandfather, and that once convenient box for nursing bottles, or hang on to them in case the day might come when they would be useful to us or to a relative or neighbor. The attic, the cellar, and the cavernous closet were wonderful devices for enabling us to postpone such decisions indefinitely in an unpredictable world. The architects are also depriving us, incidentally, of a place to dry vegetables under a hot roof, and of a place to store root crops and jellies in the damp darkness below ground. Presumably they expect us to live on frozen foods, slough off the past, and—as really modern men and women should—look only to the future. But isn't that cramping some of us just a little to make us fit the house's functions, instead of making the house fit ours?

Again, some of us are thoroughly neat, some of us are neat only on the surface, and some of us are downright untidy. In

a modern house there isn't much choice. Its economy of design, its complete rationality, requires that we either be neat or look as if we were living in a rather messy breadbox. There is a place for everything that the architects think we should have—as if the average family were able to keep everything in its place! And the modern house doesn't let us improvise places to hide things without destroying the symmetry or planned asymmetry on which the character of the structure depends for its looks. There is no space for an extra cupboard where it wouldn't stick out like a sore thumb, or for an extra bookcase—especially if you want to put it against that ingenious but uneasy invention, the movable wall.

THE ARBITRARINESS, like the open plan, carries over into the outdoors, beyond the edges of the lawn, into the community. In the eyes of the modern architect-planners, each house, each multiple dwelling (polite term for apartment house) should be related to the others in the most economical manner contributing to the good life. This principle of theirs is sometimes somewhat obscured, for people unfamiliar with it, by the fact that at present there are so few authentic modern houses that each one seems strikingly unharmonious with its neighbors: it stands out like a beacon in a wilderness of architectural orthodoxy. But the architect-planners are as vibrant in their enthusiasm for the unified community as are the politicians, real-estate operators, and speculators in their opposition.

Now there is no question that there are great advantages in the elimination of un-directed and thoughtless community development. But some of the planners have devised so many formulae for all sorts of community activities—our health, our recreation, our shopping, our education, our transport, and sometimes, to some extent, even our political views—that they seem intent on making us citizens of a regimented democracy, a community of "happy impersonality." What matter if some of us wouldn't be caught dead in a community center? They'll make us take it, and like it. For they know what is good for us.

The blood that coursed through the veins of Le Corbusier, a man with an aesthetic and sociological vision, still palpitates in his disciples. He was impatient with man, his unreasonableness, his slowness to see the light. As the architectural critic, Russell Hitchcock, says, Le Corbusier believed that the realization of his aesthetic and sociological theories of how a man should live demanded "considerable sacrifices" but "modern man *ought* to find his houses habitable." The zeal of the reformer is still in his disciples' hearts, as it is in the hearts of most true artists. But the architect is differently situated from other artists. Once he has muscled in, it is next to impossible to get rid of him. The work that he produces stays there.

IV

PERHAPS IT is partly because of the modern architects' overestimation of our American zest for mechanical efficiency and their underestimation of our zest for sentiment, tradition, and other disorderly perversities, that they have had a rocky road to travel. Their wares have not really caught on. For one thing, the bankers have not seemed to kindle with enthusiasm for the modern house.

In many communities—if zoning regulations don't exclude modern houses entirely—the man who wants to build one has to put up all the money himself, because the mortgage on such a house is not considered a good risk. According to the money-lenders, its resale value is not comparable to that of a semi-traditional house. The reasons are many and reasonably obvious. Not enough people have learned to like their looks. It is usually thought that most modern houses are built with a mathematician's eye to the needs of one specific family and therefore won't be likely to fit other families. Modern houses don't age gracefully: architecture which depends for its looks on simple surfaces shows the marks of age much sooner than architecture dependent upon broken surfaces. A crack in the stucco of an unbroken wall stands out like a scar on a maiden's cheek. Furthermore, today's modern has a way of becoming tomorrow's modernistic. Stylistically it often ages as

do the products of fashions and fads in the other arts, and only the very soundest and handsomest examples can stand the test of even a little time. Bankers, for good or evil, are less concerned with the advancement of the arts than architects are. And so they tend to stand aloof.

Buying a house is the biggest investment that most people ever make, and usually only the wealthy are willing to risk so much money on an experiment. Modern house construction has been, and continues to be, a series of experiments—with materials, with methods of building, with heating and cooling systems—and thus the potential purchaser is in much the same position as when he is faced with buying a new make of automobile. He hesitates to buy "until the bugs have been taken out." In some ways we are at about the same point with the modern house that our parents were with the automobile in, say, 1905. If we buy, it's a sporting matter and we expect to get out every few miles and look under the hood to see why it won't run. If we don't like a car, we can turn it in; it's not so easy to get rid of a house.

These are some of the practical reasons why the price of the modern house has always been higher than its advantages warrant. And there is another. Like the automobile, the machine for living depends upon "technically perfect use of materials." So long as the materials have to be hand-tooled for every job the price is bound to be high. Low prices for modern houses will depend upon mass production of building materials and standardized specifications for all the important structural elements such as doors, windows, wall units, heating, and plumbing. So far all attempts to mass-produce modern prefabricated houses have been unsuccessful.

At present, we must confess, it doesn't look as if the demand would be created in the near future on a sufficient scale to make mass production possible. Projects such as Buckminster Fuller's new prefabricated Dymaxion house, turned out by airplane factories, may have some success in meeting immediate postwar shortages; but their staying powers are questionable in view of the rigidity of their pattern and their overt mechanization of living.

Purely functional housing will probably find its best opportunities in devastated countries where mass production and speed are far more essential than they are in this country. And even in Europe and Japan there are likely to be concessions to traditional patterns of architecture; by some curious reversion, thatched roofs might even turn up on the new houses which will replace the bombed-out homes of Devonshire. The international style may not prove as international as its name.

WHAT, THEN, are we likely to get, here in America?

Modern architecture, in its doctrinaire sense, has its best chance for survival in factories and office buildings and in government-planned and government-financed housing developments. As for apartment houses in cities and suburbs, these—if the published drawings of new projects are a reliable indication—will continue to be fancy, though the fanciness will incorporate some of modern architecture's clichés and some of its functional advantages. The housing developments, especially the very low-cost ones in which simplicity is essential, may make the most of the looks inherent in economical distribution of functional elements; or they may turn out, as much pre-war housing did, to look like asymmetrical brick boxes of a singular cheerlessness. White-collar housing developments will probably continue to imitate in some degree our traditional village architecture (New England, Virginia, or mission, depending on the location). Private building is likely either to stick to the old forms or to develop new forms incorporating the old and the modern in a crazy-quilt of happy hominess, and there won't be much that the modern architects can do about it.

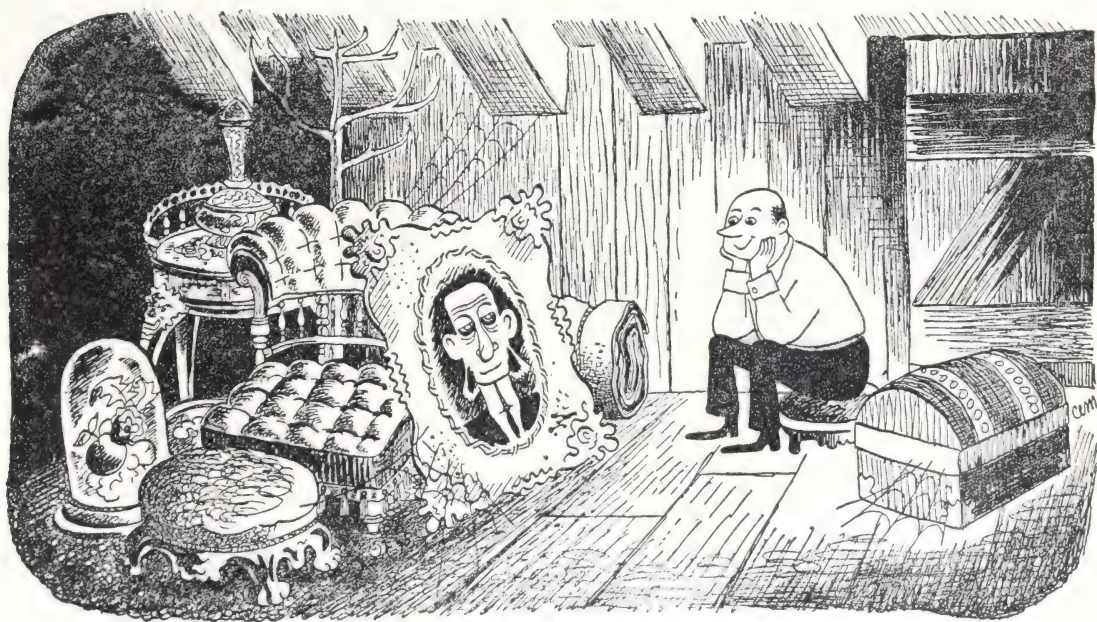
The dilemma of the architect is a tough one. He is an artist who cannot operate without impinging on other people's lives. He speaks a special language of aesthetics which it is difficult for him to translate to those less sensitive people, his clients. He is likely to feel that it is his responsibility to lead them to the well of beauty and, if they don't want to drink, to duck their heads in it and hold them under. He is concerned, furthermore, with seeing

that man should live not only beautifully but rationally, and this makes him an arbiter of sense as well as of sensibility. But he can succeed with us only if he imposes upon us, not only his momentary taste, but his theories of life, and in some degree sets a pattern for our waking and sleeping hours. Once we have delivered ourselves into his hands, we are committed for years; only the wealthy among us can afford to buy their way out. And if, sensing this, we hesitate, he is frustrated. The situation is an unhappy one.

It is unhappy both for him and for us. For him, because he is condemned to the fate of the pioneer who hacks out the path to the promised land and who, if his sense of direction has anywhere gone astray, knows well that he will never reach it himself. For us, because this country will never develop a new and indigenous architectural style until architects and homeowners can learn to see eye to eye on the way in which men and women should live, and this will require much experimenting; anything which delays the experimenting delays the production of those agreeable houses that we all dream of. Meanwhile, we should be grateful that there are not only experimenters but some willing guinea pigs as well. For without both groups architecture as an art and a science would exhaust itself, and we should

all have to go on living in variations of prototypes. Even if the modern architects have thus far been too hell-bent on mechanical efficiency and too sure they knew what was good for us, at least they have done much to liberate their profession from its onetime slavery to tradition. If they can relax their insistence upon a too narrow formula, they may be able, in due course, to liberate us too.

AND NOW, if I can raise the money, and if there is an architect who will speak to me, I have a hillside in the Berkshires where I should like to build a modern house with more glass in it than you should throw a stone at. Most of my furniture is high Victorian, of which I am very fond, though I have a few Finnish and Swedish plywood objects that I bought in a flurry of enthusiasm about ten years ago before I had children to be trapped by them. I haven't the slightest idea how many toys my children need, nor how many of their broken ones they will be willing to part with. I should like a nice dark cellar, though I haven't any idea what I will put in it. I don't feel at home unless I have stairs to go up and down, and I want to be able to shut the doors on every room in the house. If the house looks as unreasonable as I feel about it, I'll be perfectly willing to take the consequences.



{ The following description of the German surrender in the red schoolhouse at Rheims is taken from a letter written the next day—May 7, 1945—by an American soldier to his wife. }

OK BY DONUTS

ULRICH FRANZEN



EARLY THIS morning it happened. Because of politics, victory won't be announced till tomorrow by our governments. I assure you it's not SHAEF's fault.

Over the last three days this has been the scene of what I suppose was historic goings on. The little red schoolhouse ain't so very little, but it's Red all right. Owing to my special assignment here and my special "skills," all that has been going on prior to the big official act went through my hands. As we are sort of a small closed family here, Ike has been handling it in a very informal manner. Two days ago the German Great Admiral Friedenberg arrived here with a gawky colonel from the General Staff. A little British Humber drove up to the front door and the ATS driver (British Wac) asked "Is this the place?" It sure was. We were all at the entrance when the two German emissaries stepped inside. They pranced through a row of gum-chewing GI's, some taking snapshots, others with their hands in their pockets, some dressed in fatigues. The admiral kept saying that it was such a shame what had happened and all that sort of mush. He would look out of the window and smile at the joes in the courtyard and comment on what a wonderful place this was. But perhaps these were the antics of a sailor who never had much of a navy anyway. The colonel kept very much to himself.

They hung around and wanted to surrender, but they weren't properly authorized to do so. So we kept on cabling back to the German High Command telling them to go ahead and authorize these boys. In the meantime the admiral ate himself silly on sandwiches from our snack bar and got quite high on Gen. Smith's Scotch, and insisted on telling everyone how anxious he was to surrender. He made a lot of ostentatious cracks about Hitler, like all German soldiers that have been surrendering of late and telling their captors they never fired a shot. In fact the more Nazi they are the more they curse Hitler. A spineless bunch.

I talked to a combat soldier the other day who apparently speaks some German. Every jerry they captured was questioned by this joe as to whether or not he was a Nazi. The answer was always an emphatic NO. So he told me that if he ever ran into a jerry prisoner who would admit that he was a Nazi, he would treat him to ice cream and all the GI rations he could eat, just to give an honest man his due. "And then," he said, "after he had feasted thusly, I would punch him in the nose."

WELL, INSTEAD of authorizing the admiral and the colonel, Admiral Doenitz (or as the GI's call him, Admiral Donuts) sent down the Chief of Staff of the German Armed Forces, Col. Gen. Jodl—one of Hitler's closest advisers and a son-

of-a-bitch of the first order. He arrived in all the glory of his Hollywood-like Prussian general's uniform. A beefy face with drooping pink cheeks. His whole appearance and bearing was a gorgeous contrast to the easy-going informality of our army. And when he had to run the gauntlet of privates and colonels taking snapshots like mad, his whole face twitched with pain. Like a peacock, he strutted in review, to the accompaniment of remarks like—"Jeez, he got all dressed up . . . where's he think he's going, a wedding?"

Well, after Gen. Jodl had read the terms of surrender—and Admiral Donuts had gained some more time—he finally announced that he wasn't authorized to sign either, and he also showed such a blissful ignorance of the German situation and where the remnants of the German Army were that he was presented with a complete list of his army (by yours truly and associates). He had the shock of his life.

Then the four Germans were left in their little room, which has an enormous bay window. For two hours they paraded around in big circles for all the yard to see. All the joes that happened to be around just sat down outside and pulled out a stick of gum. These Heinies gesticulated and threw an occasional furtive glance out of the window only to see a grinning group of joes watching their antics. They must have also seen the little party Mickey (he is Eisenhower's driver) was throwing in Ike's car. The five stars were prominently glistening in the sun on the big red plates in front and in back of the car, too obvious for anyone to miss—especially as Ike's car always gets the central spot in our small parking lot. The doors of the car were flung wide open. Joes were sitting all over it and inside it sharing a bottle of champagne which grows in this part of the country.

The Germans finally finished their prancing about and came to the unanimous decision that they were only too glad to surrender. And that's where Admiral Donuts comes in again. As the legal successor to Hitler, Donuts had to authorize these boys to sign. In the meantime, our communications with the German High Command had broken down and there was an uncertain period of nobody know-

ing what was going to happen next till some radio man had fixed the transmitter.

Finally, of course, the flaw was discovered and the Germans here started burning up the wires to their boss. That took hours. And then Donuts wanted to have a little more time to think it all over but promised to send the authorization as soon as possible. And now came about eight hours of tedious waiting. The cameramen were busily at work setting up their apparatus in the War Room, and GI's had to sweep the place again just to make sure. The Russian general, a mountain of a man, ebullient and full of pranks, decided that he wanted to have a pair of gloves like the American officers usually wear. There was consternation, as there were no gloves to be found around here that would fit his hands, and a mad search ensued for someone with big hands and a big heart, willing to surrender his gloves for the sake of Allied unity. He was found, innocently walking along the street, and his gloves were pulled right off him by order of General Eisenhower.

The Germans in the meantime started hitting the sandwiches again—hamburgers this time. And they thought at first that someone was pulling their collective legs when they heard about hamburgers embedded in pickles and bobbing in a sea of ketchup. It was nearly midnight by now, and Donuts wasn't coming through, so camp beds blossomed out in all the rooms. Everyone found a corner or a likely looking desk or a clean looking part of the floor to catch up on their sleep.

And just when SHAEF was catnapping in all kinds of queer positions and the soothing thunder of some habitual snorer was the only thing to be heard, Donuts came through. It was OK by him. The generals that were to be in on the signing arrived, the floodlights were switched on in the War Room, a GI stuck little name cards on the table where the official surrender was to be signed, like you do at a party. Everyone was worried that the Russian general would be hurt or insulted because (you know how these Russian names are) nobody was quite certain how to spell his name. He came through in big style though, telling the joes he couldn't care less, and seemed very amused

by all the ado. With him there were three other Russian officers and all their first names were Ivan, and it just didn't seem right. But in Russia everybody's name is Ivan (John to us). So in case you should see a Russian sailor walk by, call him Ivan and he'll probably greet you like his lost sister.

Finally, at two-forty-one in the morning everybody had signed. There was a lot of hopping around for the benefit of camera men. Gen. Jodl made his speech. . . . "We are now at the mercy of the victors . . . for better or for worse. . . ." Then do you know what we did? We went to bed.

Memo to Mr. Stalin

WHEN THE Russian Revolution was at its height in 1918, an American newspaperman reported from the Great Square in Moscow:

"I was fascinated by this quiet, patient mob, which took itself and its sovereignty so seriously. Speaking had begun, here and there, to small circles of the crowd. A man near me took off his coat, folded it, and stood on it to speak. Somebody told me what the man was saying, and I recognized it as German propaganda. I asked my volunteer interpreter to sound the people near us: why did they permit German propaganda? At the end of a long, serious Russian conversation he said that his people justified the pro-German on the principle of free speech.

"Then," I said, 'your people don't understand the difference between liberty and license.'

"He reported my remark, and again there was a long, a very long, general discussion, which the interpreter summed up.

"True," he said, 'We don't know the difference between liberty and—what is it?—license. In fact we never heard of license. We would like you to tell us what is liberty and what is license. And what is the difference?'

"The distinction in America is very important,' I said, trying to think quick of a definition, which came to me at last. 'Liberty is the right of any proper person—I mean any one in a good social position—to say anything whatsoever that everybody believes.'

"The interpreter translated, and I expected his hearers to laugh. But no, they threshed out my definition in all sobriety at great length with never a smile, and the conclusion interpreted was: 'Yes. We understand that. And now what is that other thing—license?'

"License,' I said, 'is not a right. It is an impertinence. License is the impudence of some son-of-a-gun, who has no right to live on earth anyhow, to say some damned thing that is true.'

"Now they would laugh? Wrong. They considered my definition of license at greater length than the other, debated it; they seemed to dispute it hotly, but they finally all agreed on a conclusion, which I got thus:

"They ask me to tell the Gospodin that they understand and that if my definitions are right, then it is license we Russians believe in and not liberty.'" — *The Autobiography of Lincoln Steffens.*

WESTERN HALF-ACRE

THOMAS HORNSBY FERRIL

This new department by Mr. Ferril will appear bimonthly.—The Editors

IF THE editors of *Harper's* expect me to express a Western point of view in this rambling half-acre of their magazine, I frankly don't know where to peg in. As a child I got so tired of hearing my father talk about the border-ruffian West of the Civil War that I found myself resisting all concepts of the West. I just lived in Denver and that was all there was to it. My own West grew out of a family joke. Strangers who claimed they had been members of my grandfather's Methodist congregations were always showing up around mealtime. One day one of them spoke about "going back east to Kansas." My mother, who had grown up in the Mohawk Valley of New York, giggled out loud. That gave me a West to work on. When I got to writing poems I found that I loved Western symbols so deeply and used them so often that I half regretted that I wasn't writing more frequently *about* the West, but it was too alluring a springboard to be a subject.

According to your personal interest you define the West by topography, soil, climate, water, crops, livestock, minerals, freight rates, politics, light, distance, height: "If you can't spit a mile it ain't scenery." Water is, of course, fundamental. West of the 100th meridian more than 150,000,000 acres receive less than 10 inches of rainfall a year. Water must be caught and hoarded. Our lives are written in water converted into plant-green, meat, and some power, yet I'm constantly surprised at how many people can live and

die in an oasis like Denver with no sense of what happens a few miles away where the greenness stops. It's fantastic to be able to reach a prosperous old age by merely taking in each other's washing and servicing each other's washing machines. Where does the water come from? Out of the faucet, foolish!

I know people who define the West by carnations and baby's breath, of which we grow enormous tonnages, wooden legs, our fabulous glass eyes (Denver will give you one for every mood including a hangover), and precision balances—your interest, taste, or surprise leads to your generalization. When my father came to Silver Cliff in 1879 he was astonished to find no grandmothers. Here and there I still see the idea bobbing up: a country without grandmothers. Eugene Field liked baseball. The West was a country where men would never learn to play baseball. The artist, Oscar Wilde, noted that the West would always be a place of bad writing; it was too much like Switzerland where the artist lost control, yet he told the miners at Leadville to consider themselves artists because, like Cellini, they worked in silver and gold.

Your West, moreover, is always transitory, always ending in your own lifetime. There's a compulsion to define beginnings and endings. The first editor I ever worked for was Arthur Chapman who had written *Out Where the West Begins*, an answer to his own sentimentality. I have just read *If the Prospect Pleases* by Ladd

Haystead, 1945. The West has come into full flower within Haystead's lifetime, but now it's all over unless we turn in on ourselves with more resourcefulness than we've ever shown before. In 1893 Frederick Jackson Turner read a mordant paper to historians, siring no end of cerebral laments on the passing of the West. For Henry Morton Stanley, about to abandon Colorado in 1867 for a darker Africa, the mountains had been looted of their treasure, future capitalists must be warned. (Livingstone's nephew David proved the point: he founded the Colorado ghost town, Querida.) I used to keep tab on all the Wests that had ended; the cattle West in the '80's, the silver West in the '90's, Theodore Roosevelt's West—yet it's all getting bigger and richer; primarily, I think, because it's a wonderful country to live in and, after all, that has something to do with what life is about.

I think my favorite West ended in Wyoming in 1843. It was the fur-lined West that started with Cinderella's slipper. Her slipper, you may recall, was made of exotic fur that none but the fairest princes of the 14th century was permitted to wear. A slip of the tongue changed the slipper to glass, *vair* becoming *verre*. In that slipper was the cosmic frenzy of fur, the treasure, the power, the intrigue—fur as mystical as amber or gold; fur that enriched the Medicis; that put wondrous windows into the cathedral of Chartres; that subsidized kings and popes (let his Britannic Majesty consult the Worshipful Company of Skinners!); fur that helped discover America and discovered America to itself, finding our rivers, mountains, prairies, farms, city sites; fur that pushed back the British, the French, the Spanish, the Russians. I can readily understand why old Jim Bridger, my greatest frontiersman, thought that the world had come to an end when the beaver trade was playing out, and holed himself in on Black's Fork of the Green River in 1843, to serve the movers going to California and Oregon. The West was finished. Nothing to live for but a traffic problem.

ONE WEST that refuses to end, and I wish it could, is the habitat of the professional Westerner, the fellow with

the West on his sleeve. He feels that he must live up to the West, and once you start that, you've simply joined another cult and you'd be much happier in the Elks or the Rosicrucians. The whole nonsense is summed up in the inscription on the California State Capitol building: "Bring me men to match my mountains!" A mountain-matcher is the most disagreeable person in the world, having glorified, therefore lost, whatever traits might once have made him interesting. He's just too big and noble to have around. Yet it's easy to get the West on your sleeve. All the pressures go that way. I recall the predicament of a juicy old-timer over at Woods Lake, Colorado. He'd stroke his dog and say: "This poor old son-of-a-bitch don't even know he is a dog." But the old-timer couldn't help finding out what he himself was. People egged him on to talk. He became self-conscious about dress and manner. He degenerated to the corrupt wretchedness of those sly old prospectors you still meet in the mountains who, like the Taos Indians, charge you a dollar for letting you take their pictures.

Moreover, even the most docile of us can be prodded into becoming rampant Westerners, with the West on both sleeves, by seaboard men of good will who study our behavior with deep thoughtfulness and finally conclude that our lives on this abject high-cost plateau are not economically justified unless we stick pretty close to the scenery-and-laundry business. What it boils down to is telling a good many of us to get the hell out of here. It reminds me of talk I sometimes hear in Denver about the British: they're washed up, why don't they give the country back to the Druids and move to Canada, Australia, or New Zealand so we won't have to keep bailing them out every twenty-five years? We Westerners are as stubborn as the British. We like being where we are. We'll lie, borrow, howl, cajole, and tell the truth to perpetuate our ways of life. Our population, I personally regret to say, is increasing. Hundreds of thousands of soldiers want to come here to live. Reclamation and power mean more industries, more leaf-green, more meat. Every town wants to be a Pittsburgh. Denver, as I

write, has queried "14,436 selected industrial executives" to lure their factories here. Already our sprawling war industries have invaded the foothills and you'll soon have to fly to Jackson Hole or the Grand Mesa to enjoy what was once accessible fifteen minutes from Denver. But for better or for worse, the Westerner is going to become more rampant, more articulate. He bristles and foams at hearing Thurman Arnold say that the Western states are being treated as "colonies of the Mother Country—the industrial East" which is now developing South American countries as "colonies" also.

From time to time I've clipped a few odds and ends from thoughtful scholars who'd like to kick us out of the Union. Here's one from the book collector, A. Edward Newton, in the *Atlantic Monthly* for May 1932: "I should like to say to the citizens of Wyoming, Utah, Nevada, Colorado, New Mexico, and Arizona, and perhaps several other backward states, either relinquish your privilege of selecting two senators each or get out of the Union. You may, if you elect to stay in, have among you one senator, provided he promises to be seen and not often heard." This remark always puzzled me, not that it's surprising for a seaboard scholar to talk in such fashion, but for a book collector. Book collectors, as a rule, get to thinking that they actually know what's in their books and since the West is always so magnificent in literature, you'd think that a gentleman like Mr. Newton would have been prejudiced the other way. I might close these remarks with a word or two about why the West has always had such a curious appeal to bookish people—the West as a word, a symbol, a state of mind.

FOR SOME reason the very word *West* is uncommonly pleasing. It has always had a peculiar impact on the mind. You say "wind of the western sea" or "round many western islands have I been" or "I think she was the most beautiful lady that ever was in the West Country"—and the word has a complacent connotation nothing else could give. People seem to feel better just thinking about the West, facing west, or going west. When Thoreau went out for a walk his needle was slow to settle.

"I turn round and round irresolute sometimes for a quarter of an hour, until I decide for the thousandth time that I will walk into the southwest or west. Eastward I go only by force; but westward I go free." West is the pleasantest direction death can take. Soldiers "went west" from Vimy Ridge, King Arthur went west, the dead Viking bound to the prow of his galley went west, and the cowhands, singing from Texas to Abilene, changed the sepulchral Norse galley to a paint horse:

And when I die, take my saddle from the wall,
Put it onto my pony, lead him out from his stall,
Tie my bones to his back, turn our faces to the
west,
And we'll ride the prairie that we love the best.

Neither south, north, nor east has ever been charged with such fulfillment for either the quick or the dead.

But wanting to go west was much deeper than Thoreau's love of the wilderness and the institutions that might rise from it. It's older than such pre-Columbian poets as Pulci or Seneca in his *Medea* or Strabo in the days of Augustus, all dreaming of a greater, fairer world beyond the Pillars of Hercules. Whether lured by loot or free land, more men have moved west across this planet than ever went east. I don't know why. Even when the loot was to the east we went the long way around to get it. Marco Polo was a voice in the wilderness. Traffic moved easier on the western faring as the Huns, Tartars, and Turks so ably demonstrated. After half a dozen crusades we abandoned the eastern trek. Our Indo-Germanic tongues flowed east to west. I wouldn't wonder if the westerling motion of the sun hadn't actually something to do with it. All religions go back to sun worship, and if you adore the sun where you are, why not follow it? And carry a sun symbol with you? Somebody had to cart along the winged sun-disk of Asia Minor to turn it into the double eagle of Russia and Austro-Hungary, and somebody carted the same symbol into the textiles of the Huichol in Mexico. I refer to the scientists any hint of heliotropism in the leg-work of us upper animals.

By the 18th century a sunwise myth was sweeping Europe. In the streets of

Italy, like Calypso singers, the *improvisatores* were singing that the mitred pomp of Europe must descend to dust because "all things of heavenly origin, like the glorious sun, move westward." The idea of empire crept into it. John Adams as a boy had a favorite couplet:

The eastern nations sink, their glory ends,
And empire rises where the sun descends.

He'd explain to a neighbor why arts and sciences also must follow the sun. The great Mazda of the sun cult was, of course, Bishop Berkeley who proclaimed that the fifth and greatest world empire, "time's noblest offspring," was to rise in America. Spenglerian twilight had overtaken all others. His quatrain "Westward the course of empire" should, I feel, be dissected in *The Golden Bough* rather than be repeated so devoutly and so often in the Congressional Record.

EMPIRE-CHASERS or what you will, we Europeans have now gone west as far as we can go, we've reached fabulous Cathay the long way around. Another West has ended unless, with legions greater than the hordes of the Great Khan, we double our tracks on our own sunwise myth. Already our Indo-Germanic symbols are overlapping. My son-in-law writes from Chittagong, India, about how Denver boys have taught the Hindu laborers a new work chant they like better than their own: "Hed-dy-la-MAR! . . .

Hed-dy-la-MAR! . . . Hed-dy-la-MAR!"

But Bishop Berkeley was wrong about the American empire. We won't become an empire. We're becoming for the moment only a holding company for all the shopworn and reconditioned empires, British, Dutch, French, Portuguese, and the rest. Whether "trusteeship is concealed annexation," as Raymond Swing put it, may depend on where the astounding energy America has unleashed is finally expended. As Seeley said in one of his Oxford lectures on the expansion of England: "We seem, as it were, to have conquered the people of half the world in a fit of absence of mind."

The trans-Allegheny West and the trans-Mississippi West are now extended to a trans-Pacific West with hazy borders. I used to think of these expanding Wests when I went over to the Union Station, a block from my office, and watched soldiers bound for Cathay sending home pink rayon pillow covers, printed with pictures of mountains and Buffalo Bill and the text of Arthur Chapman's *Out Where the West Begins*. They didn't look like imperial soldiers. We won't be talking about the American Empire or Manifest Destiny. We're still in a trance. The Office of Peace Information will wake up to something more democratically semantic for the American Holding Company. We'll probably ring God in on it too—maybe call it The Holy American Neighbors, although I'd prefer The Divine Comity.

Plea for a Prescription

M. F. K. FISHER

THE trouble is, Doctor, that I get upset.

Always before I could take care of pain, or of this or that hunger or forced anguish. Now, past the age of indiscretion, I lean and listen to the breath of other beings, and my heart chokes.

Is there a period of month-years that marks the end of self-control?
Is it a question of calendars?
Or is the emotional output of a certain creature gauged perhaps by what has gone
into it?

Be that as it may (and how that rich phrase reassures me!),
I have reached my fill.
Yes, oh yes, ah yes, I have had enough.
I brim now awkwardly, as if a drunken man poured into the glass.
At a certain word or combination of the words
My cup runneth over.
Out into my hot tight throat and into the glass the words brim, brim, fall,
And it is ugly and I hate it.

Some might say, Doctor, that spilled wine is better than no wine at all, but I, alone
in the saying, feel otherwise.
I like neat outlines, and when I cry because a man does,
A colored man sitting in a station, and he himself cries out loud for his son with two
hands gone,
Then I feel out of focus, as if I had betrayed us all.
Then I cry to satisfy myself, and his pain goes on.

When a dish breaks I do not weep, surely.
Nobody rightminded would do so.
But when a girl gives birth, with the limber tortured bones of adolescence, to a child,
I shudder, I stretch. My older muscles weep.

And the shoddy holes in London, the flash-back to a taxi past Trafalgar Square when
it was still that:
I find myself, me the cool one, gagging on tears that will not stop.

Such tears are very unpleasant.
I am opposed to them.
I think they are subversive tears, Doctor.

This is a manifesto of my protest of the fact, then.
Tears are ugly and once past the treacherous soft shoals of adolescence should be
abstained from.
But in spite of my proper girlhood I cannot, cannot abstain.
I must weep. I hate to, for many reasons, but I must.
In fact, the flanges of my heart pull back like those of a fresh oyster,
And stark on the coverlet, the pretty page,
I recognize disaster, and death, and obliteration.

And stark across the page, the gage, the coverlet,
Comes the young child's laughter, to make me old and silly,
Old and full of fears, oh Doctor.

{ *Percy Winner, for three years deputy director of
the OWI for special field operations, has spent
fourteen years in Europe as a correspondent.* }

THE FASCIST GHOST STALKS EUROPE

PERCY WINNER



AT A time when political isolationism has almost disappeared from the American scene, the difficulty of translating the new European political attitudes of the postwar period into terms fully understandable to Americans threatens us with another harmful kind of isolation. To be understood, the new orientations of European politics—and their motivations—must provoke emotional response as well as convey rational meaning; they require not only intellectual receptivity but a species of sympathetic insight. Willing and eager to understand, we may nevertheless fail to recognize that after a dozen years of the profound influence of the effects of Adolf Hitler's infamous intuition, Europeans cannot be understood unless we take account of the irrational elements in their present psychological makeup.

Ever since the defeat of Germany liberated not only Europe but Europe's postponed problems, we have been at the mercy of the oversimplifications which during the war helped to minimize disunity and confusion. The notion that the war against Germany was identical with the war against fascism is such an oversimplification. It was useful during the war. As General Patton was for anyone who was willing to kill Germans, so were we against anyone who was for fascism. Actually, the war against fascism is not finished and the problem of fascism, the

force which more than any other dominated Europe in the period between the two wars, is far from simple.

Fascism is not dead nor even defeated and will not disappear until alternatives are found for the monstrous solutions it offered for some of Europe's problems. Indeed, the fact that millions of Europeans welcomed, accepted, or submitted to fascism's solutions—solutions which seemed to us so much worse than the problems could have been—is in itself a mystery and hence a problem in our future relations with the Europeans. We know the cold facts; indeed we have huge quantities of facts of all degrees of temperature, and yet they add up neither to a diagnosis nor to a prognosis. The psychological—specifically, the irrational unconscious—factors are missing, and without them we do not have the whole case history.

THE mass of theories, lies, and half-truths of myth, mysticism, and superstition which constituted the so-called ideology of fascism in its Nazi form had tremendous influence even on those Europeans who risked their lives to destroy it. For in distorted caricature it brought to its service the most modern science and the most primitive religion. The Nazi form of fascism was a religious synthesis of a new type of modern state with an old type of tribal race. The ersatz inspiration which produced it was Hitler's intuition

that a state could be made both human and divine; the state was humanized into an organism and deified into a church. Thinkers functioned as prophets and priests, scientists as wizards. A German became a cellular automaton for whom service to and participatory communion in the organic state church constituted grace, and he was to inherit the earth from lesser peoples who were to be subdued or destroyed.

Only now are we beginning to realize how different Nazi Germany was from Hohenzollern Germany; we have not yet come to see that what follows the destruction of a pathologically religious universalism is altogether different from what follows the defeat of a political imperialism. The Nazi New World Order was a latter-day caricature of the original Holy Roman Empire; the new disorder, both moral and material, not only in Germany but in areas the Germans occupied, recalls not only 1918 but 1648, after the last of the great wars of religion.

The orgy of irrationalism, full of debased moral values and deformed political principles, which the Nazis imposed upon the Europeans with the maleficent skill of perverted science, was bound to leave serious psychological scars if not open wounds. The part of fascism which still needs to be understood and coped with is the vestiges it has left in the thoughts and feelings of the millions of Europeans who were Fascists or who were not anti-Fascists.

The task of understanding is particularly difficult for Americans. We are far away. Our historical experience is different. The case histories of the individual former Fascists start in a past even more alien to us than is the Europe of today. Even the most sensitive craftsmen of the art and science of communicating the overtones of subjective human experience are unable to bridge the gap, because we are dealing with things which must be lived in order to be felt. We and the Europeans alike want to avoid another war; but what an American wants and expects from peace is conditioned by personal experience and national history profoundly different from the European's. For example, we want peace and freedom.

To the European, power *is* peace, and freedom is what is left after the necessary sacrifices have been made for security. We want to prevent *war*; he wants to prevent *another* war, a specific war between his nation and a definite other nation: we use the same words and we mean different things. The horror of fascism and the havoc of war have so deepened the differences that most of the apparent resemblances and parallels are false or misleading.

II

PERHAPS the best way to approach the task of understanding is to try to break down fascism into its component human parts. The notion that fascism meant the same thing to all Fascists is one of the oversimplifications of wartime anti-fascism, which operated on the assumption that the enemy's system was a single thing, a monolithic block of identical parts. In reality, the totalitarian party in every Fascist country was, in its way, as much an alliance of forces as an American political party. The Fascists were not all alike, and they did not think, feel, or act alike. They were divided into almost as many and as varied groups as those upon whom fascism's false unity imposed itself. There were cliques, factions, counterfactions.

One thing, and one thing alone, united all the individual Fascists: in one way or another fascism solved each one's personal problem, or seemed to solve it, or promised to solve it, *at the expense of someone else*. Eventually, these separate solutions required the war, because only outside the Fascist sphere could enough victims be found. But even before the war, the very core and essence of fascism was the deliberate use of murder—individual murder or mass murder—as an inhumanly surgical method of solving human problems. The simplest way of stating—although not of explaining—why men accepted such a method is that they had been driven into the deepest layer of desperate anxiety, into a feeling of unbearable personal insecurity where they faced the emotional equivalent of the alternative: be killed or kill. The leaders did much of the driving but they would

not have succeeded had not the circumstances of European life during the last quarter of a century prepared the downward path; the epidemic of a diseased view of life would not have spread had Europe been politically, economically, socially healthy.

It is customary, particularly on the political Left in this country, to assume that fascism was the tool of Right reactionaries among the industrialists, the financiers, the militarists. It may have been brought to power, may have imposed itself as such a tool; it did not long remain such a tool. The war against fascism is not simply a war of the Left against the Right, of democracy against tyranny, of right against wrong, good against bad. Reaction constituted and still constitutes one of three major elements in fascism. For the active, practical seekers of advantage, wealth, prestige, and power and for those who—having these things—want to keep them, the solutions offered by fascism were tangible, realistic, practical, political. But for these benefits they paid by being not only tools but servants of fascism. Those among the reactionaries who are now trying to escape paying the penalties for the tremendously important contributions they made to fascism and fascism's war whine that they were never really Fascists. They whine and cringe and lie and yet they are telling the truth when they say that they were not Fascists: they were worse than Fascists because they were paid hirelings just as much as the Quislings were.

Among the Fascists themselves there were two major elements: the leaders (the fanatics, the zealots, the mystics of murder) and the led (the great masses). Whereas the reactionaries sought and obtained solutions in the cold currency of fact, the solutions for the real Fascists, both leaders and led, were as much in the realm of psycho-pathological fantasy as in fact. In the jargon of psychology, the leaders sought and obtained regression and relief, the led sought and got release and relief. A brilliant young French critic, Jacques B. Brunius, has pointed out: "No people has ever given itself to a dictator for the simple pleasure of being oppressed. An analysis of the sado-masochistic complex

which develops in the masses during the advent of a dictatorship would reveal a whole in which the wish for emancipation, acceptance of submission through fear of responsibility and liberty, the will to dominate, selfishness, and the giving of oneself to the community, are intermingled."

The solution for the little Fascist was psychological but it was also social and economic; he too profited at the expense of someone else. To begin with, the someone else was a scapegoat of some sort, deliberately chosen because he could not fight back—a Jew, a Freemason, a liberal, a democrat, an anti-Fascist, a non-Fascist, a lukewarm Fascist. To the Fascist, these victims were potentially dangerous enemies; crimes against them were acts of self-defense. It was a monstrous solution, but for the individual Fascist it *was* a solution—for *him*. Obsessed by a deliberately and relentlessly exaggerated sense of inferiority and insecurity, he accepted the solution and justified it to himself. War was the conscious goal of fascism's leaders, for war was the ultimately necessary solution on the grand scale, at the expense of other peoples.

Fascism will not fight any more wars in our time, but the men and women who retain vestiges of faith in the Fascist method—and there are many of them—will have little faith in the possibility of civil peace and peace among the nations; they will deliberately or unconsciously sabotage efforts to compromise international conflicts or to find solutions for domestic problems. Not fascism itself but the men and women with a nostalgia for its surgically simple methods are the enemies of peace and progress in postwar Europe.

IN THE United States we have no such nostalgia, and it is difficult to realize that individual human problems can have been so profoundly crippling of reason and common sense, humanity, and decency as to make fascism seem an acceptable alternative. To dismiss as evil the Europeans who are afflicted with this nostalgia is an oversimplification which will get us nowhere. Nor can they be exterminated or even jailed; they are too

hard to identify and besides there are too many of them.

The children and the youths present a special problem of disintoxication and re-education which must be faced by the military governments of conquered territory and also by the civilian authorities of the liberated countries. Of the adults—the former Fascists and collaborators—some will be caught in trials of war criminals and in the purges. The rest will merge with the groups and parties to which they once belonged or which most resemble the cliques and factions to which they were attached under fascism. Each individual will go where he thinks he sees a chance of solving his personal problem, and whether he will keep or lose his nostalgia will depend on whether or not he finds something approximating what he had under fascism. Fear of punishment will for a time make him go through the external motions of a moral conversion from error and sin; but only a real start toward solution of the problem which produced his material and psychological insecurity, only proof that a decent, just, honorable solution is at least worth striving for, will conquer the nostalgia. It is not enough that the Fascist solution will not again be permitted; the kind of nostalgia for fascism which will result in non-co-operation, malingering, and sabotage is an irrationality which facts alone will not eradicate.

It is important that the democratic solution should seem workable, as well as practically and realistically desirable, but that, too, is not enough. Only confidence and faith in the possibility that democracy can solve the deep emotional problems can remove the vestiges of Fascist faith. The more confirmed Fascists are like those psychopaths who so much fear death that they commit suicide to escape their fear of death; or those who injure themselves, committing a symbolic suicide, to flee from anxiety; or those in whom the fear of death can be relieved only by the injury or murder of other persons. Fear in such extreme cases is an unconscious fantasy; yet the fantasy fear which made Fascists sprang originally from the factual fears of material want and deprivation.

We have so effectively propagandized

ourselves into believing that fascism could not possibly be attractive to anyone that we have skipped lightly over the fact that in prewar Germany fascism was delivering not only satisfaction of the greed of the strong but also a measure of social security and economic advantage to the weak. To be sure, the benefits were loot stolen from scapegoats or bludgeoned out of "inferior enemies," and the price of social security was slavish subjection and a willingness to be an accomplice after the fact in immorality and crime. Their moral reflexes having been conditioned by a process of education tightly monopolized to keep out doubt and dissent, the little Fascists fell for a species of socialism-in-our-time for them at the expense of unworthy others.

We are so horrified at the unmistakable evidences of fascism's inhuman sadism that we do not sufficiently note the masochism which produced it. The Fascists dealt destruction and death without feeling because they felt only the fear in themselves from which they were trying to escape; they paid for their fantasy of emotional security by the fact of their loss of humanity, dignity, decency; in the service of their irrational fantasy of superiority, they treated other peoples as vermin.

III

UNFORTUNATELY, the end of the war finds both aspects of the Fascist problem, the fantastic and the factual, aggravated. The Fascists have done everything in their power to make sure that conditions of life in postwar Europe would be more painful, more full of material and emotional insecurity, than they seemed to be for Fascists in prewar Europe. On the material side, we are slowly making a start at the gargantuan task of relief and rehabilitation; it is a job we Americans can understand and do. But on the psychological side, we have tended to play into the hands of those who still dream of and work for a rebirth of fascism. We have been disturbed and distressed by events in European countries in which the end of military hostilities has released what has seemed like internal social war. Extra-legal trials, mob vio-

lence, purges, lynchings, executions have made many Americans protest that these are the methods of fascism, and they have lent their support to the insincere viewings-with-alarm of former Fascist-serving reactionaries in Europe.

Actually, these events seem Fascist but are not. They are spontaneous, popular, whereas all the apparent illegalism of fascism was deliberately directed from above, all its so-called mob violence was as coldly planned as the exterminations at the death camps. The violent gestures in postwar Europe do not solve the psychological problems left by fascism, but they do clear the way for such solutions. Anything which provides an effective outlet for the Europeans' sense of guilt, of inferiority, of emotional insecurity gives them a sense of power, of security, of self-respect, and hence works against fascism. The gestures provide dreadful punishment for dreadful crimes and therefore assure Europeans that justice will be human as well as legal; they frighten some of the nostalgia out of former Fascists; they relieve some of the guilt feelings of former collaborationists and of those who blame themselves for having accepted fascism, or even for having failed to fight hard enough against it.

Whether or not these people will exchange their nostalgia for fascism for faith in democracy remains to be seen. Thus far, we can judge what is in the minds and hearts of Europeans only by what they do; the only measurable standard is the political conduct of the individual. In Germany, where for a long time Allied Military Governments will tell men what to do, the political choices will be limited and we shall not be able to judge.

In Italy and France, however, we already have clues, for we can see into which old and new political parties the former Fascists are disappearing. We can see that fascism is dissolving into the elements which composed it, and pretty much in the proportions which were always present: a fraction of fanatical mystics to whom fascism was a religion; a minority of fascism-serving reactionaries to whom it was a means of obtaining or holding property and power; and a great majority

of little people—farmers, functionaries, workers, tradesmen, professional and lower-middle-class people—to whom fascism seemed a road to limited but dependable security for themselves at the expense of other people and at the price of their own individual responsibility and political liberty. Impelled by the same motives, they are joining parties which seem to offer the same advantages. Conditioned by their Fascist experience, they are bringing to the parties whose ranks they swell inherent or acquired anti-democratic tendencies; and their influence will be in the balance in favor of solutions of European problems very far from our American conception of democracy.

WHERE are the Fascists going? Some, a small number of fanatics, are going underground; bitter-end militants are forming revenge and wrecker organizations (such as the much publicized Werewolves and the Schweigsieg) in Europe and Latin America.

The Fascist-serving reactionaries are going back where they came from, to the parties of the extreme Right. (In France they are going into the Social Party and others like it.) These are the men who served fascism not to acquire real or fancied security but to protect the security, the power, and the prestige they already had and to get more. These are the men who for a time gave a false front of respectability to fascism; who wanted and profited so much by deformed caricatures of order, authority, discipline, and permanence that—so long as they profited—they could find these things in their antitheses. It would be neither accurate nor fair to assume that the parties of the political Right in a country like France are coming under the direct control of such former Fascists and former collaborationists. Some of the finest militants of the resistance have joined moderate Rightist parties. It is accurate to say, nevertheless, that an influx of reactionaries from among the Pétainists and Fascists into the extreme Right parties may influence an anti-democratic trend. Alone, they would be powerless, but they could form a new financial and militarist basis for another effort (in France this time) to

subsidize a "benevolent" fascism if they were joined by the reactionary nationalists who, during this war, were anti-Fascist only because they were anti-German. Thus far, such an alliance seems most unlikely. If it should take place, there remains only a very remote possibility that it could form the basis of a new fascism in France or in any other one of the liberated nations. For the reactionaries alone did not make fascism in Italy or Germany, and cannot make it anywhere. Fascism must have not only the reactionaries but the fanatics, and the fanatics—themselves psychopaths—must have a psychologically exploitable mass to mold and use.

In no European country is there such an exploitable mass available on the political Right. Nor does it exist on the Left, and certainly not in the Center. A negligible number of former Fascists have joined the Catholic Center parties and the democratic parties of the Center, Left, or Right. Practically no addition to the numerical strength of the Socialist Left parties has come from the former Fascists. The great majority of those who were followers of the Fascists are emerging as rank-and-file supporters of Communist organizations and parties.

Nor is this fact startling. In the German election which preceded Hitler's advent to power, some five million Communist votes were counted. Had there been a reasonably free election in Germany soon afterward, most of these votes would have been Nazi. If an election could be held in Germany today, at least several times five million Germans would vote Communist. In Italy, a large proportion of the former Fascists would certainly vote Communist, and who can doubt that they would do the same in Slavic Europe? Even in France, a considerable portion of the increased Communist strength comes from French men and women who either collaborated with fascism or accepted it.

For the most part these new Communist voters are the little people of fascism. The majority of those who will become Communists will be Communists as they were Fascists: not as leaders but as followers, neither as fanatics nor militants,

but as masses who believe because it is simpler and easier to accept than to doubt, who obey because it is safer to be obedient than to resist. For each of them to whom being free is important, there will inevitably be hundreds to whom being fed is far more important. For each to whom advancement through responsible individual initiative will seem precious, there will naturally enough be hundreds to whom some minimal guarantee of social security will be more immediately valuable. The great masses of the defeated and disappointed will gravitate toward the political creed which, after fascism, will most resemble a secular religion with an extra-national, universal community of feeling. Oppressed by a sense of guilt and yet anxious to escape punishment, they will want to be on the winning side so that they can keep at least the illusion that not they, but others will lose and pay. Having been taught for years that the defeat of communism would spell the final assurance of their personal well-being, they will turn toward triumphant communism as the only source of any kind of safety.

Why will they turn toward the communism of Russia rather than the democracy of the western peoples? Not, as the red-baiters would have us believe, because fascism and communism are interchangeable. They are not. They will turn to communism because it is a ready-made faith, while democracy is a faith every man must find for himself as an individual; because Russia has become not only a European power but the dominant power in Europe, and Fascists are accustomed to domination; because dread of Russia has become fearful respect for Russia; because the Russians will stay and the Americans may leave; because Russia, which was almost destroyed by the Fascists, has done little of the actual destroying in western Europe whereas America—most powerful of democracies—was scarcely touched by physical war but has been responsible for most of the physical damage in western Europe; because America, the land of the safe and the rich, seems even farther away in spirit than in geography from Europe's poor and unsafe people.

LET it be clear at once that neither Russia nor communism will become Fascist through the influence of converted former Fascists. Nor will the anti-democratic tendencies the new Communists bring with them affect the gradual evolution of Russian communism in the direction of a Communist "democracy" which, while utterly different from our democracy, is, nevertheless, even more different from fascism.

An influx of former Fascists presents neither a danger nor a dilemma to Russian communism, but it may eventually present both to the Communist Parties in western European countries. This may seem paradoxical to those oversimplifiers among us who have failed to notice that, along with the evolution of Communist "democracy," the past five years have witnessed the emergence of a double front in world communism: a vertical or national front, and a horizontal or international front. On the vertical-national front, Communists everywhere co-operate to protect by every means the security of the territory and interests of the homeland of their creed, Soviet Russia. They do it without any attention to the tenets of the creed itself, using every device in the arsenal of political maneuver. On the horizontal-international front, Communists everywhere advance the interests of communism by the defense and propagation of the tenets of the creed.

To achieve success on both these fronts during the war, which endangered both the Soviet homeland and every other country except Germany and the neutrals, the Communist Parties in all lands needed both minority militancy and mass pressure. The former Fascists will be welcome and useful recruits to the Communist masses, for they can be counted on to be more pliable and disciplined, less individualistic and exigent, than the former Socialists. In the triangular political pattern in most European countries, the Communists hold the balance of power between the nationalist Right and the Socialist Left.

But the end of the war alters the pattern of wartime western European communism. During the war against Nazi Germany, the vertical and horizontal fronts

complemented each other; the interests of "national" communism in a country like France, fighting the same enemy as the Soviets, coincided with the interests of international communism. The future relationship of "national" communism—in France, Italy, or any European country other than Russia—with international communism is one of the great question marks of postwar politics.

At the moment when the Russo-German pact of 1939 forced a choice on French Communists, French "national" communism was not yet well developed; most of the French Communists remained "loyal" to communism rather than to France. After the German invasion of France, many French Communists turned their coats and declared themselves loyal to nazism rather than France; while they were turning their coats, they went through a period of anti-Russian "nationalist communism." (In the early days of Italian fascism, a preliminary and minor version of the same sort of political street-crossing had taken place: Bombacci, one of the Fascists lynched in Milan with Mussolini, had once been a Communist Deputy.)

In view of the precedents, the fact that French "national" communism has been able during the war to be loyal both to France and to Russia is no guarantee that the double loyalty will continue far into the postwar period. Thorez is very loyal to France but Duclos is already sounding the way Thorez sounded in a not very distant past. It is conceivable that French "national" communism and the "national" communisms of other countries may have ticklish choices.

UNDER such circumstances, the presence in the Communist ranks of considerable numbers of former Fascists may become a factor of potential importance in western Europe. If a future choice between nationalism and internationalism were to split French communism, it is possible that the "nationalist" Communist dissidents would turn their coats again and join the reactionary nationalists. That would form the classic political basis for a new fascism. But again the key element of successful fas-

cism, a psychologically exploitable mass, would be lacking, for the official Communists would undoubtedly make common cause with the Socialists. The result would be not fascism, but civil war.

That is the danger presented by the survival of fascism in the minds and hearts of Europeans—civil war, and its probable aftermath, international war. Neither in the minds of Europeans nor in their activities is the danger of fascism finished. The end of the war against Germany, which united great numbers of the peoples of the world, is the beginning of new con-

flicts which may divide them again. We in the United States who now look forward hopefully to the ideal of the United Nations must face the reality that the nations of Europe cannot serve that ideal effectively unless they are themselves whole and united, and they cannot be whole and united until their individual citizens achieve both material and psychological security. We are already helping materially. We shall be helping ourselves, our security, and our ideals if we also try to achieve sympathetic insight into the Europeans' psychological problems.

The World of Tomorrow

ON JUNE 2nd—"Japan Day" at the Fair—colorful ceremonies, including the dramatic arrival of a Japanese girl with a friendship torch lighted by the Mayor of Tokyo, will stress the cordial relations existing between the United States and Japan. . . .

A circular turret, symbol of unity, surmounts the League of Nations Building on Continental Avenue. . . . If the League can make even a modest contribution towards international appeasement, towards substituting co-operation for conflict and thus laying the groundwork for lightening the burden of armaments, it will have fulfilled the hopes of the many nations which have united to build on American soil this contribution to "The World of Tomorrow." . . .

The Polish Pavilion, with its tower rising high above the main entrance on Continental Avenue, presents the story of Poland as she is today and as she intends to be in the future—an active, vigorous member of the family of nations. . . .

Besides emphasizing the work of well-known contemporary Spanish artists, the Exhibit in the Hall of Nations describes the democratic and cultural progress of the Spanish republic from its inception to the present. — *Excerpts from the Official Guide Book of the New York World's Fair, 1939.*

{ *John Fischer bears the scars of a seven-year
struggle with Civil Service in a number of govern-
ment agencies. He is not an unbiased observer.* }

LET'S GO BACK TO THE SPOILS SYSTEM

JOHN FISCHER



THE GOOD citizens slapped each other on the back on the evening of January 16, 1883, and their hosannahs were heard throughout the land. A reluctant Congress had just passed the Civil Service Act, which would guarantee an honest, efficient, and economical government forevermore. The corrupt political bosses finally had been routed; their thieving henchmen would be shooed away from the public trough; and from then on federal jobs would be filled strictly on merit by the ablest men the country could produce. It was a major victory for Righteousness, Liberalism, and Good Government.

But somehow, in the sixty-two years since that glad day, the Great Reform has gone sour. Today Washington is filled with good citizens who lie awake nights thinking up new and sulphurous curses to hurl at Civil Service. Nearly every agency pays a large staff to figure out ingenious schemes for carrying on the public business in spite of Civil Service regulations. (These rules and regulations, couched in language that would gag a Philadelphia lawyer, fill a 524-page book, plus 46 pages of reference tables. Probably no living man wholly understands them; but they govern every waking hour of the three and a half million people in the federal service, including—especially

including—their behavior off the job.) Thousands of typists, who might be doing useful work in a hand laundry, waste their dreary lives filling out stacks of Civil Service forms, usually in quintuplicate. A responsible executive officer in the War Department recently offered (very privately) his considered judgment that the Civil Service system had been the greatest single obstacle to the war effort.

Even Congress finally has recognized the failure of Civil Service. Whenever our lawmakers want to set up a really effective and businesslike agency—for example, TVA or the Federal Farm Mortgage Corporation—they always provide that it shall operate “without regard to the provisions of Civil Service.”

II

WHAT'S GONE wrong with Civil Service is easy enough to find out. You can get the story, in almost identical terms, from anybody who has ever held an executive job in Washington.

First of all, it's too slow. If you were an administrator in urgent need of a new assistant, you might hope to get somebody on the job—with luck and infinite finagling—in six or eight weeks. (He wouldn't be the man you want, of course.) In wartime the pace was a little faster—there

were even cases in which a man was hired within a week—but even then par for the course was at least a month. If you wanted to beat that, you had to “hand process” the appointment, personally carrying the sheaf of papers through the maze of the agency personnel office and the Civil Service Commission, and mobilizing all the pressure you could, including telephone calls from the applicant’s congressman.

When you want to fire a man, the procedure naturally is more tedious. In theory, it is as easy to get rid of an incompetent in the government service as it is in private industry; in practice, the ordeal may drag on for six or eight painful months. If you are an experienced administrator, you will never try to fire anybody—you will foist him off on some unsuspecting colleague in another bureau, or transfer him to the South Dakota field office, or reorganize your section to abolish his position.

I once spent a whole winter trying to “terminate,” as Civil Service puts it, an elderly female clerk who had become so neurotic that no other woman could work in the same room with her. This involved written charges, interviews with my tearful victim, protests from her senator, indignant union delegations, and formal hearings before a panel of personnel experts. In the end I gave up and arranged for her transfer, with a raise in pay, to the staff of a trusting friend who had just joined the government. She is there to this day, chewing paper clips, frightening secretaries, and muttering to herself as she misfiles vital documents; I think of her every time I pay my income tax. My friend, who no longer speaks to me, is trying to get her transferred to the Veterans Administration, before General Omar Bradley learns how Washington works.

EVEN WORSE than the Civil Service Commission’s leisurely gait is its delight in harassing the operating officials who are responsible for running the government. The typical administrator may spend as much as a third of his time placating the commission and the hordes of minor personnel specialists who infest Washington. He draws organization

charts, argues with classification experts, fills out efficiency ratings, justifies the allocation of vacancies, and listens to inspiring lectures on personnel management until he has little energy left for his real job. He may search for hours for those magic words which, properly recited in a job description, will enable him to pay a subordinate \$4,600 instead of \$3,800. (The phrase “with wide latitude for exercise of individual initiative and responsibility” is nearly always worth \$800 of the taxpayers’ money; but it took me two years to find that out.)

No bureaucrat can avoid this boondoggling. If he fails to initial a Green Sheet or to attach the duplicate copy of Form 57, the whole machinery of his office grinds to a halt. If he deliberately flouts the established ritual, or neglects to show due respect for the personnel priesthood, his career may be ruined and his program along with it. In a thousand subtle ways the personnel boys can throw sand in the gears. They can freeze appointments and promotions, block transfers, lose papers, and generally bedevil any official who refuses to “co-operate.” If they bog down a government project in the process, that is no skin off their backs—nobody can ever hold them responsible.

Nor can the administrator escape the Civil Service investigators, who drop in once or twice a week to question him about the morals, drinking habits, and possibly treasonable opinions of some poor wretch who has applied for a federal job. These investigators often are amusing fellows. I got well acquainted with one who formerly had been a small-town private detective; he had an uncommonly prurient mind, which led him to handle every case as if he were working up adultery charges for a divorce suit. Nearly all of them operate on the theory that anybody willing to work for the government must be a scoundrel, probably with Communist tendencies, who could never hold a job anywhere else. They have a boundless appetite for gossip, and they waste a lot of other people’s time. What purpose they serve is obscure, because their investigations often are not completed until five or six months after the new employee starts work. If he actually were as villainous as

they seem to suspect, he would have plenty of time to sell the country's secrets to a sinister foreign power before the investigators caught up with him.

THESE ARE minor indictments, however. The really serious charge against the Civil Service system is that it violates the most fundamental rule of sound management. That rule is familiar to every businessman: when you hold a man responsible for doing a job, you must give him the authority he needs to carry it out. Above all, he must be free to hire his own staff, assign them to tasks they can do best, and replace them if they don't make good.

In peacetime, at least, no agency operating under the trammels of Civil Service has this authority. Suppose, for example, that Congress sets up a special Flood Control Agency, with urgent orders to harness the rampaging Ohio River. The new FCA administrator, full of zeal, asks the Civil Service Commission to give him the best chief engineer the merit system can supply.

After some argument whether a first-class engineer—capable of earning \$30,000 a year in private practice—is worth \$6,500 to the government, the commission finally tells the administrator to take his choice of three men. They head its list of people who once took a Civil Service engineering examination. All the best men on the list have already been snapped up by other agencies, of course, because the last examination was held five years ago. And it wasn't a very good list in the first place, because few people in the profession knew that such an examination was being held. (It had been announced in a bulletin, printed in the kind of type used for Bible footnotes and displayed on postoffice notice boards between the Marine recruiting posters and the FBI photos of escaped kidnappers.)

Of the three "referrals," one turns out to be a professor at Freshwater Academy who never poured a yard of concrete in his life. The second is afflicted with a personality which makes it impossible for him to work in any organization. The third actually has had some practical experience—he once designed a garbage disposal plant—

but he has no sympathy with the flood control program; he is a firm believer in Free Enterprise and non-interference with acts of God. The administrator has to take him anyway, although he personally knows a dozen better-qualified men who are eager to tackle the job.

During the next six months, while the administrator tries desperately to recruit the rest of his staff from Civil Service registers, the chief engineer surveys the Ohio River. He reports that flood control is neither practical nor desirable, and that in any case it should be left to private industry. Meanwhile, a flood wipes out Cincinnati, Louisville, and Paducah. With one voice the press denounces the administrator as a bungling bureaucrat, and a Senate investigating committee demands his head.

The Civil Service Commission, of course, is unperturbed. It has done its duty in preserving the merit system free from all taint of patronage. The sacred regulations have been kept intact. If a few thousand unfortunates have been drowned in the Ohio Valley, that is none of its concern.

Fantastic? Not in the least. In the past twelve years a number of government programs have been hobbled in precisely this fashion.

III

ALTHOUGH the defects of Civil Service are plain enough, the reasons for them are not so easy to find.

By no means all the blame rests on the Civil Service Commissioners. They are three earnest, well-meaning people, who grieve sincerely over the flaws in their organization.

The chairman of the commission is Harry B. Mitchell, a ruddy-faced Montana rancher and publisher, who once served as mayor of Great Falls. His health is none too robust, he has had no special training in large-scale management problems, and even his admirers do not describe his leadership as dynamic. Perhaps his chief interest has been the improvement of the retirement system for decrepit government employees. Appointed in the early months of the Roosevelt regime at the suggestion of the late

Senator Tom Walsh, he serves—like his colleagues—at the pleasure of the President. Since his son recently was elected senator from Washington, no one doubts that the President will be pleased to keep him on indefinitely.

The other Democratic member is Mrs. Lucille Foster McMillin, widow of a former congressman and governor of Tennessee. Her husband was the boon friend and political mentor of Cordell Hull, and she herself once represented Tennessee on the Democratic National Committee. So long as Hull's influence is felt in the Administration, her seat presumably is safe. A Southern gentlewoman of the old school, Mrs. McMillin devotes much of her energy to the protection of the federal working girl. Every fresh outbreak of rape in the Washington parks fills her with alarm, and she labors tirelessly to improve housing and working conditions for women.

Paradoxically, the commission actually is run by its lone Republican member, Arthur S. Flemming, the youngest, most progressive, and best qualified of the three. Roosevelt drafted him six years ago from the American University School of Public Affairs, which Flemming had directed with marked ability. To him belongs the credit for most of the wartime improvements in the commission's operations.

His major reform was a temporary relaxation of the regulations to give the war agencies considerable freedom in recruiting their own staffs, subject to a review of each appointment by the commission. He also has decentralized a good deal of responsibility to the field offices, brought in a number of able assistants, improved the techniques of examination, and cleaned out most of the witch-hunters and hayseed dicks from the investigation staff.

In these and other efforts to shore up their rickety machine, Flemming has won the assent of his Democratic colleagues by the exercise of unmeasured patience and tact. They now leave to him the day-to-day chores of management, and even permit him to speak for the commission before congressional committees. He has had less success, however, in gaining the support of the commission's permanent

staff—the most inbred, tradition-ridden clique in Washington.

These veteran bureaucrats know that their bosses come and go, while they endure forever. They are skilled in the art of passive resistance, and they have no intention of letting any upstart commissioner tamper unduly with their time-hallowed procedures. Their idol is Theodore Roosevelt, the only Civil Service commissioner who ever attained national prominence—his desk is enshrined in the central hall of their F Street lair—and they look with grave suspicion on any ideas which he did not sanction in 1895.

The tight inner circle of the permanent staff is made up of men who started with the commission as messengers or clerks some twenty years ago, and rose to positions of power on the seniority escalator. Few of them have had any experience in private business or other government departments; they have little conception of the problems of an operating agency.

They have two guiding principles. The first is Keep the Rascals Out. Civil Service, in their view, is a kind of police force designed to keep political patronage appointees from creeping into federal jobs. This they do well—but they rarely feel any responsibility for positive action to make the government work, or to persuade the best possible men to enter the federal service.

The second aim of the commission bureaucracy is to increase the dignity and power of the personnel profession. To this end, they have developed a special jargon which no outsider can understand, plus an elaborate structure of regulations, red tape, and ritual which can be mastered only after years of study. They demand of the whole government what Dr. Floyd W. Reeves, professor of administration at the University of Chicago, has described as "an almost idolatrous worship" of the commission's "detailed and antiquated rules."

It is hard to blame them for this—after all, they are only doing what the legal and medical professions did centuries ago. The result, however, is a vested interest in complexity and formalism which is largely responsible for the ill-repute of the Civil Service system.

BUT THE greatest share of guilt falls on Congress. Lacking any real enthusiasm for the Civil Service idea, it has never bothered to work out comprehensive legislation for a modern, effective system of personnel administration. Instead, over the course of years it has encrusted the original act of 1883 with scores of piecemeal amendments and special statutes. This has resulted in a legal patchwork which would baffle even the ablest and most aggressive commissioners. One law, for example, sets up special qualifications for coal mine inspectors; another provides that employees of the Farmers' Home Corporation must be residents of the states where they work; a third specifies that superintendents of national cemeteries must be disabled Army veterans—no sailors or Marines need apply. All of these laws, and many more like them, undermine the principle that the best man ought to get the job; each one is intended to confer special preference on some particular group of job-hunters. They are simply devices for legalizing favoritism and patronage on a large scale.

In addition, Congress has steadfastly refused to give the commission enough money to hire a proper staff or to run its business efficiently. (Until a few years ago, one of the field offices got along with a single telephone and borrowed chairs from the federal jail whenever it had to hold an examination.) Nor have there ever been funds to develop scientific testing methods, or to keep the registers fresh with frequent examinations.

It is true, of course, that the commission seldom fights aggressively for the money it needs, and that it sometimes has actually encouraged Congress to pass bad legislation. Only a few months ago, for example, the commission managed to have written into law one of its most hampering regulations—the so-called "Rule of Three," which limits choice in appointments to the three names at the top of the register. Dr. Reeves, a leading authority in the field of public administration, characterized this step as "a major disaster."

Nevertheless, such blunders would be impossible if Congress took an intelligent interest in the problems of federal employ-

ment. Of all the present congressmen, only one—Robert Ramspeck of Georgia—has shown such an interest. The attitudes of the rest range from indifference to frank contempt. As a result, government pay scales are notoriously low, and any bill designed to harass or discriminate against government workers is almost sure to pass with whoops of glee.

Worst of all, Congress has perpetuated the basic flaw in the original Civil Service Act. The commission is still an independent agency, entirely divorced from the normal structure of government. Although it wields great power it is responsible to no one. It serves only as a kind of decrepit watch-dog, which growls at the regular departments, but seldom tries to help them get their job done.

IV

IT CAN be argued, in all seriousness, that Congress would do well to wipe out Civil Service, hide, horns, and tallow, and go back to the old-fashioned spoils system.

Any political party which believes intensely in its program presumably would choose the ablest men in its ranks to put that program into effect. Each administrator would be in sympathy with the project he is assigned to run, and he could expect loyal support from every subordinate. Moreover, he could count on fast action; no ward heeler could survive unless he handled appointments more promptly than the present Civil Service machinery.

Naturally every congressman would slip a few of his maiden aunts and broken-down henchmen onto the public payroll. But they could hardly be more useless or expensive than the thousands of personnel men now roosting in Washington. Indeed, the treasury might well save a few millions, since most political hacks are harmless creatures, who merely draw their pay and don't bother anybody, while personnel experts take great zest in pestering the working officials.

And if the party in power should ever load the payroll with too many thieves and incompetents, then a healthy democracy would throw out the whole gang at the next election. The constant threat of a change in administration would help keep

all government employees on their toes; they would never dare sink into the smug mediocrity which now afflicts so many civil servants who are sure of indefinite tenure.

Such a forthright return to the patronage system would, however, be a pretty drastic step—probably more drastic than is actually necessary. Before junking Civil Service entirely, maybe Congress should consider replacing the 1883 jalopy with a 1945 model.

The blueprint for a modern and workable Civil Service is already at hand. It was drawn up in 1937, after months of careful study, by a group of experts from outside the government known as the Committee on Administrative Management. The committee's suggestions were warmly endorsed by most of the recognized authorities in this field, and the President urged Congress to put them into effect immediately. As usual, Congress wasn't interested, and nothing happened.

These proposals are still as sensible as they were eight years ago and even more urgently needed. They call for four major reforms:

1. The present commission should be abolished, along with its whole collection of red tape and the senescent bureaucrats who weave it. (These gentlemen should be permitted to leave Washington quietly, in spite of a widespread demand among other government workers that they be tarred, feathered, and ridden out of town on their own filing cabinets.)

2. Each agency should be permitted to hire its own help. They should be chosen strictly on merit, with all political influence ruled out, on the same basis which TVA now is using so successfully. Every department would then be able to get a competent personnel staff to replace its present herd of second-raters—it could attract good men because it could give them real responsibility.

3. A single Federal Personnel Administrator, responsible directly to the President, would lay down over-all policies for the various agencies, and see to it that they are carried out. (He would *not* try to enforce a multitude of petty rules.) His office also could carry on the few functions of the present commission which really

need to be centralized—such as handling retirement funds, arranging transfers, and pooling the recruitment of minor employees.

4. A part-time, unpaid, non-political board should be set up to keep a wary eye on the administrator and on the personnel operations of the agencies. From time to time it might suggest general policies or standards. Its main job, however, would be to look out for the public interest, and make sure that the new, decentralized merit system actually worked with a minimum of political interference. (It would of course be impossible, and probably undesirable, to get a scheme which would be entirely free of politics. The present setup certainly is not—the whims of a senator now are treated with religious deference by nearly all Washington personnel men, from the commission down.)

THESE CHANGES, plus a number of minor reforms suggested by the Committee on Administrative Management, should result in an immediate and substantial saving for the taxpayer. By eliminating the present overlapping and duplication between the functions of the Civil Service Commission and those of the agency personnel offices, it should make possible a sharp reduction in the total number of personnel men in Washington. What Dr. Reeves describes as the "elaborate, time-consuming, and costly reports" now prepared at the commission's behest could be dispensed with; every week, according to my rough estimates, this should save 1,328,772 forms, Green Sheets, affidavits, and classification charts, thus releasing from bondage whole regiments of typists. Moreover, many an expensive subterfuge could be abandoned. A department could put a new man on the regular payroll the day it needed him, for example, instead of hiring him as a "temporary consultant" at \$25 a day during the months it takes for his appointment papers to trickle through the commission.

Far more important, however, would be the gains in speed and efficiency throughout the entire government. Offices no longer would be demoralized by the annual ordeal of efficiency ratings. Transfers and promotions might come through

on schedule. Administrators could spend their time administering, instead of practicing the mumbo-jumbo of the Civil Service liturgy. Men of stature might then be more willing to enter the public service, and the machinery of government perhaps could cope a little more adequately with the unprecedented loads which are being thrust upon it.

It is too much, of course, to hope that Congress will do anything to improve the Civil Service on its own initiative. But President Truman already has asked Con-

gress for authority to undertake a sweeping reorganization of all federal agencies. His request presumably will be acted upon early in the present session. If Congress does not exempt the Civil Service Commission from the reorganization—as it did when Roosevelt made a similar request—Truman will have a chance to give the merit system its first thorough overhauling. It may also be his one best chance to save his program from being marred, as Roosevelt's so often was, by inexcusable failures in administration.

Headquarters Soldier

H. LEE SUTTON

MY CARBINE is virgin of death;
yet I have killed as many as most.

"Permission to fire granted," the Major said.
When I relayed the call,
the guns beat down the stone house on the hill,
cut down the observers in the tower—
also the women who dared not leave
with wheat unharvested upon the hill.

And I have guided the guns in,
surveyed the angle of fire,
slept through the night
as they converted my data
to fire missions on the towns.

Death is the angle of an instrument.
Destruction rings the telephone.

I do not brag, nor do I apologize,
but before you dismiss me,
mild clerk and computer,
before you absolve me,
I would politely draw attention
to the blood on my hands.

HE FLEW INTO SUNLIGHT

A Story

SALLY CARRIGHAR

A FLOCK of gadwall ducks rose from the marsh on pattering wings, pressed ahead slowly, began a turn, then were swept around at the wild speed of dry leaves blowing. To see their flight was to see the wind.

The wind showed, too, in the way the mallards floated among the pond weeds—all facing it as exactly as if it had swung them there. Most of the mallards had drawn their bills down on their chests and pulled their eyelids together. A few tried resting the bills on their backs, but soon turned them forward again, for the wind reversed the feathers, changing the emerald heads of the drakes to black.

For five days the wind had unsettled the animals of the marsh. In the stirring depths of the pond, leeches swayed from their holds on sunken logs. Snails climbing the sedge stalks whipped their shells. Mayfly nymphs, like minute crabs, scurried sidewise in the silt. Above these small ones the trumpeter swans no longer enclosed themselves in quiet. When the harrier dipped in his flight over a cygnet, not only the father but all five swans would rise and pursue him.

Other animals, with more practical instincts, sensed that the wind was bringing a storm, the end of this year's warmth and plenty. They were hurrying to prepare shelters, and to store food in caches or in their bodies. The emotion of the moose bull surged to its autumn climax. Now he could not pass a brittle tree without horning off branches, or cross a trail without lowering his head to scoop the

bare earth. His antlers clanged above the light running of Cottonwood Creek, the river's pouring, and the side-wheels splashed by the feet of ducks feeding under water.

The osprey was one of the last to be disturbed. At morning, noon, and sunset he would take a fish from the pond. The rest of the time he perched on the top of a tall dead cottonwood. The wind pried into the tight-layered down of his breast. It parted his tail. The hawk neither stiffened against it nor yielded his stillness to it. He stood without moving, while his eyes grasped into space as if the eyes were claws, taking nourishment from the sky.

ON the fifth day the terrible strength of those eyes turned upon the animals of the marsh. The osprey shifted at each forlorn call of the moose cow, at the kingfisher's clatter, at the slashing of a trout through the water. His restlessness sharpened into aggression. The swallows were exercising their wings for their fall flights, springing up, clapping the wings to their sides, and dropping in zigzag falls. The osprey cried a warning, clear and cold as a whistle. When the ravens began to flap from the black shade in the fir boughs, he left his perch and chased them until their course turned up the river.

This was the osprey's first autumn. He may have had no clear sense, yet, of the change he must make with the season's changing. On the twentieth of September, however, the sky above Jackson Hole no longer seemed large enough for him.

At least it was no longer large enough to share.

Head lowered between his shoulders, the osprey watched another hawk, a harrier, hunting over the marsh below. He unclasped a claw, then the other, moved an excited step on the branch. Many times that harrier had invaded the cottonwood tree to challenge him, but the osprey's parents had been there to drive him out. For a week they had been gone. Sometime the young fish hawk must humble the harrier—on this day! Now, while the harrier hovered over a mouse's hole!

Crying out his intention, the osprey swung from his bough. But the harrier did not flee. Back came a jabbing of notes, raw and harsh. The harrier looped with a facile speed, gained the higher level, spread his talons, and plunged for the osprey's back. The osprey shot from under him, wheeled, and spiraled over the harrier. His was the swifter flight, but the other hawk had the swifter instinct for a combat. The harrier gave himself to an eddy of wind, rose with it, turned to face the oncoming osprey, drained the last lift from the gust, and passed on the upper side. As the two met, he raked a claw through the osprey's wing. The osprey banked to drive back at him, but the harrier broke from the fight at his instant of victory. He sank away and disappeared between willow thickets. The osprey returned to his tree.

Both these young hawks had been hatched on the marsh and were growing up to occupy it together. They might have lived there in peace, for they were not competitors for the same food. But the harrier never needed a real cause for a conflict. He chased any hawk, including other harriers. He chased his prey when he was not hungry. These were play pursuits. Through them he had become a skillful captor.

The osprey's foraging did not require expertness in chasing; it called instead for occasional concentrated power of muscle and nerve. Therefore he had wished to avoid the wearing, indecisive encounters that the harrier started—until this day when he seemed to be trying to clear his sky of other birds.

THERE was discord in the very style of the two hawks' flight. Soon the harrier was out and seeking his soft prey, but he appeared to be more absorbed in his contest with the wind, a strength as fierce and elastic as his own. He never forced his way against it, never farther than grace allowed. He swept to the center of its flow, in which he faced it and rode at one fine point in space as a trout will stand against onrushing water, while the wind spun on the edges of his feathers, until it lowered him in a lull, only to strike him with a blast that swung him up and over so that the pearly lining of his wings shone to the sky; but he righted himself and made the curve a circle, descending on top of the air stream, soon sliding off to the side, to his roost on a tussock over which he fluttered, briefly giving the wind its way, letting it toss him like a wisp of down in a column of heat; then, seeming as tireless as the wind itself, he swerved away to soar over the sedge beds.

Down through the angular boughs of his tree, the osprey followed every sway of the harrier's wing. Its flight looked as soft as a moth's. The osprey lifted his own wings above his back, slowly, seeming to stretch. The wings curved outward. He was off the branch, as smooth a drop as if he had launched into still air. With a measured pacing of wingbeats, he crossed the pond. This was no play flight. The fish hawk mastered the wind. Above the beaver dam he hung at treetop height, with eyes turned down, searching the water. He saw a mountain sucker swim towards a bend in the dam.

The osprey collapsed the muscles that held him aloft. Steeply he plunged, feet dropping and wings thrown up. His dive was veered by the wind but he had allowed for the drift. His breast struck first. The blow shocked even his bones, but his right claw clutched the fish.

The green heaviness of water closed in front of eyes made to look through light. Water began its downward pull on the body built to fly. The hawk must act quickly to escape this enemy element—and quickly did. His wings gripped down, slowed, stopped his descent, began to lift him, broke the surface, and with a lively shedding of spray raised bird and

fish into the air. As the osprey skimmed the pond, he shook the rest of the moisture from his feathers with a broken ruffling.

He shifted the sucker so that its head streamlined into the wind. To control its flapping, he placed one claw before the other, his outer toes down and the spines on his soles gripping into its scales. He closed his talons into its flesh, into its bones and heart, until the points of the talons came through. Before he reached his perch, the sucker's spasms had ceased.

Releasing his hind claw, the osprey alighted. The other claw came down and he stood upon the fish. He did not start to eat it. He drew himself erect, and composure settled upon him as neatly as his mantle of trim feathers. His eye sought the harrier, still weaving above the marsh. The harrier had captured and eaten two victims, returned to his roost, and preened in the time that the osprey must wait before he bit into his fish.

He moved his bill upon it. Back and forth along the cold skin slid the point. Was he seeking a place to break the flesh, or testing to find whether the last reflex jerking had quieted in the dead nerves? He made a neat cut in the sucker's shoulder, pulled until a piece came free. He tossed his head to throw it back in his throat. When he had finished the fish, he flew down to the pond and sped along the surface, trailing his feet until they were clean. He went back to his perch and his eyes turned below upon the canals among the grass and willows. If he searched for the harrier's brown tail, with its white arc at the base, he failed to find it.

At the passing of noon, the wind started to drive with all its force—this was a climax. The aspen boughs streamed from one side of their trunks, compelled to violate their delicacy of movement. Lead-blue ripples broke against the white sides of the swans. Many of the animals had concluded that this was the storm. Each in his refuge had pushed out his fur or feathers until he was as round as the very young of his kind.

The marsh was having its final scouring, and a whole new cloud of bark chips, leaves, and seeds had released their holds, were letting themselves be carried away.

Should the osprey give up his own hold, on his perch, his marsh? Should he yield to the urgency that was in him, let it take him wherever it might? Was the impulse strong enough, yet, to dislodge him from Jackson Hole?

At the top of the cottonwood he stood full in the wind's path. The beavers who made the dam had used the tree as a pier, anchoring the dam into its roots on both sides, killing it by gnawing into its trunk, and forming a pond against it. Isolated now, within the living trees that circled the marsh, it caught so much of the wind that on this day the osprey would find it easier to soar than to perch.

He opened his wings, bent his heels for a push—and felt the bough sink away as if he had pushed the whole tree off-balance. As he rose, the tree swayed. It began a downward plunge, slowly, then faster, with a tearing as the dam pulled out, and a geyser of spray and a roar when the tree struck the water. Its large branches held up part of it, but the trunk went under. Waves billowed to the end of the pond. Around the tree the water swirled. Broken twigs and boughs began drifting away, toward the current now pouring through the break in the dam.

Startled wings rose from the marsh as swans, ducks, pelicans, the great blue heron and numberless birds from the willows sought safety in the air. They all fluttered, the great wings slowly, the small ones shimmering among them, with movements through the flock like the eddies in smoke. Many terrified voices clamored, but the mice, shrews, and frogs had fled into hiding and there trembled, silent. The moose leapt the bank from the pond. A mink and a muskrat dived. The osprey saw the fish making quick, slim trails to the tangled sticks of the beaver lodge.

The harrier was out, sweeping among the other birds. Since he was the more familiar danger, some of the small ones found themselves by fleeing from him back into the thickets. Looking down from above them all, the osprey saw his old nest, lying in the water like a ragged beaver house. He had known no other home except that nest and the perch beside it; at the end of a day or a flight he never had alighted anywhere but in the

cottonwood. Yet he had a temporary home in the sky.

He left the confusion at the marsh and his wings, beating in clean, shallow curves, carried him upward. Their limber tips trailed on both rising and falling strokes, but there was a fine tension in the muscles that took him aloft with directness. Finally he stopped and rode the wind.

Indigo clouds with crisp edges spread above the peaks and obviously beyond them. He never had seen such clouds before; they gave a new breadth to the sky. The osprey did not have the kind of intelligence to measure horizons, but he may have sensed for the first time that a world existed outside this valley that whimsical human beings have called a hole. For this was the day when the valley began, apparently, to cramp his flight.

THE osprey knew clouds intimately. During his first weeks, their passing had been the only movement that he could watch. No twig bent over the nest; nothing was above the young hawk but the white breast of his father or mother, and the clouds. He could see the mist form as hoods on the Teton peaks, pull away slowly, finally drift free. The clouds would move over him, as unhurried as his growing, and out of sight beyond the side of the nest where the guarding parent stood. They would seem faster when they came behind the white feathered head, with its band of purple-brown through the eyes, that masked the intensity of the eyes a little; behind the brown shields of the folded wings. The young bird moved even less than the adult osprey. When the father brought a fish, the mother was deliberate as she bit off the pieces and gave them to her three nestlings. Each patiently awaited his turn. A day came when the great blue heron roughly removed the two other young. Then the osprey did not have to wait so long. But a quiet like that of clouds was in his nerves.

In early July, when he was a month old, he crawled to the edge of the nest. He found then the base for his sky. It was an oval plain, almost as level as a lake. Even the valley floor was in the sky, but the circling mountains lifted to a white

rim so much higher that it might have been a world's end. In Jackson Hole, space was made real and immense by the walls surrounding it.

The sheer-sided basin was a valley to please an osprey, for all these hawks are attracted by heights; everywhere they build their nests on the tallest trees or near enough so they can perch on them. Below, they must have the shine of water, shot with the glint of fish. The osprey found that, too. His nest was out on the valley floor, and water was all around it. A crease down the plain, bordered with trees, led the Snake River past, here dividing around an island. And flowing in from the Grand Teton, the Great Breast, came Cottonwood Creek, cloudy with glacial milk. In the angle between the creek and the river, the beavers had formed the marsh.

After this view of his wider home, the osprey hunched back into his nest for another month. He walked on the elbows of his wings, as well as his feet, for he could not lift the wings; they had grown faster than the rest of him. At full size they would be half again as long as the harrier's, though the two hawks would have the same body length.

The first time the osprey trusted himself to his wings, and when he closed them for his first plunge into the pond, those instinctive actions were easier because, in his parents' flying and diving, he had an image of what he must do. But nature had a third great requirement to make of him, and this time would give him no example. He faced now one of the hard conditions of being an osprey. Most kinds of hawks start on their fall migration in flocks of all ages, but the young osprey did not even see his parents depart. They were gone one morning, leaving him with no hint that he must set out from this only home he remembered, with no directions, and no warning to keep the gleam of water always in view.

He had not been soaring long, on this afternoon of September twentieth, when the wind failed. A soft dampness was coming into the valley. Now he must beat his wings to stay up. Still he circled, crossing and recrossing the river, swinging out over the plain towards the

mountains, east and west. The slopes were moss-dark; the plain was the color of wet stone. But the sun slanted through one break in the clouds, to touch a strip of the sage with a lustre so fresh that the earth seemed to shine with its own light, with the delicate brightness of things seen in farewell.

All the world that the osprey knew was shadowed by change. His tree lay fallen. Southward the river showed a way out of Jackson Hole. Yet so far the hawk must have sensed only the disquiet which had aggravated his conflict with the harrier. For when he tilted the planes of his wings to descend, he directed his flight back to the marsh.

THE marsh looked strange. The water had drained from the side channels, which now were muddy troughs with banks of exposed, white, matted roots. The willows seemed to be propped on other, inverted willows. The upper end of the pond itself had sunk away, leaving a basin of quicksand. Water still lay in the lower end, but its level had dropped so that the door of the beaver house was revealed.

Where were the fish? The osprey was searching for trout, whose quickness might conceal them from slow eyes but not from an osprey's; for the chubs, and the infallible suckers. He could find none, even when he flew close to the surface. But he could not see deeply into the pond. It was roily.

He hovered above the beaver house, peering into the maze of sticks at its base, home of many fish, as he knew. A scream—the harrier's—struck from his left. It broke into quick notes, hard as slaughtering blows. The osprey sheered towards his attacker. The two would have met over the shore of the pond, but the osprey went into a dive. For up from the brush, with an airy deadliness, swung another hawk, the young harrier's mother.

Checking his plunge, the osprey skimmed under them. They turned in a down-curve so steep they were flung half over, and straightened, and pressed ahead. Their light-bodied flight was now sharp and direct. The osprey led them into the cottonwoods separating the pond from

the plain. Unerringly he chose spaces wide enough for his wing-spread, the length of a man's arm-spread. The margins were narrow, but sure. For the harriers they were wider. Safely thus guided, they flew as fast through the branches as he did. He tried to lose them by weaving among the boughs. But the harriers, pursuers of dodging prey, seemed to foresee his moves. Their screams were upon him. They were short-cutting now.

An osprey is the most fearless of all hawks in defending its nest, but unless its young are endangered it is like other wild creatures: flees from a hopeless combat. The osprey could not possibly chase off two harriers. He tried to prevent them from driving him out of his marsh, but finally found that he could escape only in a long, level flight. He swung away up the river. The harriers knew as quickly when they had lost. Behind the osprey their cries grew faint, then ceased. The osprey turned down again and stopped on the island across from the marsh.

Something white dropped onto the branch beside him. Fiercely he held it still, by the strength of his eyes. He unclashed a foot, lifted it, sprang it upon the white one, then gripped with a life-draining grasp, so quick, so intense, that his victim did not stir. After a pause he freed his talons, caught in the bark, lowered his head, removed his claw, and peered down to see the limp body. Nothing was there.

At once his head was erect and his eyes defied the surrounding space. He discovered that many of the white flakes were falling. They tumbled and swirled, a cloud in fragments, a cloud of vagrant, disordered white scraps, spinning, staggering downward, each at its own pace. Between them the air looked gray.

Soon the mountains had vanished behind a nearer wall. The plain was becoming white, seen through a web of white boughs. Broken white movement wrapped closer and closer around the osprey—snow, clean, cold, unalive. On the opposite bank of the river he could see the marsh willows, now misty sprays. Beside these, nothing remained that had made this place home. The osprey faced the breakup of his world without shrink-

ing. Everything else might fall into soft, white pieces; the hawk even would hold astonishment back from his eyes.

LATE in the day, hunger drove him out of the island tree, into the snow. With the accents of his wings still definite and controlled, he was across the river and the willows. He stayed low enough to keep his landmarks in sight, and flew towards the pond. But there no longer was a pond, only a muddy hollow with a rivulet draining the center.

He searched in the rivulet for fish. None was in it. The equinoctial wind, the loss of his tree, the snow, the emptying of the marsh with his food supply: all these related incidents were nature's hints, which must serve now instead of his parents' guidance. The osprey flew from end to end of the desolate new swale, then abruptly turned towards the river.

He never had caught a fish in the river. He had seen his parents do it, but even they had preferred to take their food from the pond. Knowledge inherited by his nerves sent him to the center of the current, where he soon discovered a trout driving upstream.

Keeping the fish in sight, the hawk spiraled upward. To drive himself deep enough into the water, he must begin his plunge at least from treetop level. But when he reached that height he could not see the fish. Everything below him was blurred by snowflakes. He glided down, assured himself that the trout was there still, climbed, and lost him. An osprey would not eat anything but a fish, one taken alive from the water. He would not even retrieve a fish that he dropped on the ground. A prolonged snowfall would make his kind of hunting impossible. When the frost-line moves down from the north, therefore, an osprey must go south of it. Did he need further proof?

Through the rest of the afternoon he perched on the island. The cloud of snowflakes thinned; then, with nothing to make its end noticeable, was gone. The horizon widened, not quite to the edge of the plain. A gray density still hung overhead, but high in the west it dissolved suddenly, and the Teton peaks appeared. On their rocky pinnacles was a crisp new

marbling of white. The saddles now swung from summit to summit in smooth white loops. Beyond them the space was brushed with an opal light that foretold the end of day.

NOW the osprey would try again to catch a fish in the river. He flew upstream and back, frequently dipping for a closer view as he mistook the water's braiding for the flash of a trout. The flow was so rapid that he scarcely could steady his gaze upon it. Nothing retarded this river; nothing broke it into foam. It poured evenly over a bed of cobbles, slick with algae, with the weight of mountain torrents behind it. The movement had a look of heavy, brutal force, a capturing pull.

But soon the osprey found a trout. This one was poised at the edge of the current where it passed the quiet water enclosed by a curve in the bank. Smaller fish, insect larvae, and other trout food would be swirled along that line, and the trout was waiting for the river to bring them to his mouth.

The osprey beat his way higher, took his position above the trout. Then he flung up his wings to make his steep strike. He caught the fish with both claws, sank until he was wholly submerged, and was drawn out into the current. He never had felt its power before. It enclosed him in tumult. But the river was water, like the pond. His wings knew what to do. They swung downward, and the hawk's dive was stopped.

He had not yet broken the surface when the wings, driving together under him, reached their lowest point. The wings came up and began to beat. But opposed to their lifting was the drag of the river. And the osprey had caught too large a fish, in his inexperience, adding too much to his weight. The trout was thrashing, locking the osprey's talons into its bones. Again the long wings clutched together below the hawk, but he did not rise to the top of the water, not high enough even to snatch a breath.

As he struggled, he was swept towards the mouth of Cottonwood Creek. Just above that point a dead willow, floating down, had caught on the riverbank.

The osprey struck it, was held against its upper side briefly, was pushed out by an eddy, seemed to be drifting away, but was stopped again when the longest branch slid beneath his half-opened wing.

Now the clean brown and white bird was wreckage among the muddy leaves, grass, and twigs snagged by the willow. When one of the current's cradles reached him, the soaked feathers of his head floated out, but at once were submerged again. The trout wrestled in the loose claws. Torn but alive, it finally worked itself free. The osprey did not seem to know. As soon as his talons were empty, they folded in, limp. The ripples began to slap one inert foot against the branch.

The harrier discovered the osprey. Swinging along the riverbank in his hunting, he glimpsed the white head in the water's sweep. His sharp, high scream was like talons piercing. The cries that followed might have been the attacks of a ravenous beak. That was always the cadence of the harrier's taunts—a shrill threat breaking into impatient gibes. The osprey had heard it many times.

The closed eyes did not open, and the claws of the osprey did not twitch. But the wild ones are not deceived about death. The harrier must have sensed that under the numb brain of the fish hawk some valor of flesh was fighting. Though he could not enter the water, he continued to strike his enemy with his voice.

That voice had roused the energy of the young osprey each time that it stirred his parents to a chase. Twice that very day, the sound had stimulated a surge of anger in him, and therefore a surge of strength. The harrier might more nearly have defeated his rival if he had flown away, silent, leaving in the osprey's ears and the depths of his spirit only the vast indifference of the water's roar.

But he remained, screaming, above the willow. And then, once, when the osprey's claw struck the bough it took hold. It lost the hold, but found it again. The next effort the osprey made was to reach for the same support with his other claw. Slowly, pulling one above the other, the feet lifted the great wet bird until he was up in the willow's tangle of boughs.

He rested there with his wings spread and his feathers fluffed to dry. A weak shake, another more vigorous, rid the feathers of some of the water's weight. Between these efforts the osprey was quiet, gathering and pointing his energy, a skill practiced many times before dives.

The harrier still tormented him, but not so constantly. That hawk was watching a prowling mink, who was finding helpless prey in the empty canals of the marsh. The mink was so excited by this windfall that he almost ignored the chance of becoming a victim himself. And the harrier, at the rare possibility of catching a mink, was so excited in turn that he too forgot caution.

The instant came when the osprey's wings could lift him. He stretched and lowered them several times, then hovered over the willow, not quite secure. He crossed to the island. His next exercise was a flight up the island shore.

The mink had reached the end of a channel, just inside the riverbank. The harrier watched him, but was hiding, gliding out over the water, lower than the tops of the brush. At any time the mink might pounce, exposing himself on the open mud, and then the harrier's talons would strike into his fur.

The harrier faced downstream. From the island's tip came the osprey, riding the breeze, sweeping towards him without a wingbeat. When he was close, he cried a warning and the harrier swerved, but not quickly enough. The osprey had dived upon him, and his claw struck the harrier's head. The harrier heeled over, stunned, and hit the water. Instantly it snared his wings. With no chance to right himself, he was carried down on his back into the tumbling current where Cottonwood Creek joined the river.

THE osprey flew a short way along the bank, then alighted on a snag for a further rest. As he waited, his ears were touched by a sound that was new. It came from upstream and was like a distant, reaching cry. As it drew nearer it fluctuated into numerous voices, clear and urgent, the voices of Canada geese, midway on a long journey. All had the same searching, uncertain tone. Could these

voices, anywhere, ever mean, *This is home?*

Soon the osprey's eyes found the geese, flying in a long, thin line with a forward point near the center. The line swerved at the river's bend, its inner side consolidating, the outer side swinging more widely. Coming on again, both sides straightened, rippling from the point to the ends. The line seemed one, as the voices had, but when it approached, the waver of wings made it many.

As the geese beat their way towards him, the osprey could see the black feet pressed under their tails. The long necks stretched ahead, and the level bills strained towards some remote goal. The geese were above him. Then they were a little beyond. Seen from behind, the flock pointed more sharply, like the outline of a single bird, pushing south. The voices were lighter now, trailing their call.

The osprey raised his wings and glided out off the branch. He circled once and,

finding his steady, smooth rhythm, started down the river behind the geese. At the end of the valley the flock turned eastward around a butte and disappeared. The osprey flew on without them. He needed no other guide but the shine of water below, and he had that. The river led through a pass, out of Jackson Hole.

Beyond, he found the wider world. It seemed full of movement beneath him, for the mountain ranges were so close against one another that they were like waves, crested ridges, and valley troughs, as far as he could see.

A tint of gold touched a low edge of the overhead clouds. It was pale, but the clean shade that promises brighter color. The rays pierced up through a westward canyon. They reached more of the clouds. Soon there was flame in the non-living universe, fire on the polished rock of the peaks, and the vapor. The fire and vapor were all in motion.

The osprey flew into sunlight.



{ Author of articles on John L. Lewis, Harold Ross of
the New Yorker, and being drafted, Dale Kramer }
{ is now Sergeant Kramer of Yank Far East. }

MR. TUASON

DALE KRAMER



WHEN I first saw Mr. Tuason he was sitting at a massive, polished table (obviously a relic of some Philippine government office which had been destroyed by the Japanese) in the long, asbestos-roofed, leaf-walled, dirt-floored shed which serves as the office of *Mapaso Imprento* (*Hot Press*), a newspaper published by American soldiers. He was writing, but his stocky figure, clad in a blue linen blouse, GI trousers, and gum boots, was erect in his chair, his broad, high-cheek-boned face tilted only slightly to one side. He held his writing arm thrust well forward, yet there was a graceful serenity in the way he dipped his common pen into a wide-mouthed inkwell and returned it to his round, careful letters.

Mr. Tuason, I learned, had been sent to *Hot Press* by the civilian employment bureau which had been hastily organized to relieve the destitute Filipino population. But when his written English turned out to be stiff and formal he had been set to addressing envelopes, copying lists, bundling newspapers, and even to turning the crank of the mimeograph machine. No one seemed to know much about Mr. Tuason's background, except that he was a refugee from a nearby province, not yet completely liberated, where he was believed to have been a senator—or (since the law called for a single incumbent) the senate itself. From his placid copying, I took him to be a village politician well-

satisfied at finding himself in possession of a meaty Yankee plum.

Late one afternoon, a barefoot little man in a high-crowned straw hat appeared in the office, carrying a bamboo bag of simple carpenter's tools. Since cupboards were a critical need, the officer-in-charge, a young lieutenant, fell on him eagerly. An unhurried man, the carpenter listened for some moments before indicating that he spoke no English. Mr. Tuason, called on to interpret, fired half a dozen volleys of dialect and announced simply, "Understands." The trouble was that the carpenter's wizened face had not indicated that he had heard anything. The lieutenant reopened the subject and Mr. Tuason obligingly turned and spoke again to the carpenter, whose face continued to register nothing. "Understands," Mr. Tuason said firmly, returning to his penmanship. The lieutenant had to let it go at that.

Next morning the carpenter—whose name turned out to be Agapito—returned with a couple of armloads of boards, and the lieutenant, feeling more hopeful, had Mr. Tuason translate detailed instructions. When Agapito set to work, Mr. Tuason, instead of going back to his copying, sat down comfortably on a chair, crossed his gum boots, and watched the sawing and hammering. Occasionally he tossed a string of dialect at Agapito and once in a while got up to lend a hand with

the measuring. A pile of notched and jointed boards grew, and with it the lieutenant's apprehension. After a while he tried to call Agapito, through Mr. Tuason, to an accounting. Mr. Tuason squatted on his heels and pulled the boards about, pointing to this notch and that. The lieutenant's puzzlement deepened. Finally Mr. Tuason got to his feet. "I am artisan," he said indulgently, but firmly. It happened that my chair was near Mr. Tuason's, and when he came back I inquired if he had formerly been a carpenter. He smiled graciously. "Some." Then he made quick pointing motions with his hands. "I direct." He sat all day, directing, and the cupboards fell together magically.

A few days later the Philippines atlas was lost. Mr. Tuason quietly took its place, sketching maps to locate towns mentioned in the dispatches and correcting occasional misspellings.

WE WERE after all the material we could get on the Japanese occupation and Philippine life, and consequently I took to pumping Mr. Tuason whenever the chance arose. Between quick gestures and a wide, if rusty, vocabulary he expressed himself generally lucidly and always intelligently. But information about Mr. Tuason himself came slowly and in little pieces. One of them, for example, slipped out while he and I were on our way to see the superintendent of schools, from whom we hoped to gather details of Japanese domination of education.

The streets were filled with barefoot Filipinos, walking in mud whipped into ankle-deep pudding by American army vehicles. Mr. Tuason halted suddenly. "Look." A sweep of his arm took in the people. "All afoot. Before Japs, many Filipinos had cars." His eyes narrowed to humorous slits and he shrugged. "I see big men of this town hiking." Filipinos, he explained, do not like to walk if they can help it. A man's life was formerly reckoned to a considerable extent by his mode of travel, a state of affairs which he had heard existed in American civilization as well. Mr. Tuason made long, diverse sweeps with his arms. "Poor

people, too. For five centavos, climb on bus, go everywhere." His brown face was moody for a moment, and then his cheeks crinkled and he pointed to himself. "In my town, I was transportation. Eight bus."

I filed the item away for later amplification.

Back on the main street, weaving through the crowd, we were occasionally thrust off the road into one of the small, open-front shops, whose walls had begun to sag and whose signs—most of them in English—had peeled badly. Some trade was in progress, but most of the shops were unoccupied and the others were the more pitiful for the few items displayed. In one an old lady stood by a single jar of diminutive, unattractive doughnuts. In another a man in a neat white linen coat minded a glass counter containing a few boxes of Japanese saddle soap and a small pile of wide shoestrings.

I stopped before a chipped blue and white sign which declared that the Majestic Beauty Shop curled hair electrically during the daytime. Mr. Tuason laughed. "No more." Then his face sobered and with his hands he illustrated the gradual crumbling of an edifice. "Our Filipino economy . . . like that. Even the beauty."

Mr. Tuason took me to the home rather than the office of the superintendent of schools—Mr. Villanuava—since, as it turned out, the two had been friends since youth. Following destruction of their house by bombs, the superintendent and his family had taken refuge in a corner of a Catholic academy whose thick, cracked mortar walls had been painted a reddish cream. Mr. Villanuava was not at home at the moment, but his wife welcomed us into a long, low-ceilinged chamber in which narrow beds with canopies of white mosquito netting and other pieces of furniture had been distributed over the damp cement floor in an unsuccessful effort to create an illusion of separate rooms.

Mrs. Villanuava, a slender, middle-aged woman with soft skin and vivid dark eyes, ushered us to rattan rocking chairs. She and Mr. Tuason spoke for a few moments in a rush of Spanish, occasionally trans-

lating passages to me. Mrs. Villanuava, it developed, was confined generally to her bed. She spoke familiarly of the family "foxhole," as a peacetime woman might speak of her garden, and the foxhole was responsible for laying her low. One night a bomb fragment had slashed into the shelter and killed her niece, a "professor of the piano," twenty-six years old, a concert player and a teacher. That shock, along with destruction of their home and the strain of nights in the foxhole, had been too much for Mrs. Villanuava's nervous system.

Filipinos rarely tell completely grave stories of the Japanese occupation for fear of being thought self-pitying. A personal reverse, particularly, is related humorously or even hilariously. Consequently, with a quick motion of her hands, Mrs. Villanuava ripped away the gloom. "We will talk of good times coming," she said in English. But these two had seen each other only once or twice during the occupation, so that references to that period flitted in and out of the conversation. Whenever one of the bits flew past, I caught it and demanded details and explanations.

A reference by Mr. Tuason to a bowing school for Filipinos conducted by the Japanese caused Mrs. Villanuava's eyes to dance and she clasped her hands together and rocked gleefully. The Japs are the greatest exponents of the plain and fancy bow on earth, and the Filipinos had been required to learn the code. They had to incline their heads deferentially upon passing a Jap, and if any conversation were involved, had to bow three times from the waist. There were separate salaams for Japs of high rank. Bowing schools were held in each of the districts into which the Japs had divided the city. A form of charades was played, with someone representing a Jap of a given rank while the others practiced the proper bob or bend.

In the matter of the bowing academy, Mrs. Villanuava registered her only personal complaint. "I am mother of many children, and yet I was forced to go," she said. The Filipinos are very respectful of age, particularly of the mother, and she was deeply humiliated. Mr. Tuason

was abashed also. Yet, he pointed out logically, what more could be expected of men who do not allow their own wives to sit at table with them?

WE HAD just about given up hope of seeing Mr. Villanuava, who was on an inspection tour of liberated territory, when he came in, wiping rain from his horn-rimmed spectacles. He was short and cherubic, and, like many Filipinos, he spoke English with ringing gusto. After introductions, he sat down, placed his hands on the knees of his short legs, and declared, "You will hear the first account of my investigation." Investigation is a favorite word with the Filipinos, probably because one of their chief complaints against the Japs was that fact-finding before punishment was not a Japanese weakness. Slot boxes were posted at street corners and Filipinos were encouraged to inform on their neighbors. The result was considerable blackmail.

Schools were reopening in good shape, Mr. Villanuava said, with many of the walls and floors which the Japs had torn up for firewood already replaced. As a matter of fact, the Japs had been more interested in using the schools for housing and fuel than for indoctrinating children. Where teachers cared to continue classes—usually in homes—they provided a small salary and not much interference. Officials glanced through the books—all of which were printed in English—and checked passages dealing with democracy, George Washington, Franklin D. Roosevelt, and the like, and these were ordered pasted over. When the Filipinos carried out the instructions, they used transparent brown paper. The Japanese did not object. As near as Mr. Villanuava can figure it, discipline in Japan is such that no one thinks of disobeying an order, and the Japs were incapable of realizing that children would study the portions under the brown paper even if they neglected the other parts.

After a while the children got books designed to teach them the Japanese language. Instruction started off with a word which sounded like "Ohio" and meant "Good morning." One child would shout "Ohio" to a friend who

would reply, "Cincinnati"—an exchange which was always good for a laugh.

II

ONE DAY Mr. Tuason announced that it was time now for him to return to his home. His province had been liberated, and he asked me if I would like to go there with him and visit his house for a few days. Because we would have to catch a boat at daybreak, Mr. Tuason suggested that I spend the night in his temporary home in the city. I was late in leaving the office, and while I was on my way across town an alert smothered the lights, leaving me floundering in the deep ruts. By good luck, a scrubby, thin-bearded Filipino to whom I applied for directions turned out to be a guerrilla from Mr. Tuason's home town, who knew where he was living and led me straight to his house.

Mr. Tuason had been on the lookout for me and, inviting the guerrilla in for coffee, he led us upstairs. Though his immediate family had already departed for the province, there were other relatives in the house and after a little the coffee was brought to us out of the shadows. The alert was a long one, and, since Mr. Tuason felt that the corroborative presence of the guerrilla permitted him to speak more personally, I got a pretty good picture of the impact that the Japanese occupation had had on Mr. Tuason and his town.

THE AMERICAN and Filipino armies had already surrendered when the Japs came to the village. At first about fifty soldiers moved in. The scene was the age-old one of conquerors and conquered; sound of boots in the streets, townspeople peering anxiously from windows. Then search of the houses, the Japs tramping in, hats on, taking for themselves gold, diamonds, and such other items as struck their fancy.

After a few days most of the soldiers departed, leaving a score or so to settle in the modern school building. For the Japs, it was an ideal life. Each day a patrol made a leisurely trip into the countryside, and when they returned they

carried chickens, eggs, fish, fruit, carabao steak—whatever looked appetizing. Nevertheless, the Japs did not live as well as might have been expected, for the reason, Mr. Tuason and the guerrilla agreed, that they are natural pigs. They would cut up an octopus, cook it with a conglomeration of vegetables and sugar, and live on the swill for several days, washing it down with hot, heavily-sugared tea. Jap soldiers do not drink anything cool if they can help it. Usually they sat around in shorts; they seldom bathed and, having generally a single uniform apiece, laundered rarely.

The course of events in Mr. Tuason's town was typical of the Japanese occupation everywhere. First, Mr. Tuason's trucks and buses and cargo boats were seized, which would have halted commerce even if factories in the cities had not closed. The large store (operated by Mr. Tuason), most of the smaller ones, and the market—an important factor in peacetime living—soon went out of business. Rice and comotes (the Filipino potato) grew scarce, partly because townspeople had nothing to exchange with farmers, partly because the Japs requisitioned a portion of what crop there was. People existed largely by going into the swamps and digging roots of the big-leaved palawan, which they fried. Since there was no longer a market for copra, only a few coconuts were harvested. The milk of these few was boiled and the resulting oil used as fuel in the rude lamps which replaced candles and electricity.

The profound mental depression of the Filipinos, an extremely proud and sensitive people, was also a factor in the breakdown of living standards. It is true that the Japs confiscated all nails, as well as every other scrap of metal, including plumbing from those houses which had it; yet the people might have cut the sword-bladed leaves of the nipa and by stringing them on strips of bamboo have made new roofs or walls for their houses, or they could have woven rattan or bamboo furniture to replace that broken or worn out. Their hearts were too heavy. Homes grew dilapidated and not very clean. The flower-loving people allowed weeds to overrun their gardens.

They awaited the return of the Americans with a faith that was downright touching. The American soldier lives close to humdrum essentials, used to snapping to heel with a deferential "Yes, sir," and moving, except when against the enemy, under rigid restrictions. Arriving among a people sorely tried by oppression, he is a little startled to find himself hailed as a glamorous, fabulously rich knight chasing evil-doers through the world. The Filipinos, moreover, have an attractive way of personalizing such phrases as, "When you came." It's a change, anyhow.

The radio in Mr. Tuason's house in town was confiscated, but the Japs were never able to locate a second on his farm. He heard the news from the States, as did others, and passed it on. Sometimes, too, there appeared mysteriously among the people American bars of chocolate, packs of cigarettes, magazines, and even apples, brought by submarine or plane. The presence of these—perhaps more than broadcasts—convinced Filipinos that the Americans were in touch with the situation.

Young men began to drift into the hills. Mr. Tuason at first held the title of technical adviser and later major in the local guerrillas, but that was only a fairly high rank, since titles were flung around on a pretty lavish scale. He was too old, though, for much active duty, and most of the time he stayed indoors, reading his books and making secret notes of the occupation, which he planned to use as background for a series of articles for the local paper after the Americans got back and it was re-established.

THE JAPS usually avoided rough handling of the more influential Filipinos (I had learned by this time that Mr. Tuason had been a representative in the legislature at Manila, rather than merely a local official), and sometimes the Jap commander dropped in to spread the co-prosperity gospel. However, bored with his bucolic life, and economic conditions being what they were, he usually guided the discussion into more philosophical channels. Once he asked Mr. Tuason why the Filipinos, being brown-

skinned Orientals, did not take to the Japanese. Mr. Tuason avoided certain delicate local subjects, but pointed out that Filipinos, having derived much of their culture from the Spanish and Americans, think of themselves as Westerners. Moreover, they feared an attempt to convert them from Catholicism. Another time the Jap officer, in a particularly thoughtful mood, gave his explanation of the attack on a nation so potentially powerful as the United States. Overcrowded Japan needed room, he said. If she won she would get all she wanted. If she were defeated, the end would have been partly gained by reduction of the population.

Despite these discussions, the situation for Mr. Tuason was always ticklish, particularly since a rather large percentage of the town's population were his relatives and the Jap policy was to visit punishment upon whatever relatives happened to be available. When invited to take a post in the puppet government, he declined with dignity but also with diplomacy. An even more delicate situation arose when three girls of the town were seized by the Japs on a charge of furnishing information to the guerrillas. They were taken late in the afternoon and carried, screaming, across the green plaza before the helpless eyes of the population. When they were about half way across, Mr. Tuason put his hand on the top of his hat and sprinted after them. He managed to pop inside the schoolhouse, where he was discouraged to find that the Japs had already laid out three hoods, an axe, and three blocks. He received permission, however, to make a plea. Pointing out that the girls could not have given information for the good reason that there was nothing to reveal, other than that a handful of soldiers were living in the schoolhouse, he raised the Filipino cry for "investigation." Finally he was isolated in another room and the girls were questioned separately for several hours. They were released, but Mr. Tuason was aware that only his standing in the province had turned the scale, and the Japs were not pleased that he had chosen to throw his weight around.

When American bombers flew over the

town for the first time, the Japs explained that they were their own on maneuvers. But some of the ships came so low that the white stars under their wings could be seen. After American troops landed, Jap combat forces began to move through the town, and the local garrison showed anxiety about citizens who might transmit information. Mr. Tuason gathered his wife and (since he had no children of his own) a number of nieces and nephews, some of them babies, and escaped one night in a boat to the American positions. It was to support all this family while he was away from home that he had taken the job with *Hot Press*.

III

AT DAWN Mr. Tuason and I picked our way through the mud to the wharves, followed by a sturdy nephew with Mr. Tuason's basket and my waterproof sack. Mr. Tuason was dressed trimly in suntan shirt and trousers, a dark green sun helmet, and his gum boots. Just before climbing into the boat he changed to shoes and sent the boots home with the boy. By the time the sun was up, Mr. Tuason was in a gay mood. Two more guerrillas from his town were on the boat and they told us that the local Jap garrison, including the officer who had advocated a cull of the population, had been caught by the guerrillas and slain. Somewhat more startling was the information that most of the townspeople believed Mr. Tuason to be dead.

As we approached Mr. Tuason's town, he pointed to a stone and earth pier extending into the sea. "My work," he said, showing a slight pride. "I induced pesos while at Manila." I asked him if he'd had a tough election fight after that. He laughed. "I point to the pier, the new school, the good roads—no one cares to oppose." After a moment he added slyly, "Very American, no?"

We hurried up the road, past a huge stone church built strongly enough by the ancient Spaniards to serve, if necessary, as a fortress against attacks from roving bands of Mohammedan Moros from the island of Mindanao. The town, mostly of shaggy, brown nipa-leaf houses, was

badly disarranged owing to lack of repairs and a recent typhoon which had ripped off many roofs. We turned into the main street, past a crowd waiting for rations of American bread. The people stared incredulously at Mr. Tuason, while merchants, whose shelves held incongruous tins of Spam and cheese, rushed from their shops to greet him. He threw an arm around each, but hurried on after a word or two in dialect.

Mr. Tuason's house, like many Filipino wooden residences, was square and wide-eyed, with the wide heavy boards of the walls—some of them placed vertically—giving a paneled effect which might have been austere without the small kaleidoscopic panes of the broad, outward-sliding windows of the upper story. The bottom walls, indented a foot or two, housed only foot-thick pillars. We climbed the outside staircase and entered through the open door. A chunky girl of ten and a slender boy of eight were skating about on slabs of coconut husk, burnishing the floor. A smaller boy in a flimsy waist-length shirt and no pants stood watching. The room was large, with dark paneling decorated with oil paintings of Filipino landscapes. Seeing Mr. Tuason, the older children kicked aside their coconut husks and rushed to him, followed at a somewhat slower pace by the smaller boy. They kissed first his hand, then his face. An attractive girl of twenty, dressed in a floor-length white gown and heelless straw slippers, glided swiftly into the room and thrust her way among the children.

That was the beginning, and a sample, of Mr. Tuason's homecoming. After a little time he was able to establish me in a tall wooden rocker and to sit the girl down at the piano, to entertain. The family filed in from the rear of the house, the townspeople up the stairs. I had met Mrs. Tuason previously. She came into the room and stood for a moment watching her husband's festive activities, her broad, soft Spanish face indulgent and a little amused. When she came to shake hands with me, Mr. Tuason spied her and ran up and took both her hands, speaking happily in Spanish. She nodded, more amused than ever, and gave him a moth-

erly pat on the shoulder. "She promise to fix a little to eat," Mr. Tuason said to me. He glanced uncertainly between his callers and us. Seeing the girl rising from the piano, he ran over and sat her back down. Then, satisfied that I was to be entertained and that his wife would be busy for a little while, he went back to the townspeople.

BECAUSE HE had been away so long, Mr. Tuason's sisters, sisters-in-law, cousins, and nieces declared that he should be treated as a guest. Consequently he and I ate together while the family occupied itself in various duties of attendance. Whether a soldier, used to the slopping of bully beef and lumpy, dehydrated potato gruel into his messgear in the immortal manner of shirtless, sweating KP's, should be transported into a household where one or another of several graceful nieces floats in and out with exquisitely prepared dishes, while another plays the piano, is a matter for the nice consideration of the morale authorities. Mrs. Tuason, whose policy was distrust of others in the kitchen while guests were present, had in her regular larder only a few GI tins of tomatoes and peaches, jungle butter, frying compound, and some rice, but country relatives and friends brought fresh eggs, chickens, fish, and a long-snouted, razor-backed roasting pig.

For fish, we had fresh sardines either fried whole or simmered in a little water with vinegar, salt, and garlic to make a dish called *pakseo*; and we had crabs and maya-maya. The maya-maya is beloved by Filipinos and anyone else who has ever tasted it. The white flesh is of such tenderness that fishermen like to eat it raw, yet it holds together even when used as a base for *tinola*, a soup or stew made with tomatoes, other handy vegetables, and garlic or onion.

Mrs. Tuason's skill in cooking was prodigious. In the matter of *tuba*, the liquid refreshment, she deferred, however, to one of the nieces. *Tuba* came back during the Japanese occupation because it can be distilled without much effort from the juice of the coconut or nipa tree. Before the coconuts (or nipa fruit) have developed, the tube to the potential nut

cluster is tapped and the white, sweet fluid taken somewhat in the manner in which Vermonters catch maple sap. Pulverized bark from a type of mangrove tree is added, and the milk ferments properly in a day or two. After that, some form of the traditional vaporizing distillery is used. The result is a mild, smooth brandy or wine which looks like gin. Mr. Tuason's niece's ginger *tuba* accompanied the meals, while her mint *tuba* was served as an after-dinner liqueur.

DURING my visit Mr. Tuason took me for walks through streets shared by the population with soft-eyed carabaos, jeeps, and bulldozers. GI garments were already sprinkled liberally into the native wardrobe, the men preferring khaki undershirts and drawers, worn as a complete outfit, while the favorite government issue for women was the mattress cover, each being sufficient for a couple of dresses.

We examined the skeletons of Mr. Tuason's truck-buses which had been stripped by the Japs and dumped at the edge of a swamp. While we stood looking at the buses, two Filipinos came into the swamp and dug palawan roots with their bolos. Food was still very scarce. When we walked into the country, farmers told of the scarcity of seed and lack of carabaos, many of which had been slaughtered during the occupation. Coconuts had been the major crop, and there was no telling how many years it would be until the copra trade resumed. For their American canned meat and rice and a few other items, merchants were taking pesos earned by Filipinos employed almost en masse by the American army as everything from latrine cleaners to stenographers.

Pinned down, Mr. Tuason admitted, tapping his forehead, that he was spending a great deal of time pondering the rebuilding of the economy, which he admitted would be a long and difficult job. But he chose to be happy after so many years of gloom.

The nieces had organized a party for the night before I was to leave. The older women came wearing long dark dresses decorated with many yards of black lace, while the girls had embellished themselves with gay colors. Mr. Tua-

son, like most of the men, wore a handsomely-laundered white blouse and trousers. Plates of maya-maya simmered with tomatoes and garlic, rice cake, dried fish, and tall bottles of *tuba* were on hand. Singing and dancing and laughter were of such abundance that the local attorney, rapping for order, suggested that the occasion could very well be taken for the official fiesta of the town's liberation.

About ten o'clock half a dozen nieces appeared with a violin case, at sight of

which Mr. Tuason ducked behind the backs of his hands. But the violin and Mr. Tuason were brought out, and, accompanied by one of the nieces, he rendered a lilting love melody called "Sampaquita, Flower of Manila." It got a big hand. When Mr. Tuason came back and sat down beside me his face was red and his eyes were dancing. "What is it you put on the wall?" he said, hanging up an imaginary picture frame. "Sweet home? Ah, yes! Sweet, sweet home."

Our American Schoolbooks

WITH a view to "establishing the reading habit" great numbers of lower-level texts are now written in words and constructions which exact no reading effort from the learner, beyond his endurance of verbal boredom, and offer him in content nothing whatever to strengthen his mental bite. Is it any wonder that he is at a loss later when he meets sentences which are trying to say something worth saying?

Great numbers of texts in literature, history, social studies, and science, pored over through interminable classroom hours, are written in forms of English which would be intolerable out of a schoolbook. One gets tired of the refrain that the schools are trying to "teach the clear and simple expression of ideas" when the prose so often used is a string of dead phrases without spring or balance, point or punch, fetid with the author's fatigue and the fog of terminology prematurely introduced. "Art affects us in our unawares," said Bergson. So does lack of art. These pages are not explicitly put before students as models of composition. Their excuse is the subject matter. But they have their effects nonetheless. It is a sound principle that all sentences to be closely studied in the schoolroom should be as well made for their purpose as the best writers can contrive. There will be enough bad models to contend with outside.

In another respect these texts often fail. They sum up too soon. It is right to let a student know roughly where he is going, but wrong to save him the journey. Too many courses tell him throughout what he is seeing, so that he memorizes the account of a trip which he never took. His head was buried in the guidebook. ♦ *The Harvard Committee*, in its report on *General Education in a Free Society*.

Harper's

MAGAZINE



MILITARY OCCUPATION CAN'T SUCCEED

A MEMBER OF THE RAF

A POLICY which has been accepted for a long time and is therefore rarely discussed will often lead imperceptibly to the most catastrophic errors. It is the opinion of many people close to the subject that the present occupation of Germany is one of those policies, and that it is leading to a colossal and tragic blunder which will influence and possibly ruin the lives of a whole generation. Whether the occupation of Japan will prove a similar blunder I leave to American readers; as an Englishman I confine myself to the area which is closer to my own knowledge and experience.

There is a good deal of secrecy about the Allied intentions in Germany, but it appears clear that we intend to occupy those parts of the country allotted to us until such time as we have eliminated all traces of Nazism, re-educated the people,

supervised the reorganization and rehabilitation of the country, and made certain that they are fully disarmed and made incapable of fighting another war, at the end of which time we shall gracefully retire, leaving the Germans to live happily ever after as a nice Anglicized and Americanized peace-loving people.

Estimates of the time required to complete this program vary between ten and fifty years.

During this period very large British and American forces are to remain in Germany carrying out the "normal" sedentary role of armies of occupation. The area to be occupied is big and has a very large population and immense economic importance.

It has been stated (although the average German is very hazy about this) that we are not going to direct the social and economic life of the country directly but

The author of this article, an Englishman connected with the RAF, prefers to remain anonymous.

are only going to maintain a supervisory function until the Germans can produce a government satisfactory to democratic ideals.

Let us make no mistake, however, in thinking that we can occupy a country and disclaim responsibility for its whole condition. However much the British and American governments may protest that they have delegated responsibility to the Germans, the armies of occupation are the ultimate power and nothing will persuade the Germans that that power does not entail ultimate responsibility. And so it does. And although we shall get little credit for any recovery in Germany we shall certainly not avoid the blame for the failures that are inevitable and for the suffering they will bring.

The Weimar Republic took over an inheritance of disaster last time. The American and British Armies are accepting an inheritance fifty times as terrible.

IT WILL probably seem incredible to an ordinary Englishman or American that anyone can write as though it matters in the slightest whom or what the Germans blame for their troubles, if they have the effrontery to blame anyone except themselves. But this is the German mentality and no amount of protesting or lecturing will alter it.

They are already criticizing us for works that have not been restarted, bridges that have not been rebuilt, rations that arrive late or not at all. They even complain that the Displaced Persons still cause a certain amount of trouble and that they have not all been returned to their homes yet, with the result that they are still rather apt to kill an occasional German.

The German understands power and he understands efficiency. The Allied Armies are in power in western Germany and therefore they are responsible for efficiency. This is simple logic to a German and there is a good deal of truth in it.

It is often suggested that our failure to occupy the whole of Germany was the real reason for our failure to maintain peace last time. It is said that we must "learn from history" and "not make the same mistake again." There is to be no

easy peace for the Germans and we are not going to "let them off lightly this time."

We can agree with all these admirable maxims, but there is a grave danger in thinking in slogans alone. They may contain truth but even truth needs to be applied.

Are we really committed to this medieval idea of occupation?

What are we learning from history? That the military occupation of a vanquished country is the best way for the victors to consolidate their victory and insure a lasting peace?

There is, to the best of my knowledge, *no single example* of a successful occupation of this type. Each has resulted slowly but inexorably in the defeat of the victorious power.

Remember the occupation of Britain by the Romans, the long and bloody occupation of France by the British, remember the Spanish in the Netherlands, the French in Spain and Germany, the Russians in Poland, the Germans in every country in Europe. Every one of these occupations failed. Every one of them started with the idea "This is going to be different. We are going to do it properly this time." Sometimes it was months, sometimes years, sometimes decades, but the result has always been the same.

Has this aspect of history no lesson for us that we so recklessly throw the young manhood of our countries into the same old melting pot?

It is high time that we realized that the whole stupid medieval conception is totally out of tune with modern ideas and is now unnecessary, impracticable, and dangerous. There is no better way of reviving the martial spirit of the Germans, no finer method of uniting them once more against us.

II

THE occupation of a country, though it may castigate the vanquished, degrades the victor. However righteous his crusade when he set out, a soldier in a foreign country always ends up in the wrong. The defeat of an occupation begins when the war that brought it ends.

That defeat has a million parts, from microscopic irritations to violent death,

but everything that affects the self-respect, happiness, confidence, or courage of any individual soldier is a part of it.

The shame when a German girl returns an admiring look with a glance of scorn; the irrational feeling of guilt when an unfortunate aspect of defeat is seen, like a respectable old German woman scrabbling in air-raided ruins for a little bit of wood, or an upper-class German on his knees in the road sweeping up a bit of manure to make his garden grow. Every little sneer, every lie and evasion, every furtive tongue put out in the street is a step on the downward path. None is worthy of an arrest unless the victors are to become a laughing stock, all are a part of the ultimate defeat.

First come these little things which only strike at dignity and morale. They exist already in Germany. But later (or should we say soon?) the normal occurrences of occupation will start. Dirty underground tricks: sabotage, if you are the occupying force; heroic deeds for freedom if you are the occupied population. Maquis, guerrillas, werewolves, what is the difference?

A German girl sticks a knife into a soldier and he dies.

"He was raping me, what else could I do?"

Maybe he was raping her. Soldiers are human. Maybe he wasn't. What are you going to do? Hang her for murder? Maybe she told the truth. Or maybe she made a vow in an underground meeting place that she would kill an Englishman or American before she died. How can you tell? You will get nothing out of German witnesses.

A soldier is shot in the street on a dark winter evening. (The winter evenings are long and dark in an occupied country.) The German police are helpless. They do not, of course, say that an occupying force must expect casualties. Probably it is only the investigating officer's imagination that their very correct attitude implies it. Another is shot. What can you do? Take hostages and shoot them in batches as the Germans did? Levy a fine on the town? Decrease the already small rations? All these measures are injustices which will put you in the wrong, but how else can you punish? Or are they to get away with it?

Sugar in the gas tanks, tires slashed, troops who fall mysteriously into remote parts of the canal, little home-made bombs which explode here and there. Slogans appear on the walls, more Germans find it desirable to spit soon after an Englishman or American has passed, there are wires across the roads; as someone drives fast through a village a stone comes through the windshield from an upper window; there are cries in the night and mysterious whistles. What are you going to do?

None of these things affects the minister in Whitehall or the senator in Washington, but in the end they will baffle a commander, however great, and defeat an army, however fine.

It is all in history except the answer. The only answer so far is, "Shoot the police chief, shoot the burgomaster, shoot the hostages, open more prisons, bring out whips and ropes, open up concentration camps, erect the gallows." Englishmen and Americans do not like these things, and in any case the history books tell us that that answer has never been right yet.

This is all quite incredible to the Tommy and the GI. They find it difficult to realize that they, as individuals, can be hated and loathed. They think that their instinctive attitude "Old Jerry's not such a bad chap" can eventually lead the Germans to like them. They mistake the friendliness of an individual or the good manners of a family for a national *volte-face*. They are wrong. Populations may have tolerated armies of occupation for a time, Quislings have collaborated and gained advantage, but no Quisling ever gained advantage without odium and none ever will. No country ever grew to like or even to tolerate its occupying army. So don't fool yourselves that these 1945 Germans are nicer and more tolerant than any nation in history has ever been, because they aren't. Your son or husband or daughter who is occupying Germany is going to live surrounded by the hatred of nearly everyone he meets or sees, although he has probably forgotten the hatred he once had for the Germans himself. It is an uncomfortable and demoralizing thing to live in an atmosphere of hatred that you

cannot reciprocate, and one from which our men and women should be saved if it is possible. And it is possible.

III

WHENEVER we Englishmen fell back into the medieval habit of thought which has ever been the curse of British military ventures, the disasters which overtook us in this war were even worse than those we experienced in earlier ventures. When we adopted modern ideas on a scale which took most people's breath away when the scale of them was revealed, we always achieved rapid and sensational success. Airborne armies, Pluto, Fido, the harbor at Arromanches would have been called a crazy visionary's dream by those who were supposed to think for us at the beginning of the war.

These things were found in brilliant modern minds, not in the textbooks of past wars. Are these same minds content to cement the peace with methods whose futility confronts us in the history of every war in ancient, medieval, and modern history?

There is a modern, obvious, easy, cheap, and effective way to control Germany.

First, of course the total disarmament of Germany must be completed. Every weapon from a pea-shooter to a cruiser must be taken away. That is a job which is already well on the way (and which, incidentally, was very adequately completed after the other war).

Second, a commission of experts must decide which industries Germany is immediately and permanently to forego in order to prevent her from ever waging another war. This, although presumably also in hand, does not seem to be making such rapid progress.

Whatever her industrialists may (and will) tell us, it is possible to ruin the capacity of Germany to make war without ruining her whole economy. The suggestion is not that all manufacturing capacity that could possibly be put to warlike uses should be destroyed. That is impossible because it is necessary to Europe that Germany should have some heavy industry. But she can retain the blast furnaces without the huge gun-

shops, the radio factories without the radar equipment; the light metal factories may make saucepans but they must never be able to make airplanes. This was not done properly last time, but is supposed to be happening this time, although there are few signs of much real progress so far.

Third, these laws should be promulgated with the utmost publicity and with the strictest penalties attached to them.

Fourth, the Allies on the frontier should exercise control of the German imports and exports. No restrictions should be applied except in the case of goods which could be used for warlike purposes or goods which are apparently being used for some political purpose, as was the common Nazi practice before the war.

Fifth, the Allies should retain control of the German airfields, which would be little hardship as the ownership of airplanes would be prohibited her forever.

That should be the contract, and immediately it has been clearly stated and suitably impressed upon the German people, the Allied forces should be withdrawn.

Now there is no suggestion that the Germans should be kept to this contract except by force. Force is all they understand. But this time let us use a modern kind of force.

The three essentials of force are that it should be applied in the right place, at the right time, and in the right degree. If we hammer a nail into a packing case we do not do it at night when we cannot see; we try to hit the nail, not our fingers; and we use a hammer and not a sledgehammer which would bend the nail and probably smash the packing case.

To apply our force correctly in Germany the first thing is to know what is going on, and to do that it is not in the least necessary to have a bored GI wandering about the streets of Frankfurt or a Tommy eking out his existence at the end of a rifle at the gates of Hamburg Docks.

What is required is a swift, modern, highly technical, highly mobile body of men, modeled on, in fact probably born out of, the T-force now in existence. These men, well-paid scientists and industrialists in uniform, experts in weapons

and warfare in all their guises and disguises, would have the complete right of immediate entry and inspection into every factory, warehouse, drafting room, safe, writing table, laboratory, filing-case, camera, drawer, school, cellar, and prison in Germany. There would be no place, literally no place that they could be kept out of. Drastic powers, you say, for a country to admit over its territory, but how much less drastic than an occupation! How much more merciful! And how much more effective.

Photographic units ranging freely over the Reich would constantly supply them with information about any new developments or projects. All docks, factories, and possible training grounds for Prussianism would always be under observation. The T-force would be enormously mobile. It would move secretly by air, fast motor, and train. Its men would descend literally out of the sky to inspect a factory before the director had time to lift his telephone. They would be interrogating a prisoner in his cell before the governor knew they were in the prison. With all the aids of modern science at their disposal they would be more deadly and swift in their work than any Pimpernel out of the past. It is inconceivable that with such a force continually available the Germans could again begin a warlike movement without the Allies knowing it, or that political power could be used in a way of which we disapproved.

But this force, powerful as it would be, would be only a reconnaissance, a continual watch on the untrustworthy, crafty schemers behind the Rhine. They would have a powerful, solid backing, but with modern weapons this backing would have to exist *only outside Germany*.

A swift modern force would continually prowl up and down the frontiers of Germany, in Holland, Denmark, France, and Belgium, but it would not be armed with rifles. It would be the fastest force the world has ever seen. Speed would be its fetish. Its weapons would be radio and radar, tanks and fast armored cars, airplanes and rockets. In ten years' time it would probably be completely re-equipped regardless of expense. Every now and again it would demonstrate its strength to the Germans by rapidly driving through

their country and out again. Not a word to the inhabitants! No weakness or fraternization or debate. Just a reminder of what the Germans must not do. And behind them the power of the airplanes or rockets or whatever was the latest horror available for use.

Imagine, then, that Herr Schenk is found experimenting with a new explosive in his factory at Nuremberg which is supposed to make fertilizers. A radio message from the T-force and within four hours parachutists from France are guarding the factory and the whole staff is under arrest. The tanks, ignoring the frontier, are again rumbling over the highways, the fighter and reconnaissance airplanes again range over them, and all the vast terrifying panoply of armored might is seen again on the roads of Germany. The investigation, aided perhaps, but at any rate attended, by Germans, takes place immediately. If the crime is proved, the factory is forthwith reduced to rubble, Herr Schenk and his chief collaborators are shot and the smaller fry imprisoned. The town officials who allowed the explosives to be made (whether they are proved to have been implicated or not) are removed. And within a fortnight the Allied Force is back in France. All that is left of the Germans' latest essay into militarism are the smoking ruins of a factory, Herr Schenk's newly-dug grave, and the roar of Allied bombers at intervals afterward to remind the citizens of the days of 1944 and 1945. The Germans understand this form of argument. They do not understand the apparent weakness and indecision which has already characterized the old-fashioned occupation.

They will not then be able to pour their subtle propaganda into our armies via "fraternization." There will be none of the "We are the good Germans. Only the Nazis did those things. We never wanted the Nazis. It wasn't our fault."

This has started already and the English and Americans are already believing it. When fraternization gets going in earnest, which it will, all the soldiers will believe it in time. The hatred of the Germans and the indifference of the Allies will soon force us to cease the occupation as ignominiously as we finished the Rhineland

occupation last time, and the whole mad thing will start again. •

IV

THE type of restraint outlined here has all the advantages of occupation and none of the disadvantages.

First, it enables the great majority of our troops to come home, because the shortening of lines of communication and the fact that it is not necessary to hold large numbers of garrison troops hanging about will reduce the force required to about one-eighth of those needed under the old system. Those remaining will do interesting, modern training duties in a friendly country, and will not be subject to any of the irritations and, indeed, dangers of occupation because when they appear in Germany they will do so in overwhelming strength and everyone knows the Germans' reaction to that.

The responsibility for the period of chaos and starvation through which it seems Germany must pass is put where it belongs, with the Germans, and not gratuitously accepted, with all the odium which will attach to it, by the Allies.

The fairness of the plan and the removal of the burden and irritation of occupation will appeal to the Germans. They will, of course, almost immediately start to clamor for the abolition of the T-force and all safeguards, but one or two sharp lessons should be enough to clear up any ideas of our weakness.

In this way it will be easy to be strong and remain firm. If we choose any other way, the subtle sentimental appeal of the Germans, together with the easy-going natures of our peoples and the natural disinclination of any decent man to stay where he isn't wanted, will make the occupation a failure and the peace a shorter one than last time.

The Killer Too

W. W. GIBSON

KILL or be killed, the sergeants cried,
Discriminating Die from Live,
And spoke the truth. And also lied,
Posited false alternative,

And false distinction: you or you.
For both the quick and quiet of breath
Participate. The killer too
Incurred a penalty of death.

And even as the bombardier
In his glass house saw ack-ack bloom
Like flowers of evil on his bier,
His own bombs burst on his own tomb.

HOW FAST CAN WE FLY?

WOLFGANG LANGEWIESCHE

HE DID it probably just from exuberance of spirit; a high-speed dive is a wonderful sensation. He was at 30,000 feet in his fighter, doing some 350 mph. So he rolled over and pointed his nose at the ground and let her go. The speed built up: 400, 450, 500 mph—

It took strong forward pressure on the stick to hold the airplane in this dive. A good airplane is stable, i.e. it has the characteristic built into it that it always wants to recover into normal flight: if it is flown too slowly, it wants to nose down and pick up speed; if it is flown too fast, it wants to nose up and kill its excess speed. But he held forward against this tendency, and kept her diving. At 25,000 feet, approaching 525 mph, he crossed the frontier from the known to the unknown.

The airplane shuddered, bucked once or twice, and all of a sudden became *willing* to dive. The nose pitched down to a steeper angle, and at the same time the sound and tempo of the airplane's motion through the air changed completely. The steady roar gave way to a softer, squashing sound. There was a feeling as if the nose were being sucked downward. And the speed built up.

Startled, he came back on the stick. But the ship did not answer. It seemed as if the controls had somehow become locked. The pull seemed only to stretch the control mechanism, but not to affect the

airplane. The plunge continued: 15,000 feet. He hauled back on the stick with all the strength of desperation. In a steep dive, at almost ten miles a minute, it takes only a few seconds to get from 15,000 feet to the ground.

People on the ground heard an unearthly sound, as from a siren, and saw the airplane go into the earth like a bolt of lightning.

THIS sort of runaway dive has been reported often in recent years. Sometimes the flier was a test pilot, consciously exploring the unknown region of extreme high speed; sometimes he was an Army or Navy boy, trespassing innocently. Always the story is essentially the same: An airplane in a dive reaches a speed approximately three-quarters the speed of sound, and goes berserk. All sorts of crazy behavior have been observed. Most airplanes plunge straight, others wobble their wings as they dive. Some have been known to corkscrew down as in a tailspin, others porpoise like a skipping stone, still others yaw drunk-like from side to side; but always the main trouble is the uncontrollable nose-heaviness and the crazy dive.

Not every dive goes all the way into the ground. Sometimes the airplane recovers at low altitude—suddenly, for no reason explainable by ordinary piloting experience. But the recovery is almost as dangerous as the dive itself. As the air-

This is the first of an intermittent series of articles on the frontiers of aviation by Mr. Langewiesche, free-lance writer on aeronautics, and research pilot for Kollsman Aircraft Instruments.

plane suddenly comes to its senses and noses up, the resulting up-swerve is often so violent that the wings or tail surfaces are torn away.

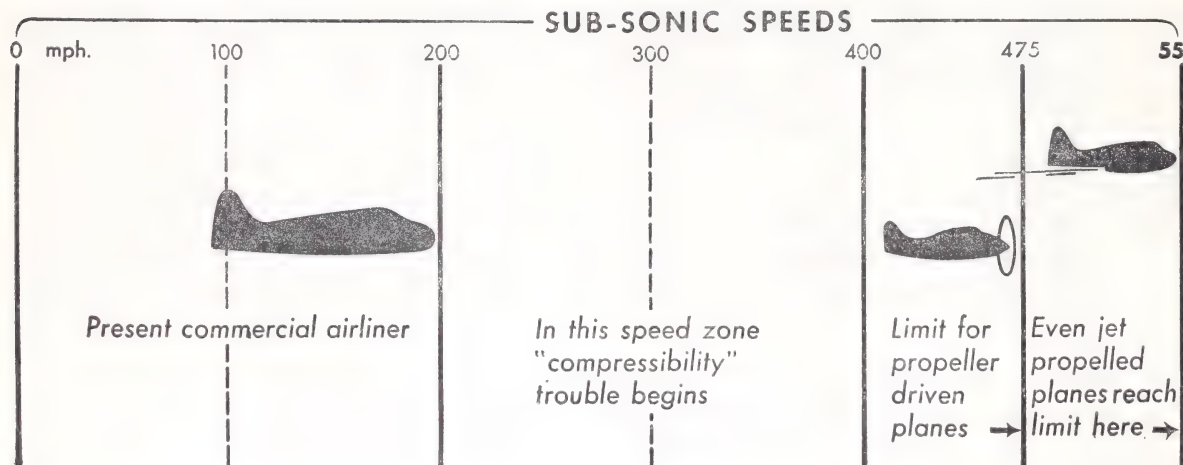
Now it is true that an extreme high-speed dive has no practical value, not even for combat. Thus one might well ask, "So what?" But the high-speed dive is merely a laboratory experiment in high speed generally. The real meaning of these troubles—called by the loose name "compressibility"—is important: we are now coming up against an upper limit to speed in the air.

THERE HAS, of course, always been *some* upper limit to flying speed, but this one is different; more nearly absolute. In the past, if we could not fly faster than we did, it was because our engines and propellers were not powerful enough to pull us faster against the enormous air resistance of high-speed flight; and also because they were not sufficiently supercharged to work at high altitudes, where the thin air offers less resistance and the airplanes can reach high speeds more easily. If we could not *dive* faster than we did, it was because our wings were not stiff enough and would flutter at excessive speeds. Also, it was because our airplanes were not heavy enough, and not cleanly enough streamlined, so that even in a straight-down dive the air resistance kept them comparatively slow. In pilot's parlance, the airplane of yesterday had speed limits simply because it was "not much of an airplane."

The new speed limit is not imposed by any sort of feebleness of the airplane, but by the very nature of the *air*. All those old speed limits have been eliminated; we have learned to evade them somehow, or to bull through them. As for diving speeds, a modern fighter packs so much weight in so little bulk that its dive compares to that of a 1930 fighter almost as the drop of a brick to the drop of a feather. As for streamlining, ships like the B-29 and the Vought *Corsair* are easier-sliding, more slippery, than nature's best-flying birds; so that a little power gives them lots of speed, and lots of power ought to give them fantastic speeds. As for power, the amazing new jets actually thrive on speeds at which the conventional engine-propeller combination simply runs out of breath. And rocket propulsion—used successfully by the Germans in actual combat fighters—has so much push, at least for short spurts, that it *could* give an airplane almost any speed: 800 mph, 1000 mph—name your own figure.

But all this know-how remains meaningless, just now, because of this new thing—"compressibility." We dare not use the speeds which are potentially at our command, for at a speed three-fourths that of sound the airplane goes out of control. No one has ever held a modern fighter in a steep dive long enough to let it reach all the speed it could reach; at least no one has lived to tell about it. No one has ever opened up a rocket-propelled airplane to full power in level flight. At sea level under average conditions, three-fourths of the

REGIMES OF SPEED



speed of sound is about 550 mph—and you will have read that the Lockheed *Shooting Star* does just about that, and no more: with the present state of the art it can't.

What makes the compressibility problem even more acute is that at high altitude, where airplanes tend to fly faster, the speed of sound is lower, because the air is colder. At 35,000 feet, three-fourths of the speed of sound is only 500 mph. Thus the new speed limit is no longer a dive problem only. As airplanes fly higher and faster, even transport types will approach this limit; and thus there develops the absurd condition that the pilot has to hold back his airplane in level flight lest it shudder and buck and fall out of the sky like some child's ineptly designed toy.

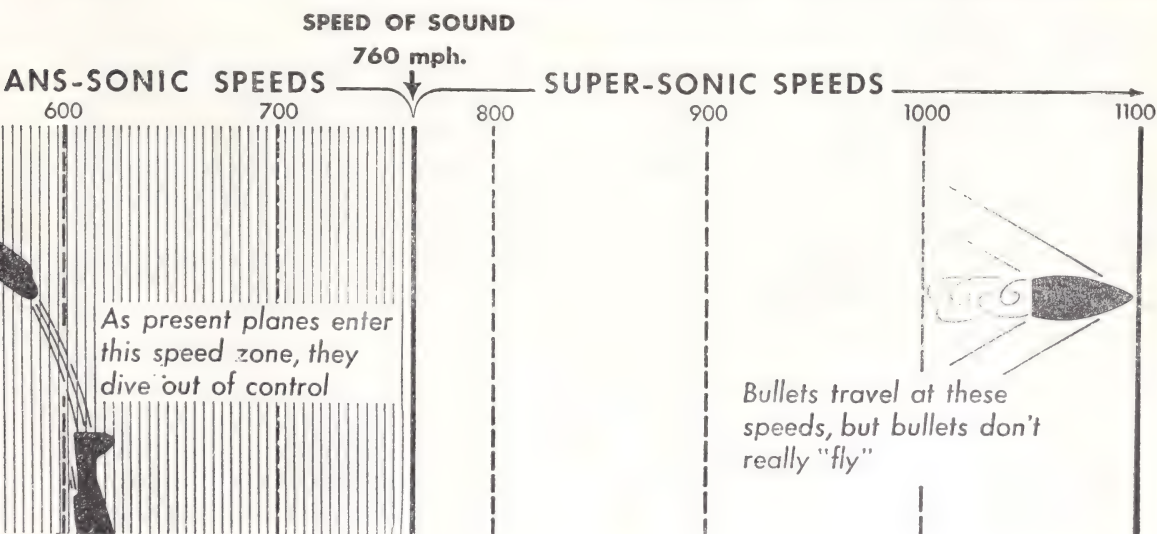
That is the new frontier of flying.

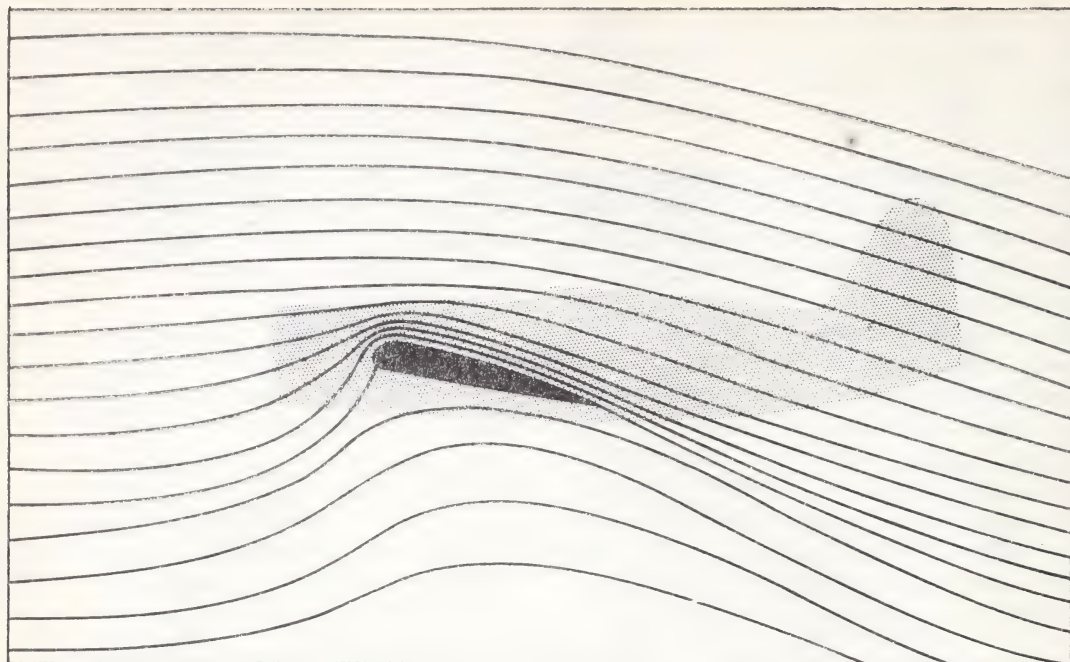
BUT WHAT about announcements by aircraft manufacturers that 1000 mph airplanes are coming? What about those recurrent newspaper reports that someone has exceeded the speed of sound in a dive? And what about "buzz bombs," about projectiles which are said to fly at several thousand mph? Let's sort that out.

One thousand mph airplanes *are* coming—but not until our present "compressibility" troubles are licked. Strangely enough, flight at speeds *faster* than sound may not prove so difficult. But that only makes our present troubles more like those of Tantalus, for it is speeds just *below* the speed of sound that we can't manage.

And you can't fly at 1000 mph without first flying, at least for a moment, at 600; neither can you slow up again without going through that critical speed range. Thus the present high-speed airplane resembles a car which has a violent shimmy at 60. It would probably ride OK at 80—but how can you get it up to 80? And could you ever slow it down again without wrecking it?

True, some pilots have claimed—and in good faith—to have reached the speed of sound in dives. Some have claimed to have dived "through" compressibility to come out "on the other side"—in the fabulous region of trouble-free, super-fast flight. But most such claims were probably made carelessly, in the elation of the moment, and the papers got hold of them before the engineering department could take them apart. Speed measurement in a high-speed dive is quite an engineering problem. The readings of the airspeed indicator are subject to many corrections, including a big one for "compressibility" itself. All these corrections change with altitude, and altitude changes rapidly indeed in a dive. So far, whenever an attempt has been made to demonstrate such speeds under scientifically controlled conditions, it has not worked. As for diving "through" compressibility, an airplane in a dive may experience the first signs of compressibility troubles at high altitude, only to regain normal flight a moment later further down. This is a mild case of the same thing which produces those extremely dangerous sudden





THIS ILLUSTRATES THE DIRECTION OF AIRFLOW AROUND A PLANE IN FLIGHT. OPPOSITE ARE SHOWN THE SUCTIONS AND PRESSURES WHICH ACCOMPANY SUCH AIRFLOW AND HOLD THE PLANE UP

recoveries: at high altitudes the air is cold, sound travels slowly, and the airplane's speed is excessive. Further down in warmer air, sound is faster, and the same dive speed no longer excessive. Far from having dived "through" compressibility, then, those pilots have merely nibbled at it. For all these reasons (plus a number of others, too mathematical to set forth here) it is safe to say that no aircraft has yet traveled much faster than eight-tenths the speed of sound—and survived.

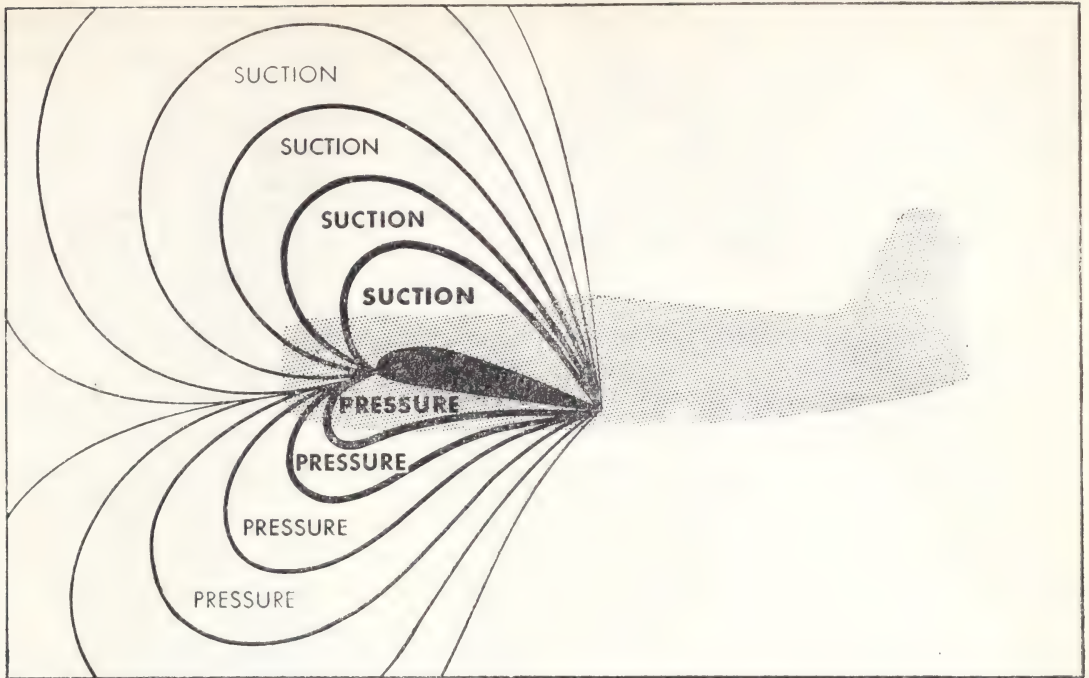
Bullets—yes; any infantry bullet travels faster than sound. But a bullet does not really *fly*; it is being thrown. It cannot climb, descend, or maintain altitude at will. Neither can it change its course. Once on its way, it can only follow the familiar ballistic curve, like water from a garden hose. As for rockets, the German V-2 is said to have traveled at several times the speed of sound. But the flight of a rocket is not really flight either, but more nearly a throw. The German V-1 "buzz bomb," by contrast, was a genuine aircraft, held up by wings, propelled by a jet. But it was slow. It could be overtaken by fighter airplanes.

That is the difference: to a bullet or a rocket, the air is merely a nuisance. Both can push their way through air at any

speed, simply by brute force. But an airplane makes *use* of the air. It holds itself up by washing the air down with its wings. It pushes itself forward by kicking the air back with its propeller or its jet device. It is stabilized and controlled by the reaction of air on its tail fins, rudders, and other surfaces. And here is the problem: as the speed of flight approaches the speed of sound, the familiar pattern of action-and-reaction between the aircraft and the air first suffers a gradual change and then, all of a sudden, breaks down.

II

WHAT has the speed of sound to do with the speed of flight? If an airplane actually flew faster than sound, it would, of course, outrun its own noise. You would then see it pass over first, and hear its approach only afterwards. This would be amazing, but it isn't the problem. Sound, as such, has nothing to do with flight. "Sound" is simply a series of air-pressure waves, traveling through the air, hitting the eardrums. "Speed of Sound" is merely a short expression for "Speed at which Pressure Waves Travel through Air"—and this speed is the same for any kind of air-pressure wave, whether it be a



loud sound or a soft one, a high one or a low one, a blast wave from an explosion or perhaps the dissipating pressure of a bursting tire. And here is the connection: When an airplane flies, its wing plows up the air all around it into a complicated pattern of up-flows, cross-flows and down-flows, slow currents and fast ones, pressures and suctions. This pattern is sketched, greatly simplified, on the opposite page.

How such a flow pattern manages to hold an airplane up is one question. (Briefly, it does so by creating a suction on top of the wing, a pressure below the wing.) The problem of "compressibility" hinges on another question: how such a pattern comes into being, and how it maintains itself in being.

Everything in this flow pattern depends on everything else; the speed of the air at any point, the direction of the flow, the pressure in the flow at that point—all depend upon one another; each is caused by the others and in turn helps cause them. More than that: what happens at any one point in the stream makes itself felt at all other points, both upstream and downstream. The whole pattern is one thing; change any part of it, you change it all; change the pattern, and you change the forces which it produces.

This lift-making pattern extends well ahead of the airplane, as illustrated above;

the pressures and suctions prevailing on the wing itself send faint but distinct pressures and suctions far forward, so that the air "feels" the wing's approach and begins to flow into the pattern long before the wing itself actually arrives.

This run-ahead of pressures and suctions in front of the flying airplane takes place at the same speed at which sound or explosion-blasts travel: 760 mph in average sea level air. If the airplane is an airliner, cruising at a mere 180 mph, the run-ahead is by comparison very fast; the pressures and suctions run far ahead of the wing, and the air ahead of the airplane has plenty of time to start flowing before the airplane arrives. If the airplane is a fighter, traveling at 450 mph, the run-ahead is by comparison quite slow; pressures and suctions still extend ahead of the airplane, but only just barely. The air has much less time to start flowing, because the airplane follows right on the heel of its own advance pressures. A slightly different pattern of flow results, producing slightly different forces. And if an airplane should actually fly *faster* than sound, it would not only outrun its own noise, but would equally outrun its own advance pressures and suctions. Its wing would thus continually smash into air completely unprepared for its impact. A radically different pattern of airflow would result,

and, therefore, entirely different forces.

Thus the speed of sound is to the process of flight what the speed of the mail is to business activity: if you are in a slow-moving business, the mails are fast enough for you. If you tried to conduct a fast-moving business by mail, events would forever overtake your letters, and you could not function.

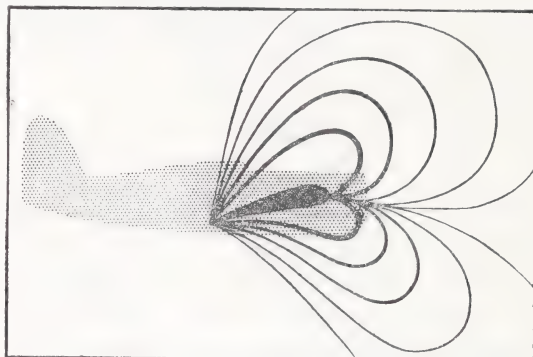
BUT why call this effect "compressibility"? Postpone the philological question for a moment and look once more at the pattern of airflow around an airplane in flight. As air flows through the high pressure region beneath the wing, it is, of course, slightly compressed. The air which flows through the low pressure region above the wing is slightly expanded. Thus each cubic inch of air which is caught in this pattern is so affected by the airplane's passage that it becomes temporarily slightly more than a cubic inch, or slightly less, depending on whether it passes through the pressure below the wing or through the suction above it.

On a slow-speed airplane's wing, however, the pressures and suctions are very slight. The suction on top of an airliner's wing (which is largely what holds it up) is less than what you use in drinking through a straw. The resulting expansion of the air is practically negligible, and so is the compression of air below the wing. Until recently aeronautical engineers have therefore always deliberately disregarded this compression and expansion, and have thought of air as if it were a hard, non-compressible fluid, like water.

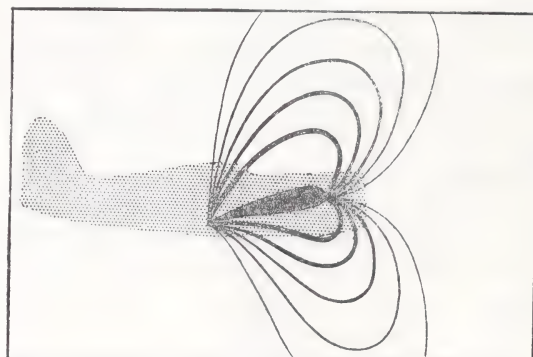
But on a high-speed airplane, this simplification no longer works. The pressures and suctions are very considerable at 450 mph, especially in such maneuvers as pull-outs and steep turns, when the wing is creating terrific forces. The expansion and compression of the air, which common sense tells you must take place, now actually does take place, and engineers must make allowance for the air's compressibility. Each cubic inch of air which flows through the region of suction atop the wing swells up and becomes temporarily, say, a cubic inch and a tenth; and naturally, the flow pattern then must change to make room for the additional

volume of air thus created. Each cubic inch of air which flows through the pressure region below the wing is so compressed that it temporarily becomes only, say, nine-tenths of a cubic inch. And since there can be no hole in the air, the flow pattern must change to make up for the shrinkage of volume. The slightly different flow then produces slightly different forces; generally speaking, more vehement ones, so that both the airplane's lift and its drag are increased.

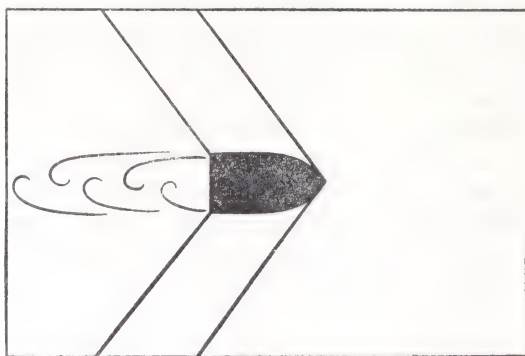
And if the speed of flight is extremely high, there isn't even time for this ex-



THE FASTER A PLANE FLIES THE MORE NEARLY IT CATCHES UP TO ITS OWN PRESSURE PATTERN



THE BULLET, MOVING FASTER THAN SOUND, OUT-RUNS ITS OWN PRESSURE PATTERN



pansion and compression to happen in an orderly fashion. The whole airflow becomes disordered. Instead of maintaining the typical lifting pattern on which we now rely for flight, it breaks into peculiar waves, similar to the bow waves of a ship, and if the wing is to make any lift, it must be radically re-designed.

And now, to answer the philological question: in the last analysis, the two effects just described—the comparative sluggishness with which the air transmits pressures, and the “softness” of the air which causes it to swell or shrink so easily—are two sides of the same coin. Sound—or any other pressure impulse—travels so slowly through air precisely because air is so “soft.” If air were less easily compressible, sound would travel faster. Through water it travels four times as fast as through air; through steel, twenty times as fast. That’s why the softness of the air and the comparative sluggishness of sound can both be called by the same name—“compressibility.”

III

COMPRESSIBILITY has reared its ugly head several times in recent years, each time with a different face, each time threatening to stop the pursuit of higher flying speeds—and each time more nearly succeeding.

It showed up first as propeller trouble. A propeller blade is essentially the same device as a wing—except that it makes a forward pull rather than an upward pull. The airflow around the blade, too, changes if the blade is moved too fast. Yet a propeller blade moves, of course, always much faster through the air than does the airplane which it is pulling; for it partakes of the airplane’s forward travel, and adds to it its own round-and-round travel. As engines became bigger and airplanes faster, the tips of propeller blades were bound to run into “compressibility” troubles long before the airplane itself did.

The characteristic snarl of an airliner on a take-off—a sound like the tearing of silk, magnified ten thousand times—is just this: the tips of the propeller blade reach the speed of sound. This makes the tips useless for propulsion. If the engine turned the propeller any faster, larger portions of

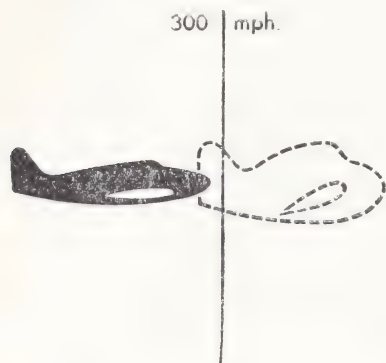
each blade would be cancelled out by “compressibility,” and the propeller would not pull any harder. Again, if the blades were any longer, their tips would reach higher speeds and again would become useless.

A dive bomber or a fighter in a dive makes the same snarling sound, for the same reason. But in this instance it isn’t that the propeller turns so fast; the airplane’s own speed is so high that, added to the rotational speed of the propeller, it gives the propeller tips “super-sonic” speeds, making them useless. In a dive this does not matter, because the airplane is pulled by gravity, not by its engine. But it shows that there is a limit to the flying speeds at which propellers can actually exert a pull. Beyond this speed, an engine could not pull the airplane even if it had all the power in the world—because the propeller would simply cease to propel.

This particular speed limit lies at about 475 mph. Until jet and rocket propulsion came along it was, of course, also the absolute speed limit for airplanes in level flight. And this resulted in an abnormal development of the art: normally, the world’s *record* for speed has always been 100 mph or so ahead of the speed at which practical working airplanes actually flew. The last official record for level flight speed, established in 1939 with a highly-bred pure speed-plane, was 469 mph. During this war, the speed of ordinary fighters, loaded down with fuel and ammunition, cluttered up with “drag” items such as machine guns and radio aerials, gradually crept up to the record and finally passed it by a few mph—and not until jet propulsion came along was a decisively better record established. That’s why the jets are so important: in abolishing the propeller, they circumvent compressibility’s first attempt to limit our flying speeds.

BUT meanwhile compressibility had already shown up in a different form: on the airplane itself. As flying speeds went from 200 mph to 300 and beyond, it became increasingly evident that the drag of airplanes was higher than it should have been, according to the traditional formulas which treated the air as a non-compressible fluid. High drags required

high power—more power than it was practical to build into an airplane. In other respects, too, airplanes didn't behave quite right. Slim, sleek ones flew at high speeds as if they were short, squat and dumpy, like this:



That this was the result of compression and expansion of air could be seen with the naked eye, especially in high-speed maneuvers such as pull-outs from dives. Sometimes, when you glanced out at your wing, you found its top surface covered with a sheet of white fog: the expansion of air there was so sharp that it cooled the air enough to make it foggy! Also, the front edge of the wing would heat up in high-speed flight because the air, being compressed there, got hot. Obviously, then, new wing shapes for airplanes had to be developed which would maintain the correct lifting pattern of airflow despite this tendency of the air to swell or shrink.

Government laboratories and private designers went to work, and came up with such designs as the Davis wing of the Liberator Bomber and the so-called Laminar-flow wing of the Mustang Fighter. The principle of such high-speed wings is easy to understand. The ordinary low-speed wing and the new high-speed wings are shaped in cross-section somewhat like this:

WING SECTIONS



The old wing develops most of its suction in the narrow zone near the front edge, because that's where the curvature of the profile is most pronounced, and where the air flows fastest. The suction in that zone, being concentrated, is quite considerable, and in high-speed flight causes excessive expansion of air. The new wings' curvature is more evenly distributed over the top surface of the wing: no one part of it develops excessive speeding-up of air, excessive suction, excessive air expansion. Thus the wing can fly at higher speeds without suffering too much increase of drag due to "compressibility."

With these low-drag wings (and also low-drag engine cowls and fuselages, developed by similar reasoning) pilots could for the first time reach speeds seriously approaching the speed of sound—at least in dives, and later, with jet propulsion, in level flight. It was then that they discovered—and some of them paid for the discovery with their lives—that compressibility had interposed yet another speed limit: as the speed exceeds about three-quarters of the speed of sound—about 550 mph at flying altitudes—the airplane goes into an uncontrollable dive. That's the manifestation of compressibility which has us stymied now.

IV

WHAT exactly is it that happens at three-quarters of the speed of sound? Envisage once more the pattern of airflow around the wing. The air which flows over the curved top of the wing is speeded up. This speeding-up of the air is a necessary part of the lift-making action; without it there could be no suction and hence no lift. But it means, with a wing of average shape, that the airflow *over this part* of the wing begins to *exceed* the speed of sound even when the airplane as a whole flies at less than the speed of sound.

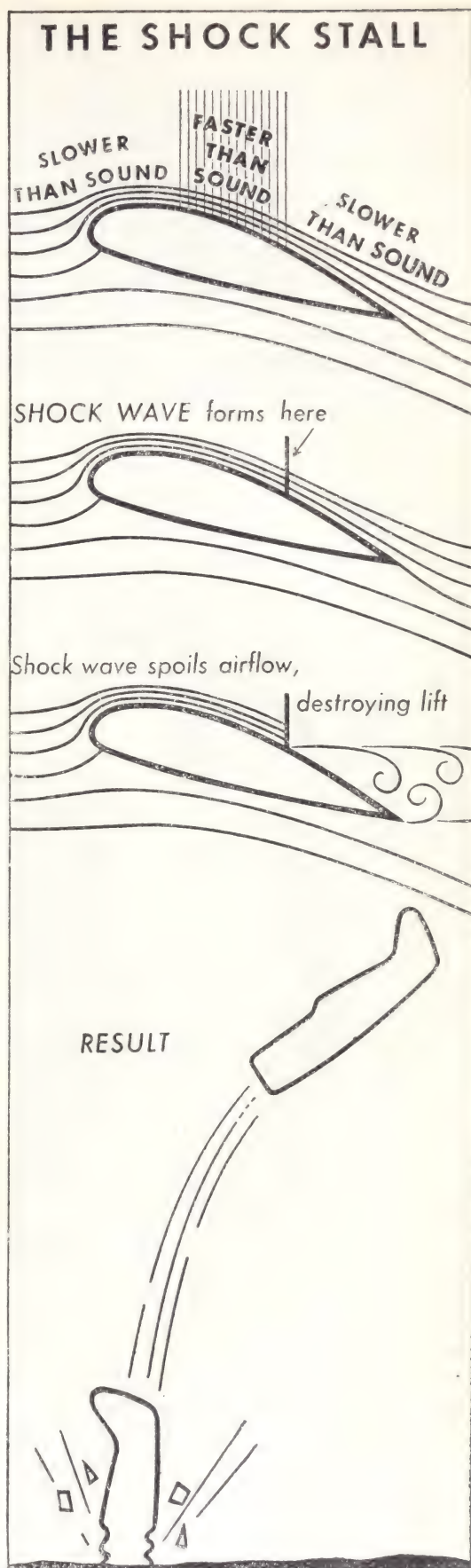
This region of "super-sonic" flow then acts as a barrier to the run-ahead of pressures which is so important a part of influencing the air ahead of the wing. The pressures which prevail on the rear part of the wing start to run forward to influence the airflow ahead. But the extremely high-speed flow sweeps them back

again, and they can't get through. It is as if a man, rowing up-river, came to a narrows in which the current is so fast that he can't make headway. If he had the endurance, he could row all day and yet wouldn't gain an inch. The fast current would hold him back as firmly as if a solid barrier were stretched across the river. In the same way, all pressure impulses originating anywhere on the rear part of the wing are stopped dead as they enter the region of extreme high-speed flow. As a result, they pile up there, forming a "shock wave" which stands still upon the wing.

Such a shock wave is a thing almost impossible to imagine, because it cannot possibly happen except where air flows faster than sound: on one side of the shock wave, the air is under comparatively high pressure; on the other side, it is under low pressure. No material wall divides the two; in fact air is flowing through the shock wave continuously. Yet, the two pressures do not equalize. The nearest thing, if you can imagine it, would be a blast wave from an explosion, arrested in mid-air by some miracle and standing still so that you could walk into the blast and out again at will.

This freakish shock wave then breaks down the entire lifting action of the wing. The details are still the subject of controversy. But we know that the shock wave acts much as ice would act if it formed on the wing: it makes the airflow "burbles." Instead of smoothly following the guidance of the wing's top surface, the air breaks away. Strangely enough, this is exactly the same trouble as an ordinary "stall," caused by an attempt to fly the airplane too slowly. Pilots are therefore now abandoning the word "compressibility" in favor of the much more descriptive "shock stall."

Once this happens, the wing loses much of its lift, and the airplane wants to nose down. At the same time the tail, which in normal flight trails in air which has been given a downward momentum by the wing, no longer receives this downward flow, and wants to go up. As a result, the airplane "tucks under," i.e. becomes uncontrollably nose-heavy, and steepens its dive, and thereby picks up more speed.



An airplane "stalled" by excessively slow flight behaves much the same way; it also noses down and picks up speed. But if the stall was due to excessively slow flight, the ensuing dive and speed-increase remedies the trouble. If it is a shock stall, due to excessive speed, the ensuing dive aggravates the trouble. The more the airplane dives, the more it shocks out its own wing; the more the wing is shocked out, the steeper and faster becomes the dive. Eventually, the airplane becomes simply a bomb, and the flight path curves down and down into a straight-down plunge.

V

THE SHOCK stall problem is now under attack on a broad front. The first attempts should perhaps be called defensive: "dive recovery flaps" have been tried which are to force an airplane out of the dive should it get "sucked under." The flap, operated by a special control in the cockpit, extends beneath the bottom surface of the wing. It changes the pressures around the entire wing, and throws a sharp downwash of air on the tail, thus blowing the tail down and forcing the nose up. More promising seem "dive retard flaps"—outright brakes by which the pilot can slow up the shock-stalled dive to a speed below the critical so that the airplane comes back to its senses and can then be flown out of the dive by the ordinary controls.

Such gadgets do not raise the airplane's speed limit, of course. They merely make it less suicidally dangerous to approach the limit on purpose, and perhaps to transgress it a little. And that makes it easier to attack the shock stall problem scientifically—by measurement.

Thus a small group of test pilots are now carrying out elaborate dive programs, letting themselves get "sucked under" on purpose, producing shock stalls in various maneuvers—in steep turns, in pull-outs from dives, with various combinations of speed and altitude and centrifugal force. No program of scientific research ever took more courage: it is said of one British fighter type that it killed 18 test pilots in a row, all trying to explore its high-speed dive. Parachutes are useless in this work;

the terrific wind pressure of such speeds makes it impossible to leave the airplane. And it is one thing to do these things; it is another thing altogether to obtain intelligent observations while doing them.

And few research programs ever took more money. To prepare a single fighter airplane for such dive tests requires months of work. Almost a thousand pounds of delicate instruments, strain gauges, pressure gauges, photo-recorders must be crammed into its confined spaces. All this instrumentation must itself be first contrived, tuned up, and flight-tested. One airplane, making one dive every few days, keeps three men busy merely keeping the photo-recorders properly synchronized; several girls merely reading the photo-records obtained and transcribing them; and a whole staff of engineers to extract the sense and meaning: altogether many hundred man hours per dive. Considering that each actual dive lasts only a few seconds, this research into ultra-high speed probably costs tens of thousands of dollars per second, and a death every few minutes.

The flight research is being paralleled by laboratory research, mainly by the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics. "Laboratory" is perhaps a misleading word. The mere construction of a wind tunnel which can develop super-sonic winds is a big engineering enterprise; the power plants which make such winds are big enough to drive an ocean liner. The use of this monstrous research tool is a complicated science all by itself, quite apart from the things which are found out by it.

AS THIS work proceeds, unexpected help comes from several reservoirs of existing knowledge. The theory of steam turbines, for example. A turbine blade is essentially the same thing as an airplane wing; the nozzles which conduct the steam to the blades are also essentially aerodynamic shapes. Both have long had to handle super-sonic speeds, have had their own problems with compression and expansion, shock waves and shock stall, and have found solutions.

The science of ballistics, also, is merging with the science of flight. Bullets have

"flown" faster than sound for decades. The airflow around a bullet has been studied, its shock waves and compression waves photographed, its drag forces measured. It is from such study that we have reason to hope for comparatively trouble-free flight once we can get over the present hump and exceed the speed of sound: if the whole airplane flies faster than sound, it slides out from under its own shock wave and leaves it behind!

As all this research is translated into new design, the airplane will certainly change considerably in appearance. Engineers will try several tacks. The first is to postpone the forming of the shock wave to higher speeds. This means that the characteristic streamlined shape—blunt bulbous nose, long, tapered tail—will lose its meaning. Instead, airplanes will have long, sharply pointed noses. Extremely fast ones may eventually have blunt, cut-off tails—like bullets. Wings will become extremely thin—as thin as they can be made and still contain the necessary structure to keep them stiff. This will probably mean shorter wings and may even lead to the revival of the biplane where two wings can support each other through struts.

Another tack which engineers will probably try is to keep the wing from stalling despite the shock wave. The present art knows several such tricks by which the ordinary slow-speed stalling of the wing can be largely prevented; similar tricks may prove effective against the shock stall. Thus the wing may become complicated with all sorts of slots and ducts through which auxiliary engines may apply additional suction and pressures, helping to influence the airflow.

Finally, engineers will probably try to keep the airplane manageable despite a moderate degree of shock stall on the wing, by taking the tail out of the wing's

burbled wake. This may give the airplane a gay-dog sort of up-swept tail. Or the "tail" may ride out in front. Or the tail may disappear altogether. That rocket-propelled German fighter, which is the most extreme high-speed craft now known, was tail-less. Almost certainly, then, the high-speed airplane will lose its present bird-like configuration. It may finally come to resemble the kind of dart you fold from a piece of paper!

ONE PROBLEM in this development will be—how will such oddly-shaped airplanes behave in ordinary slow flight, on take-off and landing? For this reason it is likely that speeds "faster than sound" will first be achieved by guided missiles—pilotless aircraft carrying mail or explosives. For the take-off of such craft can be accomplished by shooting. The landing may be a crash to destruction or may be accomplished by parachuting the entire craft.

But even for the man-carrying airplane the speed limit will almost certainly be pushed upward because the problem is urgent. For one thing, very fast, very high flying transports for intercontinental commerce will soon reach the present speed limit; for another thing, the extreme high-speed fighter, suitably armed, is the only known defense against the explosive-carrying guided missile.

Under the pressure of these urgencies, the speed limit may have passed eight-tenths of the speed of sound even now. It will eventually be pushed back to nine-tenths of the speed of sound. And then some daring pilot will *really* push "through" the shock stall trouble and regain control "on the other side" at speeds faster than sound. And thus will open an era of speeds as yet quite unimaginable.

THE LITTLE WOMAN

I. A. R. WYLIE

THE FAMOUS jester, Joe Miller, probably under the influence of a Restoration banquet, once boasted that, at a moment's notice, he could make a joke on any subject. He was immediately challenged to make a joke about the King. As in those days jests about the monarchy were an unhealthy amusement, Mr. Miller had to think fast.

"The King, gentlemen," he said, "is no subject."

And thereby won his bet and withdrew his neck into safety.

Contrariwise, Woman is always a subject. Whenever lecturers, essayists, psychoanalysts, or women themselves have nothing else to talk, write, or worry about, they can always propound such questions as, "Do Women—?", "Why Don't Women—?", or "Are Women—?" and find an audience, if no answer. It would seem that Woman, who by accepted tradition is always a woman before she is anything else, in counter-distinction to a man who may be first and foremost a poet or a plumber, is a sort of chronic interrogation mark, the unsolved riddle of the ages, a poor bewildered and bewildering creature who in spite of her long sojourn on earth has never properly adjusted herself to herself or to her environment, let alone to her fellow-wayfarer, Man. In vain she takes up determined attitudes in various niches. Sooner or later she falls out of them, sometimes by accident, sometimes, in a fit of neurotic self-dissatisfac-

tion, deliberately, but always to sounds of disapprobation or rude mirth from the spectators.

At some periods, as in the Victorian era, she assumes the pose of Wife and Mother and develops—as apparently inevitable by-products—megrimms, vapors, and the ability to faint at the sight of a mouse. Or going into reverse she may become a Career Woman who tends to strut, snort, shoot her cuffs, blow smoke through her nose, and generally behave like some strange and wondrous beast that has never been before and will never be again—in other words the Exceptional Woman who has, incidentally, no use for other women of any ilk. (It is typical that Lady Astor, the first woman member of Parliament, was, and probably still is, a violent anti-suffragist. What is sauce for the goose, obviously, is not sauce for geese.) Or, consumed with managerial energies and debarred from the council chambers of her country, she may become a *Femme Fatale* and run it by remote control from the councillor's bedroom. Or, as a desperate compromise, she may assay to be everything at once, Wife, Mother, Career Woman, and *Femme Fatale*, at which point the psychoanalyst steps into the picture and at umpty dollars an hour, at least once a week over a period of years, endeavors to discover what is the matter with her, and to bring her back to whatever he happens, at the moment, to consider normality.

Miss Wylie, who now lives on a New Jersey farm, is well known both here and in her native England for her novels, stories, and articles.

As a one-time suffragette who knocked off policemen's helmets and sand-bagged Cabinet Ministers in the cause of Woman's emancipation, I have to admit, as indeed I had to admit at the height of my crusading fervor, that next to the dinosaur, Woman is probably nature's most outstanding failure. For the life of me, I cannot think of any sphere of activity in which she is even passably successful, except in the matter of surviving, where obviously she has the dinosaur licked. Her most determined admirer would be hard put to it to produce one first-class genius in any of the creative arts, and more than a very few top-ranking talents in the interpretive arts. In science, Madame Curie has to be produced over and over again like a succession of rabbits out of a conjuror's hat. The Brontës and Jane Austen confront an endless chain of masculine story tellers and writers from Homer to Steinbeck. A fragmentary and dubious Sappho, a wispy Emily Dickinson, a somewhat over-lyrical Elizabeth Browning, are about all the sex has to show for itself in poetry. There have been no great women painters or composers. Even in fields marked off as peculiarly their own, women, judged by masculine standards, are lamentably second rate. The best couturiers, hairdressers, home-designers, and cooks are men. I suspect that, were it biologically possible, men would make better mothers.

Worst of all, women are conscious failures and consequently in a chronic state of discontent which may be divine but is certainly uncomfortable. They suffer in a way in which men—who, whatever mess they make of themselves and their environment, are always self-satisfied—never suffer. In spite of energetic and heavily sponsored drives on behalf of wifehood and motherhood and her own over-emphasis on the importance of those roles, the Wife and Mother when challenged will invariably describe herself as "just a Wife and Mother." The Exceptional Woman, who reminded Dr. Johnson of a dog walking on its hind legs, in spite of struts and snorts, feels in her deepest consciousness that she is, in fact, a freak. Now to be either "just" anything or freakish is not a happy state. And it is a fact

that as one-half of a hapless species, women are the more unhappy.

YET, demonstrably, they are not steeper than men. They couldn't be. Let us consider for a moment our world, governed as it is by masculine genius of every sort, from the point of view of a visiting and impartial Martian. He would see that it was, at best, a difficult setting for a very brief career. Four-fifths of it is under water. Vast tracts are uninhabitable. The climate—except, I will admit without argument, in California—has to be endured and combated. It is subject to typhoons, hurricanes, quakes, droughts, and floods. It is foredoomed to extinction. We ourselves, physically speaking, appear to have been dreamed up by a plumber of the Heath Robinson variety, and that the plumbing works at all for any length of time is its most astounding feature. Thanks to an increasing number of spells and counter-spells evolved by our witch-doctors, we survive an increasing number and variety of diseases but only long enough to make the dour discovery that we have been pitch-jerked without so much as a will-you-won't-you into a dance whose steps and rhythm have never been explained to us. The Martian would naturally suppose that Man, with these horrific handicaps, would bend all his energies and capacities to prolonging his life and making it, if not reasonable, at least endurable. He observes, on the contrary, that no sooner has Man discovered one cure for his disabilities than he works out a new and better way for making himself miserable.

The rocket-bomb follows penicillin as the night the day. A new technique for dealing with dreadful wounds is followed by new ways of inflicting them. Having found means to prolong his pitiable span of life Man proceeds to cut himself down in the high-noon of his youth. He creates the ideals of justice and mercy only to treat his fellow-man with an inhumanity that would puzzle a normal tiger. In his domestic life he builds Better Homes, equipped with every sort of labor-saving device (though in reality labor is the only occupation that gives him any real satisfaction, and his so-called pleasures more

often than not goad him to drink), and promptly lays them flat with high explosives, driving himself into the wilderness to perish with quite unnecessary discomfort. New methods of communication are followed up by customs, censorship, tariffs, frontiers, travel restrictions, and, if necessary, wars so that countries now literally within speaking distance of each other, are more isolated than in the days of sail and coach. Generalizing roughly, the Martian, on his return, would have to report that Man, having found ways to make his life longer and better, at once as though goaded by invisible Furies, sets about making it shorter and worse. And this, the Martian would decide, is just plain stupid.

It is so stupid that it is unbeatable. I maintain, in all fairness, that Woman, in Man's place, couldn't make a worse mess of things. Conceivably she might do better. At least she would not delude herself that she was making a howling success of them, which is the method by which Man keeps himself smug and relatively satisfied in the midst of his own self-invoked and insane chaos.

Yet Woman, herself a victim, makes only sporadic and feeble efforts to take the reins. And no gentleman has so much as offered her a place on the saddle with him.

II

Now Man has brains. To the Martian they may seem rudimentary, but they are at any rate good enough to enable him to find out some interesting and even useful facts about himself and his minute universe. That he uses them to his own undoing surely denotes, therefore, some emotional maladjustment, a lack of ballast and balance which we have learned to describe as a neurosis. Somewhere, at any rate, under his erratic leadership, humanity has gone wrong and figuratively taken to drink to drown its awareness of sin and failure. Since one half of it, from the dawn of its disastrous history, has been intellectually inert and physically inadequate, the tragedy is understandable and inevitable. Any four-cylindere engine, bearing a heavy load, and firing on only two cylinders, is doomed eventually to fall

apart. But why and when did the other two cylinders stop firing? And can they be put into action again before the whole machine reels onto the scrap-heap?

We know, in spite of our erudite pretensions, very little of our origins. Peering back through the mists of history we can only dimly discern the First Man and the First Woman fighting, for no very obvious reason, to survive. In that struggle one thing is biologically certain. Though there were undoubtedly differences in point of view and temperament, there was little to choose between them in muscle and brain power. (If anything the woman may have been the more agile and enduring and almost certainly, as are all female animals, she was more dangerous as an antagonist.) There wasn't much talk of any sort and none at all about Woman's Sphere. Whatever the man was, stoop-shouldered, bow-legged, low-browed, and squint-eyed, the woman was. Whatever he had to be, cunning, ferocious, and tenacious, she had to be. True, she was in addition a mother, but incidentally, casually, and with no more fuss and feathers than the man gave to the business of his no less incidental and casual fatherhood. If George Jr. survived that was all right. If he didn't that was all right too. There were, apparently, plenty more where he came from. Mother love, if such it could be called, was a very brief emotional episode, liable under prolonged pressure to turn into violent antipathy. (It was not until much later that it began to exert a stranglehold upon the species.) Men and women hunted and fought side by side, and when they quarreled it was a matter of chance whose skull got cracked first. They were neither lovely, loving, or lovable. Their advance on their uncharted course toward the stars or wherever they were going, was slow and clumsy. But at any rate they were on their way together.

Then something disastrous happened and they parted company. The man went on and the woman sat down and waited for him to come back from time to time and tell her, more or less accurately, what he had been up to. Like so many convulsions in our history I imagine that the change was brought about by some trivial

incident. (One is reminded of Priestley's play, "Dangerous Corners," where the course of half a dozen lives hangs on the decision of one character—if I remember correctly—to pick up a cigarette box.) Perhaps on some dismal winter's day some prehistoric woman, armed *cap à pie* for the hunt or a raid on a neighboring larder, took the unprecedented notion to stay home and let George do it. Perhaps she had a headache, perhaps George Jr. was imminent and to be caught with him in a hand-to-hand scuffle would be to put her at an obvious disadvantage. At any rate, for whatever reason, she laid her flint aside, built herself a nice fire, warmed up the equivalent of a pot of coffee, figuratively turned on the radio, and gave herself a day. She found she liked it. (We always like the line of least resistance and it is always fatal. That woman happened to find it first was, no doubt, pure accident.)

She tried it again. By grapevine communication other women learned of the experiment and gave it a satisfactory trial. Then, of course, some sort of alibi had to be concocted. The habit of staying home had to be explained in noble and resounding terms. Or, as we would say nowadays, it had to be rationalized and proved to everyone's satisfaction that Woman, far from turning sybarite and parasite, was sacrificing herself on the altar of her Duty. Whereupon her mind, always a shade more agile than George's (Sr. or Jr.), lit on Mother Love and the Woman's Sphere. Henceforward it was her business in life to keep the home fires burning (not for herself, of course, but against the return of her warrior-hunter), his slippers by the embers, and the stew simmering. She herself became The Little Woman, or as Fleta Campbell Springer once sardonically described her, The Blue Birdie in the Blue Nesty. And George Sr. for the first time cast lascivious glances at the *Femme Fatale* of his period and thought up divorce as a social out from acute domestic boredom. George Jr., overwhelmed and overburdened by Mother Love, took to the woods.

BUT THOUGH bored, puzzled, and slightly resentful, George Sr. began to realize that Woman's new and self-ordained role

in the scheme of things had its advantages even for him. Without his knowing she had, it seemed, cramped his style. There was a tiresome, restraining reasonableness about her. She killed only what she needed. She fought only when she had to. Without her plucking at his coat-tails with her everlasting "Enough's enough" he was now free to fight and kill without rhyme or reason. He in his turn had to produce an alibi—an equally lofty explanation for the scalps and carcasses with which the family cave was now embarrassingly cluttered. They became therefore not merely testimonies of his unbridled skill in destruction but tributes to the Little Woman who by this time had become one of his possessions and therefore an object of pride and responsibility. (In due course she ranked with his ox and his ass and anything else that was his.) His shield covered her. Without it, he liked to think and said so interminably, she must surely perish. The Little Woman, in her turn, was at first surprised and annoyed. But once she grasped the idea that the scalps and carcasses were tributes and that on their superior number depended her prestige among other women, she accepted them graciously and presently demanded them. In due course she began to nag for them.

Thus chivalry was established as an institution. War became Man's main preoccupation. And civilization, still in the making, bore with it in the womb of time the seeds of its own dissolution.

III

SOMEWHERE in that massive masterpiece *Black Lamb and Grey Falcon*, Rebecca West observes that the main difference between men and women is that men are lunatics and women idiots. By which she means, obviously, that men are actively and women passively insane. Certainly from the moment that women began confining themselves to the home and centering their happiness and *raison d'être* on its inhabitants who were never intended or able to carry such an abnormal burden, they became intellectually inert and physically they deteriorated. Whereas men grew straight of limb, keen-

sighted and fleet-footed, women developed knock-knees and when they ran, which was seldom, for running had become unwomanly, it was with a wobbly, teetering gait reminiscent of an alarmed duck. Their marksmanship, even in the home, became deplorable and an unfailing source of masculine humor.

Henceforward, whenever a woman suffered an urge to create something over and above such contributions to the home and family as crocheted antimacassars, hand-painted vases, or woolen scarves, whenever she had "immortal longings," she knew that she was becoming "freakish" and either suppressed or hid them, shamefacedly, as did the Brontës and a certain Mlle. Dupin, under a stalwart masculine alias. Thus the capacity to create, like her muscles, withered in her. Even in the home she became uninventive, conservative, and amateurishly second-rate. It was George who thought up the new sauce, the better stuffings, the back-saving wash-tubs. Since it pleased him, and it was her business in life, not to mention her livelihood, to please him (and she still retained a tough urge to survive) she stood by in respectful admiration.

"He for God only, she for God in him," Milton sang with forthright masculine modesty. He did not add, for he certainly did not realize it, that George had already begun to suffer from his own excess of divinity and the Little Woman's overpowering appreciation of it. He and George Jr. were, as they might have said, homesick, by which they meant sick of home. If they were spineless they finally yielded to its enticements and became that product of excess Mother Love and bane of the world, chronic adolescents. If they had guts they fled it, with one lofty excuse after another, to the far corners of the earth. As scientists and explorers they discovered poles and desert wastes where they couldn't live. They intruded on continents where they did not belong, and as the original inhabitants raised objections, started the glorious business of converting, or in other words, exterminating them—unless, as sometimes happened, they were exterminated first. They invented new and faster ways of getting further and further. When the Little

Woman and the nest grew altogether too domestic they invented wars, deciding that some foul foreigner—and this on a little two-by-four earth, small as an ant-heap in a ridiculous little universe—had insulted them or, what was worse, the Little Woman; and nothing less than blood, floods of it and even their own, could wash out the dishonoring stain. The Little Woman stayed home, wept, and knitted socks and pull-overs for her hero and defender. She was still faintly puzzled by him but also proud and happy to think that he was prepared to kill and even be killed for her sake. Did he not sing to her:

I could not love thee, dear, so much
Loved I not honor more.?

And wasn't that beautiful?

THE NOTION that she ought to step into the fracas and bat him and George Jr. over the head on the off-chance of knocking some sense into them, as her dynamic ancestresses would have done, flickered faintly in her from time to time, but it was not until the first decade of the twentieth century that, again thanks to a trivial incident, the smoldering spark burst into a small, hot flame.

The Right Honorable Herbert Asquith, Prime Minister of Great Britain, provided the incident. Amiably amused at the mild protests of a group of women who besides being wives, mothers, and taxpayers had an unreasonable urge to become voters, he pointed out to them in a public speech that men, when they had demanded the suffrage, had cared enough to fight for it. They had torn up paving-stones, destroyed property, and broken heads. They had even died for it. The Little Woman, of course, would not and indeed could not do such things. Ergo, she didn't care enough. Ergo, since she could not fight for her rights, she hadn't any. Ergo, she must depend on masculine chivalry, exercising that well-known sway in her own peculiar sphere, the nest. And so forth and so on.

Having uttered which pious and paternal platitudes Mr. Asquith went his placid way. Soon afterwards, when he was again on a public platform, a flour barrel, cunningly concealed in the flies of the

auditorium, and to the shrill screams of "Votes for Women!" emptied itself over his astonished head. The fat was in the fire. Or, more poetically speaking, Mr. Asquith had involuntarily ushered in the dawn. With what can only be described as a hell of a yell thousands of wives and mothers burst out of their nests, and, according to prescription, tore up paving-stones, destroyed property, and broke heads; and though they rigidly adhered to their old feminine characteristic of avoiding the kill, save in dire necessity, many of them died.

The results were startling. It was discovered that a relative handful of human beings, unarmed save with a resolute fighting temper and a conviction of justice, could set the forces of society—armed to the teeth but with a bad conscience—right back on their heels. It was in vain that the police force reorganized itself to cope with an unprecedented situation. They didn't cope. The Houses of Parliament, in a state of panic, passed the famous (or infamous) Cat-and-Mouse Act. It didn't work. The First World War mercifully came to the men's aid and enabled them to present the Little Women with their vote without obvious loss of face. But what was really important news was the effect on the Little Women themselves of their own outrageous conduct. To that, as one of them, I can bear witness.

I AM not very clear how or why I had become one of them. My adolescence had been spent in Germany where I had acquired a lofty contempt for women in general and a slinking distrust of myself. But besides being a vigorous creature, spoiling for a fight—though I did not know it and as a woman would certainly never have acknowledged it—I had, I like to believe, a rudimentary sense of justice. Since women, whether they were idiots or not, paid taxes, they had a right to vote. For which ostensible reason, at any rate, I plunged into the fray. To my astonishment I found that women, in spite of knock-knees and the fact that for centuries a respectable woman's leg had not even been mentionable, could at a pinch outrun the average London bobby.

Their aim with a little practice became good enough to land ripe vegetables in ministerial eyes, their wits sharp enough to keep Scotland Yard running round in circles and looking very silly. Their capacity for impromptu organization, for secrecy and loyalty, their iconoclastic disregard for class and established order were a revelation to all concerned but especially themselves.

Best of all was discovery that when it came down to a real slugging match they were not at such a hopeless disadvantage as tradition would have had them suppose. The day that, with a straight left to the jaw, I sent a fair-sized CID officer, who was attempting to arrest an escaped "mouse," into the orchestra pit of the Pavillion Theatre where we were holding one of our belligerent meetings, was the day of my own coming-of-age. (Incidentally, I met my victim at Southampton during the war. I was on my way to France and my late antagonist passed me through the Secret Service controls ahead of all the brass hats. He explained that he knew from experience I was a good citizen, and we shook hands warmly.) Since I was no genius the episode could not make me one, but it set me free to be whatever I was to the top of my bent. Had Emily Brontë had my chance to deliver that straight left, assuredly she would have written a masterpiece thereafter that would have made her actual accomplishment look like the cramped, tormented struggles of a winged and caged eagle.

For two years of wild and sometimes dangerous adventure I worked and fought alongside vigorous, happy, well-adjusted women who laughed instead of tittering, who walked freely instead of teetering, who could out-fast Gandhi and come out with a grin and a jest. I slept on hard floors between elderly duchesses, stout cooks, and young shop-girls. We were often tired, hurt, and frightened. But we were content as we had never been. We shared a joy of life that we had never known. Most of my fellow-fighters were Wives and Mothers. And strange things happened to their domestic life. Husbands came home at night with a new eagerness, at first perhaps because they knew that the Little Woman was safe in

Holloway Jail, but later because it was good to find her home, fun to hear how she had thumb-nosed that old fuddy-duddy at Bow Street or out-smarted the CID boys again. Sometimes, since she was often tired and battered, he got supper for her. He gave her the high-sign when the plain-clothes police, on the watch across the way, had gone off to supper or for other causes, and gave her a leg up over the garden wall. When he was very brave he marched with banners in her processions. Little as they may have realized it they were recapturing the old comradeship that their ancestors had lost for them.

AS FOR the children, their attitude changed rapidly from one of affectionate toleration for poor darling mother to one of wide-eyed wonder. Released from the smother of mother love—for she was too busy to be more than casually concerned with them—they discovered that they liked her. She was a great sport. She had guts. For the first time they began to boast about her, not on the strength of her domestic virtues but on the length of her prison sentences. The home, which had been showing marked signs of disintegration, was in the fire of battle being welded into a new unity. Those women who stood outside the fight—I regret to say the vast majority—and who were being more than usually Little Women, hated the fighters with the venomous rage of envy.

In the war, at the height of the struggle, the fighters put their cause aside to merge themselves in the national effort. But some of their gains remained. Shorts at Wimbledon and women in uniform testified to a revolution. It was not yet a total war and total effort was not demanded of them. They were not yet to fight and die, except by accident, in their own right. That right came to them in the Second World War. Then their capacities *had* to be acknowledged and accepted. They proved what many of them had already suspected, that they were physically as brave as men and often more enduring. They were born warriors who in a cause which their reason declared vital could and would fight

effectively to the last ditch. After untold centuries some of them were themselves again.

Will they remain themselves? Are they too few to save so many? Will the Blue Birdie in the Blue Nesty prove too strong for them? On the answer to these questions hangs our human survival.

IV

RECENTLY WE witnessed the United Nations draw up blueprints for a world organization supposedly on a democratic basis, with a full half of its inhabitants almost entirely unrepresented. Dean Gildersleeve, as a sop tossed to the American women voters, was allowed to trot along with other minor minorities. Great Britain, who literally owed her existence to her women, sent Ellen Wilkinson and two or three others, not to speak for them, for as far as the general public was concerned they never opened their mouths in council, but to come along and watch George do it again.

The spectacle would have been ludicrous if it had not been, in its implications, tragic. It foreshadowed fresh disaster. For sooner or later, without the checks and balances of a healthy two-party system, Man's passion for power for its own sake, his unbridled creativeness, will overwhelm his platitudes and we shall have another explosion that may literally rock our physical world to its axis.

Women cannot justly blame men for this state of affairs. If they want to go back to First Causes they can blame the first woman who exchanged her birthright for what she mistakenly imagined was a sheltered life. Then they can blame themselves for treading supinely in her footsteps. If men still pat them on the head and allow them to write their speeches for them in the back office, it is for good and sufficient reason. Men, whatever else they are not, are at least professionals who treat their talents or their genius with respect. No love of home or wife or child ever stopped a man who was worth his salt from doing his duty—which is, in the first place, to whatever gifts the chance meeting of sperm and ovum have given him. If men bar the

doors of their council-chambers, their universities, and their professions to women, it is because they know from experience that, at the first love-call, women however talented will toss their careers over the windmill and retire into the nest where a long, expensive training and perhaps their genius will be of no further use to them or to their world. They are the eternal amateurs and no professional, except as an off-day amusement, wants to work with amateurs. Their very attitude toward themselves and the job damns them to second-rateness.

Heaven knows, the Little Woman is not inactive in the world's affairs. She is the very heart and soul of those well-meaning, and, as things are, necessary organizations which, among their good deeds, convince Man-on-the-Rampage that, lost in wonder at his prowess, the Little Woman is waiting at home for him with bands and bandages. She tosses committees from hand to hand, like a juggler, with a brisk complacency and floods of talk that may be an endeavor to silence the still, small grunts of a disgusted ancestress. For the times demand much more of her, and perhaps in the depths of her conscience she knows it. That they are as they are is largely her responsibility. She has stood by and applauded while the other half of her species dealt her civilization blows from which it may never recover. The sands are running out fast.

If anything is to be saved, the Little Woman will have to move faster, out of the nest (which will then become, for her too, a place to return to but not to live in) and down into the dusty arena with her sleeves rolled up. Human relations, relieved at last from the crushing burden of her dependence on them, may then become what they should be, the adornment of life but not its foundations. And her children, now clinging to childhood till they find another and more permanent womb, may escape her stifling claims on

them to become full-grown. Most important of all, she may recover her own fighting temper. (For pacifism is the symptom of a weak spine and a weak head or both, and leads, as we know to our bitter cost, to bigger and worse wars.) What she will fight for, if and when she takes the chance, is anybody's guess. But whatever she wants enough to fight for she can have. Actually and potentially she is very strong. Without resorting to violence—though she must be capable of violence—by merely refusing to play an idiot Martha to a lunatic Mars, she can gain her point. I believe it would be a sane one.

WILL SHE or even can she? Habits of mind and body, centuries old, are not reversed in a decade and the experience women have had of themselves—as in Great Britain where they alone fought for their own emancipation and where, as citizens of the only country which challenged the enemy and remained undefeated, they have acquired a new pride in citizenship—may be too limited. Neither the vote, too easily won, or the war, fought at too great a distance, have affected American women to any encouraging extent. Other progressive countries lie under the paralyzing blight of defeat. Russia, where a more vigorous conception of women's responsibilities seemed in the making, is reverting to the Woman's Sphere and significantly and sinisterly at the same time to a passionate nationalism.

But we have to hope. If we want to survive—and it seems we do—we can do no other. We have seen what the unbalanced masculine element has made of Germany and Japan and what, in extension, it has done to us. One more heave, as Churchill would say, and the unknown star beating its way toward us through uncharted space, need not bother to bump us into eternal nothingness. Our world will already be an empty, howling waste.

The Easy Chair

Bernard DeVoto

ESTEEM for the unimportant has sometimes led me to commemorate in the Easy Chair anniversaries which did not deserve the attention of more elevated minds. This month I am going to talk about a decennial which no one else will notice. You are reading the one hundred and twenty-first Easy Chair by the present incumbent. I have been supplying this pulpit for ten years.

When Lee Hartman, Fred Allen's predecessor as editor of *Harper's*, called me to New York, toward the end of July 1935, I knew that he had been thinking of offering me a job. I supposed he was going to license me to express literary opinions in the column to which he later appointed John Chamberlain, but though Lee was a radical experimenter he was not so reckless as all that. Instead, he told me that Mr. Edward S. Martin wanted to give up the Easy Chair and invited me to pontificate about the world at large or, at my pleasure, the universe. He said there were no strings attached and there haven't been, but usually I have left the universe alone.

I am a literary person, which is to say a conciliatory, timorous soul, given to extreme understatement in order to avoid rows, habitually moderating my opinions to the verge of anemia or beyond lest someone disagree. My body temperature is constant at 97.6° and there is always an early frost in my mind. I wonder whether I should have taken the job if I had known that I was thrusting my head through a hole in a sheet so that thousands of people could throw baseballs at me. Lee neglected to tell me that editors, columnists, and the reading public love to take issue with the Easy Chair.

But when I set out to review my ten years it is clear that the letters I get are the largest satisfaction in the most enjoyable job I have ever had, and this is to apologize to the writers of innumerable letters I haven't answered. I mean to thank those who have said a pleasant word to me, to answer all questions, to explain further or cite additional evidence when someone argues honestly against my position, and to disregard the plentiful abuse. But the literary life is disorderly and whether I answer or not has to depend on how many unfinished jobs have to be finished right now. Failure to answer does not mean failure of appreciation, for every writer knows that a reader who takes time to write to him is paying him the only compliment that counts. A writer who occupies a forum like this one has no way of gauging his effect except by the newspapers that pick him up and the readers who write in.

THREE months ago I thought that at last I had written a ten-strike. Every letter about my piece on Mr. Corwin's radio play took my side, until at last a single protest came in and the next *Personal* and *Otherwise* printed another one. Nevertheless, that Easy Chair is set off from all the others, for I'll never come so close again. I usually discuss high and ghostly matters but down to the time when I began to say that we were in the war, which was in the November issue of 1939, none of them produced so big a mail as my finding that the quality of household goods was feloniously low. Hundreds of suffering householders agreed with me, and this seems a good time to remind manu-

facturers that even in 1939 their institutional advertising was wasted on the public, which thought itself gyped. The manufacturers scalped me in their house organs but a lot of them sent me in rebuttal specimens of their products; kitchen knives, fountain pens, locks, screwdrivers—most of the items I had named. Impressed, I wrote a piece which said that automobiles could be improved too, but it didn't work.

That piece produced the only threat of a damage suit so far. I had said that the common mouse cheese sold at grocery stores looked and tasted like laundry soap but wouldn't wash anything, and that "process" cheese was an affront to the human palate and a standing incitement to God's vengeance. For reasons which naturally were not disclosed to me, an officer of a specific cheese company decided that I must have his products in mind. So he painted his face, sang his medicine song, and came yelling off the reservation after my scalp and the magazine's. There is a species of businessman whom I seem to annoy inordinately. There is a kind of bellyache from powerful corporations, at once arrogant and whining, blustery and craven, that keeps turning up in my mail. Their press-agents tell these people that they are both Galahad and Saint Paul, they come to believe it, and anyone who doesn't see it that way is against God. In the end this man's bellicose hollering came down to Lee's letting him run a letter of complaint in *Personal* and *Otherwise*. It was so clumsily written that I wondered why a corporation which could afford to sue a critic in the interests of suppression would not spend money for a lawyer who could write prose. He got in a plug for his company's cheese, however, and the space didn't cost him a dime.

Writing the Easy Chair has shown me how easy it is to be against God. For instance, I have always electioneered for the New Deal in this column, in season and out I have slanged its opponents, I have specifically and at length supported at least sixty-six and two-thirds per cent of it. That would give me the clean-up spot in most batting orders, but I have also opposed certain New Deal measures and tactics as ineffective, stupid, or clearly

wrong. A portion of the prayerful press, with its cheering section, will not take that. Our side does not make mistakes; if you are not for us one hundred per cent you are against us; and so I am no liberal but guess what.

I doubt if a discriminating mind will be one hundred per cent for heaven, and that doubt has lined me up against God in certain literary circles as well. Every ten years or so I run across something literary which, like the Hollywood dissenter, I can't think colossal but only great. When I suggested that Ernest Hemingway, for one, might just miss being colossal, Malcolm Cowley used his *New Republic* space three times to explain that I was inciting our fascists against literature and intended to strangle the freedom of writers in my cellar Buchenwald. Since Mr. Cowley is an honest man, he knew he was writing nonsense and it troubled him; so if I had been hurt in my adolescence, as he charitably suspected, he would enter a plea of *nolo* for me and bespeak the mercy of the court. But if he sent us fifty cents to help carry on the *Strange Fruit* case it does not show on our ledger.

THE *Harper's* audience is larger than any I had aspired to before the mantle of Howadji fell on my shoulders. I have assumed that the best way to interest it is to write about things that interest me. Before the war necessarily dominated every columnist's writing, I ranged pretty widely, though when I look through my file I find that what I wrote during the first four years remains tolerably applicable to the succeeding six. It is not my job to say how good or bad any of those pieces may have been or which was better than another. If I were making an anthology I should not choose any of the half-dozen for which anthologists have been paying me twenty-five dollars every so often, but the one for June 1936, called "What the Next Hour Holds." I called it "What the Next Hour May Bring Forth," a pointed quotation from Thoreau which the copy desk ruined. On white nights I remember that piece as one that cleared the bases and I sanction *Harper's* to reprint it at any time, but it perished on the midnight with no sound. In August 1939, I

told General George Van Horn Moseley that he might unbuckle his gun and get some sleep, for the Communists were not going to take over the country that month, the Fourth Ward Cycle and Bird Walk Club having previously scheduled an outing. That was more fun to write than any other, though once I had caught the Institute for Propaganda Analysis in an asininity of national championship size and once, by the signal favor of heaven, I had been able to rope *Time* and the *New Republic* with a single throw.

That last one time-angled me and gave criticism a formula for which it is permanently grateful. Mr. Luce wrote me that I had abominably wronged his organization. He was devoted to editorial responsibility, he said, and he clinched his argument by sending me a copy of a speech he had delivered which held that editors must be responsible. And *Time* pulled some slugs from its overset and filed them in its morgue under my name. I was "angry," "enraged," "belligerent," "loud-mouthed"; I "hissed," I "bellowed"; "lava," "jets of steam," and the like issued from everything I wrote. As *Time* puts it, where *Time* leads, journalism at large follows, and ever since then my gently anti-quarian prose has been combative wherever mentioned. When my book on the culture of hydrangeas comes out next month, watch every reviewer find belligerence in it, unless some lonely iconoclast decides that it is about the frontier.

DURING those four years of, so to speak, peace I kept coming back to some fixed points of orientation. I repeatedly said that the absolute in thinking produces absolutism in politics; that was unpopular in some quarters but mark it *set*. I found in many American institutions a vitality it was not fashionable to find in any of them, and I was not convinced that the nation was decadent, which proved to some thinkers that I was sentimental, fascist-minded, and unaware that there is evil in the world. I did not think that we could bring on Utopia by wish or act of Congress or make war impossible by denying our children toy guns. Some minds were disturbed.

Also I knew that some wars are neces-

sary and that our last one had been. That classified me with the American Legion, made me a maverick in my literary generation, and cost *Harper's* some subscribers between the Alleghenies and the Continental Divide. When Germany invaded Poland I said that this was our war, that we were in it, and that we would have to go all the way; people who had called me a fascist for denying that a proletarian revolution would take over the United States with the fiscal year of 1937 trotted out the epithet again and laid it on till Germany invaded Russia too and they got instructions to line up with me. With the war my mail increased tenfold. When "All Quiet Along the Huron" appeared in November 1940, America First must have wired its membership to write to me; at least most of its members wrote, besides eighty per cent of the state of Michigan. I have just reread that piece; if my ideas about the war had to stand on a single expression I would choose that one. It produced my largest mail but the most virulent came in July 1941, when I remembered in print how Colonel Lindbergh had analyzed the war and what Mrs. Lindbergh had felt about it.

Since the beginning of the war I have hewed pretty close to the line with no private indulgence beyond an occasional note on how some public fantaseist seems to have changed his mind. (It was rewarding a few weeks ago when a gentleman who had once skinned me because, so he said, I seemed unable to take literature seriously, argued that Ezra Pound ought not to be prosecuted for treasonable propaganda because after all he was a poet and what poets might say could not matter.) I have left the direction of the war to columnists qualified to direct it and have focused on the civilian public. I have looked for the institutional continuities. I have dealt with the wartime emotions and ideas of civilians and with the historical rock beneath the surface breakers. And I have repeatedly attacked the censorship and the official policy of keeping the public ignorant of what was going on.

That was the most indefensible part of the New Deal, its disdain of public information, its contemptuous silences and occasional planned deceptions. A small

part of the policy may have been due to Mr. Roosevelt's liking for mystification, slyness, smartness, and the rabbit in the hat. But most of it originated in a reasoned philosophy of subordinates who were determined to do the people good and be damned to them, who knew that the people are fools and would not suffer fools to interfere with what was being done on their behalf. So the generals and admirals found a setup when they moved in. Fortunately, some of them were among the best military minds in the world. It is notable, however, that we don't know how many weren't. Let us now find out, with every instrument of research and publicity, exactly how the military fought the war and also how they managed it. Also it is time to get military minds out of politics, economics, and foreign affairs and back to the Army and Navy Departments. As I write this the State Department has just infuriated some sons of the wild jack-ass by telling one general where his authority stops and they want to put a new crime on the statute books, criticizing the military. If any of the military chance to be among those who have to be shown that all along we have meant what we were saying about democracy, it is time to begin showing them.

But all this sounds as if I had been annoying a lot of people, whereas I haven't been. I do seem unable to avoid annoying a couple of fairly consistent groups. I know why this happens: I appeal to experience and I look up the facts. In the ten years I have been writing the Easy Chair no one has proved a misstatement of fact on me. I have made my quota of idiotic bloomers. I am not going to specify them, since they escaped attention and were all exceedingly minute. But every time a factual statement of mine has been challenged it has stood up. Is this a brag? You're damned right it is, across the board.

LONG ago Henry Mencken told me that no one should keep a literary job more than ten years. The editor of *Harper's*, who may be awed by the thirty-nine years and several odd months of Mr. Curtis's term, has not notified me that he agrees, and so

I intend to go on talking here. But six years of dealing with war have brought the Easy Chair a little down at the bow and like my business critics I intend to do some reconversion. I want to hang up my fireman's hat, shorten my radius, and let eternal significance slide for a while. For some time the Easy Chair is going to be one man reporting what he finds absorbing in the rushing, rowdy spectacle of American life and what he makes of its symbols.

Let me add this, however. The rate of change in American society has always been dizzy. It is now going to have an unparalleled acceleration. But I believe that what I have been saying about it for ten years will hold from here on. That the unstable equilibrium is not flowing toward overturn or chaos but toward successive states of equilibrium. That the form is organic and functional and will contain the parts in dynamic balance. That the pattern of change is effectively determined from within, not from without, by our traditions and institutions, which are alive, and by our will, which is free. That our democracy is so much stronger than any threat which can be brought against it from outside that there is no reason to be afraid. That the truly dangerous threats to it are our own contradictions, corruptions, and moral failures. That though these make our adventure desperate and forlorn in the light of eternity, in the light of history and finite time it is absurd to despair. That our confidence is justified. That we have the best chance and that it will be enough.

That is what the Easy Chair has been saying ever since 1853. Four men with more diverse minds than the four who have written this column could hardly be found. But there has been a remarkable continuity in what all four have said to the *Harper's* audience—because they have talked about the fundamental continuity of American life. None of us has been given to vision, none of us has been notable for credulity or even for belief. But none of us has found reason in the life of his generation to be afraid of the future on behalf of his country.

Mr. DeVoto also appears this month in the Personal and Otherwise pages, replying to a critic of his August article on the situation at the University of Texas. — The Editors

VIVA ROSARIO

JEAN BOLEY

FROM OUTSIDE the fence our country house in Argentina looks like anybody else's country house. It is built of dark red brick with white windows and it sits in the middle of a field of alfalfa. You come to it down a long, sad road and it looks lost under the immense blue sky that presses down upon the plains. The slow clouds crossing the sun make shadows on the rows of eucalyptus, on the ombú tree that stands alone in the white-fenced pasture. On the humid summer days when no leaf stirs and the horses droop around the watering trough, the mourning doves mourn on and on like the voice of the land itself.

But inside our green gate there is a subtle difference between us and all of the pampas. We have a special situation in our house. Rosario, our Spanish laundress, is in love with my husband, El Señor as she calls him. As a result of this our ten acres are subject to strange exhilarations, sudden despairs, and a perpetual coming and going of domestics.

It began fourteen years ago when El Señor was still a bachelor and living in a flat in Buenos Aires. Rosario got a job washing his shirts and cleaning his floor. That year Rosario was forty-eight and her husband, a Galician waiter given to posing stoically for his picture in a collarless shirt with a bright gold collar button, left her for another. He went over to Montevideo and wrote her one letter explaining in

handsome Spanish that, indubitably, tragically, their paths had come to diverge. He found himself very well allocated, he said, as a maker of anchovy sandwiches in the "Espléndid Bar." As Rosario can't read, she brought the letter to my husband and while he read she stood looking at him with her shrewd black eyes.

"Atorrante!" she growled.

After this Rosario fell in love with El Señor and in her loyalty she left any and all other jobs when he needed her. El Señor was very kind to her. He gave her an old tuxedo and she made a suit, pieced in the back so it would meet over her round stomach. He gave her a tan sport hat and Rosario, who is very dignified, pinched the crown of the hat and sat it on top of her black knot of hair. This was such a fine outfit that one day she went to the Colon Opera House and sat in the top gallery to hear *Carmen*.

"Money thrown away," she said afterward in disgust. "Life is not thus in Spain."

AFTER WE were married and living in our country house, Rosario became indispensable. When El Señor would cut alfalfa with the scythe in the hot sun Rosario would clump across the field to him carrying a pith helmet and a large glass of *Bidu*, the local version of Coca-Cola.

"Take," she urged. When he wouldn't

Jean Boley has been living on a farm near Buenos Aires for the past few years. She and her husband are both Americans.

wear the pith helmet she would go back to her kitchen and you would hear her scolding over her *pan dulce* in the oven—a long Spanish monologue. When the bread was done she would butter two large slices and start across the field again still carrying the pith helmet. Nights when El Señor was sickly from too much sun Rosario would slam dinner on the table and stand looming over us while we ate with bowed heads. "It is as I told you. The sun is bad. In Spain we never went out without hats. In Spain we know these things."

Rosario darned all the socks and did all the mending. She accused the meatman and the grocer of the vilest treachery and exasperated them by remembering details of prices from month to month. You would hear them driving their carts away in a fury, lashing at their horses with their long whips. She was psychic about the neighbors, particularly about their troubles, and it seemed as if she could raise her nose and sniff the air and know. Sometimes at breakfast she would bring in the orange juice and stand, significantly silent, beside me until, knowing there was no escape, I raised my hang-dog eyes and looked at her. "He was drunk and threatened his woman with a knife. He chased her out between the rows of corn."

"Who?"

"Porfilio, the vegetable farmer down the road."

Nights when a strong south wind came up suddenly and the young eucalyptus trees bent over like women washing their hair, Rosario darted out in her yellow flannelette nightgown and ranted through the house jerking down the rolled shutters. "*Una tormenta*," she cried. "A storm. The rain will come. I do not like it."

"Nothing will happen, Rosario."

"One does not know. Many things can happen."

Inevitably we asked Rosario to be our cook. She can make crêpes suzette and a casserole of Spanish pancakes in the oven with raisins and cheese and chopped meat and a soft sauce that rolls luxuriously on the tongue. She can also make apple strudel although she has to move all the big tables together into the center of the kitchen to roll out the thin pastry and it is

two days before order is restored. But Rosario has a bad back, a *dolor* that, inexplicably, is worse after cooking than after twelve hours over the washtub. "You get a good cook, Señora, and I will help her."

"Fine," I said. I should have suspected that it wasn't so simple, but I didn't know Rosario so well then as I do now.

THE FIRST cook was a young Yugoslav named Felissa. She was dark and a little greasy and when you saw her slant eyes you knew that Genghis Khan, when he overran the Balkans a thousand years ago, had indeed tasted the joys of conquest. Felissa was inscrutable. Once in a while when she served a meal she would sigh deeply, and if you looked up you would see tears running down her cheeks.

"Why, Felissa, what is it?"

"Nothing, Señora. I am very happy."

Other times when you went in the kitchen Felissa would stare at you with those ancient eyes and suddenly double up in a fit of giggling that took her breath away and prostrated her until you beat her on the back and fed her a glass of water.

The first week was fine. Felissa cooked and scrubbed and Rosario stood at her ironing board and talked and ironed and watched. But it turned out that Felissa could make chocolate soufflé and Rosario could not. After we had eaten it the first time Rosario came to me and said wasn't it nice that Felissa could make soufflé. I said it was very nice.

"And it didn't come out heavy, did it?"

"No, not the least bit."

"Isn't that nice," Rosario said. She looked at me as if she were considering something and then she went back to her ironing board.

On Felissa's second Sunday out Rosario thought up a pretext to come out to us where we sat reading under a willow tree. She brought the newspaper. She beamed.

"Everything goes well now," she said.

"Yes."

"She's a good girl. She works well."

"Yes."

"Too bad that she doesn't like the country. She has a suitor in the city."

I kept my head down but I felt an

upthrust of sudden, uneasy suspicion.

"Oh?" I asked.

"Too bad," said Rosario, "she doesn't plan to tell you, but she doesn't like it here. She will leave soon."

El Señor stirred restlessly in his chair. I stared despondently at my book. Rosario moved a step closer. She had us now. "It's just as well," she said. "She's dirty; she throws old orange and banana peelings under her bed."

I was lost now. I felt dark opinions of Felissa settle down upon me. Those slant eyes would henceforth hold no mystery of the East but only the promise of sly evasions. In two days we fired Felissa. She left giggling, which probably meant that she was very sad.

"Well, good riddance," I said cheerfully to El Señor, but as she ambled down the dirt road carrying her red cardboard suitcase I looked after her hungrily, remembering the lovely puffed cheek of the chocolate soufflé.

FOR SEVERAL weeks we went back to Rosario and her strange system. If we had roast turkey she hid the breast in the potato barrel to serve to El Señor when I should be away. When friends came over in their horse-drawn sulkies for a drink she served them very little gin in the gin and tonic and after they had left she ran triumphantly into the living room with her finger on the hardly lowered level in the bottle. Her vanity knew no bounds. "I do everything," she said a hundred times a day. "I forget nothing. I throw nothing useful out. I save and conserve and make old things do. I am very practical." In the interests of discipline she regularly insulted Angel, the handy-man, until he came to hate her. "You, what do you know about raising vegetables?" she would cackle at him while she dug in the radish bed in her wooden shoes, with a black scarf tied under her chin. "First too much water, then no water. Everything rotten, everything eaten by the worms and birds. In Spain they know about vegetables. But you Argentines. *Sonsos*. Fools."

She fed the dogs in the late afternoon from a tremendous stew-pot of cow-heart, and the ends and scrapings of chocolate

candy, canned peaches, buttered toast, malted milk, banana fritters and crêpes suzette, all boiled together with a dozen onions "to give flavor." You could hear Rosario feeding the dogs half a block away. She spread three tin plates on the ground and held the stew-pot high in the air while she threatened their leaping enthusiasms with a ladle. "All right! All right, all right, all right, ALL RIGHT!" she would scream at them furiously. When they were eating she stood over them ladling out more of the stew over their submerged noses and abusing them. "How bad you are. What pigs. But never do I forget you. All the world forgets you, but I, never."

AFTER FELISSA came Agnes. Agnes was an Irish-Porteña, a gray-haired woman with a sunken nose and a habit of short, cautious movements as if she were put together with very stiff rubber bands. Rosario showed her the living room.

"'Tis a very large room indeed," said Agnes in English. "I'll be after rising early to give a good account of myself." She went back to her room to unpack.

"Who knows what she is saying when she talks thus," said Rosario suspiciously.

"I know," I said.

"Perhaps," said Rosario.

I was pleased with Agnes. In her prudish, tentative way she served "the Master" well. There was great cleanliness in the kitchen and the cupboard doors were always neatly closed. There was a slight overemphasis on potatoes in the diet, but that was a small fault lost in her many virtues. I told the Master that all was well.

After Agnes came, Rosario got very quiet. Ominously quiet. When she brought up El Señor's shirts to the bedroom, she looked at me with a patient smile and laid them away silently in his wardrobe. When I asked a question she said just "Si Señora." Heretofore, "Si Señora" had been the opening shot in a general verbal offensive before which you quailed in defeat. For a long time I enjoyed this strange peace in the no-man's-land that Rosario kept between herself and her fellow man. But the silence got so silent that it shouted. We took to mollifying

her silence. "Don't you feel well, Rosario?" we asked gently.

"Si Señor," she said.

We crawled, we groveled, and the whole house began to revolve around Rosario's silence.

"What is it, Rosario?" I asked one day, showing the white flag. "What's the matter?"

"There are things I could tell you," she said. She took a tub of clothes out to the yard and I followed. The hot wind blew the dust in our faces.

"What things, Rosario, what things?"

"*No hago quejas*," she said, "I don't make complaints. Some people do but I don't." She selected a heavy white lace tablecloth, sighed and hung it dripping before my eyes as if to remind me of her labors on our behalf.

"Tell me, Rosario, what things?"

"*Bueno*, I could tell you things about Agnes. But I'm not one to cause trouble."

I looked suppliant.

She flashed her black eyes and then she darted at me. The great silence was over. She clutched at my blouse. "That *Irlandesa*, she shuts up the dirty pans in the cupboard. She doesn't wash anything until she needs it. That's why the kitchen looks so neat. For that reason. For that reason." She poked me triumphantly. "I knew. I knew. But I said nothing. You see? I said nothing."

"What else?" I said meekly. It was so nice to have Rosario normal again. It was such a great relief.

After Agnes left there was a series of cooks. There was a person with no forehead called Negra who did not take baths, there was a gigantic country girl called Pepita who lived on aspirin and had a gleaming eye, and there was a perfectly splendid Basque named Pele who was tall and clean and smiling and efficient. But we fired them all and each time Rosario took over the household with a great surge of apple strudel and insult.

THEN AT last Magdalena came. And from the first moment that enormously fat Magdalena looked up at me with those round, sympathetic, black eyes and said "*Como no, Señora*," meaning "Of course," in a tone of infinite compassion,

I knew that we would keep her. Magdalena was a Spaniard like Rosario. Even El Señor said that she was lovely. She sang in the kitchen from the rich depths of her bosom, and when she spoke or looked at you it was like a blessing. She was warm and tender and lavish like her roasts that came succulent from the oven. Under her regime the household expanded. El Señor relaxed in a big chair after dinner and began to get fat. There were cookies in the cookie jar and good Spanish cider on ice.

"Now," I said severely to El Señor, "there is going to be no slow poison by Rosario this time. If necessary I will have it out with her."

Rosario reached her lowest ebb with Magdalena. There was nothing wrong with Magdalena, not even her nationality. Rosario stalked Magdalena the first weeks like a plain clothes detective. She peered into the cupboards, she pounced on the casseroles for traces of grease, she smelled the dish towels, she inspected Magdalena's bed for bedbugs, she tasted Magdalena's food for flavor, she brooded over the garbage can for hints of waste. She began a campaign of suggestion in which she suggested to Angel, the hired man, that you know who had been a Falangista in the Spanish Revolution and you know whose father before her. At last, in her desperation, she began to rave at Magdalena herself. From the dining room you could hear the steady stream of loud, sharp questions. "How many brothers have you? How many can read and write? *Tiene novio?* Do you have a sweetheart? You haven't? I doubt it. *Lo dudo. Lo dudo mucho.*"

Trembling, I called Magdalena into the living room. I patted at her placatingly. "You mustn't mind Rosario. She's been with us a long time." I looked at her anxiously.

"Clearly not," sang Magdalena. "Don't molest yourself, Señora. I know my countrymen." She took a deep breath and smiled and it did indeed seem that all annoyances would explode harmlessly against the bastion of that chest. But in the kitchen the ravings continued. All morning and all afternoon that Voice kept up. You couldn't escape from it.

If it ceased for a moment you lifted your head in the silence and waited for it to begin again.

"She can't do this to me," I said hoarsely to El Señor one evening as we sat listening on the sofa. It was tense in the room, like living across the Channel from the rumble of guns. "I will have it out with her now. This can't go on, even if she is in love with you and does darn all your socks."

I called Rosario up to the bedroom.

"Rosario," I said sternly.

"Señora?" She stood with the toes of her wooden shoes pointed out and a hurt look in her eyes.

"Rosario, you absolutely can't go on insulting Magdalena. I intend to keep Magdalena."

She drew her mouth in a stubborn line and ducked her eyes. "I insult nobody."

"You do too," I cackled like a good fishwife, "you cause all kinds of trouble in that kitchen."

Rosario moved her feet in the wooden shoes and tears rolled down her cheeks. She plucked at the buttons on her white uniform. "I will go. *Me voy. Me voy ahora.* I will go now. I will not stay where I'm not wanted. It is a crime to speak to me thus after all I've done for El Señor. I have done everything for him. I try to help and you say I cause trouble." She clumped away from me and pounded her fists against her sides. Her voice rose high and shrill and the tears ran over her chin. "*Madre de Dios. Me voy.* Never will I stay where they do not want me. Never. *Jamás. Jamás.*"

"Rosario!" I roared. She looked around at me fearfully. "Go down to your kitchen and behave yourself. Go down and calm yourself. Go down at once. You speak like a baby and a fool. You know that you are permanent here and now you must understand that Magdalena is permanent, too. Go down!"

With her head down she went out. I could hear her shoes clattering slowly as she sadly descended the stairs. Triumphant, I went on gesticulating to the air. El Señor, sneaking in, caught me at it.

"Who won?" he asked hopefully.

"I did. Magdalena stays. Rosario is cowed," I said. We had a bottle of cider on it.

THE NEXT morning there was a beautiful calm. I should have known it could not last. But for a moment it seemed that we could be a normal family. In the grand manner I gave orders which were instantly obeyed. Rosario, co-operating smoothly with Magdalena, sent in fresh brownies at eleven o'clock. At quarter of twelve the phone rang and indolently I touched the bell for Magdalena to answer it. She went humming up the stairs. Lunch was delicious with roast duck and orange gravy, and silence in the kitchen. After lunch I lay in the swing dangling a foot and lazily watching the horses with their cropped tails try to flick the hordes of Argentine flies off their backs. Magdalena, in a large black hat with a red rose, suddenly appeared and clasped her hands.

"Señora," she said and her voice was full of compassion, "I am very sorry to have to tell you that I'm leaving. It is sad, very sad."

I lay mute and slowly closed my eyes.

"I must. It's my old *patrón*. He called this morning and he needs me. I always go when he needs me. Adios, Señora. *Que le vaya muy bien.* That you should go well."

"That you should go well," I managed to repeat. She went off down the road with her luggage tied up in huge newspaper bundles.

Slowly from the kitchen there arose a great clamor. The sound of voices grew until suddenly Angel burst out the door and went swearing off to the field. Rosario stood on the back steps with her hands on her hips. "*Sonso! Fool! Sinvergüenza.* Shameless one. *Sonso! Sonso!*" she shrieked. She went back into her kitchen. There was just the sound of one voice then, muttering on and on, and the shattering noise of dragging tables. Undoubtedly, there would be apple strudel for supper.

OUR PACIFIC BASES: THINK TWICE!

FREDERICK PALMER

SINCE the Japanese surrender, the Navy has produced a list of fifteen key bases in the Pacific and also the Atlantic which it regards as vital to the future security of the United States; and a subcommittee of the House Naval Affairs Committee has produced a similar and more extensive list for the Pacific alone. Both include places whose retention under the American flag or under American control is questionable, including especially Okinawa. It is important that the American people should think twice in this matter, and more specifically that the President and Congress should take no action looking to the retention and development of any Pacific bases beyond the Marshall and Caroline Islands and Guam without considering very carefully:

(a) The defensibility of such bases against atomic bomb attacks;

(b) The relation of such commitments in the Pacific to the whole complex problem of our military, naval, and air defense—a problem which involves such other elements as the size and disposition of our Army, Navy, and Air Force, the question of compulsory military training, and many questions of scientific, technical, and industrial preparedness;

(c) The relation of these and other commitments to our foreign policy, and especially our future relations with Russia,

China, and other nations across the Pacific; and

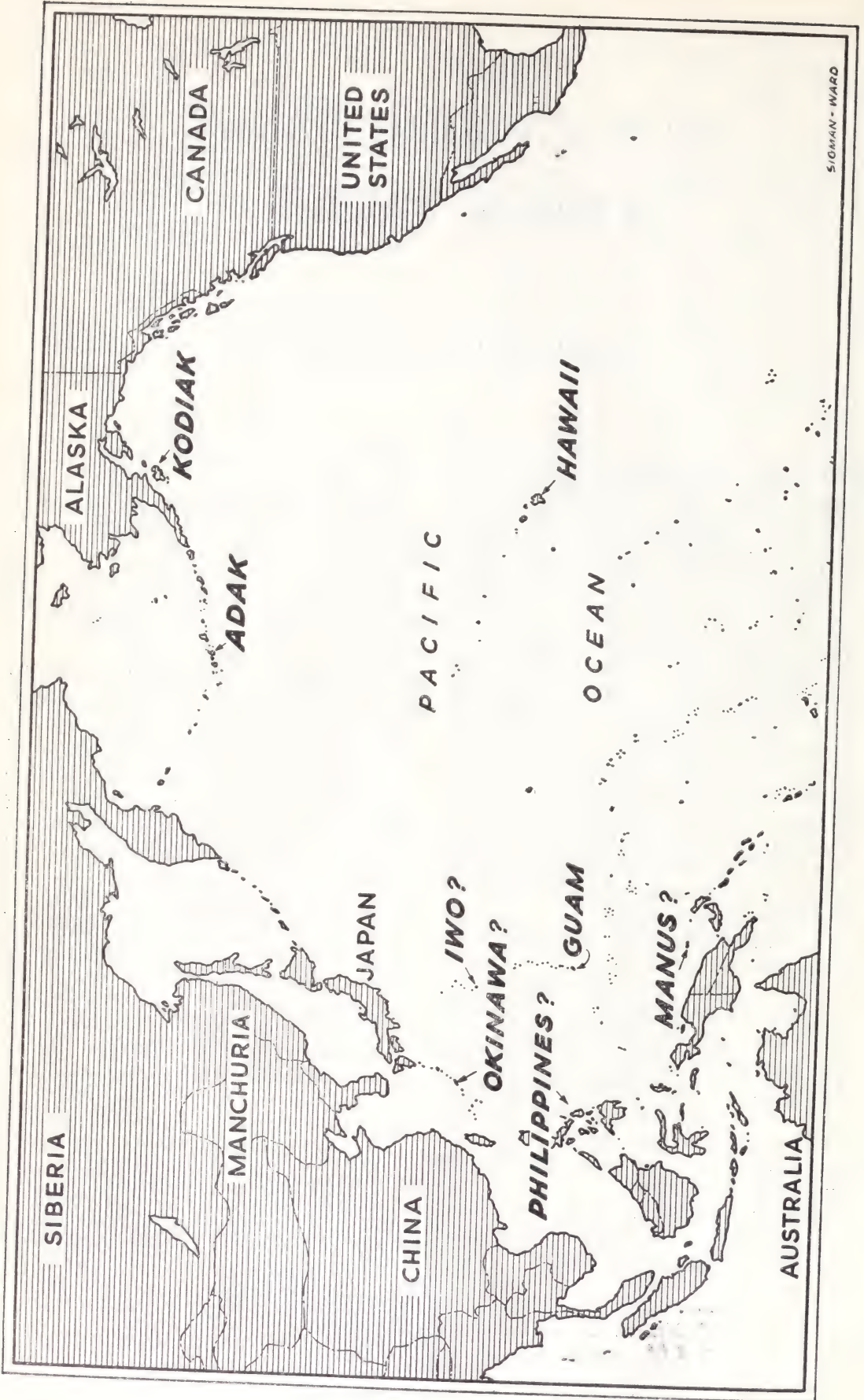
(d) Our responsibilities as a member of the United Nations and a trustee of the future peace of the world.

Hurried or ill-considered action taken in the name of national security may well defeat the end of national security.

EARLY last summer I made a tour of the Central Pacific, visiting numerous war bases all the way to Okinawa and the Philippines and talking with men of all ranks, from seabees on the shore to four-star admirals. Among the top-ranking officers, their subordinates of the regular services, and the reserve officers who had become technically professional in the school of battle I found a virtually unanimous opinion that our future national safety will depend upon being able to strike instantly and decisively from fortified distant outworks to prevent any enemy from approaching our shores; and a very general opinion that the Pacific islands we now occupy are essential outworks to be fortified, and that if we yield them we might be caught fatally unprepared. But as to which should be the key bases there was a conflict of professional opinion.

Since then Admiral Spruance has expressed the opinion—in which he is not

Colonel Palmer, dean of American war correspondents, biographer of Newton D. Baker and General Bliss, and holder of the D.S.M., recently returned from a visit to our Pacific bases.



alone among our Naval commanders—that Okinawa should not be included. But the subcommittee of the House Naval Affairs Committee, which was touring the islands while I was, has recommended a chain of main fleet and secondary fleet bases and naval air bases which not only ranges far down into the southwest Pacific, *including full title to islands which are held or controlled by our Allies* (Great Britain, France, and Australia), but also includes “dominant control” at Okinawa for a main fleet base and naval air base. The Navy Department and the chairmen of the Senate and House Naval Affairs Committees have likewise proposed Okinawa among their key naval bases in the Pacific.

Of the patriotic ardor of the members of the Naval Affairs subcommittee there can be, of course, no question, nor of their support of the United Nations Charter. The question is, simply, whether they arrived at their judgment in the light of all the facts and conditions which should be taken into account. For one thing, they traveled under Navy auspices, responsive guests to Naval hosts, some of whom might well be unconsciously influenced by thoughts of their own personal future rank and status in a shrunken Navy. For another thing, they considered the question of Naval fleet and Naval air bases alone, leaving the role of the Army and Army Air Force—surely an interlocking problem—to any oncoming House Military Affairs subcommittee.

Then too they traveled by air, and may therefore have neglected to give proper weight to the time element involved in supplying a base as remote as Okinawa. One can reach Okinawa by air from San Francisco in two full days, but more than ninety-nine per cent of personnel, construction material, machinery, ammunition, equipment, and food for our recent Okinawa operations traveled by water. A troop transport which arrived at Okinawa in a month made a fast trip, and the average turnaround for cargo ships, including landing and unloading, was about four months. That is a very long distance for men and materials to have to go for the permanent defense of the United States unless the wisdom of the move is unassailable.

THE subcommittee gave four reasons for submitting such an ambitious program:

“1. The loss of American lives in taking these bases.

“2. The expenditure of vast sums of American money in establishing and equipping these bases.

“3. The great dependence of the world upon the United States for maintaining peace in the Pacific and the world.

“4. The apparent preference of the natives of these islands for the United States Government.”

Of these arguments, No. 1—the loss of American lives—is an unanswerably human one, but not if there is a danger that keeping the bases might increase the danger of another costly war. And let us remember this, too; those lives were given to defeat Japanese aggression, and that job has now been done.

Argument No. 2—the money cost of establishing and equipping our present bases—overlooks the further huge cost of preparing them for permanent use. A permanent fleet base means more than an anchorage. It calls for docks, piers, shops, barracks, fortifications, and an immense outlay for upkeep. It calls for artificial extension of harbor space. Truk appears to afford a natural harbor which could hold the whole fleet, active and reserve, of 1,079 combat vessels (far bigger than that of 1941) which has been asked for by the Navy Department. A much larger extension than the wartime one would be required at Guam, however, and Manila Bay is considered too shallow and Subic Bay too small. On top of the cost of maintaining these distant bases and the titanic fleet, with a proposed personnel of 500,000, would come the further cost of Army and Army Air Force maintenance, and the further cost of the bases on the Atlantic side: Coco Solo (at the eastern entrance to the Panama Canal), San Juan, Roosevelt Roads, Guantanamo Bay, Bermuda, and Argentia (in Newfoundland). When our fighting men return they may conclude, as taxpayers, that they prefer not to pay for permanent bases on such an ambitious scale.

Argument No. 4—that the natives apparently prefer us—is reassuring but of

doubtful importance if there are compelling reasons for withdrawal.

But it is Argument No. 3—the dependence of the world upon the United States for maintaining peace—which raises the central issue. Against what potential enemy are we to maintain such a formidable array of bases, ranging from Okinawa to the Southwest Pacific?

Against Japan? But surely Japan, minus Korea, minus Manchuria, minus her overseas conquests, minus her military industries, will inevitably be reduced to a third or fourth or fifth rate power. If our army of occupation, after disarming her, does not leave her incapable of any serious threat to us, then it has not completed the task assigned to it.

Against China? Okinawa is at the point of a salient in the north central Pacific pointed directly at China. Manifestly we have no intention of dictating to China by overwhelming force; but we may well *appear to have* such an intention. Convinced as we are of our benevolence, we may not realize what effect such a policy may have upon our international reputation and influence.

Against Russia? Before I went to the Pacific I heard talk in Army circles in Europe to the effect that Russia would be the potential enemy against whom we would be urged to arm. But if we arm against Russia we shall challenge her to arm against us, and the more we arm, the more she will arm and the more we shall have to arm—in the face of the fact that both Russia and the United States want security from any such exhausting war as would result from a conflict between them in the Pacific. If they are to achieve such security it is essential that they should not set up across the Pacific any such frontier of fortified enmity as the ancient one of the Rhine in Europe.

A natural unhostile frontier is available in Bering Strait and the Arctic Ocean, between the two comparatively empty areas of Alaska and Siberia, with Russia holding the Kuriles for her security and the United States holding the planned key bases at Adak in the Aleutians and Kodiak on the Alaskan coast. These bases lie along the direct line of approach between Siberia and North America. But if we

insist on holding Okinawa, from which we could readily reach Port Arthur and Vladivostok with supersonic, pilotless, jet-



THIS MAP, A POLAR AZIMUTHAL EQUIDISTANT PROJECTION, REMINDS US THAT THE SHORTEST ROUTE FROM VLADIVOSTOK TO SAN FRANCISCO RUNS CLOSE TO ALASKA, AND SHOWS THE POSITION OF OKINAWA IN RELATION TO SIBERIA, WITH CONSIDERABLY LESS DISTORTION THAN THE USUAL MERCATOR PROJECTION.

propelled planes bearing atomic bombs, we may well excite deep Russian suspicions, tempt Russia to the dangerous course of building a great navy and a great air force for her defense in the Pacific, and incidentally—in the event of war—expose our long lines of communication to flank attack, so that Okinawa might be as readily isolated as were the Philippines in 1941. What such an attack might involve in the atomic age is not pleasant to contemplate. One of the proposed bases on the Navy's list is Iwo; if one atomic bomb burst could not cover all of it, two could.

In the list of key bases which the Navy has proposed, it is content—unlike the ambitious House Naval Affairs subcommittee—with only Manus in the Australian-mandated Admiralty Islands in the southwest Pacific, in addition to Adak and Kodiak in the north; Iwo, Guam, and Okinawa in the central Pacific; the Philippines; Balboa off the western entrance to the Panama Canal; and (leased from Ecuador) the Galapagos Islands for further defense of the Canal. What potential enemy do we possibly face from beyond the Philippines or in the southwest Pacific? Not the Netherland Indies or Australia.

IT SEEMS far wiser to me that beyond the great main base of Pearl Harbor we should concentrate in the north on Adak and Kodiak, and in the central Pacific on an invulnerable key base at Guam (historically an American possession), with communicating secondary bases of protected anchorages and airfields. Truk, which is not on the Navy list, and which Great Britain is said to want, might well be internationalized. Lest the genuineness of our intentions in the southwest Pacific be misunderstood, we should hold no base in that area which our Allies do not want us to hold, singly or jointly. And because airpower, carrier or land based, has become such a mighty force—even without

taking into account the atomic bomb—we should not remain permanently in Okinawa, except as one of the trustees which hold it as a base for an international police force of the United Nations. In any case the decision must not be taken without a full consideration of all its implications, military and diplomatic.

We have the mightiest armed forces in the world. For the time being we hold the secret of the atomic bomb. Consequently our power is feared all over the world, and especially in the Orient—not because of our published aims but because of the possible future significance of exactly such half-considered proposals as those involving Okinawa and the islands of the southwest Pacific. Our neighbors are wondering whether we are about to exchange isolationism for a truculent imperialism. The lesson is clear: not only must our whole future military establishment—troops, ships, planes, bases, industrial organization—be carefully considered as a unit, but this in turn must be adjusted to a foreign policy which will not only assure our safety but conform to our obligations as the mightiest of the United Nations and thus the chief potential enforcer of peace, and also allay the suspicions of those who may be uneasy over our commanding position. All the problems involved should be considered together, preferably by a civilian commission such as Mr. Hanson Baldwin has already proposed in *Harper's*, instead of being met piecemeal by Army groups, Navy groups, State Department groups, and separate legislative committees. Meanwhile, when we are certainly in no immediate danger and have ample time for a deliberate and full survey of the subject as a whole, free of transitory influences and passions, to enable us to form a sound, farseeing policy, a snap judgment on what we need for "defense," which the world might take as a preparation for offense, would be a tragically irresponsible act.

SPAIN DIVIDED

GABRIEL JAVSICAS

WHEN guerrilla warfare recently broke out in Spain, it was widely assumed—both in America and in England—that Europe's last Fascist dictatorship might be overthrown in short order, and that it probably would be replaced by a Communist-dominated government much like that of Yugoslavia or Poland.

It is now clear that this hasty assumption was mistaken, for two reasons:

1. The Franco regime shows no signs of an early collapse, unless it is pushed over by the Great Powers. And both President Truman and the British Labor government have made it plain that, however much they dislike the wily little general, they have no intention of shoving him off his perch.

2. Even if the Spanish people were able to get rid of Franco without help from abroad, they would *not* set up a Communist government in his place. Communism has no significant strength in Spain today. It is, in fact, detested almost as heartily as Franco and his Falangist party.

The underground resistance in Spain is not being led by Communists, but by Anarchists and Socialists—who are men of an altogether different breed. In the mountain ranges of Catalonia, Aragon, and Andalusia, the guerrillas are nearly all Anarchists; in the hills of Castile and Estremadura, they are mostly Socialists.

Both groups are fighting with arms which were parachuted by the Allies last year to the French underground, and which have trickled across the border in considerable quantities. They are slowly gaining strength, as increasing numbers of workingmen leave the land and the factories to join the armed bands in the mountains. These little groups of fighting men are now raiding villages for food, ammunition, and money. On at least one occasion they held a town long enough to sit in judgment on its Falangist officials, and to execute those sentenced to death. They are by no means strong enough for a full-scale uprising; but they have forced Franco to keep both the army and the Civil Guard in a state of constant alert.

The manpower for these small armies comes from the two great labor unions, the Anarcho-Syndicalist CNT and the Socialist UGT. The Communists are as negligible as they were before the civil war of 1936, when there were only three thousand of them in all of Spain.

What the Anarchists want is precisely the opposite of communism. Their program calls for wiping out of all government control over the country's economy, and complete decentralization of the Spanish state. They demand that all political and social power should be vested in the village communities, and in the labor syndicates of the cities. Each village, town, and city would become a free, self-

Mr. Javscas was economic consultant to Spanish Republicans in Paris during the civil war, and spent six months in Spain in 1944 representing Business Week and Fortune.

governing republic. These would be linked together into loose regional and national federations, for the handling of such matters as foreign policy; but the iron-handed, centralized administration which Madrid has maintained for centuries would be broken for good.

The Socialist union pursues the same ultimate goals. It differed from the Anarchists chiefly in its belief that desperately needed reforms—particularly the redistribution of land—could be achieved by peaceful parliamentary methods. This belief was proved wrong in 1936, when the reactionary classes rose in armed resistance against even the mildest of agrarian reforms; and from that time on, the Socialists and Anarchists have worked together in a loose but effective partnership. The Catalan and Basque middle classes, moreover, share labor's hatred of the central government. They have fought for home rule for centuries with as much determination and persistence as the Irish fought the British, and the rise of fascism—with its centralized control over the national economy—has made them more determined than ever to break with Castile.

Consequently, the issues in Spain today are precisely the same as they were in the opening stages of the civil war, before the intervention of Russia. On one extreme stand the Anarchists and Separatists, and on the other the land-owners, clergy, and army officers who supported Franco during the civil war. The Socialist and Republican parties, which have joined the underground fight against the dictatorship, are a minority and occupy a middle position. Thus Spain is the only country on the Continent where there is no significant movement seeking to replace the Fascist totalitarian state with another totalitarian state of the Communist variety.

IT IS not surprising that this fact is generally unknown outside of Spain. Throughout the rest of Europe the two extremes which have been confronting each other for fifteen years have been Communists and Fascists; and it is easy for the uninformed to assume that the same thing must be true south of the Pyrenees. Moreover, it is almost impossible for Americans, in particular, to understand the size and

potency of the Anarchist movement, because we have never had anything remotely like it in this country. In American terms, the equivalent would be a militant labor movement which believed fanatically in states' rights and in a "free enterprise" system run by farmers' co-operatives and factory workers, and which wanted government by town meetings on the New England model, with little or no authority in the hands of the federal administration.

Finally, the strength of the Spanish Anarchists is never admitted by either Fascists or Communists, or their hosts of fellow-travelers. Franco, for example, prefers to describe the Anarchists (and all his other opponents) as "Reds," in order to play upon the deep-rooted fear of communism in the conservative world. The Communists, on the other hand, are only too happy to take unearned credit for the valorous resistance of the Spanish people against fascism.

Nevertheless, it is curious that the Communists' claim to such leadership in Spain has been so little questioned, when they failed so dismally everywhere else. Not a single Communist rifle was fired at Mussolini's Blackshirts during their march on Rome. In Germany the Communist party permitted Hitler to dissolve its membership of seven million with sheep-like docility. In fact, everywhere in Europe or South America where the struggle between fascism and communism became acute, it ended in an almost unopposed Fascist victory—everywhere, that is, except in Spain, and Spain alone had no Communist movement of any real significance.

Spanish Anarchists account for the failure of communism by arguing that both Fascists and Communists really are on the same side of the fence—both advocate totalitarianism and both deify the state. The Fascists, however, have the advantage of appealing to nationalist sentiments, while Communists are handicapped by being under control of a foreign power. "Thus," the Anarchists explain, "there is merely a division of labor between Communists and Fascists—the Communists prepare the ground, and the Fascists finally seize power."

II

THAT, indeed, is what happened in Spain—not through the efforts of the Spanish Communist party, but because the refusal of the Western democracies to aid the Republic during the civil war finally forced the Republicans to accept Russian aid on Russian terms. Moscow immediately tried to build up the feeble Communist organization in Spain by suppressing the Anarchist and Socialist unions; and as a result, victory went to Franco and his German and Italian sponsors.

When Russia made its position clear to the hard-pressed Republican armies, Largo Caballero and Indalecio Prieto resigned their leadership in the government rather than accept the position of puppet rulers. They were replaced by Juan Negrin and Alvarez del Vayo, who apparently are not themselves Communists, but who steadfastly follow the Communist party line. Under their direction the ranks of the army were opened to Communist commissars, and the police were brought under the control of the OGPU, supervised by the Russian consuls in Barcelona and Madrid. There followed a bitter struggle between the Negrin government and the rank and file of Spanish labor, which at times flared into open battle. Both sides seemed to regard a settlement of accounts between themselves as more important than victory over Franco.

In the end, however, the Communists failed to liquidate the Anarchists and Socialists, who are pretty tough customers themselves. The CNT in particular proved that where the violent repressions of successive Spanish governments had failed to stamp it out, the chances of Moscow were not much better. Consequently, the Russians—realists to the core—finally gave up and withdrew from the civil war in the summer of 1938, nine months before the Republican government laid down its arms.

THE irreconcilable conflict between the great majority of Spanish labor and the small Spanish Communist group did not end with the civil war. It has been continued, in exile, by all of the politicians

who managed to escape Franco's firing squads.

At the outbreak of the civil war, Anthony Eden told the House of Commons that those who intervened on either side would in the end be hated by all of Spain. This argument was, of course, a sorry justification for the non-intervention policy of the democracies; there was no valid reason, for example, why the British and French navies should have allowed the Germans and Italians to ship arms, ammunition, and troops to support Franco. Nevertheless, Eden's prophecy has been amply fulfilled. Today Spanish labor has no use for Stalin's Russia, nor for the Spanish politicians such as Negrin and del Vayo who serve as Russian spokesmen.

Consequently, when a Spanish government-in-exile recently was formed in Mexico City, both Negrin and del Vayo were left out of it. Headed by Provisional President Diego Martinez Barrio, a moderate Republican, and supported by a rump parliament, this government consists largely of Socialists and left Republicans. It does not include the Anarchists, nor the conservative groups led in exile by Gil Robles. Although the Catalans and Basques each have a representative in the cabinet, these two ministers do not speak for all their people. Many Catalans and Basques oppose the new government, because it has given them no adequate assurance of home rule; they fear, with some reason, that both the Castilian Socialists and the conservative Republican and monarchist parties will insist on restoring the traditional centralized administration.

As a sort of rival to the exile government, Negrin and del Vayo maintain their so-called Junta Suprema, a Communist group of scant influence. The Junta has claimed a widespread underground organization in Spain, with headquarters at Madrid; but no one in Madrid has reported any evidence that it actually exists. Both of the real underground organizations, Anarchist and Socialist, have refused to collaborate with the Junta. They made this plain in a document secretly published in Spain on July 18, 1944, the eighth anniversary of the outbreak of the civil war, which sets forth the working agreement of the Anarchist and Socialist unions

for underground resistance. Incidentally, in a postscript this document refers to the alleged Negrin underground in Madrid as the *dudosa*—literally, “doubtful”—Junta Suprema.

NEITHER the government-in-exile nor the underground in Spain itself has any confidence that their efforts alone can overthrow Franco. All of them look to the Western democracies for help. No American or Englishman can set foot on Spanish soil without being besieged with the question: “When are you coming to liberate us?”

The Spanish man-in-the-street has memorized the Roosevelt speeches distributed by OWI, and quotes them readily to prove that Spain cannot be left indefinitely a prey to “the forces of evil.” The same is true even of the most conservative opponents of the Falangist regime. Gil Robles, exiled head of the CEDA, the Catholic party, told me that “it is inconceivable that Spain should be left a Fascist island in the sea which drowned the Axis!”

Yet there is no concrete evidence to justify these hopes for aid from abroad. The announced policy of both America and Britain is “hands off.” At best, the election of the Labor government in England may mean that the Foreign Office will quit flirting with the idea of restoring the monarchy. On the working diplomatic level, one may search in vain among the political and commercial officers of the American and British embassies in Madrid for any sentiment in favor of a change. I don’t mean to suggest that any responsible diplomat in the service of the democracies could be accused of sympathy for the Fascist dictatorship; but neither can they be suspected of any sympathy for, or understanding of, the revolutionary forces in the country. Their attitude is much like that of the old Spanish ruling class; they dislike the Falange, but they fear a popular revolution even more.

Both American and British business interests in Spain, which generally supported Franco during the civil war, lost most of their enthusiasm for him during recent years when he rendered every possible “non-belligerent” aid to the

Nazis. They also are thoroughly fed up with the incompetence and corruption of the Falangist internal administration. But there is a vast difference between such disgust and any active support for the Republican forces.

III

IT SEEMS apparent, then, that there is only one other source which might bring about an early change in the Spanish government. This is the old ruling class, which now is wavering between a reluctant support of Franco and a half-hearted desire for a return of the monarchy. It consists of the great landowners, the clergy, and the army officers.

It is now generally forgotten that this group is itself a revolutionary ruling class, which came into power only about a century ago as the result of a “liberal” revolt. In a thirty-year war the so-called “liberals” defeated the militant arm of the Church, the Carlists, and punished the Church by seizing its lands. Since 1850 the Catholic Church has owned no land in Spain, and has been largely dependent for its economic existence on government grants and on bequests by the rich. At about the same time the “liberals”—who were mostly shopkeepers, lawyers, and middlemen in the cities, especially Madrid—managed to have the central government appropriate the common lands which had belonged to the peasant villages. For them, this measure had two fortunate results: it created a vast horde of cheap, landless labor in the center and south of Spain, and it threw the former Church and common lands on the market at ridiculously low prices. The penniless peasants were unable to bid, so the “liberals” promptly snapped up most of the acreage. Today it makes up about two-thirds of the *latifundias* or giant estates situated in the center and south of Spain.

Along with the land, the Castilian middle class gained control over the crown, the clergy, and the army; and with these instruments it has ruled Spain ever since. To this day its descendants retain the unmistakable characteristics of the new-rich, unrelieved by any of the virtues of self-made men. By all odds, it is the most idle, ignorant, and generally obnoxious ruling

class in Europe. Until the coming of fascism, it also was the most violent. If the Nazis had needed any such inspiration, they might well have learned their methods of repression from Castile.

The economic policy of the Castilian ruling class has always been to withhold from cultivation as much land as possible, in order to keep on hand a large supply of unemployed workers who can be hired at starvation wages. This policy, untempered either by charity or any kind of unemployment pay, adds fuel to the revolutionary spirit of the peasantry—which has, indeed, never resigned itself to the loss of its common lands.

Since they are uncompromisingly opposed to all reforms, the landowners have worked out, instead, a technique of suppressing popular rebellions by provoking them at times and in places convenient to themselves. The same system has long been used to put down the uprisings of the Basque and Catalan Separatists. Time and again, for example, the Castilian ruling groups have secretly encouraged revolts of Catalonian labor against the Barcelona manufacturers. Gangsters were hired by Madrid to bomb the industrialists' homes and factories—while at the same time, the more moderate leaders of the Anarchist labor unions were being assassinated. In the end, the army would move in from Castile to suppress both the labor unions and the associations of Catalan employers.

The moral support which the Church has given to the Madrid ruling class, ever since it became economically dependent on the landowners and the crown, is ample explanation for the violent hostility toward the clergy among the poorer Spaniards. In every Spanish uprising churches are burned as a matter of course. In many parts of the country, particularly Andalusia, few if any peasants—men or women—ever set foot in a church. Priests read mass to empty pews. Marriages are unregistered (since there is no civil marriage), children are not baptized, and the dead go to their graves unshriven.

Aside from Old Castile and Carlist Navarre, the Church has retained prestige among the Spanish people only in the Basque country and the northwest corner of Catalonia. In these relatively prosperous

regions, which have more industry and family-sized farms than any other section of Spain, intelligent and liberal families do not object to their sons taking up a clerical career. Hence the liberalism of the Basque and part of the Catalan clergy, who fought with the Republicans against Franco in spite of the anathemas hurled at them by the Madrid hierarchy.

The intellectual level of the Madrid clergy can be gauged from the fact that they are grateful to Franco for one thing only; he has, they say, restored religious liberty to Spain, by proscribing all Protestant churches and making freemasonry a prison offense. But they blame Franco and the Falange for failing to compel the people to flock back into the churches. Financially they have no complaints, except about Falange graft. The annual grants from the government take care of the wages of the lower clergy, while the hierarchy and some of the monastic orders are among the wealthiest corporations in Spain. Working through laymen, they have for many years invested heavily in business, industry, and transport. The Jesuits alone control about one-third of the national wealth.

THE army is unquestionably the strongest of the three partners which make up the old ruling class. Without its full support the landowners and clergy could never have succeeded in preventing every modern reform during the century in which they held power.

The army officers, like the hierarchy of the church, are recruited from the sons of the land owning families. They form a caste resembling the Prussian Junkers, except for the fact that the Spanish army has never won a foreign war. Their incompetence as military men is notorious; but what they lack in ability, they try to make up in numbers. As a result, the immense war budget is mostly spent on officers' salaries.

Nevertheless, these salaries are not large enough to enable the officers to live in the style to which they would like to become accustomed. Consequently, they have arranged for themselves the privilege of holding two or more government jobs at the same time, and engaging in private

business on the side. Most of them have, in fact, become simply armed businessmen.

The army officers have overthrown every government which failed to suit them and their business associates. During the nineteenth century, they ousted every monarch except Alfonso XII, who escaped by dying very young. In 1873 they overthrew the First Republic and brought back the monarchy. In 1923 they made Primo de Rivera dictator under Alfonso XIII, only to withdraw their support six years later. When the 1931 municipal elections went overwhelmingly in favor of a republic, they refused to fight to keep Alfonso on the throne, thus forcing him to scamper out of the country. And finally, in 1936, it was a group of army officers, supported by all the rightist parties, which revolted to overthrow the republic.

This time, however, the army officers and their partners of the old ruling class suffered a formidable setback. They ran into unexpected resistance from all Spanish labor, plus the Catalans, Basques, and other people in the outlying provinces which had long hated the rule of Castile. The rebel officers lost the first decisive battles of the streets—and though they brought in Moorish mercenaries and the Spanish Foreign Legion and were aided by the Nazis and Mussolini, the old ruling class never fully recovered.

The final victory in the civil war did not go to them, but to the Falange, a new counter-revolutionary party sponsored by the Germans and Italians. Under Franco's leadership, the Falange now runs Spain much like a nationwide gang of racketeers. It makes rules and regulations to suit itself, and then sells protection against the breach of its own laws. The most profitable black markets are all controlled by the Falange, which leaves to individual merchants, the army officers, and the clergy only those markets which it cannot manage alone. Even in these cases it never fails to demand its cut.

The army officers naturally are bitterly disgruntled at this state of affairs; and since they still control the most important armed force in Spain, they undoubtedly could compel Franco to disband the Falange and bring back Prince Juan, the exiled pretender to the throne. They are

afraid to take this step, however, because the disintegration of Franco's government might not stop there. The people might seize the opportunity for an uprising of their own—and a successful revolution certainly would engulf the old ruling class along with the Falange in a common holocaust.

Everyone in Spain is convinced of this. (Even the Republican parties, aside from the Anarchists, are not eager to bring on another civil war in the country's present state of poverty and exhaustion.) Consequently, Franco has no difficulty in buying off the monarchist generals with a few ministerial posts; and the land-owners and clergy who favor a return to the monarchy are, of course, impotent so long as the army refuses to act. It is clear, then, that a change of regime is no more likely to come from the old ruling class than from the Republicans or from the present policy of the Western democracies.

IV

I AM convinced that there is no hope for the early liberation of Spain because the revolutionary leaders of the Spanish underground admit that the country is still exhausted by the civil war. They point out that the war and six years of Falange rule has decimated the ranks of revolutionary labor. Spain as a whole lost about two and a half million people in killed, crippled, and exiled—an equivalent of thirteen million people if the disaster had struck the United States.

Nevertheless, unless America and Britain are willing to abandon their present "hands off" policy a renewal of the civil war is inevitable in the long run. And such an event would divide all Europe once again into hostile camps, upsetting any order the Big Three might evolve at the peace conferences. Military intervention which is out of the question now would become inevitable later on. For humanitarian reasons as well as for reasons of practical policy the Allies must therefore evolve at the earliest possible opportunity a policy designed to free Spain without a renewal of the bloodbath and without military intervention. Admittedly, such a policy is not easily arrived at. An

indiscriminate support of all the anti-Franco elements would not be at all likely to avoid armed clashes between Right and Left in Spanish politics even though it might force Franco and his Falange out of power. All Spanish anti-Franco elements—ranging from Anarchists through Socialists to the Catholic CEDA—today are united only by their common hatred of Franco, a hatred which has in no way diminished their dislike for each other. Upon such a foundation no stable democratic regime can evolve.

There is, however, a feasible alternative: The Western democracies might recognize the exiled autonomous governments of the Catalonians, the Basques, and the Galicians and thus support them in their long-sustained efforts to break away from Castile. Just as Franco is now being forced to withdraw his armies from the international zone of Tangier, he can be compelled to withdraw from Catalonia, the Basque countries, and Galicia, where he moved in during the civil war in violation of the constitution. Catalonia in particular is entitled to full international support since the Generalidad of Catalonia was internationally recognized as an autonomous government before the civil war. Its abolition by Franco was consequently as much a violation of international law as the invasion of Tangier by the Spanish army in 1940.

Since virtually all non-Castilian provinces of Spain aspire to local self government the recognition of Catalanian and Basque independence would at once evoke demands in Galicia, Aragon, Valencia, and Murcia for similar recognition. The position of all these provinces is not unlike that of the original thirteen colonies of the British crown on the American continent. They too are forced to pay taxes without representation and their resentment of

this situation is at the bottom of the notorious incapacity of the Castilian Republicans to evolve a functioning democratic regime in Spain or even a recognizable Spanish government in exile. In supporting these aspirations the Allies would avoid most of the prickly ideological issues. They would not commit themselves to the support of one class against another, and would steer clear of any meddling with the religious issue or the political issues of anarchism, socialism, and monarchism. They would confine themselves solely to the support of local self-government, in the conduct of which the Spanish peoples have shown a capacity excelling any other European people. They are in effect as capable of co-operation and mutual aid on a local scale as they are incapable of it on a national scale.

With the exception of the Madrid ruling class and its supporters all Spain would welcome Allied aid for the decentralization of the state as a true act of liberation, and there is at least a good chance that such a program could be carried through without bloodshed.

Once the domination of Castile is broken, the army officers no longer would be able to prevent the establishment of a progressive social order in Spain. The peasantry of the south and center could then be relied upon to accomplish the long overdue agrarian reforms. With the breaking up of the great land holdings, the old ruling class could not long survive. Spain would at last be able to make the kind of revolution which France and the United States achieved in the eighteenth century. And in view of the devotion to individual liberty of the Spanish people, it is not unlikely that they might create a democracy as free and human as any in the western world.

THE GREAT VICTORY OF LEYTE GULF

I. Brought to Action

FLETCHER PRATT

This is the first of two articles by Mr. Pratt, civilian student of naval affairs, on the Trafalgar of this war, fought in Philippine waters in October 1944. The removal of censorship restrictions has made it possible to tell the full story without elisions.—The Editors

FROM THE light cruiser *Nashville*, anchored out in the gulf, a motor whaler put off and a signal came to the harassed young lieutenant who was acting as beachmaster. Would he send out a small boat, as the beach shelved so gently that the motor whaler would be aground some distance out? "Tell them to walk in like the rest of us," snapped the lieutenant.

The whaler did ground; out of it into knee-deep water jumped General Douglas MacArthur, who waded ashore with his chin held high for the photographers. "I have returned," he remarked with effective sententiousness.

The place was the east coast of the Philippine island of Leyte, between Tacloban and Palo. The date was October 20, 1944. Inland from where the general touched dry ground the steady thump of mortars and an occasional irregular burst of rifle fire could be heard where the men of the 96th Division were pushing Jap elements back into the wooded draws that lead up the side of the central mountain chain. The resistance was light and they were making good progress; in fact for the first thousand yards of it they had not had a single casualty.

This was due partly to an extremely effective preliminary bombardment from rocket ships, here used for the first time on a large scale; partly to the strategic choice of the spot where the landing was made. It is no secret now that of all guerrilla movements in occupied countries, even including the Russian, none was so effective as that in the Philippines. Our people had only to ask for any information to get it, and on Mindanao the Japanese themselves were reduced to the status of guerrillas in some districts. Before the invasion began, General MacArthur knew that the Japanese fortifications and airfields were distributed about equally between Luzon at the north end of the 800-mile-long Philippine chain and Mindanao on the southern flank. But these were supported only by garrisons; the main mobile troop concentrations were on Cebu, Panay, and Negros in the Central Visayas, midway between, ready to meet an attack in either direction.

From this the American commander deduced that the Japs expected him to strike one end of the line or the other to produce a war of maneuver on the larger land masses—a type of operation at which his skill was known to be considerable. As

a matter of fact, he had prepared operations orders for a descent on Mindanao; but in the preliminary carrier strikes one of our pilots had been shot down there, was picked up by the guerrillas and later got out via destroyer. He brought with him convincing proofs both of the strength of the insurgent movement and of the enemy concentration. Very well; MacArthur would set up his beachhead on the narrow east coastal strip of Leyte, which could be reached from the Jap troop concentration areas on that island only by two narrow and winding roads across the mountains, one of them no better than a track. This would keep the enemy from pouring reinforcements in against him during the delicate early stages. To make his own way through the mountains he would have the support of his air force, the Fifth. This was another reason for choosing Leyte—there were airstrips at Tacloban and Dulag, small and inefficient by American standards, but capable of being rapidly developed into good operational fields.



AFTER A violent series of attacks on Jap air bases all the way from the Ryukyus and Formosa down to Luzon and Mindanao, therefore, Halsey's fleet flung out its planes across the central Philippine islands and waters on October 16. There was little Jap aviation abroad; that day and the next three, Halsey's strikes were mostly against minor Japanese shipping, an objective of importance in the warfare of closely interlocked islands, where such vessels are a main means of military movement. By the 17th our gunnery ships—cruisers and destroyers—were at hand. They ran along the coasts of Samar and northern Mindanao, bombarding whatever there were of Japanese installations and covering MacArthur's Ranger battalions as they ran in to secure the three islands of Leyte Gulf—Homonhon, Dinagat, and Suluan. There were no Japs on any of these except for some kind of small gauleiters who were quickly exterminated. The minesweeps, vanguard of the MacArthur armada, went in that night. Admiral Wilkinson was in charge of the operation and did a wonderful job; they got 180 mines out during the darker

hours of the 17th and 18th without losing a ship.

Ashore, the Japs began rather tentatively to deploy troops on Leyte, mostly around the two airstrips, and a few more troop formations were brought over from Cebu to Leyte-beyond-the-mountains, while as a precautionary measure they strung a single strand of wire along the beaches. The large-scale American preparations did not impress the Japs, for they were convinced that the gestures toward Leyte were a feint, and that what MacArthur really meant to do was to pour his forces through Surigao Strait for a landing at the mouth of the Agusan River of Mindanao and a campaign up its valley behind their coastal positions; so they rushed reinforcements to the Mindanao area. The moving Japs both there and on Leyte were hit by Halsey's planes during the 18th and 19th; that night his fast ships moved out to the east to lie at sea, taking fuel and supplies from the train after ten solid days of action, while Kinkaid came up with his Seventh Fleet of escort carriers and old battleships to support the landings next morning.

II

THAT morning of the landing on Leyte—October 20—a Jap plane flew over the distant island of Peleliu, where there was still some fighting going on, and dropped a snowstorm of leaflets:

POOR RECKLESS YANKEE DOODLE

Do you know about the naval battle done by the American 58th Fleet at sea near Taiwan [Formosa] and Philippine Japanese powerful Air Force had sank their 14 AEROPLANE CARRIERS, 4 BATTLESHIPS, 10 SEVERAL CRUISERS and DESTROYERS along with sending 1201 SHIP AEROPLANES into the sea From this result, we think that you can imagine what shall happen next around Palau upon you The Fraud Roosevelt hanging the President Election under his nose and from his policy ambition working not only poor NIMITT but also MACCASIR like a robot like this WHAT A PITY it must be sacrifice you pay Thanks for your advice notes of surrender But we haven't, any reason to surrender to those who are forced to be totally destroyed in a few days later ADD TO YOU, AGAINST THE MANNER OF YOUR ATTACK PAYING NO HEED TO HUMANITY YOUR GOD SHALL MAKE JAPANESE FORCE TO ADD RETALATIVE ATTACK UPON YOU, SAYING AGAIN, AGAINST THE ATTACK PAYING NO HEED TO HUMANITY CONTRARY TO THE MUTUAL MILITARY SPIRITS YOU SHALL GET AN VERY STERN ATTACK! WE MEAN AN CRUEL ATTACK!

JAPANESE MILITARY

This collector's item represents with fair accuracy both the information and state of mind in the Japanese camp on the day after MacArthur went ashore. Their defense up to this time had been passive, to be sure. During the preceding six weeks they had been challenged repeatedly but had adopted no offensive action. MacArthur's men had landed on Morotai island, and the Marines had seized Angaur and Peleliu in the Palau group, all of which were needed to serve as bases and staging-points for the Philippine invasion. The only Japanese resistance had been on the islands themselves—though on Peleliu it took a long and bloody engagement to subdue them. Our carrier planes had hit airfields and shipping on and about Mindanao and Luzon in repeated strikes; and Halsey had even taken the fleet close to Formosa, not only in order to hit the Ryukyus and Formosa—which were po-

tentially so useful to the Japanese as staging-points of their own for the reinforcement of the Philippines from Japan—but also to try to lure the Japanese fleet into action. But though the Japanese savagely attacked Halsey's fleet *with land-based planes*, hitting the American heavy cruiser *Canberra* in a spectacular night raid and next night adding the light cruiser *Houston* to the score, the Japanese fleet had not responded to this challenge.

They had no intention of avoiding battle indefinitely. Indeed, the basic principle of the Japanese military system was that the only valid defense lies in attack. Their apparent passivity up to this moment had three causes.

One was the desire to get the American forces in a position where a truly decisive blow could be struck against them; where there could be no escape for the survivors of the defeat they meant to inflict upon us. According to their way of thinking they had at least three times during the campaign for Guadalcanal (at Savo Island, the Eastern Solomons, and Santa Cruz) won battles from which they were unable to draw the full benefit because we got our cripples away and brought them back to fight on another occasion. After our attacks on Peleliu and Morotai it was obvious that a major amphibian occupation would be launched somewhere, probably against the Philippines. They wished to attack the expedition while it was astride the beach, most of its troops ashore but not all its equipment, and with our fleet still pinned to the area by the necessity of furnishing both air and artillery support. A counter-attack thrown in at that precise moment would guarantee that the battle would be fought in a particular place and that all tactical arrangements could be made to Japan's best advantage. Its purpose would be to demolish the American fleet and its transports and to leave the landing force—still without a good deal of its equipment—at the mercy of whatever Japanese ships were left from the battle. The place would now be the eastern coast of the Philippines.

In preparation for a battle in this area all the major gunnery units of the Japanese Navy had been sent down to base on Singapore. They would come up the west

side of the Philippines and work through whichever of the numerous straits proved most convenient for an attack on the American forces lying east of the islands. Thus, though it was a disruption of the Japanese Army's plan for the defense of the Philippines that MacArthur should have landed on Leyte instead of on Luzon or Mindanao, it made no difference whatever in the plans of the Japanese Navy. To a certain extent it was even an advantage that he should have chosen Leyte at the bottom of its gulf; our transports would have that much less room for escape when the sky fell in on them.

THE REAL check to their naval plan was the inroads that Halsey's fliers had made on Japanese air strength. In fact, the state of Japanese naval air was the second factor in the passive defense and the reason why the plan was put together as it was. The gunnery ships were to attack our fleet through the passes of the Philippines, instead of following the more obvious line of coming down from the home islands, because there simply were not enough carriers left to give them cover during so long a run and they had to depend upon land-based planes.

We had known that the battles of the preceding June had very sharply reduced the Japanese carrier strength; in fact, it was because the reduction was sharp and was in part, presumably, only temporary that MacArthur had hastened the invasion of the Philippines. Yet they were even weaker in carriers than anyone in our fleet imagined. They had their *Hayataka* operating with the gunnery ships from Singapore; but either she was not completely recovered from the wounds in the June battles or they did not care to trust her among the narrow waters of the Philippines, so she was out of it. They had their big *Zuikako*, the veteran; three light carriers, *Chitose*, *Chiyoda*, *Zuiho*, and that was all. MacArthur's speedup of the invasion of the Philippines had caught their carrier strength at the exact bottom of the downswing. A month or two later they might have at least three more big carriers and two lights, but not now; and this was why their carrier force had not come out to challenge Halsey. But for the big battle

these four carriers would run down the corridor of the latitudes at about the 126th parallel and from well out to sea strike the American forces pinned in the gulf.

This was the Japanese plan in its essentials. So far as it concerned their carriers it was a retake on the scheme that had so frightfully miscarried in June when, as you may recall, they had sent their carrier planes against our fleet off the Marianas at a range so great that only if they could land and refuel on Jap-held airfields in the Marianas could they ever get back to the carrier. Now the planes were to be shuttled across our fleet to bases ashore from a distance so great that our carriers could not strike back; and this is indicative of the third cause behind the Japanese failure to attack Halsey before he was pinned to Leyte. It may be called "the souvenir of the Nile," for the phenomenon is not new. When Napoleon Bonaparte was laying his great plan for the invasion of England in 1805, he provided for a series of fleet movements as intricate as a dream, all leading to a single purpose—to draw the British Navy from its guard over the English Channel. When it was objected that with far simpler maneuvers he could throw into the Channel forces fully adequate to crush the English in battle, the master military psychologist replied that he dared not attempt it; all his admirals "bore with them the souvenir of the Nile."

They had been present on that night when a French fleet was wiped out; and from that night on, the emphasis of their underlying ideas—not thought, but the apparatus with which they formed thoughts—was less upon inflicting damage on the enemy than upon saving their own ships. The Japanese admirals similarly were brave and devoted men. But since November 1942 there had lain on their minds the shadow of that midnight when Willis Lee's battleships ran up the Slot and tore them all apart—that and the ominous memory of Midway.

THEIR whole plan was not really one for a battle but for an assassination; and it would never have been put into execution at all but for the success of a fortunate feat of deception by Halsey only a few

days earlier. When Halsey's big fleet, after its strike at Formosa, had withdrawn southward, the admiral left behind in the neighborhood of Formosa a single group of carriers under Admiral McCain. This he did partly to impose a long-range screen between the Jap bases in the north and a damaged American cruiser which was limping away from the scene of the Japanese air attacks on the fleet; but he had another purpose. This was to deceive the Japanese into thinking that their air attacks had been brilliantly successful and that this single visibly remaining carrier group *was the sole remnant of American carrier strength in all the Western Pacific.*

The Tokyo radio had been characteristically boasting that eleven of our carriers had burned up or blown up under their attacks from the air. In fact, when the Jap planes had been coming in on our fleet by night—and, as they were shot down, had been hitting the water and blowing up in pillars of flame 300 feet high—many of our own airmen, seeing the explosions and mounting columns of fire, had thought that this or that American ship had been hit and was burning. The surviving Japs in the air, harried by our flak and night fighters, would have no opportunity for a checkup. Nor would this be the first time the enemy had believed their own broadcasts; we have seen in the past how that had happened off Saipan. If they believed that McCain's group was all we had left, they might venture a naval battle—whereupon Halsey, cutting back with the rest of his formidable fleet, could destroy them.

They did not venture battle then, and the American commander thought that the deception had failed; but he had merely underestimated the Japanese reaction period; it had succeeded beyond his wildest dreams. The enemy really believed that they had sunk 11 American carriers, and now they were coming out with their entire navy for that general battle so ardently desired!

III

YET THEIR plan, flawed in its basic structure, was formidable enough and would have been adequate had Halsey

lost as much as they thought. They themselves had lost heavily in Halsey's strikes, but by drawing planes all the way from the interior of China and from Singapore they had made good much of that loss. These planes, 200 or more of them, were to deliver the first blow, striking out from the Luzon fields against Halsey's fleet to the east on the morning of October 24; and they would be joined by the Jap carrier planes from still further east. Both groups of planes together would fly on to Luzon after the attack and base there overnight. The orders were to press the attack home to the hilt. The Japs expected to lose a lot of planes, but they also expected that at the very least they would leave Halsey with some badly damaged ships still further to impede his mobility, and it was not an unreasonable anticipation. On the evening of the 20th, after the landing, they had made such an attack on the covering ships off Leyte. It got a torpedo into the cruiser *Honolulu*, and HMAS *Australia* had gone staggering out of action with a bad hit on the bridge.

The double air attack, the Japs seem to have expected, would keep what carrier groups we had left from interfering with the approach march of their gunnery ships. There were two groups of these. One had at its core the battleships *Fuso* and *Yamashiro* (about equal to our *Idahos*, but even more extensively modernized); the heavy cruiser *Mogami*, completely rebuilt after her pounding at Midway and, it is said, with a flight deck aft; possibly another heavy cruiser, though this identification is very uncertain; one of the new light cruisers of the *Agano* type; and somewhere between eight and twelve destroyers. This force was to enter the Philippines south of Palawan, cross the Sulu Sea and the Mindanao Sea, and enter Leyte Gulf via Surigao Strait, arriving at dawn on the 25th. Let us call it the Surigao Strait force.

The second battle fleet was to round Palawan by the north, south of Mindoro, and crossing Sibuyan Sea reach the western Philippines via San Bernardino Strait and rounding Samar. It can be called the Sibuyan Sea force. The ships were the new battleships *Yamato* and *Musashi* (something less than our *Iowas*, something more than our *North Carolinas*); the battleship *Nagato*;

the veteran battleships *Kongo* and *Haruna* that had seen so much of the Pacific war; the four heavy cruisers of the *Atago* class (the three beside the name-ship were *Takao*, *Chokai*, and *Maya*); one of the *Nachi* class heavy cruisers (identified by some of our airmen as *Haguro*); *Suzuyu* and *Kumano* of the *Mogami* class; *Tone* and *Chikuma*, heavy cruisers of the class named for the first ship; one new light cruiser of the *Noshira* class; and fifteen destroyers.

The third Japanese force, sweeping down from the north, included their four carriers; a ship sometimes called a heavy cruiser but whose identification is dubious; another *Agano*-class light cruiser, three of the old three-piper light cruisers, and six destroyers, in addition to the two remaining battleships, *Ise* and *Hyuga*.*

These two ships had been rebuilt, with their after turrets replaced by a flight deck running forward to the mainmast. Such a deck would be very little use for taking in planes, but the planes from these ships and some of the land units were not expected to be taken in. They were part of the nasty technical surprise the Japs had cooked up

for this occasion—the Kamikaze Special Attack Corps, of pilots vowed and trained to dive into American warships with entire planeloads of explosives. Since January of 1943 and the action off Rennell Island the Japs had not ceased to insist that their only loss in every battle were pilots who thus immolated themselves, and the matter had become a rather puzzling commonplace of the propaganda campaign—puzzling because no Jap pilot had ever actually tried it, unless there could be counted an incident in December 1943, when three pilots apparently attempted a suicidal attack on an LST off Cape Gloucester in New Britain. They were all shot down and the circumstances were such that it was by no means certain they had attempted suicide in any case. Thus very few people in our fleet believed in the real existence of the Kamikaze Corps, which is probably one of the things that the Japs counted on.

It has been said that one or more of their three forces was intended merely to furnish a diversion, but this is not true. The Japs knew full well the devotion of our naval leaders to the doctrines of Admiral Mahan, one of which was a radical insistence upon concentrating the fleet for battle. They undoubtedly expected that whatever ships we had left in good shape after the air attack of the 24th would turn against one of their battle divisions and they probably counted on losing some ships in that division. But they planned that the other battle force would then wipe out the transports and cripples in Leyte Gulf on the morning of the 25th.

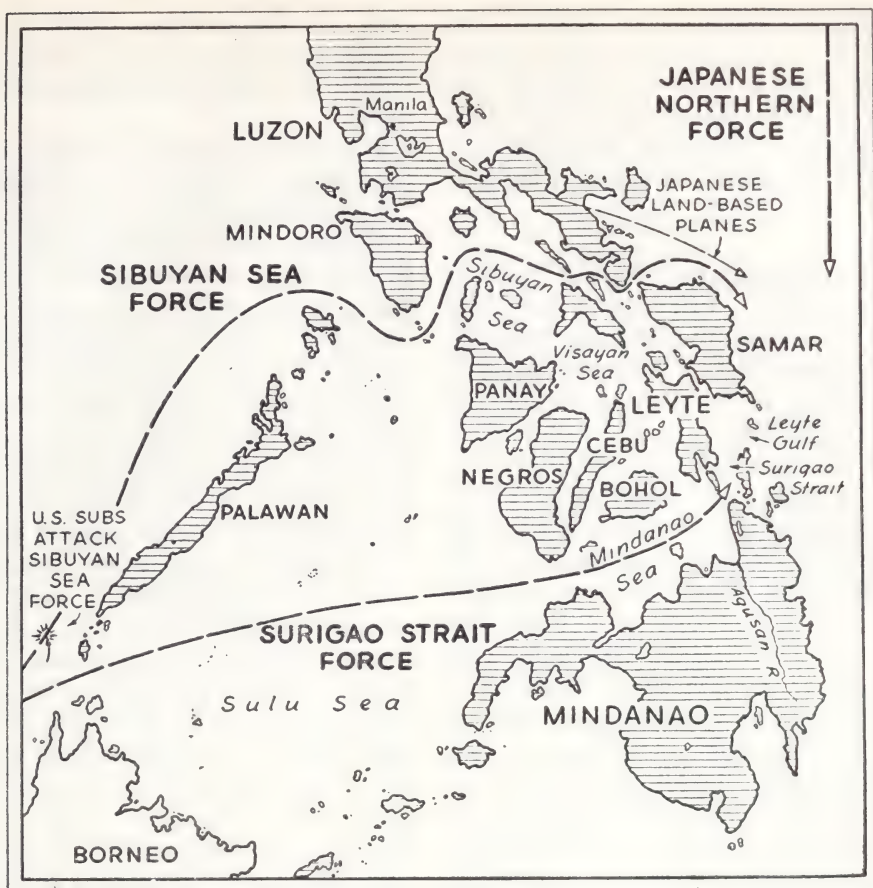
In that process the gunnery ships would be aided both by land planes from Luzon and the planes of the carrier fleet which, having spent the night on the ground there, would again shuttle out across our fleet to their carrier decks at a point somewhere east of the Philippines between the 12th and 13th parallels of latitude.

IV

THESE arrangements were of course unknown to anyone in our fleet. Halsey's first information came from the submarine *Darter*, patrolling in the South China Sea west of Palawan. She had surfaced to

* The list is particularly interesting as furnishing a back check on previous Japanese naval losses, and the close of the war with its fuller information makes the check still more accurate. They had eighteen heavy cruisers with which to start the war—four *Kakos*, four *Nachis*, four *Atagos*, four *Mogamis*, and two *Tones*. Of these eleven had been claimed as sunk by various communiqués, mainly from the air forces. But when the Jap fleet showed up for the big battle only the four *Kakos*, two of the *Nachis*, and one of the *Mogamis* were missing. A postwar check shows that one of the *Kakos* was still afloat and the two missing *Nachis* were in the region of Singapore. The Japanese built no new heavy cruisers. At the beginning of the war they had seventeen light cruisers; only three of the original seventeen came down to fight it out (the *Aganos* and *Noshiros* were easily identifiable war-built types). Twenty-seven had been claimed sunk; the postwar check shows the number to have actually been twelve, though some of the light cruisers reported may have been *Teratzukis*, a war-built type intermediate between a cruiser and a destroyer. The small number of destroyers, far fewer than would be considered adequate for an American force of this type, is very striking. We would want twenty-five to thirty destroyers to cover the Sibuyan Sea force alone and so would the Japs on a prewar basis. The Japs had 133 destroyers before the war and the claimed sinkings were 139, but they had built a great many destroyers during the struggle.

Incidentally, unless our official Navy release (based on Japanese records) is gravely in error, it casts an interesting light on some claims of sinkings. General MacArthur's bombers claimed to have sunk a total of thirteen cruisers; the release shows they sunk none at all.



recharge her batteries in the dark hours before dawn of October 23 when she picked up (one may hypothesize radar) a large number of surface ships approaching, too many and too fast for a convoy. That meant a Jap battle fleet. Lieutenant Commander D. H. McClintock put their number, course, and speed on the air for Halsey's benefit; then he whistled up another submarine (*Dace*), and moved in to attack. He had struck the Sibuyan Sea force. Those two subs between them got four torpedoes apiece into *Atago*, *Maya*, and a third heavy cruiser of the same class, *Takao*. The first two went down at once; the third reeled back to Singapore with holes in her you could drive an ox cart through, and with two of the destroyers for escort. All the remaining destroyers came baying like beagles after our subs.

Darter worked close inshore with her commander preparing a counter-attack—an act of astonishing boldness, for destroyers are supposed to be certain death to submarines. They did not find him; but while he was maneuvering, the boat ran

aground hard on a submerged reef and nothing could be done to get her loose. McClintock abandoned his ship, blew her up, and loading his crew into rubber boats, made for the shore with them, presumably to Palawan or Balabac Island, the only land around there. Both places were in Jap possession but the guerrillas helped out and the commander was presently rescued with every man of his crew, after the most important single submarine action of the war, whether for itself or its consequences.

In the meanwhile another sub had spotted and reported the Surigao Strait force as it plowed through south of Palawan; and still another, probably alerted by radio, lay in wait for the Sibuyan Sea force and got a torpedo into one of its heavy cruisers (probably *Nachi*) off the entrance to Mindoro Strait. Those Jap ships were very stoutly defended against torpedo attack but she had to be taken to Manila Bay.

With that magnificent obstinacy in pursuit of a given plan which made them such

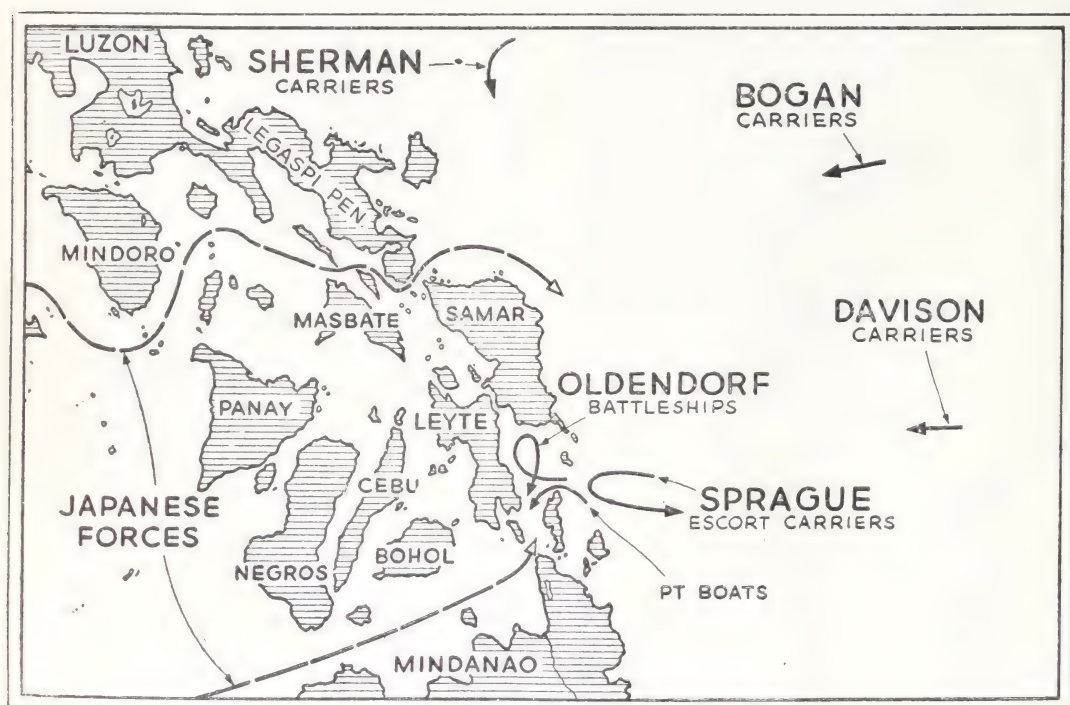
predictable opponents, the rest of the Japanese fleet kept coming right along; and now Halsey had a count on the enemy surface forces and a fair idea of their purpose, since there are only two exits to the east from the waters they had entered.

THE CARRIER group of Admiral McCain had run out into the ocean eastward to fill its fuel tanks and could hardly get back before the 25th. Of the other three carrier groups, F. C. Sherman's was assigned to cruise the waters east of Luzon, up in the region of the great bight formed by Legaspi Peninsula; Jerry Bogan's was south and east of this, blocking the exit of San Bernardino Strait from well to seaward; and Ralph Davison's was still farther down, bearing due east from the southern cape of Samar. Sherman and Bogan were to handle the Sibuyan Sea force; they were assigned to fly searches at dawn of the 24th. Sherman's group would search the passes north and south of Mindoro (there was just a chance that this Jap battle fleet might be bound for Manila or north around Luzon, and nothing could be neglected); Bogan's would go to Sibuyan Sea itself. Davison's planes were to spread out over the Sulu Sea and

pick up the Surigao Strait force, with which touch had been lost after that one brief fleeting contact by the sub during the night.

Kinkaid's Seventh Fleet was organized into the escort carrier force under Admiral Thomas Sprague, with three groups of six ships each; and the force of six old battleships under Admiral Jesse Oldendorf. The latter had been doing a great deal of bombardment work in support of the troops. They were to continue that assignment during the 24th up to the northern end of Leyte, but when darkness fell, shift south toward the exit of Surigao Strait. The Jap force coming in this direction had by far the shortest route and should arrive first.

The escort carriers had been working close in during daylight when we had complete control of the air, and lying off at night, when we could not be sure of it. They were all badly needed to furnish troop support, for although both Dulag and Tacloban airstrips had been captured two days before, it was discovered the capacity of the former had been horribly overestimated; one end of the strip was under water and it would take nothing larger than a Piper cub. At Tacloban the strip was not only short but without sufficient parking areas.



In a pinch the planes from Sprague's carriers would help against either Jap force. Kinkaid also had some PT boats; these were shifted down to the southern end of Surigao Strait, which we could do because on the second day of the invasion—after some very hard fighting—MacArthur's men had got hold of Pin-tuyan Island.

It is not possible to say how these arrangements could have been improved upon. But it should be noted that the dispositions of the two American fleets were taken, to a certain extent, without reference to each other. Kinkaid was not under Halsey's command but under MacArthur's, his movements subject to the latter's approval. Moreover, all the Philippines fell within the MacArthur command area, which made him supreme officer everywhere to the west of an imaginary line stretching down the ocean somewhere just to the west of that along which the Jap carrier force, still undetected, was advancing from the north. In practice MacArthur and Halsey got along very well together and all the admiral's suggestions were accepted by the general; but the latter liked to be consulted, which took time and communications and cannot but have been felt as a hindrance by blazing Halsey as the two Jap battle fleets came steaming through smooth blue seas into the rising sun.

V

THE TRAIL divides. To the south, in Sulu Sea, planes from *Enterprise* (no ship ever had such a battle record as the carrier *Enterprise*) picked up the Surigao Strait force about 0830 on October 24 near the end of their run, south of Negros Island. Commander Frederick Bakutis and Commander Emmanuel Riera, close friends, were leaders of the air groups from Davison's carriers. They called in the other searchers, assembling in the skies while the Japs opened long range AA fire from their big guns—something that had been once or twice seen in June and not quite believed. It was the only defense the ships had, for there was not a Jap plane around; and it must have been a considerable and fairly unpleasant surprise to the enemy to find so many carrier planes

coming in on them. At about 0905 Bakutis and Riera had their men ready and tipped over into the long dive, with the fighters riding down beside them firing rockets, all concentrating on the battleships. The battle had begun.

It was a search strike designed for long range, so the bombs were only 500-pounders. The Japs had warning and plenty of room to move under their umbrella of flak, so the attack was not too successful. One of the battleships (accounts disagree which) got a hit aft that left her with a brightly burning fire and the other took one forward up in the eyes of the ship. The destroyers were strafed, and all our planes got off back to the carriers to prepare for the true and heavy blow, while snoopers from Sprague's escort carriers took over the task of shadowing the bunch of Japs.

The true attack was never delivered. For before the scout strikers could return to their decks, and before the other planes on them could take off, there was word of trouble in the north, with orders from Mitscher and Halsey that Davison's planes were needed in that direction at once. Sherman's scouts had, of course, missed the Jap battle force, which was not in the area east of Luzon that they were searching. Bogan's fliers found them, soon after daybreak, steaming stolidly northeastward off Tablas Island, south of Luzon. As with Davison's men in the Sulu Sea, the scouts passed the word, called in their companions, and attacked. As in the Sulu Sea action, there was an astonishing lack of trouble with Jap fighters but heavy and pretty accurate flak coming up from guns of every size carried by the ships. A few of the enemy were hit, how hard we shall never know because the damage was overlaid by what happened later. Also (this became important) the Jap movement was delayed by their jiggling around under the shower of bombs. This happened around 0800. Back aboard the carriers of the two groups, the dive bombers and torpedo planes were armed for a major strike.

But before it came off Sherman's group was hit by all those 200 land-based Jap bombers from Luzon.

To understand this it is necessary to look back at Halsey's effort to deceive the Japs

after the great air battle off Formosa on the night of the 13th. He thought it had failed; but it had succeeded. They fitted the supposed weakness of our fast carrier force into their general battle plan, into all their conceptions. After the 13th they missed contact entirely with three of the American carrier groups and they lost McCain about the 17th, but when Sherman showed up in the bight of Luzon, they snooped him, assumed that his was the same formation as McCain's (that is, all the carrier force Halsey had left), and came out to put in effect against him the American-Fleet-destruction plan.

IT WAS 0801 of a murky morning with rain squalls when our combat patrols tallyhoed on the 200 Jap planes. "Oklahoma Pete" Mitscher, the ferocious gnome, had his flag in the new *Lexington*. He came out on the bridge, waved away a helmet with "Too heavy" but advised a correspondent to get back in—those were dive bombers—as the first trails of smoke began to run down toward the sea and the high chatter of machine guns came from above. The next moment the Jap planes were coming in from all directions.

Rain squalls and overcast were on our side; so was the fact that these were planes from the enemy general reserve, not so well organized or trained as some. Commander David MacCampbell fell on a group of nearly 60 with his Fighting 15, as they were circling some thirty miles from the carriers, and they fled incontinently while MacCampbell himself made a record never equalled before or since by shooting down nine.

But not all the Japs were like that and they had certain advantages lacking to those at the Philippine Sea when Spruance's groups had shot down so many, to wit; that off Luzon they were not caught in a cruising formation but had time to spread for attack, were opposed by far fewer fighters—only those of a single carrier group—and had no worries about fuel supply, so that their attacks were persistent. They lost heavily—110 was the later official account—but at 0939 a Judy came through a cloud on *Princeton* and dropped a 500-pound bomb which went through her deck on the port side amidships. A few

minutes later the big carrier *Franklin* was also hit, a bomb through her deck forward.

It was a moment of comparative lull; aboard *Princeton* as aboard the other carriers of the group they had readied for the strike on the Jap battle fleet, with the TBF's lined up on the hangar deck and all armed. Captain Buracker intended to fly planes as soon as he got enough of his fighters back from the air battle and needed only one or two more when the bomb hit. There were casualties and a big fire, of course. *Princeton* dropped out of formation with the destroyers *Irwin* and *Morrison*, which often worked with her, and *Gatling* and *Cassin Young* running in to pump water. The anti-aircraft cruiser *Reno* circled for protection.

Before the destroyers could get their equipment working well, and before the carrier's damage control parties could do much on their own, the fire got to those loaded torpedo planes and they went up in two violent explosions. The flight deck split right back; out of it rushed a column of flame and smoke that engulfed the whole ship to the stern. Her engines went dead, her fire mains stopped working. Admiral Sherman ordered the light cruiser *Birmingham* down to join the salvage operation; Captain Buracker, who had begun by being optimistic, gave the abandon ship order which holds for all but volunteers, and men began to drop over the side.

Even life-saving was a fairly desperate operation under the tongues of flame jutting from the side of the ship, now rolling heavily in a swell coming all the way from across the Pacific. The jeep used by the carrier to tow planes dropped on *Morrison's* deck and nearly brained half a dozen men. On one of the long rolls *Irwin's* top hamper caught and was snapped off clean when *Princeton* rolled back; and the return roll was worse yet, for this time she trapped *Morrison* down against the water under her overhang and the destroyer could not swing clear. Another destroyer had to take *Morrison* in tow to jerk her out, she was swept clean at the level of her bridge—masts, funnels, and director all pulled off—and ammunition from the ready boxes along the carrier gunwalk was exploding in every direction.

The Jap planes kept coming in; *Reno* was shooting at them in every direction. But Captain Inglis of *Birmingham* daringly and intelligently got his ship close along the windward side of the stricken carrier and began to pump; by 1100 he was gaining on the game. *Franklin's* case, though bad enough, was not so bad. Smoke rolled up through her flight deck in a black plume, the forward end of the hangar deck where the basketball court was had a fire, and the forward elevator was shot. But she signaled she needed no help, could still take in planes, and in an emergency could get them off via catapult.

The attack and damage, however, had had the effect of disjoining Mitscher's plans for a heavy strike on the Jap battle force in Sibuyan Sea. The Japs could hardly have missed the sight of the burning ships, and where they would normally have taken all their planes back to the field to work up another concentrated attack, they now fed them back into the assault on Sherman's ships as rapidly as rearmed. It was an expensive process and

ran up the Jap casualties, but Sherman's fighters could not leave the scene to escort a strike nor could his bombers take off from carrier decks under attack. Davison's group was accordingly called away from its job against the Jap force in Sulu Sea and sent in on the Sibuyan strike with Bogan's men.

VI

BOGAN's fliers got there first, of course, because they started earlier; and were no little disappointed at the failure of Sherman's planes to rendezvous with them. They found the Japs just rounding Tablas Island; tried to raise Sherman's planes via radio; and not succeeding, since this was about the hour of the explosions on *Princeton*, went in without them.

There was no Jap air opposition, only the intense flak that seems to drift so lazily up the sky. The attackers were an entire carrier group, which must be reckoned at not less than 100 bomber and torpedo planes, beside the fighters (which, having no enemies, could devote their



attention to AA positions); but the defense was an entire battle fleet in good condition and it has been said that modern big surface ships carry their own air cover. We had losses; so had they, to what extent is again uncertain, save that the big new battleships bore the brunt of this attack and both were well hit. As Bogan's fliers soared away they noticed that one of the destroyers was well down by the head and two more were turning back out of the formation with a damaged cruiser under their wing, probably *Chokai*.

Bogan was not at all satisfied and as soon as he could rearm his planes sent them back. Meanwhile Davison had moved up into position and flown off his own planes, headed by an air group under Commander Don F. Smith. The attacks of Bogan and the scout planes had delayed the Japs so that Smith and his groups thought them farther along their route than they actually were. The Japs had to be found again, which made it 1430 before they were discovered and just a little after 1600 when the attack was actually delivered with some of Bogan's planes on their second run joining those of Davison. The Japs were now well in to Sibuyan Sea, somewhere north of Romblon Island. The sun was westering; Smith swung his air groups around to come in on the Japs out of it, and they turned with him to face the fire and to give his bombers the shorter run.

As the enemy ships came round, Smith noted that they kept formation better than any Jap fleet he had ever seen and also that the big battleship *Musashi* must be pretty badly hurt. She did not turn with the rest but moved slowly around on an irregular course at a speed which he estimated as eight knots. He turned loose the entire *Enterprise* air group on her—she was the big prize—and as he rode down the rising lines of flak, he estimated that she must have been fairly hard hit topside too, for her AA fire was weak and irregular.

The attack was a perfect piece of co-ordination, the first of a long stream of dive-bombers reaching release point exactly as the torpedo planes made their drop on both sides of *Musashi* at once. There is no agreement as to how many times she was hit; Smith himself after he

dropped his own missile estimated that at least eleven armor-piercing bombs got into her in addition to eight fish, but the ACI men tried to whittle the number of torpedoes down to six. The big ship stopped, then—as our fliers began to pull away—moved again, but in a slow circle with a huge parti-colored oil slick spreading round her.

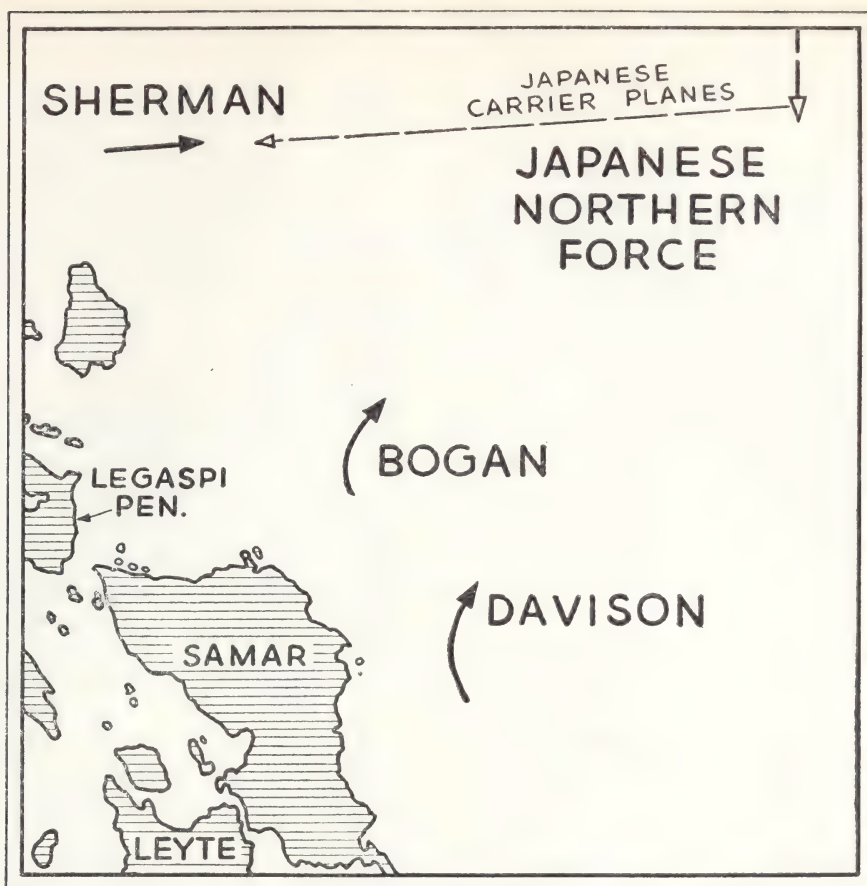
"It was like flying into a cave," said Lieutenant Robert Cosgrove, one of the pilots who went in on the other Jap ships, but their attack on these other ships was not less concentrated or effective. *Yamato* got another bomb hit that messed up a lot of her anti-aircraft positions amidships; *Kongo* and *Haruna* were both hit; *Nagato* got one on the control tower; and several of our air groups went for the heavy cruisers. *Chokai*, recognizable as the *Atago* class ship in the squadron, was laced with both bombs and torpedoes and left stopped. Two of the other heavy cruisers took lists; one of the destroyers went down. And when the fliers from the two carrier groups pulled away, the last thing they saw was the Jap fleet steaming on a reversed course back in the direction they had come, with many cripples.

An hour later, under a sun now setting, a scout found some of the Jap ships still limping westward. Halsey decided that the Sibuyan Sea fleet could be written out of the action.

VII

SOME SUCH decision was necessary. By 1330 *Birmingham* had gotten *Princeton's* fires so well down that there was only a small blaze burning aft and the persistent Jap attacks had been worn down to a shadow of their former intensity. "We're going to get her home," remarked Captain Buracker to Captain John M. Hoskins, who was aboard preparatory to relieving in command of the ship. But at that moment two things happened: one of the destroyers reported a submarine contact and the air patrol reported a big Jap bogey—many planes coming from the east—from out to seaward.

As these Japanese planes approached it was clear they were carrier-borne planes. The third Japanese fleet, their carrier force, was coming into action. The rain



cloud and overcast under which Sherman's group had been working had now blown away; the ships "felt very naked." Marc Mitscher stepped out on the bridge of *Lex* with a smile crinkling his face. "Just one damn thing after another," he remarked as all fighters in the group were scrambled. Behind him Arleigh Burke, "31-Knot" Burke, his chief of staff, ground out, "This is the time to stay and fight and beat their goddam heads off."

As it turned out, the sub contact was false; but *Birmingham* had to cut loose from *Princeton* and maneuver at large with the screen against what was likely to be the most formidable attack of all, for the Jap carrier pilots were the best they had. The attack was delivered furiously and with skill. It lasted two whole hours. But the only surprise about it was the relatively small number of planes in it and they had come so long a distance that they had none too much juice. And they did not find our fleet badly cut up by the Luzon bombers, as they had expected to. Sherman's group was intact save for the two damaged

carriers and these had lost few planes. The attack was beaten off without damage; some 50 of the Japs were splashed, the rest flew away—back to their carriers as Halsey thought.

As soon as they were gone *Birmingham* pulled alongside *Princeton* again with tow and mooring lines ready and fire mains hooked up. The blaze aft on the carrier did not seem to have gained too seriously during the interruption as the cruiser maneuvered to within 50 feet of her charge at about 1540. But at that moment there was an explosion of such intensity that it drove *Birmingham* almost on her beam ends and straight sidewise away from the carrier. Captain Hoskins found himself looking at a naked foot and realized that it was his own, no longer attached; the cruiser was enveloped in a sheet of flame, every man topside killed or wounded, blood so thick on her deck that sand had to be scattered for walking. *Princeton's* after magazine had gone and there was now no chance of saving the ship. All that was left of her crew were

taken off; in the twilight the destroyers came alongside and fired torpedoes into her till she went down.

But at the same hour as the explosion a search plane from Mitscher's group—flown off when the Jap carrier planes arrived—found the Jap ships that these planes had come from and reported them—three light carriers and a big one with the two *Ise* class battleships. There might be more behind; the search plane was harried by Zeros and could get no more than a flashing look.

Those carriers were the real danger, not only to our fleet but also to MacArthur's forces astride the beachhead (Halsey considered); and out at sea there, in pursuit of them, he would be across the shadow line that separated his area of authority from MacArthur's.

He called in Davison and Bogan from the south since their job was done; all the Jap threats through the Philippines were turned back save that of Surigao, and Kinkaid had a surprise waiting for those. Night searches were ordered out, the clumsy PBY's and PB4Y's, all the way from the Marianas bases and Ulithi; his

own night searchers left the carrier decks. Willis Lee's battleships were moved out ahead of the formation in case the Japs tried a night gunnery attack on our carriers. The three carrier groups were given a rendezvous and as our ships moved toward it through the night the Admiral was heard to murmur that in every battle of the war so far the Japs had had the jump on us or had made us split forces. Now at long last we were going to get the jump on them—on all their carriers.

Behind him, though he did not know it, though no one on our side knew it for weeks, the battleship *Musashi*, best in the Jap Navy, had gone down—the second modern battleship to be sunk by air attack, the first with fully modern anti-aircraft protection. Behind him also *Irwin* was pulling from the water the last of 1,440 survivors from the sunken *Princeton*. When they got him, the man was laughing his head off over the plight of a bald-headed shipmate named Salty Loftus, who as he swam had been sighted by an albatross which took his poll for an egg (or something) and made a two-point landing on it.

[Part II of "The Great Victory of Leyte Gulf" will conclude next month the story of that mightiest of American naval victories.—The Editors]

Hot News Out of Russia

THE *Muscovites* do not willingly afford the entrance of their Country to other Nations; they care not to know any other Tongues than their own. . . . The Office of Executioner is not dishonorable amongst the *Muscovites*. . . . The Infantry is there in more esteem than the Cavalry; It sustains well a Siege, and suffers patiently all imaginable hardship rather than yield. . . . In the year 1654 for the making war in *Poland*, and for supporting the Rebel *Cosaques*, the great Duke took for Pretext, that some *Polish* Lords had not given him his due titles, and that they had caused to be printed in *Poland* Books to his disadvantage. One of the two present *Zars* Predecessors, was so cruel, as to cause an *Italian* Embassadour's Hat to be nailed to his Head, for that he had put it on in his Presence.

From Geographia Universalis: The Present State of the Whole World, by the Sieur DuVal, made English and Enlarged by Ferrand Spence, London, 1685.

Rebecca West

... From England

THEY are still coming, the letters from American friends, the cuttings from American newspapers, which express amazement that the British electors should have rejected Winston Churchill at the polls, and assume that they were guilty of this ingratitude because they were heading for red revolution. This is a natural conclusion for spectators at a distance, but it is not true.

THE cause which made it quite certain that Winston Churchill would be defeated at the polls was his chairmanship of the Conservative Party, the very same party which had kept him cooling his heels in idleness year after year while it ran unprepared into war under Lord Baldwin and Mr. Neville Chamberlain, and even then would not dismiss them and recall him until it was bludgeoned by the Labor Party. The number of voters who were sick and tired of the Conservative Party and could not be bribed to swallow it even if they got Mr. Churchill thrown in was great enough to swing the elections. But the factor which accounted for the vast scale of the rejection of Winston Churchill was a national phenomenon, one of those family secrets which cannot easily be told to strangers because they involve so many family quarrels and family jokes and family failings and family fealties and family feuds.

The secret is connected with the circumstance that Winston Churchill is seventy years old. Thus he was twenty-seven years old when Queen Victoria died and thirty-six when King Edward died. In these reigns his nature, which is too massive to be volatile, was fixed, and King Edward, with his joy in abundance which was his

reaction against his mother's Puritanism, was the sovereign who determined his maturity. So it was that a nurse told me the other day of an incident which she was too young to understand. She had been badly cut about the face with flying glass when a doodlebug had blown up a wing of her hospital, and after a convalescence curtailed by the fact that there was literally nowhere in England where one could convalesce in comfort at that moment, she went back to the hospital for light duty. One of her tasks was to escort a patient, an old man who had been the driver of a hansom cab under Queen Victoria and King Edward and a taxi-driver under the two Georges, when he went to a center for special treatment. On one of these trips she and her charge got caught in a crowd outside a building from which Winston Churchill was presently to emerge, answering their cheers with the V sign and a few flamboyant and comforting remarks. The old man, who was usually sunk deep in his old age and his sickness, was warmed and revived by the spectacle of the great man, and all the way back to the hospital discussed him with delight. But one thing troubled him. "It's a funny thing," he said, "but I can't remember Mr. Churchill's racing-colors. For the life of me I can't think what they are." The nurse said she thought it unlikely that he had any. "Nonsense," exclaimed the old man. "A gentleman like that is sure to have his racing-colors, and the whole world but you and me is sure to know them."

He had been transported by the sight of Mr. Churchill to the days when men of a like exuberance, then unclouded by experience of want or even fear of it, brought back into their lives the element of in-

security by pouring tremendous fortunes into horse-racing. They organized it on so imperial a scale that the whole population, even those parts of it which were foundered in poverty, could enjoy a remote participation in its beauty and excitement. Thus, vicariously, they had some taste of the lavish world of their betters; a world of vast London mansions where hostesses cast in the appropriately luscious mold of womanhood received multitudes of equally positive guests, blazing with jewels and decorations, and offered them cornucopias of concerts, pressed down and running over with operatic stars, and suppers where champagne and *foie gras* and salmon nourished the prevailing richness at its source; of vaster country houses where armies of servants and gardeners and gamekeepers made monster play-pens for their happy Olympian masters and mistresses. In those days the average workman knew the racing-colors of every great owner, and the drivers of hansoms and cabs and omnibuses wore on their whips the racing-colors of those particular owners whose horses they followed with small bets throughout the season, thus taking out stocks and bonds in the corporation of luxury.

There could be no social manifestation more alien to the temper of 1945. Now even the most fortunate of Englishmen are in no need of importing insecurity into their lives by artificial means. There are still many horse-obsessed people in the country, but these either belong to the effete families who are running along grooves determined by their forebears or are parvenus who, anxious to link themselves with established society, overshoot the mark and imitate the obsolete; and their proceedings have been robbed of glamour by high taxation. Ascot and Newmarket no longer suggest huge house-parties of happy Olympians; all that they mean is that the Olympians' descendants, who are probably not yet out at elbows but certainly have to earn their livings, take a day off from the City office or the factory administrative block and run down with a couple of friends in an automobile which is no more costly than the next man's. But in any case, however glamorous the proceedings might be, they would

not appeal to the modern workman, who is no longer satisfied with an oblique view of other men's pleasures. He wants his own. Since he prefers the amusements that spring up in his own world, it is football-colors, not racing-colors, that are the emblem of his enjoyment.

The evocation of past days, which is so powerfully performed by Winston Churchill, warmed the old taxi-driver, but it chills his son; and so it is with the white collar worker, the farmer, the professional man, the artist, the industrialist, the technician, and, indeed, the vast majority of the population under fifty. It is too obvious that he belongs to the Edwardian era. There are men of his age who do not belong to it, such as Ernest Bevin, who is but nine years his junior, for this was an era, not a world. It was a phase through which there passed only a fraction of the people. It was a gorgeous meal to set before hearty appetites, but not all the hearty appetites in England were invited to it. Winston Churchill, however, certainly received an invitation, for he was the grandson of the Duke of Marlborough, who in Blenheim Palace owned a family seat more august in spirit than any of the royal palaces. He himself has never been a rich man; though the earnings of statesman-journalists after the last war were immense, so too was taxation, and the American slump of 1929 onward did much damage to investors of his temperament. But he is dyed in the vat of wealth; and as wealth of that color has long ago been dissipated he seems to modern eyes to be wearing a badge of obsolescence.

How far is this judgment of the British electorate superficial? Is it not possible that Winston Churchill's accent and manner, acquired in childhood, disguise a mind perfectly adapted to our age and its problems? Is this not proven by his victorious conduct of the war?

Winston Churchill's value to England has been twofold, and his first, and supreme, usefulness to his country certainly makes that judgment superficial, for it lay in the timeless element of his character, the thing which theologians call the soul. It is reported that, in a conscientious study of the inmates of German concentration

camps made by Nazi sociologists, it was decided, with an air of frustration, that no conclusion can be drawn as to the factors which give people the power to resist tyranny to the death. Those who kept their integrity were of both sexes, all ages, all races, all classes, all callings. The only thing that seemed to count was individual character. Either you were that sort of person or you were not, and that was all that could be said. There was no doubt in 1940 who was the spokesman of the kind of character that is for good against evil. That was our finest hour, not to be shamed by the cleverest cynicism, and Winston Churchill was our fineness made audible and potent.

The historians will probably decide that Winston Churchill's other great service to England, apart from tactical and strategic boldness which sprang from this resolution to defend integrity, was his success in pushing such technical innovations as the Mulberry Harbor and the Pluto Channel pipeline in the face of the lethargy of the Civil Service. In the last war Mr. Lloyd George performed a similar task, but his enemies were the professional soldiers and sailors who were in those days proud of being out of date and unmechanically minded, while the Civil Service was highly efficient and enterprising. But although in 1939 the Army and the Navy brought a full complement of mossbacks into the war, some went with Neville Chamberlain and the scandal of the Norwegian expedition, and the rest were consumed and destroyed during the North African campaign. The Air Force and the Tank Corps, which are of necessity modern minded, were useful pacemakers. So it was that the invasion forces faced D-day in a thoroughly contemporary state. But no such process was at work in the Civil Service. This is still more efficient on peacetime ground than it is in most other countries, but in its adaptation to the war effort it has too often been like a Dickensian caricature of itself, a regression to the days of the Circumlocution Office.

The fiercest enemy of this deterioration has been Winston Churchill. He was able to whip it partly because of his long experience as an administrator. He was made Under-Secretary to the Colonies in

1906, when he was only thirty-two, and President of the Board of Trade in 1908; he has held office on and off ever since, and has never stopped finding it fun to do his job as well as possible. The command this has given him over the tricks and turns of the administrative machine is a powerful argument for giving gifted men responsible positions at a far earlier age than is the modern custom. As his social origin certainly made it easier for him to get office at an unusually early age, so it made him able to use that experience. He came of a class which was accustomed to command, and which grew up with a knowledge of the problems of the Civil Service in little, since its once great estates, dwindling under taxation, legislative restraint, and the high cost of living, have for long had to be managed with all possible economy. It was not possible that he should be socially overawed by any civil servant or flummoxed by his claims to expertness.

Winston Churchill's Edwardian character was also of service to him and England in dealing with the specific problems raised by this war. The Edwardians were in sharp revolt against the Victorians in all respects. The governing classes of the nineteenth century were thoroughly disapproving of the scientific discoveries to which their social inferiors were so much addicted, on the grounds, which we now see to have had a good deal of sense behind them, that there was no knowing where they might lead. This was enough to make the Edwardians enthusiastic cultivators of modern inventions. They first used the telephone and electric light when they were still living under the reign of Queen Victoria; in the day of their own King they were the first and passionate patrons of the automobile, and they were later to supply many of the first airmen and plane manufacturers. Winston Churchill's mother and father were the first fashionable people in London to have electric lights installed in their house, and it was a sign of eager participation in the movement. So it is that Winston Churchill's adventurous mind, though not itself scientific, has always been able to go for an imaginative flight with a scientist, and that, though he has few friends among men of great learning, he has al-

ways shown the greatest affection, admiration, and loyalty for Professor Lindemann, the great physicist, whom he raised to the peerage as Lord Cherwell, so that science could have its spokesman in Parliament.

As a result of Winston Churchill's fusion of administrative competence and scientific sympathy, he has been largely responsible for the part played by Great Britain in securing victory against the Axis. But the situation is not nearly so clear-cut when it is looked at from close range by the British electors. For one thing, they do not realize to what extent Winston Churchill was responsible for the technical achievement of their country. Wrangles between Ministers and the Civil Service and debates of technical advisers are alike not publishable matter during a war, or even after. And it has unhappily turned out that the general public has been much better acquainted with his one comparative failure in the technical sphere than with any of his successes. The criticisms of our tanks which were made in the House of Commons carried little weight because one of the most unpopular members of Parliament, who was not sound on the war issue itself, unfortunately made the subject his own. But it is generally realized that British tanks were not the best that modern science could have provided, and though the Tank Corps made a glorious contribution to victory their work might have been easier and safer.

Furthermore, in these spheres he is not without competition. As for administrative efficiency, his opponents could appeal for votes on that score too. Herbert Morrison was for many years the executive head of the London County Council and showed himself a master of the administrative craft; he has brought to every ministry where he has served a fierce, untiring, and highly imaginative ability which, in the minds of the electorate, trumps Mr. Churchill's ace, because he is a generation younger and temperamentally of this era. Ellen Wilkinson, who has been his right hand in this war, and is Minister of Education, is of the same caliber. So too is Ernest Bevin, who has been at once dynamite and foundation-stone to

the trade union movement for the last thirty-five years, and as Minister of Labor in this war has made himself popular in the most unpopular job in the Cabinet. These people are just as unlikely as Winston Churchill to be socially overawed by any Civil Servant, though for different causes, and their experience, won in trade unions and local government, renders them just as imperturbable as he is. And as for Mr. Churchill's aid to the technicians, that is of little use as a political counter, as many of the technicians themselves are Liberal or Socialist, and some of the best-known of them are Communists.

THE advantages which Winston Churchill derived from his social origins were thus of service to England but not very potent at the polls; and they were counterbalanced by certain disadvantages springing from the same root. In many ways he has been intensely irritating to the people whom he has saved.

It was part of the Edwardian reaction against Victorianism to welcome warm and gay adventurers. The guest who visited the old Queen in the icy fastnesses of Balmoral was not allowed a fire in his bedroom and descended shivering to the company—which often did nothing to restore his circulation—of men and women who had been invited because they belonged to established families, or had served the Empire in certain traditional ways, and had not been divorced. In consequence, Edward and his friends loved vital and audacious personalities, no matter whence they came or whither they were going. This made his friendships purely a matter of caprice, for he was not an intellectual and could not abide the company of intellectuals, and turned his back on the sobersides world of public service, because it was the frigid terrain of his mother.

Winston Churchill is not least Edwardian in his friendships. He too is not an intellectual, and with the exception of Lord Cherwell has few intimate friends in the learned professions. His spirit is too daring and his wit too fierce and honest to make him a congenial intimate for those whose strong suits are mere industry and compliance with the wishes of their

seniors and the general public. He has made himself an Ishmaelite in both the Liberal and Conservative Parties by baiting their Milquetoasts, and perhaps he draws his definition of a Milquetoast rather wide. Hence he finds his friends in worlds uncontrolled by intellectual discipline or by the routine of the conventional careers, and therefore unrelated to the main stream of British life; and the warmth of his nature gives an intensity to his friendships which makes them matters of public interest. In fact, the British elector found that if he wanted Winston Churchill he had to have Lord Beaverbrook and Mr. Brendan Bracken also, and he could not for the life of him see why he should.

This lack of sympathy is not cold-hearted. Lord Beaverbrook is a Canadian millionaire of great personal charm, in his late sixties, who owns some successful English newspapers. These facts do not by themselves at this moment impress the average Englishman, who is no longer very respectful to millionaires, and regards a newspaper-owner with suspicion, as possibly not altogether governed by concern for the highest interests of the community. The more instructed Englishman remembers that Lord Beaverbrook's newspapers preached the English version of isolationism up to the outbreak of war; that he was responsible for a scheme for Empire preference which, partly implemented at Ottawa, has been a constant cause of discontent, since it has prevented the Dominions from making the most natural arrangements for the disposal of their products and has upset the delicate balance of international trade; and that he has been engaged for the past thirty-five years in political intrigue which has had no results whatsoever. Though he is a Conservative he enjoys, for reasons which are in part to his credit and in part to his discredit, the confidence of no part of the Conservative Party.

Mr. Brendan Bracken, who is forty-four, is also not an Englishman; he is a Roman Catholic, born in Eire, and he was, till the election, successfully involved in financial journalism and the film industry, facts which also do not by themselves impress the average Englishman at this moment. Since the election he has been made, to the

surprise of the public, chairman of the Union Corporation of South Africa, a mining organization of great importance. The more instructed Englishman knows little about him except that he has been a Member of Parliament ever since he was twenty-eight but has never learned to please the House of Commons. His specialty is positive and explosive statement insufficiently backed by fidelity to fact or precision of thought, and delivered without charm. A recent libel action showed the unlikelihood that he would ever become a popular figure in Parliament. All statements in the House of Commons are privileged: they cannot become the subject of libel or slander actions. Since Great Britain takes its politics so vehemently it is generally recognized, to maintain the decorum of Parliament, that members should conduct themselves as if they enjoyed no such protection, except when they are attempting to expose abuses. Mr. Brendan Bracken, acting as Minister of Information, once informed the House of Commons that *The Nineteenth Century*, a serious political journal edited by a distinguished journalist named F. A. Voigt, who dared to disagree with Winston Churchill's foreign policy, was "Lord Haw-Haw's favorite paper." He was asked to repeat this statement outside the House, and did not do so. The *News Chronicle*, which printed and endorsed his statement, was sued by the paper and had to pay a thousand pounds in damages. The only thing that could have made Mr. Bracken come out of these proceedings well, in the public mind, would have been a repetition of the statement outside the House, and a cheerful acceptance of the penalty.

It is said that when Lord Beaverbrook was made Minister of Aircraft Production by one of Winston Churchill's appointments he broke down the dam of industrial lethargy which had silted up during Mr. Chamberlain's conduct of the war. That may be true, though it is also true that he was constantly in conflict, then and later, with the indubitably able Ernest Bevin. But no such debate can be started regarding Mr. Brendan Bracken, who was certainly not an attractive Minister of Information. If it is considered that Mr.

Winston Churchill chose to go to the polls not only closely allied with the Conservative Party, which was obnoxious to most of his admirers, but with his campaign in charge of two friends who were obnoxious to everybody, including the Conservative Party, the wonder is not that the majority of electors voted against him, but that as many voted for him as did.

WINSTON CHURCHILL can only have committed this extraordinary political action because, at the bottom of his heart, he did not care what people thought of him, and, after bearing for five years the heaviest responsibility ever borne by a British Prime Minister, could no longer pretend that he did. We are, in fact, confronted again with his Edwardianism. The Edwardians held very strongly that a great gentleman could do what he liked and ask no man's leave. It was a rejection of the Victorian faith that all men, and particularly great gentlemen, should be willing to stifle all their natural movements in the swaddling bands of the communal conception of duty, and a reversion to the aristocratic individualism of the eighteenth century. It is a very good working doctrine for many occasions in private life, but it is disastrous as a guiding principle for a statesman working within the framework of the democratic system; and the degree of the disaster it causes can be judged from the results of Winston Churchill's application of it to foreign policy.

If the American public knows what Mr. Roosevelt's foreign policy was, it is in a very different case from the British public who had, and still have, not the faintest idea of what Mr. Churchill's foreign policy was when he was in power, or what it is now he is in opposition. For the past five years the British public has been given nothing but hints, which were often so faint that by causing unfounded surmises they were as mischievous as falsifications, of the international transactions which have been carried on in its name.

We have been told ever since the last war that secret diplomacy was among the most potent causes of war and all parties promised to diminish it to the furthest point compatible with prudence. But no diplomatic conversations have ever been

held under a thicker veil of secrecy than the conferences at which Winston Churchill met with the heads of other states to discuss the issues of the war. This was justified throughout the war on the ground of military necessity, but the Potsdam Conference, which was held at the termination of the war with Germany and concerned itself with many issues unrelated to the Japanese conflict, was not less but more secret than Teheran or Yalta. The influences which led to suppression of the news in the press have also not vanished but persisted after the end of European hostilities. It may have been necessary for security reasons to blanket the news, but there are many reasons for suspecting that the hand which held down the blanket enjoyed the action for its own sake, as a welcome interference with the absurd practice of letting the people know what their representatives were doing.

The radio afforded almost the strangest example of this unjustifiable interference. The British Broadcasting Corporation throughout the war gave out news and political comment in foreign languages to the occupied countries, at the expense of the British taxpayer. These broadcasts were, of course, heard by the Germans who regularly recorded them. They could also be heard in England, by people who understood these languages. But these people were not allowed to go to the offices of the BBC and consult the files, so they were in fact prevented from making authoritative public comment on them. And the British taxpayer, who was paying for these broadcasts, was not allowed to consult them either. It is utterly impossible that this could have served any military necessity; but it often effectively prevented the taxpayer from forming an opinion on the British policy of which these broadcasts were an expression. If he had heard Marshal Tito's first War Minister explaining to the Yugoslavs how he had come to break the agreement with the Germans which he had maintained up till three months before, he might have inquired why Mr. Churchill had consistently bestowed unqualified praise, of a kind not evoked from him by any other ally, on a government thus tainted with collaborationism.

But had he inquired he would not have received an answer; and he would have been a very clever man if he had been able to figure out the truth for himself from any other sources, for we lived in a fog of mystery. Year after year there have been perpetual wrangles with the Allied governments who took refuge in our country; if but one had left England in full friendship with us we might be more certain that our differences with de Gaulle were altogether his fault. There has been a persistent abjection before Russia, which went far beyond the brotherly loyalty due to a brave ally, and would have been more natural on the part of the Republic of San Marino or Andorra than on the part of Great Britain, who had given such powerful aid to Russia. Year after year the British Government engaged in fervent propaganda in favor of Russia, in spite of the fact that there was no anti-Russian feeling in England to be countered, and that there was no reciprocal pro-British propaganda carried on by Moscow. Year after year some foreign countries were not only allowed but passionately encouraged to set up new governments of an anti-British and totalitarian cast, while the same tendency, manifested within other frontiers, was sternly checked. I know nobody in England outside the administration who can make head or tail of this fantastic jumble; and most of the people inside the administration were wearing pretty puzzled faces before Winston Churchill's tenure of office came to an end.

IT is possible to love a man who bewilders one, but not to vote for him, and that is why many intelligent people did not vote for Winston Churchill, and saw

the new Labor government not as a gamble but as a bright alternative to living in a perpetual fog. That there was sense in their attitude was shown when Ernest Bevin, the new Foreign Secretary, got up and addressed the House of Commons on the work before him. His own supporters sat and blinked at him in incredulity. They had, for the most part, come fresh to the House. Like the rest of us they had had to rely for their knowledge of the international situation on skimpy newspaper and radio reports, and crystal-readings by political journalists with party interests to serve, and they had built up a picture which was largely imaginary. When Ernest Bevin, who had been in the Cabinet since the beginning of Winston Churchill's premiership and had the full Foreign Office material at his disposal, spoke to them of the situation as it actually existed, he could not make a bridge between himself and his audience, though they belonged to the same party. This was the first, and unpleasantly spectacular, demonstration of what happens when the aristocratic theory gets loose for a moment in a democracy. Nobody can now reverse the process as a result of which power resides in the people; all that the reactionary can do is to make sure that that power will be used ignorantly.

The suggestion of obsolescence in Winston Churchill was, therefore, a real threat. But it would be foolish to conceive the situation in just those terms. It is better to say that we asked Winston Churchill to do the work of six men in our time of trial, and that he did the work of five of them excellently, but of the sixth not so well, and that, unfortunately, it was the sixth man we wanted in the time of peace.

Second Choice

MARTHA KELLER

HE LOVED *two women. One died. One was second choice.*
Choose.

She was the spring and a catbird calling,
Ladyslipper and watercress,
Rambler roses and wild grape crawling
Over the land and the loneliness.
She was a place where leaves were falling—
Flying leaves in the wilderness.

*He was not an enthusiastic bridegroom.
He jilted her once.
Then he was so patient she could never relax.
But she had ambition and intellect.
And she believed in him when no one else did except
himself.*

She was the lace that the brook was making,
Cherry blossom and chicory.
She was the wild white dogwood breaking
Into bloom like a summer sea.
She was the bough that the wind was shaking—
Yellow leaf of the poplar tree.

*She insulted the wives of the men he most needed.
She embarrassed him in public.
But when she was in her right mind
she knew how to behave in a drawing room.
Because he was faithful to her it is sometimes assumed
that he was not a man of strong passions.
It is possible
that she knew how to behave when she loved.*

She was the song that the wind was saying,
White arbutus and feverfew.
She was the honeysuckle swaying
Underfoot as the grasses do—
Honeysuckle and sorrel straying
Over ground where a garden grew.

*She had most of the earmarks of paranoia.
Her mind was a civil war.
But she knew greatness though she could not be it.
And if we must play "Let's Pretend"—
you be Ann Rutledge.
I'll be Mary Todd.*

ANYTHING BOTHERING YOU, SOLDIER?

JOHN BARTLOW MARTIN

I AM MAD because we were all supposed to be in this together. Were we? The educators, the historians, the politicians, the generals said that we were fighting for our way of life. Were we? What, as a matter of fact, were we fighting for? Does anybody really know? "I am fighting for my draft board volunteered me," said a soldier. In August 1945 I was reading Frederick Jackson Turner, the historian of the frontier, who said, in a dedicatory address in 1918:

"In time of war, when all that this nation has stood for, all the things in which it passionately believes, are at stake, we have met to dedicate this beautiful home for history. There is a fitness in the occasion . . . we are fighting for the historic ideals of the United States, for the continued existence of the type of society in which we believe. . . . We are at war that the history of the United States, rich with the record of high human purpose, and of faith in the destiny of the common man under freedom, filled with the promises of a better world, may not become the lost and tragic story of a futile dream."

That was in 1918. Remember the 'twenties, the bigness, the lords of creation, the corruption and betrayals, D. C. Stephenson, Warren Harding, and the lost generation? And then the dynasty of death, the road to war, the veterans of

future wars? Remember the early 'thirties, those who sold apples? And now remember the words of the leaders of the early 'forties? For all we hold dear, the last best hope of earth. And look about us in 1945. In August 1945, a month not to be forgotten, I was on furlough in New York and in the Midwest, my home.

I AM MAD because the headlines are all on reconversion, no more gas rationing, new cars. When you can get a refrigerator is as big a news story as unemployment, and both are bigger than demobilization. How did the "Autos Released" headline look to the boy with the tense face, walking down Michigan Avenue swinging an iron claw at his side? Everybody is worried about the war workers who are out of jobs. Good; the country can't stand too much unemployment. But what of the soldiers still overseas? Why not employ the war workers in the Army for a while and let the soldiers come home and hammer at the USES doors? The soldiers have made sacrifices; aside from death or wounds in combat, they have been miserable, they have given up their homes or jobs. What have the war workers given up? Selective Service won't draft anybody over 26 but the Army keeps soldiers in their thirties. If they want a young Army, one of men under 26, why don't they dis-

Corporal Martin, Midwestern free-lance journalist before the Army claimed him, has previously written for us about Muncie, Colonel McCormick, and various criminal cases.



charge everybody over 26? The newspaper headlines say that former war workers under 26 face draft. Why don't former war workers over 26 face draft too? They will say the war is over, they have done their part in the factories, now let them alone. Very well; let the soldiers over 26 alone too.

I AM MAD because the cities went on a binge when peace was declared. All the people went downtown and drank all night and stood in crowds. (I will bet that the civilians who had lost sons or brothers or husbands stayed home that night.) What were the civilians celebrating? A friend of mine who has fought it out in a brokerage house, gambling on war babies, was in the Loop drinking till 6 A.M. What was he celebrating? He stood to lose money in the market. I know this is not fair to him. Poor man, he went to the blood bank and saved tin cans. And he is in his forties. But he talks about no more gasoline rationing, about the cigarette shortage and meat rationing, about the tightness of travel. (And in all conscience he is respectful in the presence of a soldier, and I love him.) But—how soon will he forget the war? People should never be allowed to forget. They should never be allowed to forget the mud and the boredom and the uncertainty and the nervousness—"nervous in the service," they say—and the broken homes and the good-byes, the anticlimactic good-byes, and the manifold indignities. But they are forgetting already. If they ever knew. Some of them must never have known.

A woman asked me if I thought I would be out of the Army soon and I told her no and she said, "Oh. You don't want to get out?" They must never have known, never have known anything about it at all. The advertising agencies, the cheerful radio announcers, sold them a bill of goods. In Scarsdale, while we were waiting for Washington's answer to Japan's offer of peace-but-the-emperor, we heard a radio broadcast from a rehabilitation center for blind veterans. The prepared script was jolly, the veterans had few cares in the world, the announcer sounded wonderfully healthy and he had a hearty booming voice. "Has it made any differ-

ence to you, being blind?" Anybody listening who did not know would have been reassured. "There. I knew they didn't mind so much. Everything's being done for them. It's all right." And so he could have forgotten about the blind boys. He should never be able to forget. Doesn't he know that they once were just like him, that all the guys in all the holes and all the guys in all the dreary training camps were just like him? Why do civilians so quickly forget that a man in uniform is still really, in his heart, a civilian too? A man's friends can adjust themselves to his entry into the Army a lot faster than he can.

I AM MAD because the ad in *Life* (full page, in color; and plenty expensive) showed pictures of tanks in a river in the jungle and said, "Roughest, toughest test oil ever faced!" Nothing about the men who had to sit inside the tanks. It was very heroic about the oil.

What kind of a world are the soldiers coming back to? I know of one city in the Midwest which plans an enormous program of public works. Good. Jobs for the boys. But the politicians are taking a dollar a yard on every yard of concrete that is to be poured. They are the same old spoilsmen who have had their snouts in the public trough for years. What kind of a world is this? Again, labor still is scarce. I know of one union leader who refused to send workmen to a job until the boss agreed to give the workmen ten hours' pay for eight hours' work. The records would show they worked ten hours, two of them overtime. But actually they would work only eight. Cozy. Again, on the train through the cornfields I sat in a bar car and talked to an elderly man and a woman. The conversation stopped the gin rummy game and nearly induced apoplexy. They suspected the British, the French; they hated the New Deal; they hated labor unions; they hated the Attlee platform and feared it; above all they hated the Russians. They argued for free enterprise with all the shibboleths to which there are no answers. "Look at Henry Ford." "Do you think it is wrong to make money?" "Don't you think this is the best country in the world?" "Look

at Henry Kaiser." What kind of a world is this anyway?

I AM MAD because Joe Curran of the NMU warns Congress that the return of soldiers from overseas may be delayed unless wartime danger-pay is restored to merchant seamen. Poor mariners. Their pay has been cut. Joe Curran says some seamen have already left the ships, which may lie idle. Is this true? If it is, is it a matter of wages or of draft boards? Also, is Curran voicing a fact or a threat? Is he really saying that Congress had better raise the mariners' pay back to wartime levels or by God he won't bring the boys home? You can expect the local labor bosses, the local spoilsmen, to cheat. But here we are in the big time. Joe Curran might argue the long view, that he is working for the Rights of Labor. That by playing politics with the return of soldiers, he is only fighting fire with fire. (The ends and the means: a moral problem.) He ought not to do that. Until the last soldier is home, dare a single seaman leave his ship?

On seeing a news report that the Secretary of War was considering revising his demobilization plans, a GI overseas is quoted: "He damn better." That is good. Somebody had damn better find out what we were fighting for. A dollar a yard for the ward heelers? Featherbedding? Free enterprise advertised to duck the tax on free enterprise's excess wartime profits? Senator Bilbo? The others who attacked the FEPC?

I wonder how many other soldiers are good and mad. Plenty, probably. (What ever became of the angry Populists?) One soldier at the PX said, "They'd better straighten up and fly right." The trouble is, get the soldiers out of those brown suits and they're not mad any more.

I AM MAD because the civilians never learned much about the war. Civilians think war means battle. But combat involves a minority of soldiers for a minority of their time of service. Civilians think you are lucky if you do not get shot. You are. But there are other matters. There is the enormity of the indignity to man. Many soldiers have never been in combat.

Yet they have not been happy in the Army. They do not like that type of work. They have given up their homes. They have abandoned their careers. Their wives and children have gone to live with their mothers. They have stored their furniture, sold their clothes and car. And so on, endlessly. ("They Gave Him a Mop"—you can have it free, Warner Bros.) And they, confronted by a legless veteran of Iwo Jima, stand mute and awed, ashamed at the paltriness of their own sacrifice. (He might read this and think, not say, "I bleed for you, Corporal.") This is one reason they do not answer when an examining officer asks them periodically the Army's ultimate ironic question: "Anything bothering you, soldier?" They do not talk about these matters very often. When they are on furlough their friends think, "He has seen such terrible things he does not like to talk about them, about the Army at all." Not so. He is ashamed, afraid of sympathy. Nor does he talk about these matters to other soldiers. They have a ready answer: "Your story is very touching. Would you like to see the chaplain? Or use the crying room for one hour?" Or, "Go on sick call." It is a shameful thing to talk about at all, especially in public. People do what they have to do. But by God somebody ought to talk about it. We were all in this together. (But some of us are still in it. My aching back!) We were all in this together, so none of us should ever forget it. So somebody has got to talk about it. Yet this is futile, for the gap between soldiers and civilians is unbridgeable. What little civilians knew about the war they have forgotten. They should have been taught more. The Army, instead of characteristically restricting the sale of *Yank* to military personnel, should have sold it on the newsstands. It's too late now.

A cynical friend of mine wants to start an organization. It would be a pressure group. Its slogan would be, "Let's Make It Up to the Boys." He probably would make a lot of money out of it. The politicians hope the veterans splinter and never wield their strength together. This probably will happen. It really is best for the country that it happen. But—is there not

temptation in "Let's Make It Up to the Boys"? A sinister temptation.

The war is over, labor can strike, the boss can gouge, the mayor can steal. What can the soldier do? Stand retreat.

For so long the ads and the radio and the editorialists have promised the post-war world, that when we awoke one morning we had to tell ourselves a number of times, "*This* is the postwar world. Here we are." It looked no different. The Atomic Age had been announced. There were no more helicopters, no more soybeans, no more plastics, than yesterday. You still were in uniform too. That was the point. You still say, "After the war I am going to do thus and so." Soldiers say "After the war" all the time but what they mean is, "After I am out of the Army." They still say "After the war," though the war is over.

My wife and I heard the news at 6 P.M. It was flat. That was on a Tuesday. We had begun listening constantly to the radio on the preceding Saturday, in Scarsdale. Then it had seemed wonderful and . . . But back a couple of days earlier, I was walking down Fifth Avenue from Rockefeller Center when a captain stopped me on the street and said, "Have you heard the news, Corporal?" I didn't know what he was talking about. He told me Russia had come in. It was the most incredibly wonderful news I ever had heard, I think, possibly excepting that night downtown in San Antonio last spring when my wife and baby and I were house-hunting and we saw a crowd around a newsboy on Houston Street and we bought a paper and it said Germany had surrendered. We wept, and a Mexican girl cried and patted our baby and said that now maybe her baby's daddy could come home; he had been in the Bulge. (Ah, how the Texans hate the Mexicans!) Next day the news turned out to have been premature, but Germany was finished. Well, on Fifth Avenue, the captain said, "I think it'll be over within two months," and I thought he was too optimistic but for a few minutes, walking by his side (on the wrong side; I should have been on his left, and in step, but suddenly it didn't matter), it seemed as though it might be **over in a very few months.**

Then came the atomic bomb, and then the Japanese asked for peace and we sweated it out at Scarsdale with some friends. (Was the radio ever sillier? "We interrupt this program." "After another long, trying day." How the correspondents suffered! What makes a man imagine that because he is covering an event he becomes more fascinating than the event itself?) That was Saturday and Sunday, August 11 and 12, 1945; then Monday we lunched with a writer in New York and he was against a peace that kept the emperor. A publisher had said on Friday he thought maybe we ought to drop an atomic bomb on the palace, that quitting now was like asking the dentist not to drill the last 60 seconds and then, because he didn't, having to go back to him in two years. The end of the war had seemed wonderful, of itself; unquestionable. Now the New York intellectuals questioned it. Did they know about the mud and the cold, about how you march 15 miles with full field pack, starting hours before dawn, and arrive dripping with sweat, then shiver, chilled through your body, all the rest of the day in the drizzle? This is an unfair basis to put it on; they did not know, how could they? And it shouldn't make any difference anyway. But it did. The peace came, in Chicago, on Tuesday, and it didn't seem like so much, it was such a peculiar peace, almost a civilian peace, somehow. And everybody talked of "the end of the war," not of "victory."

It got worse deeper in the Midwest. People asked how you like it in the Army. What can you tell them? If you do not know them well you say you like it all right except that there are certain disadvantages to working for a large organization. If you know them pretty well you tell them really how you like it in the Army. You do this partly because you think they ought to be made to know and they ought never to be allowed to forget it. But it makes them uncomfortable, and they think you complain without cause. This is due partly, of course, to the fact that people have been sold a bill of goods. They think the Army gets the best of everything, the best food ("YOU get butter all the time, don't you?"), the best weapons, best medical care; that it is

efficient, expert, unbeatable. Unbeatable, probably; but efficient and expert, never. It is always fouled up, always and hopelessly, so hopelessly that it is funny. Your friends also are uncomfortable because when you tell them of your wife's travels as she followed you from camp to camp they are reminded of their own comfort—and of yours, which matched it, before you started tucking your tie in—and they think you are accusing them. You are not, really. But you are good and mad about the way other civilians have treated you. And you think your friends should not be so complacent.

In the South your wife and daughter have had to live in tourist cabins because private homes will not accept children. Tourist cabins are all right but they charge nearly \$100 a month for one room and a tin shower. You are mad because the railroads won't honor furlough coach tickets on their crack trains which they are sure to fill at regular rates. (Something for the boys—why didn't somebody blow that one out of water a long time ago?) You are mad because when you buy beer by the case in San Antonio they knock the caps off all the bottles; they do this so they can charge you twenty cents a bottle and cheat on the OPA. You are mad at all the cheap rackets like that on which the Southerners, poor heretofore, are trying feverishly to get rich. You are so mad you hope there is a hell of a depression after the war and everybody south of the Ohio River goes on relief. In the Army one is never rational. One is just mad. While the war is going on you keep your mouth shut, because so many are suffering so much. After the war the civilians suddenly let themselves go. So you do too. Hurray.

I AM especially mad because I know better. Know better than this. I knew, when I was a journalist, that the corruptionists always sat smoking in their hotel rooms, that you played the game according to the house rules. I am mad now because this thing I am writing is naïve; like digging a foxhole, it is beneath me, beneath any rational man. I am mad because I am confused and because the old sophistication is somehow wrong. (Remember 1939 when you laughed at a Negro jazz man,

Stuff Smith, when he said, "Stop that war—them cats is killin' theirselves"?) Why should a man whose skin is black die for something that isn't there? (I have heard them say they are good enough to be buried side by side in Italy but not good enough to sit side by side on a bus in Texas.) And why should the old folks in Iowa hang out the golden star and give thanks that the other boy got home? Home to what? And why should the Arkansas sharecropper—God save us, he smelled and never wore shoes—go back to his acre and his mule when his father cannot sit in the Willard because the old man hasn't got a coat? And what of the boy whose friends were burned in Germany, the boy whose bride, like him, cannot gain entrance to the hotel by the sea because it is "restricted"?

And what of the general who awards the medal (posthumously) in the name of our nation's ideals but is all the time himself considering rank and promotion and base pay and allowances? (Statement of charges for the soldier who burned his shoes warming his feet.) Shall we now vote a bonus for the soldier who hit the beach, lost his rifle, constructed another from parts, got seven days at hard labor for zeroing it in at an unauthorized spot, volunteered to hunt Japs, killed several valorously, returned to confinement and was told he would have to make up in the stockade the time that he spent killing Japs? The platoon is forgotten, forgotten the tech sergeant's name. Only the place names remain—Tarawa, Iwo Jima, Cassino. Soon they will be forgotten. Already nobody knows what the campaign ribbons signify, the ribbons with battle stars that meant so much.

There is a time to be born, and a time to die. A time of war, and a time of peace. The preacher Ecclesiastes has said so. It is a sophisticated view. My friends hold it. They are complacent. You got drafted, you got trained, you got killed, you didn't, you came back, here you are back, have a drink. A time for war, a time for peace.

I am mad because these things should not bother me, they are included in the game, and I know the rules.

But how can they sit there like that?

BACKDROP FOR A CRISIS

C. LESTER WALKER

IN CHUNGKING last summer," my friend Wu remarked recently, "one had the heat, the cholera, and the Americans to contend at."

There were plenty of other things to "contend at" too—enough to make last summer the worst of a long row of bad summers, both for the Chinese and for the foreigners who had jammed into their shattered, reeking city. When the heat and the war finally ebbed away together, it was hard to say which brought the most relief.

"The hell-spot of the Yangtze Valley," they have always called Chungking. But last summer the heat seemed more withering and more personal, more deliberately designed for human discomfort. The evidence was the number of naked Chinese babies scarlet with prickly heat. And the crowds sleeping, night after night, on the flagstone sidewalks in front of the shops on Chung Erh Street. And, for the Americans, the literal sweatshop which was the Army Headquarters building. Officers and enlisted men worked at the typewriters there, in shirts soaked to the waist, with perspiration dripping off their fingers onto the keys. (I remember standing in an office there and feeling the sweat run down the back of my thighs, down the calves of my legs, and into my shoe tops.) In front of Headquarters, one could see the ultimate demonstration of what Chungking's remorseless heat could do to a man,

even to an American GI. Nearly always a half dozen sergeants stood around fanning themselves, like so many Chinese dandies, with daintily painted paper fans.

THE CHOLERA came, of course, when the heat had settled in good and solid, and it was Chungking's worst epidemic in years. The first case appeared early in June, and by the month's end the city had 1,108 or 1,028 cases, depending on which official figure you preferred. How many people were dying, and whether the disease was on the rise or on the decline was a little difficult to find out. The Chungking Anti-Cholera Committee announced 308 deaths to June 27; but the following day Mr. P. H. Chang, a government spokesman, gave a figure of 160. *The National Herald*, a government newspaper printed in English, headlined Chang's statement on page one, "Epidemic Under Control, Says Spokesman"; but on page three of the same issue it printed a Chungking Municipal Health Bureau report declaring, "Cholera Epidemic Shows No Sign of Abatement." Chungking's foreign residents, accustomed to such discrepancies, often refer to Chungking as the city without a fact. So the differences in the reports from official sources caused no undue alarm.

Strong counter-measures were, of course, taken against the cholera. The American Army declared all restaurants out of

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bounds and forbade eating of any food except rations served in Army messes. It gave booster shots of anti-cholera virus to many of its personnel, and closed the enlisted men's Red Cross club and the Army movies. Its medics even suggested that one *bathe* only in boiled water—an admonition followed, so far as I know, by no one. Both the American Army and Navy gave free inoculations to the Chinese. Dr. Herrington of the Naval Attaché's Office had given four thousand shots by the end of June and had received credit for ten thousand in the Chinese press, the extra six thousand being a gesture of gratitude from a Chinese reporter to whose wife Herrington had given a free inoculation.

At the same time, American medical officers entered and inspected kitchens of foreign residents, with some salutary results. The residents of the Press Hostel, for instance, had accidentally discovered one night that their Chinese cook and his assistant slept naked, except for a loin cloth, on the pantry table where the meat and vegetables were chopped. They had not dared to protest, because such was the immemorial custom of Chinese cooks, and because any kind of cook was difficult to find. But when an American medical officer learned about it, in the course of his inspection, he blew the cook up, threatening to blacklist him among Army and Navy personnel. The cook promised to sleep elsewhere; and he probably did.

II

THE CHUNGKING Chinese authorities took their own good measures against the epidemic. One was to inoculate all who would submit to shots, and by mid-July three hundred thousand were reported immunized. The city government also banned the sale of peeled fruits, which traditionally were peddled at curbstone stands, liberally sprinkled with water dipped from open street-corner wells into which any casual sewage was free to flow. At the height of the epidemic all fruits were barred from entering the city from the countryside. The ban evidently was enforced, since *The Reporter*, a local paper published in English, related that "lumps

and lumps of them were thrown into the river by the authorities."

Water, which is generally cholera's chief carrier, came in for special attention from the city fathers. Chungking's water comes from hundreds of wells about the city, from which it is hauled hand over hand in buckets, and from the yellow Chialing River. Both sources are bad. Foreigners in Chungking never at any time drink a drop of water which isn't boiled or chlorinated, or both. The general run of Chungking citizens, however, believe in taking their water as they find it, which was frightening merely to think about in a cholera season. Hence there was considerable satisfaction when the Health Administration tackled the purification of the city water with what the *National Herald* described as "large quantities of breaching powder." The satisfaction was somewhat tempered, however, by a later statement from Government Spokesman P. H. Chang. An examination of the water supply at the river pumping station, he declared, had proved "fairly satisfactory." A number of people had the shudders. Cholera often kills in two hours from its onset.

By July 12 six hundred cholera deaths had been reported, and many Chungking citizens began to supplement modern medicine with some of the ancient preventives. At the temple of Kwan Yin, the Buddhist goddess of mercy, crowds prayed day and night for protection, and above shops and house doors small red crosses of paper began to appear. Written on them were the words, "*Omitofu Chiu K'u Chiu Nan*," which means, "Buddha will give protection against disease."

These crosses (somewhat reminiscent of the Passover of the Israelites) became popular, according to Chungking press reports, after a certain tale explaining the epidemic began to go the rounds of the citizenry. The story was that two "beautiful female goblins" had been sent to earth from above to do away with "certain notorious persons." The harpies were said to have put up one night at a hotel in Nanchimen, the South Branch Gate section of the city. Their room, luckily, was next to that of the mistress of the inn, and through the thin partition she heard their plans. They intended to kill one in every

family (whether a notorious person or not, apparently) except in homes having red crosses over the door. The good lady innkeeper lost no time in warning her neighbors, and the story spread fast. Last report on the goblins was that they had been seen on a steamboat going from Chungking to Peipei, a town up the Chialing River. What they were up to or why they traveled by boat was not explained.

However, Chungking was glad to be rid of them. Soon after their alleged departure the cholera began to decline. In August the Secretary General of the city government reported the hospitals had only 240 cases, a drop of several hundreds under July. Everybody breathed easier. Thanks to the departure of the beautiful female goblins, or to the injection of some tens of thousands of vaccine units, the epidemic was evidently on the way out. There had been no fatalities among Chungking's foreigners, but the toll among the Chinese ran to hundreds of lives.

As my friend Mr. Wu asserted, the Americans had to be "contended at" before the summer was over. The winding up of the Burma campaign, and General Wedemeyer's removal of his Rear Echelon Headquarters staff from Kunming to the capital in the middle of July, brought new Army personnel in droves. Chungking, which already had increased four hundred thousand in population in the last ten months, found it difficult to handle them. There were suddenly just no more places for Americans to sleep. Many an Army officer whose orders read to proceed to Chungking found himself stopped at Kunming, four hundred airline miles to the south. There he waited, often for weeks, before Chungking found quarters and ordered him to come on.

Such conditions, along with the falling value of the currency, drove Chungking rents sharply upward. And not only house rents. Office space, of which the Americans needed considerable (since this was the administrative heart of the whole China theater), reached truly astronomical prices, with some fantastic results. A good sample was the experience of my friend who tried to rent a very small office,

in a building owned by a Chungking trust company, for the newspaper he represented. The "ceiling" rent was \$194,000 per annum—but without the key to the office; for that there was a deposit required of \$1,000,000. This became a common custom. The deposit money was said to be loaned out by the owners of the buildings at ten per cent a month.

CHUNGKING's transportation muddle did its share to make the summer miserable for everyone. The Chinese were fond of illustrating the difficulties with a story. A wedding guest, they said, started out to a wedding on Chungking's South Bank. He waited for a bus in a queue of 150 persons, then interminably for a ferry-junk at the river edge, then forever, it seemed, for a hirable sedan chair or ricksha on the other side. Finally he arrived—so late that the host and hostess presented him with the customary red-painted eggs in honor of the birth of their first child.

Possibly the problem of getting from place to place was no worse than usual, but in the wilting August heat it seemed to be. The city was, of course, never built for rapid or efficient transportation. It is a sort of city on stilts—all hills, and steep, and bifurcated by the two rivers, the Yangtze and the Chialing. There are no bridges, and many of the "streets" are flights of stairs. Of these Chungking has over a thousand of more than 200 steps. If you arrived in town by air, as practically all foreigners did, and landed at the Shan Hu Pa field, you got your introduction to Chungking stairs in a climb to the upper city of 387 steps. There was still a worse climb—from the Watching-for-the-Dragon Gate ferry wharf up 479 steps—but a cable car mercifully was installed there early in the summer.

Few used rickshas because they were both scarce (only 1,500 for a city of more than a million people) and uncomfortable. They often had bound-straw tires, broken springs, and a tendency to lurch wildly and fall apart. Many were afflicted with lice. Public sedan chairs, which were always comfortable and in former days were common in Chungking, were banned from the streets last summer. The munic-

ipal council, in order to conserve manpower, restricted them to steps and the suburbs.

Chungking had about fifty public buses operating, but only the Chinese dared use them. They were forever breaking down. One saw and smelled them roaring by on Middle Three Street, swaying from side to side, packed to the roof with passengers. The driver always had his elbow on the horn. Rickshas, bicycles, water-bucket coolies, horse carts, and wheelbarrows were invariably rushing frantically out of their way. They coughed out smoke, black and vile smelling from the combination alcohol-petrol fuel.

The Army, of course, had jeeps and command cars, though not nearly enough. Moreover, gasoline was short, since most of it had to be flown over the Hump from Calcutta. The newsmen at the Press Hostel tried for months to get one jeep assigned to them, with no luck. Still, the Army did what it could for service folk and civilians alike; sometimes you could manage to get a jeep ride to dinner in the evening. And the wealthier Chinese had their Buicks and Chevrolets. Generally speaking, however, Chungking—native and foreign—had to walk nearly everywhere. General Wedemeyer himself frequently walked the mile or two from his Chialing Village home to work, presumably to set an example.

III

THE CITY became noisier than ever. It was an amazing bedlam of sound in the best of times; American cities, by comparison, are a hospital corridor at night. But last summer nearly all private cars speeded through the streets with their horns tied down. The Army jeeps roared and rattled in ever-increasing numbers. Ricksha gongs contended brazenly against the wheelbarrows, with their perpetually unoiled axles, carrying black pigs—trussed and shrieking—through the streets to slaughter. All the itinerant peddlers who get attention by noise plied their rattles, gongs, clappers, drums, and cymbals with more than customary vigor.

Perhaps the extreme heat made us visitors hypersensitive to the racket; but it was clear that the Chinese, as a people,

really do love noise. Even in their conversations they seemed to prefer to shout at one another. Just outside my bedroom was a sentry box, where every morning at about one-thirty a friend would come to visit with the guard. Their conversation—although they were within two feet of each other, and not deaf—was always shouted, until finally I had to ask the hostel manager to shut them up.

One day, when Chungking's hubbub seemed at its highest, I asked a Chinese friend why his people, whom Americans suppose to be quiet and taciturn, so often liked to yell at one another. He explained by telling me a legend.

There was a Chinese emperor, he said, who suspected a plot against the throne, and forthwith decreed that anyone caught whispering should be executed. All his subjects thereupon took to shouting all the time; and eventually it became a national habit, now unbreakable.

A CHUNGKING summer is not conducive to much partying, but there were a few dinners and cocktail parties, despite the war and the heat. The grand opening of the Pink Elephant Club at the Chialing House, Chungking's leading hotel, was perhaps a typical big affair of those days. It cost a quarter of a million Chinese dollars, and the red crepe paper streamers decorating the ceiling of the dining room came to \$60 each. Ninety per cent of the men—about one hundred and fifty of them—were in uniform and in shirt sleeves. There were some forty women, five or six in evening dress. The ten or twelve Chinese women wore cotton, not silk as in former times, but practically all had modern coiffures—upsweep, permanent, and all. The cocktails were made of vodka, sugar, and canned grapefruit juice. At a corner bar a Chinese boy ladled them out of a stone pickle crock into jigger-sized glasses. If you preferred synthetic gin and sweetened water, you could buy it for \$100 a throw. Dinner was self-served and eaten at the tables set around the dance floor. The menu was limited to canned baked beans, rice, sliced black meat of some kind, and sliced cucumbers.

The evening happened to be less hot than usual, so many danced to music from

records and a loud speaker. The Chinese, who are not supposed to dance because of the principles of the so-called New Life Movement, danced too. (It seems that dancing is permitted to them when foreigners are present, although nobody knows just why.) Halfway through the evening the lights went out, as was customary almost every night in Chungking. But the party went on by candlelight until almost eleven, which was curfew time all over the China theater.

All through the summer the cost of living continued to climb. The Burma road had long since been opened and tonnage flown from India was increasing monthly, but the goods coming in by both these routes were chiefly military. Civilian commodities became scarcer than ever. It was often difficult to obtain such homely necessities as twine, pencils, or paper, while luxury items remained almost nonexistent. Americans with no Army connections had to smoke Chinese cigarettes (made usually from snipes gathered in the streets) or pay \$39,000 a carton for any American brand. Army and American government personnel in such agencies as the OWI, Red Cross, FEA, and the embassy could obtain theirs when they bought their PX ration. This was an allowance of "luxuries" granted by the Army, and getting them was a regular monthly ceremony. You would get your ration slip, walk to the PX, and buy the whole list, whether you wanted everything in it or not. Unwanted items could always be traded. The ration varied from month to month, but in July we received three cartons of Camels or Chesterfields, three packs of Beeman's Pepsin gum, eight bars of tropical chocolate, eight rolls of Five Flavor Life-Savers, four Curtiss Butterfingers, two packages of Red Robin Butter Toast Crackers, one cake of Lifebuoy Soap, and ten Corona cigars—total cost \$3.60, U.S. currency.

Discontinuance early in the summer of the Army's "jungle ration" raised some loud lamentations. The "jungle ration" was a bottle of imported whiskey issued every month to officers and those of equivalent civilian status. Opinion polls among enlisted men revealed that this bit of special privilege was one of their

chief gripes about the China theater. It was therefore stopped in July.

From then on Chungking's most popular liquor was a synthetic vodka manufactured on the South Bank by a White Russian, one Dr. Morrisoff, who previously had been in the pig bristle business. The vodka came in hand-blown greenish bottles; since Chungking had no proper corks, they were stoppered with plugs of bamboo pulp. Some Americans also developed a fancy for Chinese yellow wine, which the GI's named Ching Pao juice, or Air Raid Alarm liquor. And a few could take straight alcohol mixed with the Army's lemon powder. Alcohol was plentiful, since it was manufactured in quantity for mixing with all gasoline. At Chinese feasts one was sometimes served Mao Tai, a colorless liquor having the properties of liquid fire and a Camembert aftertaste. Because cigarette lighter fuel was almost non-existent in Chungking, Mao Tai was frequently used instead. It worked fine.

IV

ALL summer Chungking newspapers struggled with a vanishing newsprint supply, which reduced most of them to four pages. The book publishers, of which Chungking has China's three largest (all refugees from Shanghai), had similar griefs. Book paper was not being imported, of course, and the local production was said to have been sabotaged. The chief paper mills in Liangshan, a few miles from Chungking, suddenly changed over their production from book paper to "superstitious" paper. This is the "spirit money" especially made to be burned on graves. The tax on this type of paper had been mysteriously reduced from 105 per cent to 5 per cent, according to the Chungking press; so demand soared and along with it profits to manufacturers. The price of white book paper jumped from \$2,000 to \$11,000 a ream. All small publishing houses slid toward bankruptcy.

Chungking's black market money bourse, an establishment operated only slightly less publicly than Wall Street's Stock Exchange, pushed the national currency to new inflationary levels. The government kept the official rate frozen at \$20

Chinese to \$1 U.S., and thought of its indebtedness under lend-lease and other international loans on that basis. But in early June in the black market (which everybody used) you could get \$800 Chinese for every American dollar. By mid-July American twenty dollar bills were bringing \$2,900 to one. For a hundred dollar bill you could get \$3,300 to one, or \$330,000.

The Ministry of Finance at this point, it was reported, "sent out detectives to arrest any person who sells or buys gold or U.S. dollars in the black market." Since all gold shops, money changers, and private banks converted foreign currency at black market rates, nearly as openly as Chungking's street peddlers sold water chestnuts, some people in Chungking thought this a rather bizarre procedure.

The official government rate stood still all this time at \$20 to \$1 and worked many a hardship. A Chinese friend cited me a common instance. His wife's brother, who taught at an American university as visiting professor, saved up \$300 and sent it to his aged parents who were in dire need. The brother delivered the \$300 to the Bank of China in New York, which cabled its home office in Chungking to pay over the equivalent in Chinese currency. The black market rate at that moment in Chungking was \$2,000 to \$1, but the Bank of China could pay only at the official rate of \$20 to \$1, plus government "subsidy" of \$20 additional for benefit of overseas Chinese. The parents in Chungking, therefore, received \$12,000 Chinese. At current black market rates that was worth \$6 U.S. Somewhere along the way someone had picked up \$294 in good American money.

IN MIDSUMMER the government spokesman announced that the index of prices was 1,579 times as high as it was in 1937. One could well believe it. In the shopping center along Hsin Sheng Lu, you saw such prices as these: flashlights \$28,000; one hundred vitamin pills \$30,000; a bottle of Yunnan rum \$12,000; American lipsticks \$7,550; fountain pen sets \$60,000; tailor-made suits \$110,000. Whenever you went shopping, you took a bundle of hundred-dollar notes along, sorted and

folded together in thousands, and bulking about five inches thick.

A newspaper cost \$50, and a meal at the Carlton, Chungking's leading restaurant (if one dared to go there in cholera times), \$12,500. My bill for one month at the Press Hostel totaled \$76,400. Just getting laundry done cost around \$2,500 and wasn't worth it. The clothes often returned more soiled than when they went out, and so smelly one felt sure that no boiling water had touched them. Of course, water *was* expensive. When the water works shut down, every drop had to be carried by coolies throughout Chungking, at \$700 a bucket.

Inflation, like nearly all of Chungking's woes, could only be "contended at" with no real hope of results through all that long summer. Everyone from the street coolies to the government spokesmen knew that no effective remedy was possible until the Japanese could be cleared away from the coast, and ports opened to funnel a stream of goods to the interior.

WHEN the Japanese surrender finally did come, along with the first break in the heat, the whole sweaty nightmare began to dissolve. General Wedemeyer gave us the news at 10:30 on the morning of August 15—the very day which had been set, weeks earlier, for the long-awaited landing of American troops on the China Coast. That still-born campaign, which was to have been the pay-off for three years of effort, was forgotten in the popping of the victory firecrackers. Chinese and foreigners celebrated together; the grinning crowds yanked Americans from their jeeps and rushed them into the wineshops for a triumphal shot of Ching Pao juice or Dr. Morrisoff's vodka.

Almost immediately Americans began to stream out of the city; government offices began to pack for an early transfer to Nanking, the prewar capital; and nearly a million Chinese refugees from the coastal provinces got ready to start home. By next summer it seems likely that Chungking will again be a quiet provincial town—as quiet, anyhow, as a Chinese city can be—where foreigners are curiosities and cooks can sleep on their kitchen tables in peace.

REPENT IN HASTE

A Short Novel in Two Parts. Part II

JOHN P. MARQUAND

[In the first part of this short novel, William Briggs, a war correspondent in the Pacific, learned piece by piece the life story of a young Navy flier, Lieutenant James K. Boyden, whom he had met at Pearl Harbor; and Briggs promised that when he returned to New York he would look up Boyden's family in East Orange, New Jersey—especially his young wife Daisy (whom Boyden had met at Pensacola) and the baby.—The Editors]

AS THE bus moved through the Oranges, starting and stopping in the snow and dusk, Briggs could not escape the feeling that he was visiting an important place—the dwelling of some great man, with its furnishings still preserved intact. It was like a charabanc trip to some region in England, to some tourists' literary shrine—a trip through the Holland Tunnel to the Boyden country, including a visit to the boyhood home of James K. Boyden.

He knew the house without looking for the number. He could tell it by the porch and by the pitch of the roof, and by the lines which were already a little dated. He could almost believe that Boyden was watching him, telling him that it was not that house or that one, but the one with the yellow paint and with the maple tree in front of it—the one with the service star and the Red Cross sticker in the window.

Mr. Boyden was frail, with mouse-gray hair, but he was easy to recognize because his lips curled up like Boyden's when he smiled. He was dressed in a newly-pressed blue serge suit which Briggs imagined had been kept for particular occasions.

"It's kind of you to come on a night like this," Mr. Boyden said. "I hope you didn't slip on the front steps."

"Oh, no," Briggs answered, "it's nice to see some snow."

"Let me take your coat," Mr. Boyden said, "and just go right into the parlor. I'll tell them that you've come."

While Briggs stood in the parlor waiting, he could hear Mr. Boyden cross the hall and open the kitchen door. It was obvious that he would have broccoli for supper.

"Carrie," he heard Mr. Boyden say, "I guess the bus was early."

"Well, entertain him for just a minute, Philip. We'll be right out," Mrs. Boyden said, "and Philip?"

"Yes, Carrie."

"Did you get that bottle from the package store?"

"Yes, Carrie."

"Well, use the tall glasses—not those, the other ones."

THE OVERSTUFFED parlor suite, the antimacassars, the radio with the Jacobean legs, the upright piano, and the golden oak bookcase with the set of Conrad were so exactly what they should

have been that the room in which Briggs stood, and all its furnishings, seemed like a projection of his own imaginative efforts. Now all these homely objects served the single purpose of drawing the eye to a silver-framed photograph that stood upon a small lace-covered table.

It was, of course, a picture of Boyden, standing full length in Navy khaki, wearing all his decorations. It had obviously been done by a Honolulu photographer who had no time for nuances; in fact, you could almost hear the photographer saying:

"Stand there, Buddy, and hold it. There's a long line waiting. Now, come and get it tomorrow morning. . . . Five dollars' deposit, please."

The lighting was pitiless, but the effect was amazingly lifelike. You could see from his round eyes that Boyden did not want to have the damned thing taken and that he must have given his hair a quick shove from his forehead an instant before the shutter clicked, for his right hand was still in mid-air with its fingers half opened. Briggs was sure that Boyden had been about to speak. Words seemed to come from his half-parted lips.

You could almost hear him saying, "Get on with it, Pops, I'm busy myself."

When Mr. Boyden returned, Briggs was still looking at the photograph.

"There's Jimmy. It's a speaking likeness, isn't it?" Mr. Boyden said. He was carrying a black tray with lace over it. There was a pink bowl on the tray filled with ice cubes, and three glasses, one bottle of whiskey and one of soda. "Jimmy often wrote about you." Mr. Boyden raised his glass and looked at it uncertainly. "He said he talked to you a lot."

Briggs laughed. "He used to call me Pops."

"Jimmy always had fresh names for everybody," Mr. Boyden said.

"He gave me a message to give you," Briggs said. "He wanted me to tell you that you're a damned good guy. Those are his words, not mine."

"Thanks," Mr. Boyden said, and his voice broke. "Excuse me, well—yes—Jimmy's a good boy."

"I hope I'll be seeing him before long,"

Briggs said. "He'll want to hear about everything—particularly about Daisy."

There was silence and then Mr. Boyden cleared his throat.

"Oh, yes, Daisy. She'll be back to-night," he said. "She left the baby with us. It's easier having grandchildren."

"All the fun and none of the worry," Briggs said.

"What's that?" Mr. Boyden asked. "Oh, yes, not nearly so much worry. I wish you'd tell me something—before the women come."

He stopped and a sharp sizzling sound came from the oven of that automatic stove in the kitchen.

"Roast lamb," Mr. Boyden said. "I wish you'd tell me before they come. Did you get the impression that anything was worrying Jimmy?"

Briggs laughed uneasily. "Not Jimmy. He isn't the worrying kind," he said.

"It was only that he said that he talked to you a lot." Mr. Boyden's eyes were on the picture. "Jimmy used to talk when he was worried. Well, here they are—" Mr. Boyden smiled. "This is Mrs. Boyden, Mr. Briggs, and here's my daughter, Susie," and then he added for no apparent reason, "Jimmy's sister. Now you know all the family."

BRIGGS believed that motherhood had become more of a cult than ever since the beginning of the war. For some reason it was generally admitted that mothers suffered more than fathers. It seemed to Briggs that Mrs. Boyden was just the sort of person who would never forget that she was an American mother, with an American son at the front. She was plump and deep-bosomed with graying auburn hair tied in a hard knot. Her face was round like Boyden's and she wore pince-nez glasses, and a service pin on her purple satin afternoon dress. She would never be able to understand what her son was going through but she would be very brave. It was obvious that she wanted Briggs to feel that she had only been out in the kitchen for just a minute and that she did her own housework only because she liked to have things nice.

"I hope you're not starving, Mr. Briggs," she said, "and please excuse our

scurrying back and forth. It's so much easier not having a maid."

"Yes," Susie said, "there's no one to get mad and leave when we're late."

He had seen Susie's picture with all of Boyden's others, but somehow he had not realized that Susie would be short and chunky, too, like Boyden, with Boyden's sandy eyebrows and his straight, even teeth.

"I told Philip not to ask you any questions before I came, because everyone wants to hear everything," Mrs. Boyden said. "It's such a small world, isn't it? And to have a real live war correspondent in the house."

Susie giggled.

"He had to be alive to get here, didn't he?"

"Philip," Mrs. Boyden crooked her finger at Mr. Boyden, "did you forget to close the furnace?"

"No, dear," Mr. Boyden answered.

Mrs. Boyden seated herself and smoothed her satin skirt and adjusted her service pin.

"Now," she said, "let's begin at the beginning. When did you first meet Jimmy, Mr. Briggs?"

It was what he had come to tell them, but he was wondering as he started to speak how the elder Boydens must have looked when they were younger. They were asking him to begin at the beginning, when they were the beginning.

"Well," Briggs began, "the first time I saw Jimmy was quite a while ago at Pearl Harbor after he had been picked up from a raft, but of course you know all about it."

"You really saw him then? We have all the clippings in Jimmy's scrapbook," Mrs. Boyden said. "The newspapers reported it beautifully."

"It was just by accident that I got to know him," Briggs went on. "We were staying at the same hotel and Jimmy asked me up to his room and told me a lot about the war."

"I bet he was drinking," Susie said.

Mrs. Boyden looked hurt. "No one in Jimmy's position would dream of doing anything like that, especially when he had just been given the Navy Cross, would he, Mr. Briggs?"

"Well, as a matter of fact," Briggs said,

"you know the flight surgeons themselves recommend that the fliers take a little something now and then."

HE STOPPED. The doorbell was ringing, and with the sound everything in the room had stopped. Mrs. Boyden drew a sharp breath.

"It's only Verna May and Sam," Susie said quickly. "Don't you remember that you asked them over? Don't worry, Mom."

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Boyden said and her face lighted up again. "Verna May, that is, Miss Lewis, is a childhood friend of Jimmy's, Mr. Briggs, and her fiancé, Sergeant Tilton, was one of Jimmy's old friends, too. . . . I always think it may be a telegram."

"Oh, yes," Briggs said, "I've heard of Verna May, but I hadn't heard—"

"It hasn't been announced yet," Mrs. Boyden said hastily.

He was shaking hands with Verna May and he remembered that Boyden had called her a cute little trick, but it was not a good description. She was the sort of girl that a mother would want her son to marry—a tall reliable girl, with a clear complexion, nice hands, and straight shoulders. Her cheeks were red from the cold. Her nose was thin and so was her mouth.

"I hope we haven't missed anything," said Verna May.

"Oh, not a thing, dear," Mrs. Boyden said, "and may I present Sam, that is, Sergeant Tilton."

Then he was shaking hands with Sam Tilton who had taught Boyden so much about women. Sam was a technical sergeant in a tailor-made uniform. His eyes, behind metal-framed glasses, were limpid brown. He had slick hair, and a quick, easy smile.

"Sam," Mr. Boyden said, "how about a little Scotch?"

"Oh, no," Verna May said. "Not anything for Sam."

"Thanks just the same," Sam said hoarsely. "I'm sort of off it, Mr. Boyden."

"Carrie," Mr. Boyden cleared his throat again, "don't you think we ought to call up Daisy?"

Briggs was aware of the same sort of

silence that had fallen on the room when the bell had rung.

"Philip," Mrs. Boyden said, "we've been all over that."

Then Briggs remembered Boyden's souvenirs. They were wrapped in a brown paper package, and everyone watched him slip off the string and open it, as though he were performing a conjuring trick.

The souvenirs were the sort that anyone might pick up on a battlefield—a Japanese soldier's diary which should have been given to the Intelligence, a pile of Japanese bills, a canteen, a revolver, a clock from a Japanese plane, and a silk battle flag.

"You don't think they have disease germs?" Mrs. Boyden asked.

"I choose the flag," called Susie.

"Silly—that's for Daisy, of course," said Verna May. "You'll get me a flag, too, won't you, Sam, when you go to the Pacific?"

"Sure," Sam said, "right off Hirohito, Verna."

THE DINING room told its own mute story of unmitigated effort. There was a tablecloth of Italian lace that could not have been used for years, as Briggs could tell from the slight discoloration at the folds. There was a mirror centerpiece, with two glass swans and an agate goldfish upon it, all swimming toward a cut-glass bowl filled with snapdragons and ferns. The place plates were the color of Paris green and on each plate were figures of fox-hunters in pink coats. There were heavy tumblers of hand cut glass, and pinkish-purple wineglasses, and lace-edged napkins each with a little piece of bread inside it. There were butter plates and small plates of salad, each containing four grapefruit sections, a single leaf of lettuce, one prune stuffed with cream cheese, one red and one green Maraschino cherry and a dab of mayonnaise.

Briggs pulled out Mrs. Boyden's chair, and then they waited while the two girls brought in yellow bouillon cups of clear consommé from the kitchen.

"I'm going to ask Mr. Briggs to say the blessing," Mrs. Boyden said.

Briggs recalled what Boyden had said

about the Altar Guild and his thoughts moved desperately to memories of the last church supper he had attended, but he could not recollect the words of any grace. The last religious words he had heard were from the service of a burial at sea. For an instant he could see the crew detail with their rifles, the chaplain in his robes with his Book of Common Prayer, and the body on the grating underneath the flag.

"O, Lord," he began, and stopped. His voice was hoarse and the palms of his hands were moist. "O, Lord, bless this food for thy servants' use, Amen."

He was not sure that it was adequate but it was near enough. His hand groped for a round bouillon spoon.

"You might pass the claret, Philip," Mrs. Boyden said. "I see you looking at the swans, Mr. Briggs. Jimmy gave them to me for Christmas once. He knew that I like to have things nice."

"Oh," Verna May said. "Why, I was with Jimmy when he bought them. We knew that you liked crystal."

"No thanks, Mr. Boyden," Briggs heard Sam Tilton say. "I'm kind of off wine."

"Sam's in Division Headquarters now," Verna May told them. "He's in charge of all the mimeographing."

Mrs. Boyden picked up her bouillon spoon and smiled at Briggs. "You mustn't mind if the girls pop up and down, but please tell us all about Jimmy."

When Briggs began he knew he would be fitting everything he told into terms of the Boydens' dining room—minimizing the danger, making it all sound comfortable and reassuring.

It was a beautiful sight to see the planes take off and circle above the ship. Jimmy was a fine pilot. The thing to remember was that the Japanese fleet was no longer the menace that it used to be. He was aware of the lamb with browned potatoes and brown gravy, and mint jelly and broccoli and Hollandaise, and vanilla ice cream and chocolate sauce and lady fingers. Life on a carrier was not always exciting. A lot of the time it was like a southern cruise, with the boys in shorts taking sunbaths. There was plenty of clean linen, a fine free laundry, and moving pictures, and the food right here was

almost but not quite as good as the carrier food. They had their own ice cream machine.

True, there were moments of excitement, especially when a task force was near the Japanese Islands. There were occasional plane attacks and there were, just as you read in the papers, the Divine Wind planes, or the "One-way Boys," as they were sometimes called, but the thing to remember was that these attacks were all over in a matter of seconds.

"Not nearly as bad as you might think," he heard himself saying. There was always the air cover and the radar always picked them up. And the *Rogue River* was a lucky ship. Briggs knew that he was doing well. He was telling them what they wanted most to hear.

"My main impression on the *Rogue River*," he was saying, "was of everyone's being friendly and having a good time." Maybe they didn't know what a hand Jimmy was at bridge. And maybe they didn't know how good he was at card tricks and sleight-of-hand. He was the life of the party there on the *Rogue River*.

"Girls," Mrs. Boyden said, "I think it might be nice to have our demi-tasses in the parlor, but don't stop talking, Mr. Briggs."

When they were back in the parlor, Mr. Boyden gave him a cigar in a cellophane wrapper, and Briggs finished it while he went on talking. He was trying to think of amusing anecdotes. It was amusing to hear the boys talking over the interphones when the squadron was in the air. You could hear the air fights sometimes right there on the island—the superstructure of the ship, not a real island. Of course, planes were forced down at sea occasionally as Jimmy's had been that time, but you would be amazed at the high percentage of rescues.

"They have it down to a system," he heard himself saying, "and the system's getting better all the time."

WHEN HE finished his cigar he rose and said that he was afraid that he had been talking too much and that he really had to be going. He wondered if they could tell him where Maple Street

was. Jimmy would never forgive him if he did not call at Maple Street.

"Of course," Mrs. Boyden said. "It's been very selfish of us. We couldn't get Daisy for supper, you know, but I'm sure she'll be back by now. We might send Daisy some ice cream, don't you think so, Philip?"

"What's that?" Mr. Boyden asked. "Oh, yes, of course he must see Daisy. He can see her and get the eleven o'clock bus. I'll walk to the corner with him."

Then Mrs. Boyden thought of something else. She must have thought of it while Verna May was saying how wonderful it had been just to sit and listen.

"It certainly was great," Sam Tilton was telling him, "to hear all that about old Jimmy, right from the horse's mouth."

"Why, we've forgotten the most important thing," Mrs. Boyden cried. "We've forgotten all about Baby."

"Oh," Verna May said, "hasn't he seen him?"

"We can all go up," Mrs. Boyden said. "I'll lead the way and you follow me, Mr. Briggs, and you'll excuse it if things are a little higgledy-piggledy upstairs—you know how things are with a baby."

Everyone walked into the hall and began moving up the narrow stairs in single file.

"You see, Daisy leaves him with us sometimes," Mrs. Boyden whispered. "She knows we love it so and she forgets formulas sometimes. She says herself she's not very good with babies."

The narrow hall upstairs was lit by a dim electric light and had that odor which one associates with extreme youth.

"You must tell Jimmy that you saw him in Jimmy's own bedroom," Mrs. Boyden whispered. "It's almost like having Jimmy all over, all the fun and none of the bother."

The door squeaked faintly as Mrs. Boyden opened it and stepped into the dark. She switched on a shaded light, and Briggs followed her into the little room where Boyden used to sleep. He could see the picture of the high school class and the fraternity in the faint light, and a banner on the wall with the numerals of Boyden's college class. He could

see Boyden's bureau with a pair of military brushes on it. The baby was sleeping in a basket in Boyden's narrow bed, and beside the bed was a combination bathtub and changing table, and a pile of diapers and a bottle warmer.

"Hush," Mrs. Boyden whispered. "He looks just the way Jimmykins looked—not like his mama at all."

But all that Briggs could see was a round and pasty baby with arms thrown upward and fists clenched, pale, as infants always were when they were sound asleep, exuding a faint odor of sour milk.

"Susie," Mrs. Boyden whispered. "Don't forget to take him up in half an hour."

OUTSIDE IT had stopped snowing and the air was clear as it always was after snow.

"This ought to be the last snowstorm," Mr. Boyden said. "There's been a lot of snow this winter."

They stopped under a street lamp at the corner and Mr. Boyden thrust his hands into his overcoat pockets.

"You see . . ." he said, and he hesitated and began again. "I wish Mrs. Boyden and Susie got on better with Jim's wife, not that you need tell him, but you know how women are . . . a little jealous, sometimes. I suppose you must have noticed, or I wouldn't have brought it up."

Briggs did not know what to answer.

"It's the strain," Mr. Boyden added. "You saw . . . when the doorbell rang. It's harder for women."

Neither of them moved, and Mr. Boyden spoke again.

"I can't thank you enough for telling us so much."

"It was a pleasure," Briggs said, "the least I could do."

"Two blocks down and to the left," Mr. Boyden said, "the only stucco house. It's the downstairs apartment to the right, and the bus leaves at eleven o'clock in front of the filling station, but Daisy can take you down. Thanks again for everything, Mr. Briggs."

VII

IT'S THE third house down on Maple Street, the only double stucco house,

and remember there's a goddam funny tree in front of it—the only one like it there."

The street lights made luminous circles on the fresh snow, which were cut by the shadows of bare branches of maple trees. The gabled houses on their small white lawns were cold and dark, for it was getting late on Maple Street. The only stucco house was a three-story building, geometrical and solid, the kind that contractors had once erected hastily for investment purposes. The tree in front, as Briggs had guessed already, was an umbrella tree, with a bare network of little branches reaching down to the snow.

The lower right-hand mail box bore the name of Boyden in sprawling block letters, so there was no doubt that it was the apartment where the kid was waiting safe and sound. It was a quarter of ten o'clock, a little late to drop in suddenly, but Briggs could see lights behind the drawn shades of the downstairs windows. He thought that there would be a pause when he rang the outer bell, but instead the electric latch began to click before he had finished ringing.

"Don't slam the front door, darling. Don't wake everybody up."

He heard Daisy whisper before he even saw her, but when he was in the hall she gave a little gasp.

"Oh, my God," Daisy said. "I thought it was someone else." She stood with the light of the room behind her, so that he could only judge the expression on her face by her voice, but he remembered hearing Boyden say that Daisy always did too much at once.

"I'm sorry," Briggs was still speaking to the shadow of Daisy in the apartment door. "My name is Briggs. I'm a friend of Jimmy's. I'm just back from the Pacific. He said he'd written about me. I hope he did."

"Oh, yes," she said. "Oh, yes, that's so. Well, come on in."

THE PLACE reminded him of the hotel room where he had first talked with Lieutenant Boyden. It had exactly the same sort of disorder, and the same perfunctory decoration. The walls and the woodwork were cream color and the floor

was varnished golden oak, partially covered by a factory-made hooked rug decorated by a profusion of green leaves and purple flowers that clashed with the ready-made "drapes" at the windows. Stockings and underwear bulged from an open suitcase. Some other stockings were in one corner of a sofa, and a coat and a tiny hat were in the other corner. Ginger ale bottles and groceries and unwashed dishes and glasses were heaped on chairs and tables.

"I am sorry," Briggs said. "I shouldn't have dropped in like this."

"Oh, that's all right," Daisy said. "It's swell that you stopped in."

She held out a thin little hand with dark red pointed fingernails, and Briggs remembered what Boyden had said about her fingers and her toes that night at Pensacola. She was smiling at him, and her blonde hair, very soft and undulating from a permanent, fell rumped to her shoulders.

Briggs stood there under the glare of the unshaded ceiling fixture, comparing a photograph with its subject, for of course he had seen her picture with Boyden's other pictures. She looked even younger than he had imagined, too young to be worried about marriage or a baby, too young to keep the room neat, or to worry about the facts of life.

She looked like those glamour girls in the movie magazines, like Betty Grable or Veronica Lake, snapped informally at home, although you knew, if you had any sense, that their poses were far from informal. She had the same beguiling stare, the same half-parted lips just about to break into a smile, the same narrowing of the corners of the eyes. He could imagine that she was pretending she was not Daisy Boyden at all, but Lana Turner receiving an inquiring photographer. He could imagine her preparing to say that she loved simple outdoor sports and babies.

"Gee," Daisy Boyden said. "I wish I'd known you were coming, and I'd have put something on."

Her eyebrows were plucked to pencil lines and a wide bow of lipstick had given her one of those disdainful artificial mouths which he had noticed were the latest fashion. She was wearing a pink silk negligee

wrapped over blue pajamas. It might have been the same negligee that she had worn at Pensacola on that romantic night—a little worn and spotted, but very, very pretty.

"You look very nice," Briggs said.

"Gee," she said, "well, thanks a lot! I didn't mean to be so informal, but I can take it if you can."

"I could come back again," Briggs said, "if you're expecting someone."

"Oh that's all right," Daisy said, "he's just a friend—that is, kind of. Boysie wrote me all about you, but I didn't know it would be like this."

Briggs did not know that it would be either, and furthermore, he still did not know just what it was like.

"Boysie," Briggs said. "That's what they called him on the carrier. I didn't know you called him that."

"Me? I made it up, and the other kids must have heard me when we were running around together," Daisy answered. "A name kind of goes with someone—'Boysie.' Things happen in funny ways, don't they, in this life?"

"What sort of things?" Briggs asked.

"Oh, everything," Daisy said. "You knowing Boysie, and then seeing me like this. I don't see you getting on with Boysie exactly, but then life is a sort of a rat-race, isn't it?"

"Yes, if you want to put it that way," Briggs said. It was exactly the way to put it, considering Daisy and the room.

"Everybody keeps coming and going," Daisy said. "You are going back out there again, aren't you?"

"Yes, in a few weeks," Briggs answered. "Boysie will want to hear all about you when I see him."

"Well, that's just swell you're going back!" Daisy said and she pulled her silk wrap tighter about her narrow shoulders. "It makes everything just swell. Just throw your hat and coat down anywhere. I guess you're used to layouts like this if you've been around with the Navy."

"I've been trying to get in touch with you," Briggs said, "but I hear you've been away."

"Yes, down to Atlantic City." Daisy took a fresh package of cigarettes from a carton on the floor and tapped it with her

thin fingers. "Gosh, it really is a marathon down there. I guess you've been seeing Boysie's people if you heard I was away."

"Yes," Briggs answered. "I was there for dinner."

"Oh, boy," Daisy said, and she lighted a cigarette, "I guess you need a drink, Pops. You don't mind if I call you Pops? . . . There's a bottle in the kitchen and some soda, if we can find an opener."

THE HEELS of her soiled pink mules clicked like castanets as he followed her down a bare passage. He had a glimpse of a bedroom with dresses piled on an unmade studio couch, and the kitchenette was littered with pots and pans, empty cans, and baby's bottles.

"Did you see the kid?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered, "I saw the kid."

"He's a cute little number, isn't he? Here's the rye." Daisy held the bottle up and shook it.

"Boysie sent you a Japanese flag," Briggs said.

"Oh," Daisy said, "wasn't that angelic of Boysie?"

He had never known anyone like her, but he was beginning to understand what Boyden meant when he had said she was a cute little trick. She had so little to conceal. If he had been Boyden's age, he might also have started talking to her about life and love.

"Gosh, but things move fast. Do they ever get you all mixed up?" Daisy asked. Her sleeve caught on the handle of a saucepan and it clattered to the floor.

"Yes," Briggs answered, "sometimes."

"Just throw the coat and hat over on the floor," Daisy said, when they were back in the living room. "Sometimes it makes me dizzy the way things happen. Sometimes, I don't know where I am after being around so much. It's funny, being in love."

"The thing to remember," Briggs said, and he was beginning to see what it must have been like at Pensacola, "is that everybody's been in the same boat sometime."

DAISY SAT down on a corner of the sofa, and curled her legs under her.

"I guess we'd better have a little talk

about Boysie," she said. "Maybe you can see—I need someone who can see what I'm going through. Boysie used to say I did too many things at once. You can't help what life makes you, can you?"

"No, of course you can't," Briggs answered gently. "But you must not let it bother you. It ought to help to remember that Boysie's very fond of you. He thinks of you a lot."

At first he thought she had not heard him. She looked straight ahead of her at nothing, and clasped and unclasped her hands.

"I know. He thinks of me the way I used to be, but you can't stay still." She stopped and sighed. "Oh, boy, he used to be a sweet kid. I guess I've got to have someone around loving me the way he did. Some girls are made that way."

Yes, Briggs thought, some girls were made that way. All at once her voice had a tinkling ringing quality like the sound that came when you tapped the edge of a delicate glass and if you tapped the glass too hard it would break.

"Listen," Briggs said uneasily, "I know it's hard when someone you love is away." He had never intended to be plunged into Daisy's private life, and he hoped that if he did not look at her he might somehow avoid it.

She had turned toward him slowly, and he was afraid that she was going to cry. "If we could have only always been around together. . . . We had the sweetest time. When Boysie left me here, Oh God . . . it was awful."

"Now, wait a minute," Briggs said hastily, "it will be all right when he comes back."

"No, it won't," he heard her say. "I don't love him any more . . . but I tried. I wish you'd tell him that. I really tried."

Boyden was right. When there was a war on you shouldn't get to liking anyone too much.

"Of course you love him," Briggs said. "Listen, you can't do that to him, not when he's where he is. You've got to love him."

"It doesn't matter where he is, you

can't go on loving someone if you're not in love," she said.

"But I'm telling you," Briggs answered, "you don't know whether you love him or not because he isn't here."

Daisy shook her head. "It doesn't do any good to argue. You can't help what happens in this life. I don't love Boysie any more. I'm engaged to someone else."

"You're what?" Briggs asked.

"I'm engaged to someone else—to the man I was engaged to before I saw Jimmy."

"Now wait a minute," Briggs began, "you can't be engaged to one boy when you're married to another."

"Oh yes, I can," Daisy said, "a lot of girls are now. I wish you'd see." Her voice was higher and she was speaking slowly, as though she were exasperated by his dullness. "*Someone's got* to explain it to Boysie. I've thought and thought about it and my idea is—you don't know what is going to happen to you when you get married—nobody does. I thought I was in love with Boysie, but I really wasn't. Boysie thought he was in love with someone else and he really wasn't."

"If it's all the same with you," Briggs said, "can't you stop talking about love?" but Daisy was not listening.

"You can't tell what's going to happen when you get married. I couldn't know what being married to Boysie was like until I tried it, could I? . . . and I didn't know what it would be like having a baby either."

"People do have babies when they're married," Briggs began.

"But you can't tell what it's like until you have one," Daisy said. "Anyway, they'll take care of him . . . and I didn't know how it would be when Hugh came back."

"Who's Hugh," Briggs asked, "the other boy?"

"Yes," Daisy said, "you'll like him when you see him. He's a good deal like Boysie only more so. That's what fooled me—only . . ."

"Only, what?" Briggs asked.

"I don't know," Daisy said. "Just only. You can't tell what's going to happen when you get married in a war."

"That's true," Briggs said. "I suppose it is the war."

The corners of Daisy's eyes wrinkled and she smiled.

"That's sweet of you to say that," she said. "I knew you'd see. And you can see that I've got to marry Hugh, can't you, and you can make Boysie see?"

There was no use telling her what he thought of her, and he was no longer sure what he thought, and certainly he was never meant to be a Voice of Experience, or an Old Friend of the Family.

"Do you mean to say," Briggs asked, "that you expect me to tell all this to Boysie?"

"I think it would be kinder, don't you," Daisy said, "than writing to him and asking right out for a divorce?"

"But can't you wait until he gets back on leave again?" Briggs asked. "You're the one who ought to tell him."

"It would be nicer," Daisy said, "but you see I can't wait very well. You see, I think—something must have gone wrong somewhere—I think I'm going to have another baby."

Briggs glanced helplessly about the room and its disorder was just like Daisy's mind. He rose and picked up his overcoat.

"I don't know why," he began, "I should be dragged into this mess—" but a buzzing sound in the kitchen stopped him, and Daisy was on her feet, the heels of her mules clattering as she ran.

"Here's Hugh," she said.

HE HAD read about this sort of thing in social workers' notes. Mrs. B, Naval officer's wife, unstable background; rudimentary education; emotionally immature; unable to adapt herself to new environment; has child, quarrels with husband's family; has now formed connection with other Naval officer; believes is about to have child by this man. . . .

Those facts would not have surprised him if he had read them on a file card. He would have said it was war psychosis and have let it go at that, but it was not the same when he sat there and observed it.

"Don't slam the front door, darling,"

Daisy whispered. She led a Naval lieutenant, the one she really loved, into the room, and closed the door.

"Hey," the officer said. "Who's the company?" and Daisy introduced them—this was Hugh Kroll, and this was that war correspondent who knew Boysie.

"And he's being awfully sweet and understanding about our problem, darling," Daisy said.

"Well, thanks a lot, sir," said Lieutenant Kroll, "but there isn't much to understand, is there?"

She had said that Lieutenant Kroll was like Boysie, only more so. Lieutenant Kroll's face was longer than Boyden's and whiter, and his hair was darker. It was the sort of face that is sometimes called a frank, open countenance.

"Well," Briggs said, "I think I'll be going now."

"Oh—not *now*," Daisy said, "when Hugh's just come. Besides you haven't heard it all."

"I've heard enough," Briggs said, "to get a pretty good picture. It won't be any use to hear much more."

"But you're going to help us," she told him. "You said you were—about the divorce."

HE HAD not intended to pass any moral comment, or to show the way he felt, but suddenly his distaste for the whole shabby picture and his respect for Boyden's homely and fundamental virtues overcame sensible restraint.

"I never promised anything of the sort," he said, "but now that your friend is here," he turned away from her and looked straight at Lieutenant Kroll, "I'd like to ask him a question. I see you've served in the Pacific—you've been in action, haven't you, Lieutenant Kroll?"

"That's right, sir," Lieutenant Kroll said, "mostly with the LST's."

"Don't call him 'sir,' Hugh," Daisy said, "he's nice."

He wished the girl would stop talking. He wanted to tell her that the whole thing was her fault and that she never should have been born.

"Listen, son," Briggs said, "how do you feel about taking another man's wife behind his back?"

Briggs had not raised his voice but he could feel his anger rising, and he felt a savage satisfaction when he saw the lieutenant's face grow red.

"How do I feel?" the lieutenant repeated.

"Yes," Briggs answered. "That's what I asked you."

The lieutenant hesitated a moment.

"You're giving me hard words, sir," he said. "You're being pretty rugged."

"Not very," Briggs said. "I'm simply curious. You don't have to answer if you don't want to."

Briggs put on his hat and began getting into his overcoat.

"Oh, I'll answer all right," the lieutenant said. "I'll tell you how I feel. I feel it's all fair and it squares up."

"Oh, do you?" Briggs asked.

"All fair," the lieutenant repeated. "That guy she's married to took her away from me when I was out at Pearl."

"But I thought you'd thrown her over," Briggs said.

"Who said I'd thrown her over?" Lieutenant Kroll asked.

"Why, whoever made such a lousy crack as that?" Daisy said before Briggs could answer. Her china-blue eyes were wide and innocent.

Briggs gazed at her uncertainly. He felt sorry for Lieutenant Kroll.

"Well, whether it's so or not," he said, "you weren't married to her, were you, son?"

The lieutenant shook his head.

"No," he answered, "but what difference does it make?"

"If you don't understand," Briggs said, "it won't do any good to tell you."

The lieutenant's face looked redder.

"I think you sound old-fashioned, sir," he said.

"That's an easy way to put it," Briggs began, but Daisy did not let him finish.

"Now don't you two start quarreling," she said quickly. "It's all perfectly decent. I'm going out to Reno. Have you got the tickets, darling?"

"Yes," Lieutenant Kroll said. "I've got them."

"Now please don't be mean about it," Daisy put her hand on Briggs' arm again and looked up at him. "It's a sort of a

mess all right but you *know* it will be better if you tell Boysie. It won't hurt so much."

"He dished it out, sir," Lieutenant Kroll said. "He's got to take it."

Briggs walked to the door.

"Well, good-bye," he said. "I hope he'll think he's lucky."

That was what came of knowing people too well and liking them too much. The sordid little tale was on his hands. By accident and beyond all help he would have to retail all of it to Lieutenant Boyden. He would have to see the change come over Boyden's face and watch him take it. He had thought that he was tolerant and knew the world. He never thought he could feel so unhappy over something that was no real concern of his.

VIII

NEW YORK was a very rear area compared to San Francisco. The war tide swirled up and down the streets of San Francisco like the tide in the Golden Gate. Marines and sailors dozed in the hotel lobbies, and everyone was taking a last drink before leaving, or a first drink on coming back. In the room at the St. Francis on the night before Briggs left for Pearl, everyone knew what had happened to the *Rogue River*, although it was not yet in the papers for reasons of security. Personally, Briggs could not see much use in the delay when so many people knew of it already, and what was left of the *Rogue River* was back at Pearl and her surviving crew were landed.

"Some damage was suffered by certain units," the communiqué had said. Briggs had heard about it in Washington, a week before he left, from a friend of his in Naval Personnel, but news was like waves from a stone thrown into water—the nearer you came to the spot the more you heard. The captain and the two commanders who sat in his room at the St. Francis knew him well enough to talk freely. The carriers were usually the ones that caught it, particularly when there was an overcast, and the *Rogue River* had been under intermittent attacks for days. A Zeke had come out of the overcast flying low and had made for the superstructure when a five-

inch shell made it swerve and crash on the flight deck among the planes. The explosion had smashed through to the hangar deck and the ship had been on fire for an hour. It had taken nearly all the ocean to put it out, the captain said. It was surprising to think that anything like the *Rogue River* could have got back under her own power. Of course, there had been casualties and men trapped below deck, but, though it would take quite a while to patch her up, she made port. They spoke quietly in technical terms, much as he had heard doctors discuss a case of thrombosis.

"They used to say she was a lucky ship," Briggs said.

"Yes," the captain answered, "but no ship stays lucky all the time."

Briggs was thinking of the wardroom of the *Rogue River*, of the officers drinking coffee and listening to the phonograph, reading, or writing letters. He was thinking of Boyden sitting at a bridge game, and of the annoying way he slapped down his cards, particularly when he took a trick.

"Hey," he heard them say. "What are you playing—slapjack, Boysie?"

"Hell," he heard Boyden answer, "I want to know it when I take 'em."

Of course there was a casualty list, but no one there had seen it.

The captain had heard that a group of the fliers had just been briefed and a lot of them were by their planes when the Zeke had crashed.

"There was a flier," Briggs said, "named Boyden—James K. Boyden."

"If he's alive, you'll see him," one of the commanders said. "Those kids all went to Pearl."

That was all there was to say about Boyden. He was nothing but a name, and he had been checked off on the record.

"He was a very nice kid," Briggs said. "His wife's leaving him. He doesn't know it yet."

"Those kids are always mixed up," the captain said. "They always marry some little floozie before they think about it. Now when I was in Jacksonville there were two kids . . ." the captain's voice went on and Boyden's name and personality were gone.

HUMAN VALUES and relationships were changing already. It was infinitely simple going back. He knew exactly what he would find there and how everyone would behave. The preoccupations and reserves of home were gone already—tied up in a package and checked somewhere, to be called for later. Possessions, insurance, old friendships, money in the bank, old ambitions, how to educate the children, whether to sell the house or not, whether to move or not—all these things were packed away and the memory of them was growing uncertain.

Yet they were not entirely forgotten. The commander was explaining how much gas his car used back at home, and the captain had been very lucky in raising delphiniums. The way he did it, he said, was by giving the matter a little study. He did not just go around and ask the neighbors how to raise delphiniums.

It was refreshing to speak of such extraneous subjects but it was much more important to know what to take with you. The clothing situation was not bad at all in the West Pacific. There were plenty of shoes at Guam, but it was hard to get shaving soap in sticks. It was a good idea to take some good sun glasses and a decent fountain pen. You could get everything else at Guam. If you had any room in your luggage, it was good to take along some Scotch. That would help you more than any other equipment, Scotch and something to read, if you didn't want to spend all your spare time with paper-covered books.

"Well," the captain said, "we'd better turn in. The car will take us to Alameda at six."

"You say those fliers on the *Rogue* are back at Pearl?" Briggs asked again.

"Yes," the commander answered, and he yawned. "They're waiting there for orders."

"God, they must be tearing that room to pieces next door," the captain said. "They're really taking it apart. I hope we can get some sleep."

THE BEAUTY of it was that you could do nothing much about it. William Briggs was aware of a relief when he boarded the plane next morning. There

was so much one could forget for a while when the motors began turning.

The weather over the bay was overcast, so that it was hard to see the city when they circled for altitude, but once they were an hour offshore they were in the morning sun and the sea was blue beneath them, and home was left in space. Now that they were moving toward the islands, he could think of Boyden and his problems in a very different way. It might be that Boyden was already gone and that he would never know what had happened back at home, gone with all his simple thoughts, never to receive the messages which Briggs was carrying.

"Just tell him that we all love him," Mrs. Boyden was saying. He remembered that she was crying when she said it. "That's what he'll need most. He'll need a mother now."

It still seemed to him doubtful, but it was just as well that she thought he would.

"Don't listen to them when they tell you not to tell the truth," Susie was saying. "He'll know it's better, when he knows the way it really is."

"Tell him we're looking after everything," Mr. Boyden was saying. "He doesn't need to worry about any of the details. Tell him we've got a good lawyer. Make him understand that everybody is on his side and be sure he doesn't blame himself. Tell him this sort of thing is happening all the time."

"Tell him how much better it is," Daisy was saying, "than if we went on without my really loving him. It's the only way that's honest. Tell him that."

"Tell him that he is only a kid after all," Mr. Boyden said. "We all make mistakes at his age."

"Tell him we love him," Mrs. Boyden was still crying. "Tell him that it will all be just as though it never happened."

"Tell him—tell him . . ." they were saying. "Tell him he has all his life to live."

Briggs remembered what the chaplain had said on the transport at Guam but there was no way of explaining to the Boydens that their son might have lived a good many lives already and that anyone like Boyden might easily grow tired of living.

Briggs began repeating to himself, as he had a great many times before, the sort of speech that he would have to make.

"Listen, son," Briggs would say, "there's been a little trouble back at home. Not anything that is going to hurt you indefinitely, but you'd better hold onto your seat and brace yourself. Just remember this sort of thing is always happening. . . ."

IT WAS three-quarters of an hour before sundown when the plane approached the air base. First he saw Diamond Head and the palms along Waikiki Beach, then the docks and houses of Honolulu. The rain clouds hung over the mountains but all the shore was bathed in sunlight. The whole island was a map of mottled greens—except for the gashes made by the supply dumps and the airstrips. He had a glimpse of Pearl Harbor full of shipping and then all the airfield installations and the rows of planes. He watched the nervous expression on a flier's face beside him as they waited for the wheels to touch. Those boys were always critical of any other pilot's work.

When he stepped to the ground he started straight for the enclosure where the incoming passengers would be checked, without bothering to look around him, and he almost ran into Lieutenant Boyden before he saw him.

He was not even sure that he expected to see Boyden at all. He had thought of inquiries and delays and of long waits while officers consulted files. At any rate, whatever he had been thinking, the sight of Boyden was a shock. His face leaped out at Briggs from the faces of a group of officers who were standing in front of the Administration Building.

"Hey," Lieutenant Boyden said, "what's the matter? Don't you know me, Pops?"

His shirt was riding out of his trousers. His tie had slid a trifle sideways. The uppers were out from his boots and his socks sagged over them. It was Boyden's way of showing, without using ribbons, that he was in the category of old fliers who came from places where dress was not important. Everything about Boyden was exactly as Briggs remembered, the way he held his head, the way he shook hands.

"I never thought I'd see you here," Briggs said.

Boyden smiled and shrugged his right shoulder and pushed his shirt beneath his belt.

"Why, hell—I've been waiting for you," he answered. "They let me call home the other night. Daisy's phone was disconnected but I got the folks." Boyden cupped his hands in front of his mouth. "Hello, Papa. Hello, Mama. Hello, everybody. This is Jimmy back for a little rest, and loving everything. How's tricks, everybody? . . . The word was you might be in tonight. Cripes, I'm glad to see you, Pops." Boyden slapped him on the back. "They say Daisy's away visiting, but they say you saw her, Pops."

"Yes," Briggs began.

"She's a cute kid, isn't she?" Boyden said. "I got you a corner room at the hotel. If you want service around here, just ask Boyden. I've got a jeep. Where's that driver? Hey—where are you, Chief?"

THEY walked through the building out to the parking space and a chief petty officer carried the bags. He tossed them onto the jeep and they climbed in beside them. Boyden was still talking.

"Downtown, Chief," Boyden was saying. "It seems that some of us kids need a little rest and relaxation, Pops. It seems we're a little tired." But there was no sign of strain on his face.

"We just got in a week ago," Boyden was saying. "Boy-oh-boy! And we start in next Monday at Barber's Point breaking in new kids. Boy-oh-boy—you should have been there, Pop."

They were on the road to Honolulu, with the sky behind them red from the sunset. They were moving past the supply dumps and the Marine camp. The sound of the traffic rose in waves around them, so that it was hard to talk.

"Everything looks about the same," Briggs said.

"Sure," Boyden answered, "how else do you think it would look?"

There were the same trucks, the same buses, the same tents, the same heaps of ammunition, the same military police, the same shacks and open shops as they neared Nuuanu stream, and the same crowds of

soldiers and sailors—drifting through the streets.

"We'll eat at The Outrigger," Boyden said.

"All right, son," Briggs answered.

Now that the first minutes were over he and Boyden seemed to have been together for a long while.

"But first we'll get squared away and have a drink." Boyden was looking at him through the gathering dark. "You sound kind of tired, Pops."

"It's the plane," Briggs said. He still felt the vibration of the plane. "I'm glad to see you, son. You're all right, aren't you?"

"What the hell," said Boyden. "I'm always all right. Say—"

"What?" Briggs asked.

"You should have been aboard. Oh, baby. You missed it, Pops."

It must have been pretty bad if it still intruded upon Boyden's thoughts.

"I hope you'll tell me about it tonight," Briggs said.

"Boy-oh-boy," Boyden said, and he began to laugh. "Do you remember Jonesy?"

Briggs tried to think but he could not remember anyone named Jonesy.

"Comical things happen," Boyden said. "The blast lifted us both right up and we landed sitting down facing each other. It's comical the way those things happen."

"It must have been bad," Briggs said.

"Hell," Boyden said. "It's just some more of the same damn thing. Did you bring any Scotch out, Pop?"

Boyden was right—war was nothing but a repetition, a series of the same anecdotes that grew monotonous with the telling. The phenomena of explosion and of gunfire never varied. Fires burned in the same manner and ships sank like other ships. Infantry took the same sort of cover and planes fell in flames through the same pull of gravity. One could take that repetition just so long, and then finally one grew tired. It was not a weariness induced by fear as much as by boredom, the weariness of complete acceptance. They had even coined a word for it, and the word, oddly enough, was "happy." One got bomb-happy or slap-happy if one stayed too long, and there came a slowing

of reflexes and a mechanical dull indifference. It seemed to Briggs that Boyden was near the edge of it, though externally he looked just the same.

"LET'S SEE," Boyden said when they were in the hotel. "I've got the key. I'm using the other sack here. I hope you don't mind, Pop."

The windows of the hotel room were open and the sound of the surf came up to them. Briggs could still see the outline of Diamond Head before Boyden switched on the lights.

"Come on," Boyden said, "break out that Scotch." He held the bottle in his hand, turning it slowly, peering at it from every angle. "Cripes," he said. "Black Label. That's worth about fifty bucks downtown. If you want something enough, it doesn't matter what you pay for it, does it?"

"No, as long as you're sure you really want it," Briggs answered.

"Nuts," he said, "if you want a thing enough, you're sure you want it, at least in my experience, and to hell with later, Pop."

It was only a step to The Outrigger Club. They walked past the old Hawaiian woman who sat in front of the hotel selling her tuberoses leis, past the bookshop and past the souvenir shop that was offering "things Hawaiian"—shells and gourds and pieces of tapa cloth and brooches, and grass-skirted dolls. Boyden slackened his pace, and frowned at the objects in the window.

"It's a very funny thing," he said.

"What's a funny thing?" Briggs asked him.

Boyden took a few quick steps before he answered.

"Looking at all that junk," he said. "I don't seem to get used to being here. I don't get the old wham-wham out of it; and The Outrigger hasn't got the old wham-wham. Do you see what I mean?"

"Listen, son," Briggs said, "you used to say you never bothered."

"Who said I was bothering?" Boyden asked. "It's a perfectly normal reaction. Everyone reacts like that for a while, but it's the timing. I still keep expecting to snap back."

THE ROOM upstairs at The Outrigger was already crowded with a few girls and a few civilians, but mostly Naval officers.

"There are a lot of new kids here," Boyden said. "It makes me kind of tired looking at all these new kids—all full of the old wham-wham. It's a very funny thing. I keep thinking I'm back on the *Rogue*. It seems more real than here. It's taking longer to snap back."

As Boyden tried inexpertly to express himself, his words had a clumsy eloquence. He talked of the *Rogue River* as he ate. There had been a swell crowd of kids aboard and Boyden had been "in." He knew he had been in, as soon as that blast had landed him on the deck. When he got up and found he was all right, he knew he did not have to bother about himself. It was the other kids that bothered him.

"Seeing them shot down," he said, "is different from seeing a whole lot of kids catch it on deck; and kids shut in up forward, burning up—oh boy."

You had your mind on other things when the ready ammunition magazines began exploding, but cleaning up afterwards—oh boy! Boyden put his hands on the table and pushed his chair back. "Let's get squared away," he said, "and get back and polish off that Scotch."

Suddenly he seemed to be in a hurry to leave. It was almost as though he had seen someone he did not want to meet, but when they were out on the street again he walked more slowly.

"Gee," he finally said, "I'm sorry, for being in a mood. How are tricks in Orange, Pops?"

They were in the hotel elevator alone except for the Japanese elevator boy in his blue monkey jacket. Briggs knew of course that they would have to come to it eventually, but he wished that Boyden would not keep watching him.

"Orange?" Briggs said cheerfully. "Oh, yes, I'll tell you in a minute." The elevator door clicked shut behind them and they walked down the hall.

"I bet the old apartment was in a mess," Boyden said. "Daisy likes disorder. What was she wearing, Pop?"

An orchestra was playing downstairs, and Briggs could hear gay voices and

the clink of ice through open transoms.

"She was wearing a pink silk wrapper and blue pajamas."

"That kid never gets out of pajamas, if she can help it," Boyden laughed, and took out the room key. "And how's the little number? Can he talk yet?"

"No, not yet," Briggs said, "but he's looking fine."

"Like his pop," Boyden said. "I'd like to see that kid."

BOYDEN closed the door behind them and took off his shirt.

"Let's take the whiskey straight," he said. "It's too good for soda. Here's looking at you, Pops."

Briggs sat down heavily in an armchair.

"It was funny, hearing them the other night," Boyden said. "It all came through just as though they were in the room. It's funny thinking of you just seeing them and all of them just being there. When—" Boyden stopped and rubbed the back of his head.

"When what, son?" Briggs asked.

"That's the trouble," Boyden said, and he held up his glass and shook it. "I don't know just what. I've got a hunch that I'm not quite in. Something isn't quite right, is it? You'd better give me the word, Pops."

Boyden looped his thumbs in his belt and stood waiting, but he spoke again before Briggs had time to answer.

"You get a mood. You get so you know whether you're in or not. You'd better give me the word, Pops."

Briggs grasped the arms of his chair carefully.

"Listen, son," he began slowly, and his voice sounded unnatural. "I remember something you said once. You don't want to get to liking anyone too much."

Boyden pulled his thumbs more tightly against his belt.

"That's so," he said. "Not out here you don't. Because what good does it do?"

"You can't help it sometimes," Briggs said slowly. "I can't help it that I like you, son."

"Listen, Pop, I appreciate that," Boyden said gently. "Thanks a lot, but you don't have to take it this way. What's the word?"

THERE HAD been a time, Briggs remembered, when he had believed that experience had taught Boyden less than nothing, and now he felt that somehow, somewhere, Boyden had learned something that he had not. Suddenly Boyden seemed older than he and much wiser. Suddenly Briggs seemed to be the one who was in trouble.

"I want you to try to think," Briggs began again. "I want you to try and use your head and not your emotions. Just try—" Briggs squirmed uneasily in his chair and stood up. "Just try to remember . . . You're mighty young, son. I know the way this sounds to you, but I'm pretty nearly old enough to be your father." Briggs tried to smile but he could not. "In fact, I could have been your father if I had been married at around your age. We've been around quite a lot together, not in terms of time, but we've been around. I know the way this sounds but I want you to believe—"

"Hell," Boyden said, and his voice was very gentle. "Don't mind me, go ahead and spill it, Pop."

"Just try to get it through your head," Briggs said, "that nothing that happens to you at your age matters as much as it does later. There's always a chance at your age. I guess nature takes care of that. So you mustn't think what I'm going to tell you is going to be the end of the world. On the contrary," Briggs forced himself to smile, "maybe you're in luck. Maybe it's a good thing that this is happening to you now."

Boyden moved his feet a trifle further apart as though he were on a deck and compensating for the motion.

"Roger," Boyden said, very quietly. He was using the flier's phrase of complete agreement. "I knew I had a hunch. Has Daisy been cheating, Pop?" No definite expression was left on Boyden's face. It was impossible to perceive the slightest indication of how he must have felt.

"Yes, that's it," Briggs said. He paused, but Boyden's face was still intent and blank. "There isn't any way of keeping it from you. I wish I didn't have to tell you, son."

Boyden moved very slowly to a straight-

backed chair. He leaned one hand against it, and then he sat down slowly as though a sudden lurch might disturb his balance.

"Roger," he said. "I've got it. Roger. Don't take it so hard, Pops. You've shot the works. You're in. I'm taking over now. All you have to do is just tell me." He pointed to the whiskey bottle. "You'd better take a slug of that. You look as though you need it, Pops."

"Now, just try to remember," Briggs began, but Boyden raised his hand.

"No," he said. "Relax and take a drink first. I know this is tough on you, and thanks a lot."

"Tough on me?" Briggs repeated.

"Yes," Boyden said. "Let's keep this straight. This is one place and Orange is another. Let's try not to mix them." Boyden put his hands on his knees and his shoulders relaxed. "It doesn't pay to like any guy too much. Don't think about me and don't pull your punches, Pop."

Briggs had never realized till then that Boyden really did live by a few simple phrases. Boyden was wiser than he, or at least he had achieved a working philosophy. Again Briggs felt as if he were telling his own troubles to an older man. Boyden listened, nodding sometimes, speaking sometimes.

"Boy," he said once. "Oh, boy," and he rubbed the back of his head.

His eyes narrowed slightly when he heard of Lieutenant Kroll.

"So that's the guy," he said. "Well, well. I thought he turned her down. Well, well."

But Daisy had asked how anyone could make such a lousy crack as that.

MOST of the time Boyden sat quietly listening and Briggs could think of his words as sinking like stones into Boyden's silence. He remembered what Boyden had said about his thoughts before he went to sleep, about home and when he was a kid, and the apartment on Maple Street—the third house down, the only double stucco house with the tree in front of it, a kind of weeping something. And when Boyden had thought of luck, he had thought of himself and Daisy. (You got to know what love was, living in little shacks and one-night stands.) And some-

times before he went to sleep he had thought about that ride that he and Daisy had taken in that jalopy up from Florida, when nothing had been wrong, not for a single minute.

All this, Briggs knew, must be lying somewhere in the depths of Boyden's silence, all made the more intense because he was so young. And Briggs could think of his words falling and breaking all those thoughts which he had once considered banal and mediocre. He could hear the surf through the open window when he had finished.

"*Wilco*," Boyden said. "*Wilco. Out.*" He was speaking in Naval parlance acknowledging an order. His voice was like a hundred other voices that Briggs had heard on the radio speaker at sea, and there was the same finality and the same incisiveness in that word 'out' that meant those voices were gone, perhaps forever.

"Say," Boyden said suddenly, "what about Verna May? Did you happen to see her, Pops?"

There still was Verna May. Perhaps he was thinking that that might have been real love after all.

"She's engaged," Briggs said. "That friend of yours—Sam Tilton."

"The hell you say!" Boyden said. "Oh boy. Well, *Wilco—Out.*"

And he seemed to be gone like those radio voices although he was just a few feet away.

"I'm sorry, son," Briggs said. "Now don't take it too hard. Just remember you made a mistake about Daisy. Anyone makes mistakes."

Boyden looked up at him.

"You're a good guy, Pops," he said, "but don't be too hard on Daisy. Poor kid. If I had been around—" Boyden shook his head, "but I wasn't around. Poor kid. Just remember it's happening all the time. Kids get mixed up in a

war, I guess—particularly around an airstrip. It's in the atmosphere, I guess."

It was Boyden's voice, but they were very nearly Daisy's words and to Boyden they seemed to explain everything. Boyden stood up and scratched himself.

"Say, I wonder if I've got the itch," he said. "Don't let it worry you. This doesn't get me, Pop. Now there's the kid—"

"What kid?" Briggs asked. Boyden's indiscriminate use of the word confused him.

"My kid," Boyden said. "Say, he can get the full allotment now. Does he look like me, Pop?"

"Your mother says he does. Personally, I wouldn't know," said Briggs.

"Don't get sore," Boyden said. "What do you want me to do, cry?"

Briggs realized that a sort of a bewildered exasperation must have been reflected in his voice.

"You see, it doesn't get me," Boyden said again. "It's just as though it had happened to some other kid. It was so long ago, do you see? Some other kid, not me. So much keeps happening. They really run you ragged in this war." Boyden looked at his watch and shook it and held it to his ear. "The damn thing keeps stopping. How many hundred is it?"

"It's after ten," Briggs told him. "We can't go out. We haven't got a pass."

"All right, we can do it tomorrow," Boyden answered. "I was just thinking. . . . There's the cutest little trick—"

"What sort of a trick?" Briggs asked, and Boyden corrected himself.

"The cutest little kid. It's funny the way things happen, isn't it?" Boyden said. "I met her yesterday at the USO. She lives up at Pacific Heights. Say, you've got to meet her. She's really a cute trick. It's funny the way things happen, isn't it, when there's a war on?"

[*The End*]

**For editorial comment on articles and contributors,
see Personal and Otherwise among the following pages.**

Harper's

MAGAZINE



TRUMAN: A LITTLE WEST OF CENTER

JOHN FISCHER

AT THE moment, the Republicans in Washington are a sadly confused and disheartened lot. In the 1946 and 1948 elections they face a problem altogether different from anything the party has ever encountered in all its history. And so far they have made no progress whatever toward an agreement on what to do about it.

Past experience is no help, because the Republicans are used to dealing with only one kind of major political crisis. They developed a standard method for handling it; until recently, at least, it always worked; there was no need to develop any other strategy.

This comfortable state of affairs was possible, of course, only because the Republicans normally have been the majority party ever since the Civil War. Consequently, the Democrats nearly always

nominated a terrific and colorful personality—a Bryan, Cleveland, Wilson, Al Smith, or Roosevelt—in hopes that he might stampede a considerable herd of voters out of the GOP corral. Even these desperate tactics seldom worked. Only three Democratic presidents have been elected in the last eighty-five years, and then only in times of crisis.

Now a terrific and colorful personality, operating in the midst of a crisis, is bound to make enemies hand over fist. He has to act, and, as all politicians know, every action is sure to infuriate somebody. Under such circumstances the Republican strategy was obvious. They seldom had to take the offensive, or present any very definite program of their own. All they needed to do was sit tight until the country got sick and tired of That Man in the White House.

Then came the moment for the Re-

Mr. Fischer has been acquainted with Washington both as reporter and bureaucrat for the past ten years.

publicans to wheel out their standard, sure-fire solution. They merely had to nominate some inoffensive fellow who looked as much as possible like a haberdasher's clerk—the less colorful the better—and whoop “Back to Normalcy.” Almost inevitably the result was a landslide, as the repentant voters streamed back into their traditional fold.

All through the long darkness of the Roosevelt reign the GOP Old Guard never lost faith in this tested formula. After all, they argued, F.D.R. simply presented a bigger and tougher version of the usual problem; sooner or later the people would get fed up with high-voltage political glamour and demand a return to plainer fare—a Landon, or maybe a Robert Taft.

But these somewhat battered hopes collapsed for good when Harry Truman stepped into the White House. From the very first it was clear that the good old formula wouldn't work against him. And now—to the Republicans' horror—Mr. Truman is stealing their formula and improving it for his own use.

II

TRUMAN not only looks like a haberdasher: he was one. His whole personality, in fact, is practically an infringement of the Republican copyright; nobody since Coolidge has ever seemed quite so much like a sedative in a double-breasted suit.

Moreover, the Republicans can't shout “Back to Normalcy,” because Truman beat them to the punch. Almost before the smoke had blown away from Nagasaki—and long before the Japanese surrender was actually completed—he started tossing out wartime controls and red tape by the armload. Both war agencies and war budgets got a sudden, meat-axe trimming. “Normalcy” also returned to the White House for the first time in thirteen years. That feverish tension, that atmosphere of great affairs a-cooking which surrounded Roosevelt like a cloud, all disappeared overnight. One White House intimate describes the change in these words: “When Mr. Roosevelt was here, every day was Christmas. Now it's Tuesday.”

Against the other familiar Republican

weapons Truman appears to be equally bullet-proof. Charges of dictatorship would sound a little silly against a President who behaves with such deferential respect for the authority of Congress. And obviously there is no use accusing him of trying to “destroy the American way of life.” When aimed at Roosevelt such charges had at least a faint ring of plausibility, because many Americans suspected that F.D.R. didn't quite know what the American way of life was. After all, he had been born to wealth; he rode in yachts; he had been exposed to the exotic influence of Groton and Harvard. Truman, however, learned about American life the hard way—the unprosperous farm; those little jobs in the drug store; the railroad construction gang; the Union National Bank; a stretch in the Army, competent and unheroic; and then the business failure and the almost unwilling venture into local politics. What's more, he practices it, down to the last detail of the classic ritual, including the Baptist gospel, a little sound whiskey, a decent respect for aces back to back. And after those harum-scarum Roosevelt youngsters, the Truman family has the reassuring quality of a Norman Rockwell painting: the daughter (not too spectacular looking) just back from college; the wife who did most of her own housework until the very day she moved to the White House; the apparent willingness of both ladies to let the Old Man make the speeches and run the government.

On this score, the Republicans simply have to admit they are licked—the Truman household *is* the American way of life, with clusters.

MOREOVER, Truman also seems to be throwing up an effective line of defense against the emergency tactics which were improvised by the last two Republican presidential candidates. Both Willkie and Dewey came to suspect that the country really liked a good deal of the Roosevelt program; so (in the face of bitter Old Guard disapproval) they announced: “We're New Dealers too, but we would do it better.” And they concentrated a devastating fire on Roosevelt's most vulnerable point, his obvious ineptness as an administrator.

During his time as a Senate investigator, Truman himself had found some harsh things to say on this subject and one of the first presidential chores he tackled was the cleaning up of inherited messes. Within his first six months in the White House he carried through a whole series of administrative changes, and he has asked Congress for authority to go much further. Because it is being handled in a piecemeal and unspectacular fashion, this reorganization adds up to a good deal more than the casual newspaper reader may realize. Some of the results will be outlined in *Harper's* next month.

In addition to remodeling the governmental machinery, Truman is handling the controls with a touch very different from that of his predecessor. Roosevelt's natural bent was high policy; in the grubby, day-to-day details of administration he simply wasn't interested. Unpleasant issues had a way of moldering on the back of his desk for months on end, while the machinery stalled and the little people way down in the boiler-rooms of the government went mad of frustration. The decisions, when they could finally be postponed no longer, were seldom tidy. Instead of settling a squabble between two agencies, Mr. Roosevelt notoriously preferred to set up a third to do the same work and then name a co-ordinator to keep the whole batch out of his hair.

TRUMAN's administrative decisions, in contrast, have generally been prompt and clean-cut. (Sometimes perhaps a little too prompt; in a few cases he apparently didn't hear all the evidence before making his ruling.) Moreover, he has delegated authority far more freely than Roosevelt, so that hundreds of minor questions no longer have to pile up in a White House log-jam. At the same time, he is maintaining a tighter discipline within the official family. A bureaucrat who speaks out of turn is likely to find himself out on the sidewalk; witness the instructive case of William H. Davis, who ran the Office of Economic Stabilization until he announced a long-range wage policy without getting White House clearance in advance.

The difference between Roosevelt and

Truman cabinet meetings has been mentioned to me, by several people who had attended under both regimes, as a notable example of the Truman method of operation. Roosevelt's sometimes resembled a pep talk to the office help. Truman's apparently are conducted more like a directors' meeting in a well-managed corporation. Specific issues are laid on the table; decisions usually are reached on a basis of joint responsibility; and when the meeting breaks up, everybody knows what he is supposed to do to put those decisions into action.

As a result of all this, the public business is getting done with considerable dispatch, in spite of the turmoil of transition from war to peace. In a number of agencies the morale of those obscure people on what Washington calls "the working level" is higher than it has been in years. Federal administration is still a long way from perfect, but unquestionably it is on the upgrade. If the trend continues, the President should be reasonably secure by 1948 against political attack on this sector.

UNDER these discouraging circumstances, the Republicans in Congress have tended to split into two groups. The larger, composed of the Van Winkle or Back-to-McKinley conservatives, would prefer to ignore the Truman Administration as much as possible. They find it more congenial to keep on slugging at Roosevelt and the New Deal—partly from sheer habit and ingrained rancor, partly because they haven't yet been able to figure out a way to get at Truman himself. Their interests instinctively turn to son Elliott's business transactions and the shadows of Pearl Harbor, rather than toward the unfamiliar and somewhat terrifying problems of the decade ahead; and their legislative guide is what Representative Charles A. Halleck, their campaign committee chairman, describes as "the old-fashioned issue of conservatism." In practice this means that they rarely advance any proposals of their own, but vote automatically against any administration measure suspected of being "liberal." In coalition with their natural allies, the old-line Southern Democrats, they hold working control of the House. From that entrenched position they can

block most of Truman's legislative program; but they aren't likely to do him much direct political damage.

The other wing of the party—led by such men as Harold Stassen and Senators Morse, Tobey, and Aiken—doubts that it is possible to beat Truman either by belaboring Roosevelt or by mere legislative obstruction. They are convinced that the GOP must work out an entirely new strategy—that it can regain the political initiative only if it stands *for* something.

Stassen and Morse, in particular, have attempted a venture almost unheard-of in Republican circles. They have criticized the Administration, not for going too far, but for failing to go far enough. It is true that this criticism was limited to the field of foreign policy (specifically, the scope of the United Nations Organization), but the experiment presumably encouraged their more timid colleagues. Cautious old Joe Martin, the House Republican leader, called a hundred and fifty of his associates together on September 14 to begin the drafting of a "positive" legislative and political program.

This unaccustomed enterprise was expected to occupy several subcommittees, drawn from the Republican membership of both houses, for a period of weeks, and at this writing the results have not been announced. In view of the mental arthritis which afflicts a good many of the more elderly Republicans, this first effort is hardly likely to produce a vibrant and inspiring document. Yet it is just possible that it might turn out to be the starting point for a new kind of attack, aimed at the area in which the Truman Administration eventually may prove most vulnerable.

III

FOR Truman apparently has no long-range program of his own. Nor is there any evidence, so far, that he and the men around him are likely to develop one. They are now living on inherited intellectual capital, consisting of a rather worn collection of ideas left over from the New Deal. If they ever run into a situation which cannot be handled with this set of tools—a severe economic crisis, for example—the Truman Administration may

find itself facing political bankruptcy.

The extent to which Truman is depending on the Roosevelt legacy was disclosed by his first comprehensive statement of policy, the September 6 message to Congress. In it the President endorsed, almost line-for-line, the creed of his predecessor—on public works, taxes, agriculture, natural resources, the handling of unemployment and labor problems, small business, foreign affairs, and a dozen other issues. This fact was somewhat disguised by language more soothing and conciliatory than Roosevelt's, but under the velvet words the essential bone-structure was still there. A short time earlier, two major pressure groups had set forth their aims; the Truman message called for passage of seven out of the eight measures on the CIO's list, but it did not mention a single one of the items demanded by the National Association of Manufacturers.

The reason is plain enough. Before everything else, Truman is a political pragmatist—a skilled technician, trained in the rugged Pendergast school. He adopted the Roosevelt program primarily because it works. It is the only doctrine in American history which ever elected a man four times. No politician in his right mind would dream of scrapping that kind of asset.

This does not mean, however, that the New Dealish legislation requested by the President has much chance of getting on the statute books. He sincerely believes in these things, no doubt, but there is little indication that either he or his close advisers are moved by the passionate, driving conviction which characterized the whole Roosevelt team. They are not hypocrites, but they aren't crusaders, either. They show no symptoms of any overwhelming compulsion to hammer their program through at all costs. More probably they will endeavor to push it just hard enough to persuade the crucial labor vote that they are in there pitching, but not hard enough to antagonize business or the Southern conservatives.

If that proves true, all controversial measures on Truman's list can be written off as dead right now. For, in order to get them through the present Congress, the Administration would have to fight like a

wounded tiger, with every weapon of patronage and pressure at its command.

THIS strategy of working both sides of the street comes naturally to the men who make up the high command of the Truman Administration. They are sometimes referred to in Washington as the Courthouse Gang, and the label is reasonably accurate. Most of the group are shrewd, small-time politicians of the kind you might see around any Missouri courthouse. Their instinct is to get along with everybody, liberals and conservatives alike. Their only discernible ambition is, quite frankly, to win the next election. (Incidentally, they are money-honest to a degree which the average courthouse machine would consider bigoted, and the word "gang" is applied to them with its clubroom, not its underworld connotation.)

The key members of the group are Postmaster General Robert Hannegan, the political generalissimo, and Reconversion Director John Snyder, the top policymaker in domestic affairs. The other cabinet officers—with one exception noted below—don't belong. On matters concerning their own individual departments, their opinions are sought and generally followed; but they are seldom consulted on questions of over-all political strategy.

Intimates who have watched Hannegan in action describe him as a hard-working machine boss, without the imagination, personal charm, or unique organizing ability of a Jim Farley, but certainly competent beyond most practitioners of his craft. His most noticeable weakness is said to be an anxiety to keep all the strings in his own hand—perhaps because of that occupational disease of political bosses, a nightmarish fear of letting any subordinate get powerful enough to grab control of the machine.

His corresponding strength is a lively appreciation of the necessity of building up the party organization on the precinct and county levels, a chore which was sadly neglected in the latter days of the New Deal. Hannegan is deeply concerned because nearly all the door-to-door canvassing and getting-out-the-vote in the last election was handled by the CIO's Political

Action Committee, rather than by the regular Democratic organization; and he hopes to have his local machinery in better running order before next November. To this end he has demanded—and is getting—much more of a voice in the filling of all non-Civil Service jobs than any of Roosevelt's campaign managers ever had. In this he has, of course, Truman's full support; it is significant that when reporters asked the President why so many federal judgeships were going to Democrats, he replied simply: "I'm a Democrat."

Hannegan's own political views probably were accurately summed up in his recent comment about the President: "Harry Truman makes it a point to guide himself by the answer to only one question. . . . It is not 'Am I going right or left?' but 'Am I going right or wrong?'" Like the rest of the Courthouse Gang, Hannegan is not burdened by ideologies. He does, however, share with most of his colleagues a vague feeling that under Roosevelt the government was too heavily weighted with Easterners, and that the West seldom got its fair share of attention. This they are determined to remedy. Consequently, most of the key appointments have gone to politicians from the far side of the Alleghenies; and the views of the new administration can perhaps best be described as a little west of center.

SNYDER—one of the few members of the group who was never a practicing politician—appears to be closer to Truman than any other man. (Like so many other new arrivals in Washington, he is an Old Friend from Missouri.) Promptly at nine o'clock every morning he pays a visit to the White House, and a private telephone links the President's desk to Snyder's office in the Lafayette Building two blocks away. Perhaps the best indication of his place in the official family is the fact that Truman's September 6 message to Congress was largely drafted by Snyder and his staff. (Much of the final language, however, was contributed by Judge Samuel Rosenman, still the chief White House wordsmith, as he was under Roosevelt.)

Jovial, baldish, and a little plump, Snyder talks and acts like the Midwestern

banker he is. Partly from shyness, he makes a weak and unfortunate impression before congressional committees; but in his own conference room he operates crisply and pleasantly. For a man who holds a dominant responsibility for the country's economy, he is curiously innocent of economic theory. (When someone used the term "gross national product" in a recent congressional hearing on the full employment bill, Snyder quite evidently didn't know what it meant.) Aware of this gap in his intellectual equipment, he leans heavily on his personal staff, which includes some of the brightest economists in the country.

Another ranking member of the Court-house Gang is Attorney General Tom Clark, the darling of the powerful Texas congressional delegation. A veteran of the unhobbled brand of politics practiced in Dallas County, he has been entrusted with the handling of the Justice Department patronage, the richest single political bonanza in the federal government. Because of his former legal practice, he has a wide acquaintance in the oil industry, which sometimes proves a lucrative source of campaign funds. A similar acquaintance is one of the assets of Ed Pauley, the eminently successful treasurer of the Democratic National Committee. Possibly because of his tested ability as a money-raiser, Pauley recently has been spending most of his time on reparations problems in Tokyo, Moscow, and Frankfort, but when at home he too sits in with the top political council. So does Leslie Biffle, Secretary of the Senate, who has become one of Truman's most trusted advisers on legislative matters and his unofficial liaison with Congress. A dozen or so of Truman's old cronies on the Hill—such as Speaker Sam Rayburn and Senators Hatch and Connally—now carry more weight with the White House than any congressmen ever did in Roosevelt's day.

The less conspicuous people in the presidential circle include Matt Connelly, a discreetly ambitious young man who serves as Truman's confidential secretary; George Allen, a Washington insurance man and one-time District of Columbia commissioner, who takes on political chores as a kind of hobby; and Charles Ross, the

conscientious White House press relations man. In a category all his own is Brigadier General Harry Vaughan, Truman's military aide, a Missourian of notably carefree and untrammelled habits. His career as a public speaker was curtailed abruptly after a recent talk to the Women's Auxiliary of a Presbyterian church in suburban Washington, in which he gave forth his uninhibited views on Stalin, army chaplains, Churchill, the WAC's, and related topics. The general's conversation around the White House, however, is still a joy to everyone within earshot. Some of the boys in the press room there refer to him as the Court Jester.

IV

THE men who make themselves at home around the White House nowadays obviously are more in keeping with American tradition than the old Roosevelt palace guard ever was. We are used to seeing politicians in Washington—it is, after all, their natural habitat—and when F.D.R. imported a troupe of heavy thinkers the spectacle was disquieting, like a herd of buffalo on Pennsylvania Avenue. Consequently, the departure of the New Deal fauna has made a lot of citizens feel easier in their minds. Business men, in particular, were often baffled and upset by such intellectuals as Thurman Arnold and Alvin Hansen, but they know how to talk to the Hannegans and the Clarks.

As a result, Truman has been widely praised for the political astuteness of his appointments. Yet the very quality which makes the new style in bureaucrats so popular may, in the long run, turn out to be the Administration's most serious weakness. One of these days Truman may find that he needs some first-rate brain-power. And it probably won't be there.

Although the Roosevelt menagerie did include some queer and frightening specimens, it also brought together a number of the most brilliant minds the country could afford. Consequently, Roosevelt always had prime intellect on tap, in the persons of William Douglas, Felix Frankfurter, Dean Landis, Jerome Frank, Leon Henderson, Adolph Berle, Milo Perkins, Lauchlin Currie, Harry Hopkins (a widely

underestimated man), and a dozen others. What was even more important, he attracted into the obscure lower ranks of government two or three hundred exceptionally able young men, who gave the Administration an unusual store of resourcefulness and vitality.

Today nearly all of them are gone, many into private business at salaries up to ten times as large as they could ever hope to earn in government. (One small group is left in Snyder's office, under Robert Nathan and Thomas Emerson, while a few other New Deal survivals have found temporary refuge in the Treasury, State, and Interior Departments. Henry Wallace's Commerce Department has *not* provided such a haven, for reasons which will be examined in a later article.) Worse yet, no new crop of bright young men is coming into Washington to take their place; nor is there much prospect that the Truman administration will be able to attract them in significant numbers. Such people don't work for money—certainly not for the kind of money the government pays. They worked for Roosevelt because they were convinced that he was aiming at something more fundamental than the next election. So far, at least, Truman has not been able to convey that kind of conviction.

THE consequences are not hard to foresee. Roosevelt was never at a loss for ideas to deal with any conceivable situation. Frequently, indeed, he had too many of them—a regular avalanche of plans, proposals, and ingenious schemes, which he was unable to evaluate and fit together; hence the confusion and contradictions which so often afflicted the New Deal.

The surplus left over from the Roosevelt era was enough to set Truman up in business; but it is by no means clear how he will be able to replenish his stock. The old corps of idea-men has been replaced by officeholders who have no very strong views about the role of government in modern society. Their interest in foreign affairs is at the *National Geographic* level, and they don't sit up nights to argue about what makes an industrial economy tick. To many of them, indeed, the very word "economics" has a vaguely radical sound.

Long-range planning, in particular, does not come easily to the new men in Washington. Their instinct is to play by ear—to make decisions, not on the basis of what may be best for the country in the long pull, but according to what is politically popular right now.

Already this habit of short-run thinking is producing some embarrassing consequences. The wave of labor disputes, which is to be expected after every war, caught the Administration without either a clear policy or adequate machinery for handling strikes. Similarly, when Lend-Lease was abruptly cut off with the end of hostilities, there was no foreign economic policy ready to take its place—with the result that half of Washington was thrown into a panicky scramble to find some new device to prop up the tottering economies of our Allies. Even less excusable was the scandalous lack of advance preparation for the London peace negotiations, which broke up in such ominous deadlock in October.

However serious these mishaps may now appear, the really grave effects of the Administration's distaste for long-term planning probably will not be felt until the country hits a major economic crisis. There are some plausible indications that this moment might arrive in late 1949 or early 1950.

The Administration is now gambling that the reconversion letdown will be pretty well over by next summer, and that no large-scale government action will be necessary in order to get the country back to work before the November congressional elections. (The stakes are considerable; one federal statistician, who has been uncannily accurate in his past predictions, estimates that the Democrats will lose control of both House and Senate if as many as seven million are jobless when the ballots are cast.)

Thereafter the Administration is counting on boom times, with virtually full employment, for at least three or four years. The federal budget might then be balanced at about \$25 billion a year, even with progressive (though moderate) tax cuts. Under these circumstances, Truman could reasonably expect to win the 1948 presidential election in an easy

canter, amid the huzzahs of both labor and business.

But the thunderheads may be gathering even as he starts his second term. A dozen different calculations, by both government and industrial economists, indicate that the pent-up wartime demand by that time will be fairly well satisfied. It is conceivable, of course, that some entirely unforeseen development—atomic power, perhaps, or another war—will come along to provide a new outlet for the fantastic productive capacity of American industry. Barring this, however, the signs point to trouble at about the close of the decade—falling purchasing power, closed factories, a rising tide of unemployment.

And at that point the policies inherited from the New Deal obviously won't be much use. The Roosevelt remedy—heavy government spending, made-work, and an unbalanced budget—could work reasonably well when the public debt was around \$30 billion. Even the most rabid New Dealer, however, would hardly argue that

the same scheme will work when the debt is ten times that large.

What will be called for is a new policy—probably a highly complex one, dealing with every element in the economy from wage scales to the rate of investment, tariffs, trade restrictions, and foreign lending. Such plans aren't improvised overnight by a bunch of shrewd courthouse politicians. They have to be hammered out, over a period of many months, by top-flight policy makers both in Congress and in a dozen different executive agencies, working under imaginative and far-sighted leadership. And the time to start the job is now.

It has not been started. Nor is there any indication that the Administration will give it much thought until the hurricane starts moaning around the eaves. Then, of course, it will be too late; and then—if the Republicans have finally managed to put together a positive program of their own—the GOP may find its greatest opportunity since the days of Lincoln.

[A second article on the Administration by Mr. Fischer will appear next month.]

Memorandum To MacArthur

. . . The Japanese present an anomaly in the contrast between the natural character of the people and the nature of their government; a contrast so great that the despotism of centuries has not been able to deaden their lively geniality. It is not difficult to see that almost every Japanese has two characters, that which is official and that which is personal. . . . Take the man in his official relations, he is distrustful, jealous, suspicious, cautious, unyielding, taciturn, cruel; while personally he is social, kind, trusting, communicative. I noticed this double existence in our diplomatic negotiations. Minute, earnest, exacting in carrying out the wishes or instructions of the government, a British or an American statesman would patriotically identify himself with his cause, but the Japanese, his business being over, has no personal interest in the matter. This enables them to be cool and equable during the most interesting and important discussions. It leads also to an inference that any supreme government set up in place of that of the Shogun would receive the sanction of the Japanese masses.

From William Maxwell Wood, Fankwei, or The San Jacinto in the Seas of India, China, and Japan, N. Y., 1859.

RACE RIOTS CAN BE PREVENTED

ERNEST A. GRAY, JR.

RACE riots can be prevented. Techniques have been worked out which can keep minor frictions from blazing into major disorders. These methods are reasonably simple. They have been tested. New York City proved on August 1 and 2, 1943, for example, that a dangerous Harlem outbreak could be prevented from spilling over into a race riot. The country over, potential race riots were averted on an average of once a week in the year following the bloody Detroit disturbances of June 1943.

If enough people can learn these techniques fast enough, we may be able this time to escape the ugly epidemic of rioting which flared clear across the nation after the last war. But there is a very real threat that one will break out. All the conditions—social, economic, and emotional—which touched off the 1919 troubles are back with us today.

Again there has been a gigantic northward migration of both whites and Negroes to already overcrowded industrial centers. For instance, Chicago's Negro population, which was increased by 65,000 during the last war, has risen another 73,000 during this one. Thirty per cent more Negroes now live in Detroit than were there in 1940, and about a quarter million white Southerners also have moved in. Every square mile of Chicago's black

ghetto, to which Negroes are virtually confined by social and legal pressure, is now choked with from 55,000 to 90,000 inhabitants. (Housing authorities set 35,000 as the maximum for decent living.) Since there has been very little wartime building to relieve this congestion, migrating Negroes have had to make their homes in shacks and hovels abandoned by former owners as unfit for human habitation. The results: exorbitant rents, bad sanitation, inadequate schools and other public services, a shortage of recreation facilities. Naturally many Negroes want to move elsewhere, and some whites object to their doing so—while the chances of bitter feeling are much intensified by a general housing shortage almost everywhere.

Again there has been a shift of Negroes into skilled and semi-skilled jobs—a shift much more marked during the past few years than in 1917 and 1918. Over a million and a half of them were employed in war industries this time and, with the help of the Fair Employment Practices Committee, many new fields of employment were opened to Negroes. Even in the South the change has been considerable: Mobile shipyards, for example, recruited Negroes for welding, a job formerly reserved for whites. As the caste barriers dividing white men's jobs and black men's jobs were broken down, some

Mr. Gray, New York advertising man, wrote extensively on racial problems for the OWI during the war. He prepared this article with the aid of Robert Jones. (See Personal and Otherwise.)

whites became alarmed; as post-war job competition increases, there may be trouble despite the laudable efforts of many labor organizations to avoid friction.

Finally, again there are Negro soldiers returning from a war for democracy and intent on winning wider opportunities at home—and there are whites, especially in the South, who are intent on keeping them in their former place. Among many recent incidents, one in a Texas town dramatized this source of friction. On V-J Day a busload of white and Negro war workers were on their way home when someone in the street shouted, "The war is over!" The bus driver whirled in his seat and yelled, "All right, you niggers, you've had your day. Get to the back of the bus!"

Thus once more the dynamite of racial tension is lying loose in many communities. When it blew up in 1919, there were major riots in Washington, D. C., in Omaha, in Phillips County, Arkansas. One of the worst was in Chicago, where mob rule and violence swept through the city for four days; 38 people were killed, 537 were injured, and more than a thousand were made homeless through bombings and arson. In all, race war was fought in 26 cities, taking 350 lives and injuring no less than 12,000 people. If we are to avoid another such explosion, we must know how to remove the fuse.

I do not intend in this article to discuss any of the long-range problems—involving housing, education, juvenile delinquency, and employment—which lead to racial friction. I propose to deal only with certain major techniques which any alert community can use to keep these frictions from exploding into race riots. These are the most important of many which have been worked out by individuals and a number of organizations. (Some of them can be applied to frictions and outbursts involving other groups than Negroes.) Let's take up the techniques, one by one.

1 Every city and town with a sizable Negro population should determine through thorough surveys the temper of race relations. It should then prepare to control and eventually eliminate any frictions which the surveys may reveal. It

should set up an official Citizens Committee on Race Relations. (Twenty-five such committees already are on the job, among the most outstanding being Mayor Kelly's in Chicago, which is taking determined action to make sure that nothing like the 1919 riot happens again.)

Such a committee must be made up of both Negroes and whites, and every member should be a leader who has the confidence of his own race. Its job is to keep a close watch on race relations, to spot dangerous frictions in their early stages, and to advise the authorities what to do to cure them. It should carry enough weight to influence official action in housing, law enforcement, schools, public health, recreation, and every other field which affects its special problem.

In addition, there should be an unofficial group to handle tasks outside the scope of the official committee such as mustering public opinion, prodding local agencies and politicians into prompt action, and needling the press to improve its reporting of events involving Negroes. (More than a hundred and fifty such groups have already been organized.) Both the official and unofficial organizations should set up machinery for emergency action in case of disturbances. Specialists from agencies such as the American Council on Race Relations, the Urban League, and the Southern Regional Council often help in working out such programs.

2 The police force should get special training both in the handling of riots and in the day-to-day problems of helping Negroes and whites get along together. In many cities the police have long been notoriously hostile to Negroes, and the Negroes in turn have feared and mistrusted the police. In reporting on Chicago's 1919 riot, Illinois State's Attorney Hoyne noted that "a great many police officers were grossly unfair in making arrests. They shut their eyes to offenses committed by white men while they were very vigorous in getting all the colored men they could." Negro antagonism and police bias were responsible for many inflammatory reports; a major factor in the outbreak of that 1919 riot was the report that a policeman had failed to arrest a white man

accused of stoning and causing the drowning of a colored youngster named Eugene Williams in Lake Michigan.

Consequently, police administrators must make it clear to every man on the force that he is expected to give equal protection and fair treatment to whites and Negroes alike. In addition, it is important for the force to include a suitable proportion of Negro officers. They have proved much more effective than whites in Negro neighborhoods, although their usefulness is by no means limited to these areas. Washington, D. C., has 150 Negro police, including motorcycle cops who have worked for three years in all sections of the city. Use of Negro police vastly improves relations with the Negro community. And in case of race trouble, their presence is almost indispensable. During the 1943 Harlem disturbance, several hundred Negro officers and special deputies were used; they made most of the arrests.

Superintendent Edward J. Kelly has made Washington's police department a national model in the handling of racial conflicts. There is little doubt that his sagacious action prevented a riot in Washington in May 1943. Racial tensions in the war-crowded capital had then been rising for some time. The Washington Committee on Jobs For Negroes in Public Utilities was conducting a campaign for the employment of Negroes on the city's bus and streetcar lines. The climax was to be an open-air mass meeting on Friday, May 8. Plans for the meeting were well publicized in the Negro press, but the regular newspapers gave them little or no mention. In the absence of accurate information, rumors began to fly through the white community that a race riot was brewing and probably would break on Friday night. Fearing that the rumors would lead to real trouble, leading citizens asked Superintendent Kelly to withdraw the permit for the parade and meeting. He refused, on grounds that such action would violate Negro rights and lead to worse feeling in the future, since whites would then believe the rumors had some basis and Negroes would resent the denial of free assembly.

On Friday Kelly instructed all his officers to be completely impartial in preserving order, and posted them heavily

along the line of march and at the meeting ground. Kelly himself marched at the head of the parade. There was no trouble.

3 The danger spots where conflict is likely to break out can be located in advance, so that special precautions can be taken in time. The fact that trouble is mounting, and the time when it is likely to flare up, also can usually be determined.

The methods of forecasting and spotting trouble have been most highly developed by the mayor's committee in Chicago. It has arranged for the prompt reporting of all incidents involving racial friction, through policemen on their beats, social workers, transit employees, newspapermen, neighborhood leaders, and others in direct daily contact with the people of the city. The location of each incident—a fist-fight, vandalism, rumors, even a squabble among women in a meat-market queue—is recorded on a map of the city.

Almost invariably such incidents are concentrated in a few areas; and in all communities these danger spots have certain common characteristics. They are places where antagonistic groups meet in "incidental or competitive contact," according to two leading experts in this field, J. E. Weckler, of the American Council on Race Relations, and Theo Hall, police chief of Wilmette, Illinois, and instructor in police training in Chicago. A white neighborhood into which Negroes have recently moved is very likely to be a friction area. So are public parks, beaches, and shopping centers used by both races, particularly where Negroes have just moved in. (The 1919 Chicago riot broke out at the imaginary boundary line which, by tacit understanding, separated the Negro and white sections of a Lake Michigan beach.) Plants employing Negroes and located in antagonistic neighborhoods (the Chicago stockyards in 1919), and transit lines carrying mixed passengers, particularly those running through such neighborhoods, also are likely sites of trouble.

On the other hand, neighborhoods where racial groups have intermingled for a period of years are surprisingly free of friction; given time, the most ingrained prejudice apparently will melt in the sol-

vent of close acquaintanceship. Throughout the Detroit riot of 1943, there was not a single conflict in neighborhoods that had been mixed for some time. All-Negro neighborhoods are not likely to produce riot-provoking incidents, because—as Weckler and Hall have noted—“Negroes rarely mob whites except in self-defense.” The 1943 Harlem outbreak caused much property damage, but never developed into a race riot. Throughout the looting and fighting, whites on the street were untouched. Similarly, in well-to-do sections where the population is all white, frictions over housing, transport, and recreation have little chance to develop.

Knowledge of both “safe” and “tension” areas obviously is invaluable to the police department in deploying its forces to forestall trouble. Moreover, a rise in tension, which indicates a potential riot just as a falling barometer foretells a storm, can be noted immediately, simply by plotting the increasing frequency of incidents on the city map.

4 Rumors about racial friction should be exposed and refuted as promptly as possible. Such rumors precede every riot and help keep it going. Generally they are of two kinds. One type consists of general statements about a large racial group. A rumor of this sort, widely circulated in 1943, alleged that colored maids were organizing “Push Clubs” for the sole purpose of shoving white people in stores, subways, and other public places. It became a nation-wide housewives’ tale, conveying the false and dangerous impression that large numbers of Negroes were spoiling for trouble.

The other kind of rumor gives a much more immediate indication of impending strife. It is highly specific, purporting to give actual names, places, and dates. Often it alleges crime, rape, or the intention of a racial group to make an uprising. Two such rumors helped spread the Detroit riot in 1943. Among the whites, the rumor was that Negroes had raped a white woman on the bridge leading to Belle Isle Park, where a Negro-white brawl had broken out. Among the Negroes, the rumor was that whites had killed a colored woman and her baby at the same park.

Like all others cited here, these tales had absolutely no basis in fact.

Sometimes explosive rumors are actually spread by the press. During the Chicago riot, both the *Tribune* and the *Herald Examiner* reported that twenty-nine whites and nineteen Negroes were injured on July 27, 1919, giving the impression that the Negroes were getting the upper hand. The facts were that on that day ten whites and thirty-one Negroes were injured. On July 29, the *Daily News* ran a story that thirteen Negroes were arrested at 1021 South State Street, where they had a formidable arsenal and had been firing on all white passers-by, and that a white named Harold Brignadello had been riddled with bullets. The facts: At the time of the shooting a mob of one hundred and fifty whites including Brignadello had been stoning the house, which contained five Negroes. Only one of these, Emma Jackson, fired from a window, wounding Brignadello in the chest with one bullet. Her revolver and a rifle were the only weapons in the house.

The Negro paper, the *Chicago Defender*, joined the *Tribune*, *Herald Examiner*, and *Daily News* in reporting murders of women. The records show no women were killed.

It is enough to say that the press should be the chief means of exposing and smothering false rumors.

Prompt action by the radio, police, and citizens’ committees to combat rumors also can do much to cool off a dangerously heated situation. Houston, Texas, averted a crisis in June 1943 in just this way. People were whispering that the annual Negro Emancipation Day parade and carnival was to be the signal for an uprising. Some irresponsible white citizens started a movement to attack the parade. Informed of the rumor, the police chief, the mayor, the city’s bi-racial commission, and leading white and colored citizens signed a proclamation that there would be no trouble on “Juneteenth Day,” that the celebration would be held according to plan, and that anyone who tried to interfere with it would be promptly arrested. This proclamation was published as a full-page notice in all the daily papers. It turned out to be the most peaceful “Juneteenth” celebration in Houston’s history.

OF COURSE there isn't always time for the kind of action Houston took. Even emergency action to scotch rumors can, however, prove highly effective—as New York's officials and leading citizens proved in the handling of the Harlem outbreak. That trouble started when a Negro soldier and a white policeman got in an argument in the lobby of a South Harlem hotel. The soldier protested when the officer ejected a colored girl from the lobby, although the desk clerk had asked that she be put out because of her disorderly conduct. The argument became a fight. The policeman was injured and the soldier was shot in the shoulder.

A rumor immediately started flying through Harlem: "A white cop shot a colored soldier in the back and killed him."

Crowds of Negroes began to gather in front of the hotel in which the fight occurred and the hospital to which the soldier had been taken. Fist-fights started and hoodlums took advantage of the confusion to start looting.

A policeman, recognizing danger as soon as the crowds began to form, called headquarters. Within an hour both Police Commissioner Valentine and Mayor La Guardia appeared at the 123rd Street Police Station in Harlem and took personal charge. The details of their operations will be discussed a little later; here it is enough to note that the quelling of rumors was one of their most effective tactics. The mayor, with other city officials and leading Negro citizens—Ferdinand Smith, Walter White, Max Yergan, and many others—toured Harlem throughout the night in sound trucks. They broadcast to the crowds the true facts of the initial incident, and exposed other rumors that were springing up. Broadcasting equipment was set up in the police station and frequent rumor-debunking talks were carried by most local stations. The trouble was over within eight hours, without ever flaring into a real race riot.

5 The Harlem disturbance illustrates another important point in the handling of potential riots: police should be moved into the trouble zone immediately, and in the largest possible force—but they

must use their power with the utmost discretion.

On that summer night in 1943, La Guardia and Valentine immediately mobilized a third of the city's entire police force for Harlem duty. They instructed their men to use no more force than was absolutely necessary to break up the street mobs. The police did not attempt massed frontal attacks on the crowds, nor did they fire wildly into the masses of people. Instead they separated small segments from the large groups, arrested the ringleaders in each segment, and ordered the rest to go home.

In contrast, the 1919 Chicago riot was an unhappy example of failure to deploy enough police in riot areas soon enough. And after the situation got clearly out of hand, Mayor Thompson and Police Chief Garrity for four days brushed off urgent requests that they call in the state militia, on grounds that with so many trained soldiers overseas, the green militiamen would only make matters worse. When 5,500 troops finally arrived on the night of Wednesday, July 30, violence rapidly began to taper off. By Thursday it had almost disappeared, and on Friday there was only one injury. In effect, the militia had ended the riot within an hour of its arrival. It operated with complete efficiency and discipline, and the very sight of uniforms and overwhelming numbers seemed to help quell the mob spirit.

6 It is not enough for the police to be fair in their handling of a rioting crowd—they must also give an unmistakable *appearance* of impartiality and even-handed justice. They can thus eliminate Negro distrust and, just as important, discourage hoodlums from getting the idea that they can attack Negroes with impunity.

For months before the Chicago riot broke, the police had been undermining Negro confidence in their fairness by one-sided law enforcement. Gangs of hoodlums had been attacking Negroes with apparent immunity from police interference. In the two years before the riot twenty-four Negro homes were bombed, but not a single one of the bomb-throwers was arrested. Consequently, when the riot

got under way, the Negroes suspected the police of bias even on those occasions when such suspicion was unjustified.

For example, on the afternoon of July 28, 1919, it was rumored that a white occupant of the Angelus apartment house on the outskirts of Chicago's Black Belt had shot a Negro boy from a fourth-story window. The report was, of course, untrue. A crowd of Negroes gathered before the building, and began to shout for the arrest of the man who supposedly had done the shooting. Police searched the building several times, but came out empty-handed. Meanwhile both the size and the emotional temperature of the mob increased until some 1,500 people were milling in the street by 8 P.M. New rumors began to run through the crowd. It was said that an armed white mob was gathering a few blocks away to "clean up" the Black Belt. Suddenly a brick flew from somewhere in the excited mass. It struck a policeman. The one hundred police on the scene quickly massed and fired a volley. Four Negroes were killed and many injured.

Negro mistrust was aroused by the first events at the Lake Michigan beach. Several Negroes demanded that the policeman on duty there arrest the white man who they said had stoned a Negro boy and caused him to drown. Later Patrolman Callahan did make an arrest—a Negro. Reports that he had refused to arrest the "white murderer" and that he was holding Negroes instead began to buzz through the crowd. An hour went by. Other officers arrived, and as fights developed, a Negro in the feverishly emotional mob fired into the group of policemen. An officer shot him dead—and the riot was under way.

How far the Chicago police have come since that time was indicated by another incident, of equally dangerous potentialities, on the near South Side in the summer of 1944. It began with a fight between a white and a Negro. A mob gathered, mostly Negro but with some whites. Threats and violent language began to fly. Suddenly forty police squad-cars swooped down on the crowd. The officers broke it up, promptly but without gun-play. And they made several arrests of *both* whites and Negroes.

7 Police should immediately isolate the area in which trouble has broken out. The Harlem disturbance provided a classic example of this technique. Commissioner Valentine threw a police cordon around the neighborhoods where fighting and looting had broken out. Traffic was routed around this section; all bus service in the neighborhood was suspended; police guarded subway exits; trolley lines were closed to traffic, except for one on which it was possible to provide a police escort. No vigilantes, hoodlums, or curiosity-seekers were permitted to enter Harlem that night.

Again, the 1919 Chicago riot provides an illustration of what can happen when such procedures are neglected. On the morning following the first clash, very few conflicts occurred. Both Negroes and whites went to their jobs as usual, and worked side by side throughout the day without incident. But late that afternoon white boys and men living between the stockyards and the Black Belt began to amuse themselves by attacks on the Negroes returning home from the stockyards. Streetcar routes and especially transfer points were thronged with white mobs. Cars were stopped by yanking the trolleys off the wires, and Negro passengers were dragged into the street, beaten, and kicked. That night and the next, organized gangs made systematic raids on the Black Belt to terrorize, rob, and kill. Many of the raiders drove cars through Negro neighborhoods, wildly firing rifles and revolvers. None of the raiders was caught by the police.

8 Breaking big crowds up into little ones and then dispersing them is one of the most effective methods of preventing violence. All through the Chicago trouble crowds of curiosity-seekers became transformed into bloodthirsty mobs as they grew in size and became excited by rumors. The presence of an audience also seemed to give the leaders both a sense of support and an incentive to violent action.

But without the spectators, the urge to brutality seemed to lessen. A Negro named George Case, fleeing from a mob of whites which had been beating colored streetcar passengers, managed to outstrip all but

three of his pursuers by climbing fences and running across back lots. These three finally cornered him alone in a back yard. They looked around, looked at each other—and then walked off without striking a blow.

9 Finally, municipal authorities should make arrangements *in advance* to call in the militia if necessary. There are few local police forces which can control a riot once it has begun to make real headway—and thereafter every hour's delay is likely to cost lives and thousands of dollars in damaged property. Detroit's experience in 1943 indicates the importance of getting all the legal machinery set up and greased for action long before it is needed. In that case red-tape difficulties resulted in a twelve-hour delay in the arrival of troops.

Advance preparation is, in fact, the crucial point in all the techniques for preventing racial trouble and for neutralizing it after it reaches the danger stage. Today every prudent American community with any considerable bi-racial population ought to be taking at least the first steps—the formation of both official and unofficial committees on race relations, the mapping of friction areas, the training of its police force, the enlistment of press, radio, schools, churches, and private organizations in a campaign against dangerous rumors. Many of the larger cities have made encouraging progress in all these measures. If enough other communities follow their examples—and do it promptly—America has a good chance of getting through this postwar era without another disgraceful and costly epidemic of rioting.

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A Banker Looks at War

A FRIEND of ours wrote recently to his bank in Paris to inquire about the contents of a safe deposit box which he had left behind when he returned to the United States just before the war began. He received the following reply:

Dear Sir,

We have duly received your letter of the 5th August.

YOUR SAFE

Upon the orders of the German Authorities this was opened in the presence of a Huissier on the 1/7/42 and the contents were removed by the Germans.

You owe us the sum of Frs. 1054.75 made up as follows:—

Hire of safe from 1/10/40 to 1/7/42	Frs. 500
Cost of breaking open	250
Expenses of Huissier	304.75

Frs. 1054.75

Very truly yours,

— (name withheld)

OF WEDDINGS AND FUNERALS

THE OFFICIATING CLERGYMAN

IN CYNICAL moods I have sometimes felt that as officiating clergyman I was accomplice in—or, at least, accessory to—two of the country's leading rackets: weddings and funerals. What follows is based upon my observation during thirty years in the Protestant ministry. With Roman Catholic and Jewish usage I am less familiar.

CONSIDER weddings. Consider how what is in essence a simple ceremony can be built up into an elaborate, costly, and (to the bride's mother, at least) nerve-racking ceremonial.

Preparations for a church wedding usually begin weeks and months before the wedding day. If the bride is a church member, she will usually want to be married in her own church. With her mother, she interviews the minister or church secretary, who acquaints her with the church's regulations concerning decorations, the use of cameras, and the like, and reserves the use of the church for her at the appointed time. If she is not affiliated with the church, she frequently shops around. One of the experiences which gives a minister a chance to develop the virtues of patience and forbearance is to be visited by a mother and daughter who contemplate a wedding which will rate notice in the society columns and are trying to find an appropriate site. He stands by while they discuss the pros and cons of what is to

him a holy place where men gather to engage in the highest act of which finite beings are capable—the attempt to link their lives with the infinite and eternal—as a theater for staging a show. It seems to him a desecration. If the decision goes against him and in favor of St. James'-across-the-street with its wider center aisle and more spacious chancel, he is able to conceal his disappointment.

Do not think me unsympathetic with family affection and family pride. An indulgent father wants the daughter who is the apple of his eye to have the handsomest wedding money can buy. The fond mother wants her daughter to have the kind of wedding she would like to have had, had her parents been up to it. Both look upon it as an important and gala event in the family life, one to which they want their daughter to be able to look back as a lovely memory. But sometimes the wedding is also used as a symbol of worldly success, an assertion of the fact that the family has arrived or an attempt to climb a rung higher.

Of weddings from the standpoint of the couturier I cannot speak; all I see is the splendid, eye-filling result as the wedding procession moves slowly down the aisle. But an inkling of the couturier's point of view came to me in a form letter which was mailed during the war to the ministers of my city by an association of the local bridal shops:

The Officiating Clergyman, a minister for many years, presides over a large church in a Midwestern city. He prefers that his name be withheld.

To the Pastor:

We are soliciting your co-operation in a matter that is of the utmost importance to our traditional marriages.

Because of the rigid restriction, it has been very difficult to obtain Wedding Gowns and we know this condition will become more critical in the near future.

About ninety per cent of the brides are marrying men in uniform and the servicemen and their brides express an intense desire for the ceremonial Wedding Gown and thereby express an attitude of religious reverence for the marriage ceremony. These feelings are stronger than in peace time.

We feel that the disappearance of the white ceremonial Wedding Gown would detract from the dignity of religious wedding services and do injury to those who set great importance on its enduring associations in their memories.

We would appreciate a letter from you expressing your opinion on the ceremonial Wedding Gown, so that we may present these letters from the Clergy to the proper authorities, who we feel will give great consideration to your judgment.

Your co-operation will be greatly appreciated.

In certain cities, a new profession has arisen, that of wedding director. A wedding director is to a wedding what a funeral director is to a funeral. He takes all the details off the family's hands. He saves the harried and perhaps socially inexperienced mother from making mistakes. He places the order for the invitations and announcements and sees that the wording is in proper form. He "contacts" the society editors, providing them with photographs and data for publicity purposes. He arranges for the awning, the aisle cloth, policemen to keep the traffic moving, footmen to call the cars or park them. He engages the caterer for the reception, specifying the amount and kind of food and drink to be provided. He engages the florist and orders the decorations: the palms, the ferns, the altar piece, the bouquets for the bride and her attendants, the corsages for the mothers, the boutonnières for the groom and best man. He engages the photographer and supervises the picture-taking. He places a microphone near the chancel to "pick up" the service for recording. He dispenses the proper gratuities to all who have lent a hand. He is a very useful factotum. It just isn't a man's job.

A big wedding is usually preceded by a series of parties, at which cocktails and champagne are in lavish profusion. The

bride's home is full of friends who have gathered from near and far. The confusion and excitement are a bit wearing on the bride's mother, whose smile becomes glassy long before the last guest has departed. The bride herself, instead of beginning her married life rested and composed, is tired and on edge, which is one reason why honeymoons are not always as blissful as they are supposed to be. (I am not making this up. I am reporting what has been told me in confidence.) Yet I must admit that the stamina of a twenty-year-old young woman fills a man of my age with envy; after a round of festivities which would land me in a sanitarium, she comes down the aisle with bright eyes (no longer, as of yore, demurely downcast) and a radiant smile.

BEFORE the wedding comes the rehearsal. The wedding service itself is so simple as to require no rehearsal. The rehearsal is necessary to ensure proper timing and a symmetrical arrangement of the group after it reaches the chancel, and especially to impress the proper sequence upon the ushers: the seating of the guests, the seating of the mothers, the drawing of the ribbons, the removal of the upper layer of aisle cloth, the signal to the organist that all is ready for the trumpet notes which precede the sugary strains of the wedding march; then after the ceremony, the ushering out of the mothers, the removal of the ribbons, the dismissal of the congregation. Carefully instructed ushers are the key to a decorous and well-ordered wedding. If, as occasionally happens, the ushers come to the rehearsal a little high and inclined to regard the whole thing as a lark, almost anything can happen. At one large wedding, the ushers forgot to go for the mothers, who had to run down the side aisles and seat themselves after the wedding procession was under way.

The wedding is preceded by an organ recital and sometimes vocal music. Often the bride tells the organist what she wants played or sung. Usually these are compositions which have a sentimental association for her. The ones most frequently called for are Grieg's "Ich Liebe Dich," De Koven's "O Promise Me," Cadman's "At Dawning," and Carrie Jacobs Bond's "I

Love You Truly." These are romantic, not religious, music and when used as a prelude to an office of the church they violate the principle of unity of tone. Once our organist, an austere man, a devotee of Bach, came to me in great perturbation. The groom, it appeared, was a member of a certain learned society in tribute to which the bride requested that the organist play "The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi." "Do I have to play that?" he asked wrathfully. "No," I answered, "we've got to make a stand somewhere. It may as well be here." Once a young woman of fine taste and breeding had the organist play the love-death music from *Tristan und Isolde*. It seemed to me a little jarring to have played, as a prelude to a wedding, music which set forth (as only Wagner could) the consummation of physical passion, and that not between man and wife (King Mark was Isolde's husband, remember?) but between a married woman and her lover. But recently our organist has been cheered by requests for Bach chorales. Brides who have sung them in college chapel prefer them to the sirupy songs I have named. Those asked for most often are "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring" and "O Saviour Sweet."

IT MUST be conceded that, as a bit of pageantry, a well executed church wedding is extremely effective. But it is difficult to avoid a Hollywood atmosphere. This can be heightened by playing with a rheostat so as to produce theatrical lighting effects and by the use of organ stops which produce what organists call "schmalz" and privately designate as "corny." Such a build-up is incongruous with the simple, deeply reverent character of the wedding ritual itself, as any sensitive person must perceive.

It is true that a wedding is not a personal matter only. Society has a stake in it. Its basic institution is the monogamous family. This is why it has thrown around marriage certain sanctions and taboos. In a day when divorce is increasing it is well that a wedding should be a serious if not a solemn occasion and that its social implications be made plain. But it is a fair question whether these ends are best accomplished by turning it into a spectacle.

How can they be attained without the objections I have raised?

It is possible to have a church wedding without pomp and circumstance, even in the presence of a considerable gathering. During the war, I officiated at a number of weddings which were quickly arranged to coincide with a brief furlough or leave. Elaborate trappings could not be extemporized in days of man-power shortage; they were in questionable taste in wartime anyway. The decorations consisted of one bouquet of white flowers upon the altar. The wedding party consisted of the bride and a single attendant (often in street-length dresses), the bride's father, the groom, and the best man. Often, because the groom's contemporaries had a more pressing engagement with Uncle Sam, the groom's father served as best man, a pleasant and appreciated recognition of the one whose labors helped to rear the groom and fit him for the responsibilities of married life. Such weddings have been very moving and free from the artificiality which haunts weddings of the histrionic type.

Often these weddings have been "open church." It is impossible to have wedding invitations engraved when one does not know well in advance when the Army or Navy will grant leave. Hence, in lieu of invitations, announcement is made in the newspaper and the church bulletin that "Open church will be observed on Wednesday afternoon at four-thirty when Miss Mary Brown is married to Ensign John Paul Jones." This does away with invidious distinctions, the delicate decision as to who shall be invited. It means that whoever is sufficiently interested in the bride and groom to want to witness their marriage is welcome to do so. It also means that no one need feel obliged to send a gift. Sometimes a wedding invitation is interpreted as a refined solicitation. An ancient wedding jest concerns the card of admittance enclosed with the invitation reading, "Present at door"; the recipient was free to decide whether "present" was a verb or a noun.

Another type of wedding I like involves a reversal of the usual procedure. The usual procedure is to invite a large number to the church and enclose in some of the

invitations a card to the reception. This conveys the impression that the wedding is a large, promiscuous affair, while the reception is reserved to the elect. In the type of which I speak, only the families and a few intimate friends come to the church. The wedding party meets in the vestry or minister's study and at the appointed hour proceeds without fanfare to the chancel, where in a quiet, intimate atmosphere, seen only by those who know and love them best, the bride and groom are married. Then they proceed to a reception to which more have been invited. The wedding is treated as a religious service; the reception as a social festivity. This I regard as an appropriate distinction.

Something is surely to be said for home weddings, at least where the bride's parents have a commodious home. Many churchmen will disagree with me. They believe that for all the offices of the church which signalize the successive steps or crises in the individual's life—baptism, confirmation, marriage, the burial office—the church is the proper place. Certainly this is true of confirmation, but for the other three the home is a fitting alternative. A true home is a holy place as surely as a church; and wherever the minister goes as the church's accredited representative, he carries the church with him. There is no more appropriate site for a wedding than before the fireplace in the living room, where the family life has centered through the years until it has rich and hallowing associations for the bride.

Ministers often feel they ought to have two wedding services and two burial services; one for professing Christians, a second for others. In the case of the burial service, it might sometimes be embarrassing for the minister to decide who was entitled to the first and who was not. He might feel as though he were usurping the prerogative of judge which belongs to God. In the case of the marriage service, no such embarrassment is necessary. He could ask any couple he did not know to read both services and decide which they preferred to have used. The point is that all the rituals presuppose that the bride and groom intend to live their lives on the

Christian plane. It often happens that decent people come to a minister to be married, whom he has no scruples about marrying but who are not in communion with any church, nor professedly religious people. He does not want to advise them to go to a justice of the peace for a civil service. He is glad to invoke the blessing of God on their union. But it hardly seems candid to pledge them (by implication at least) to a manner of life they do not intend, simply because no alternative ritual is available.

II

CONSIDER funerals. A grim subject, but few go through life without being called upon to make funeral arrangements. Consider how what is, in essence, a simple matter—the proper disposition of the body and the commitment of the soul to God—can be built up into an elaborate and costly ceremonial.

Funerals in this country constitute a big business, running into impressive figures. The Department of Commerce in the *Survey of Current Business* for June 1944 estimated that in 1942 the American people paid \$337,300,000 for funeral and burial service; \$163,000,000 to cemeteries and crematories; \$60,600,000 for monuments and tombstones—a total of \$560,900,000. This was an average expenditure of \$405 per death for the 1,385,187 deaths which occurred that year. Compare this with certain other items. The Department estimates that in 1942 gifts and bequests to churches and other religious institutions totaled \$720,800,000; tuition paid to schools, colleges, and universities, \$578,300,000; payments by patients to hospitals and sanitariums, \$513,100,000.

The range in funeral costs is indicated by a report published by Fairchild Sons, Inc., of Brooklyn on the last thousand funerals they conducted prior to September 1, 1944: 114 cost \$200 or less; 239, \$200 to \$400; 356, \$400 to \$600; 291, \$600 or over.

In 1928 John C. Gebhart published a book, *Funeral Costs*, based on a study financed by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. "The average family is at the mercy of the undertaker," he de-

clared. "If they are fortunate enough to get into the hands of a decent undertaker, the probability is that they will be fairly treated; but if they fall in with the unscrupulous type of undertaker, the price paid will be largely determined by the amount of money available and not by the value of the merchandise or service rendered." He found that funeral costs in small estates were "abnormally high": in Manhattan they averaged 57.9 per cent of net estates under \$1,000; in Brooklyn, 62.1 per cent.

LET us not too quickly indict the undertaker or, as he prefers to be called, funeral director. ("Mortician" has not made much headway.) He performs a needed service. He must be ready to respond to calls at all hours. He is constantly working with bereaved people, some of whom are emotionally unstrung. Despite all precautions, he is exposed to infection and other occupational hazards. His work is irregular. Sometimes (especially during an epidemic) he is obliged to work to the point of exhaustion. Again, several days may elapse when he has no work, but is haunted by the thought that he has a payroll to meet and that his overhead expense goes right on. He has to take big credit risks, for when a call comes he cannot stop to look up the family's credit rating.

Often he has a heavy investment. A city undertaker must maintain an establishment large enough to conduct two funerals simultaneously, three or four in the course of an afternoon. His organization must be geared to the peak load, which comes in January and March, when the mortality rate is highest. This means that he is under-employed during June and September, when it is lowest. No undertaker can operate at capacity the year around because of the fluctuation of the mortality rate. Funeral "homes" are expensive establishments. They must be on a prominent street, both for accessibility and publicity. A well-kept "home" with a carefully groomed lawn is one of the undertaker's best means of advertisement. It must be well furnished, yet able to stand a lot of wear and tear. Hearses and flower cars are expensive equipment, and in

peacetime subject to style change. All this runs into money and the money can come from only one source.

There are callous and coarse-grained undertakers. They are an abomination. There are mercenary undertakers, who first compete for the possession of a body by "ambulance chasing" and prearrangement with hospitals, then find out, if they can, how much insurance the deceased person carried, and fix their fees accordingly. They oversell their clients and accept commissions from florists and cemetries. These are a minority. Most of the undertakers I know are high-grade men. Especially in smaller cities and towns, undertaking is characteristically a family business which descends from father to son, and the undertaker is a highly respected citizen. Good undertakers are as mindful of their reputation as are doctors and ministers. They are constantly trying to raise their standards and improve their service.

The difficulty is partly in the nature of the business, partly in the fact that too many are engaged in it. In the state of New York, the number of undertakers increased 51 per cent between 1900 and 1920, while the number of deaths increased only 3 per cent. There are about 1,400,000 deaths in the United States annually. There are about 25,000 undertakers. If funerals were divided evenly, each would conduct fifty-six funerals a year, a little over one a week. But they are not. Says Carl Haessler, director of the Institute for Mortuary Research, the publicity department of the National Funeral Directors' Association (in *The American Funeral Director*, December 1936), "Funerals in cities large and small fall with an amazing approach to uniformity into the following brackets: 15 per cent of the funeral directors handle 60 per cent of the total, the next 25 per cent handle 25 per cent, the last 60 per cent handle 15 per cent." In a managed economy, this last 60 per cent would be assigned to some other kind of work. In our system of free enterprise, they can continue in the undertaking business as long as they see fit to do so—and when a funeral comes their way, they have to make the most of it.

In the county in which I live there were

279 undertakers, according to the 1940 census. In that year there were 12,469 deaths in the county, 45 for each undertaker. The 50 who do the largest volume of business could, without difficulty, do it all. The majority conduct less than 50 funerals a year, which means that each funeral must carry the entire overhead and operating costs for a week. An industrious man in another business can find ways of expanding it. But the market for the funeral business is fixed by the number of deaths. The only way an undertaker can increase his business is by cutting in on his competitors or selling more expensive funerals.

Most elaborate funerals, however, are due not so much to the salesmanship of the undertaker as to the wish of the bereaved family. Pride is involved and so is affection: "This is the last thing we can do for our loved one; the best is none too good." I suspect that remorse and regret also play their part. A man thinks with a pang of conscience of the many times he should have been kinder and more considerate to the one who is gone, and tries to make amends by a grand gesture of munificence.

The largest item is the casket. Here the price range is wide. A cloth-covered casket costs \$100; an oak casket, \$250; a walnut or mahogany casket, \$500. Metal caskets were unobtainable during the war, but before the war their use was increasing. These run as high as \$2,000. They are so heavy that when the pallbearers are men well along in years, the effort to carry one from the hearse to the grave puts a strain on their hearts and lungs.

Why will people spend a large sum on a casket which is to be put beneath the ground and never seen again? Because of a morbid and pagan preoccupation with the body. The body is like a suit of clothes: it serves us well for a time, then it wears out, we discard it and get another. So the body, in the religious view, is the texture which for a time clothes the soul and through which the soul, the personality, finds expression. Presently the soul discards it and clothes itself in a higher form of expression, which the New Testament (struggling for words, as do we) calls a "spiritual body."

The physical body, because it has been the habitation of an immortal spirit, should be disposed of respectfully. It is a sound instinct which leads even barbarous men to make careful disposition of the bodies of their dead. But after the soul has left it, the body is of no further use, save as it returns to and replenishes the elements of which it is made. Even as a body, it is only a shell after it has been embalmed. Yet many people are obsessed with the idea that no moisture must touch it. It must be encased in a seamless metal casket; this in turn deposited in a concrete or metal vault, said to be self-sealing. There is a less costly type of vault available, but many will not have it because it is not "moisture-proof."

A reaction from this recrudescence of the Egyptian glorification of the body and attempt to preserve it is the increasing use of cremation. The swift process of the retort accomplishes the return of "dust to dust, ashes to ashes" more cleanly than the slower processes of the cemetery. The prejudice against cremation is breaking down; yet, so hard is it for us earth-bound, sense-bound creatures to divorce our thought of personality from the body it tenanted, that even when the deceased person has left instructions that his body be cremated, the family sometimes cannot bring themselves to carry out his request.

It is doubtful whether cremation as now practiced results in lower funeral costs, for two reasons. One is the insistence by undertakers that respect for the deceased person requires that the body be embalmed and placed in a casket before cremation and that the casket be consumed with the body. True, some kind of container is necessary, but it need not be a casket; a suitable container for the purpose could be made in quantity at small cost. The second reason why cremation has not effected a substantial saving is the practice of burying the ashes in a grave in order that a headstone may be erected. This is due to the fact that columbaria are few and seldom found outside large cities. As the use of cremation increases, cemeteries will increasingly provide columbaria in which urns containing ashes may be placed and suitably inscribed. Churches also could provide columbaria for their members, perhaps in

an unused portion of the basement. Especially in cities, where real estate is high and cemeteries are an obstacle to traffic, cremation has much to commend it and no disadvantages of which I am aware.

Another alternative to earth-burial is a mausoleum. During the interval between the wars, stately mausoleums were built in many cities, some costing a million dollars and more. Financing their construction necessitated high-pressure sales campaigns, the purchaser of a crypt or room being expected to advance a part of the purchase price before construction began. These mausoleums are now well established, but their use is restricted to the well-to-do. (In the sales campaigns, the "snob appeal" has been freely used.) The price of a single crypt commonly exceeds that of a single grave in a first-class cemetery, even when the cost of opening the grave and erecting a head-stone is added; the price of a room exceeds that of a family plot.

ANOTHER large item in funeral costs (one not included in the Department of Commerce estimates) is that of flowers. I have officiated at funerals in the church I serve where the "floral tributes" have represented an expenditure of five thousand dollars (the estimate is that of a veteran florist engaged to arrange them), a sum sufficient to endow a hospital bed or put a boy through college. There was no room in the chancel for the last flowers to reach the church. They were carried into the basement and left there, though the cards were detached and given to the family. Nothing can be done with them afterward. On a cold day they wilt as soon as they touch the air; what looks more forlorn than the flowers on a grave the day after a funeral? Hospitals do not want them. The hard-pressed nurses have no time to distribute and care for them. Homes for the aged do not want them, because of their funeral associations. They are commonly made up into wreaths and sprays, which my patient secretaries sometimes make over into bouquets for the parish sick; but, despite their best efforts, the bouquets look second-hand. Last winter a wreath or spray cost from ten to thirty-five dollars. The "blanket" to be placed on the casket (usually the gift of the

family), if of maidenhair fern alone costs seventy-five dollars; if of maidenhair fern and roses a hundred and fifty dollars; if of maidenhair fern and orchids, from two hundred dollars up. Nor is this extortionate from the florist's point of view. It takes several people several hours to weave it.

Funeral flowers, to my thrifty soul, are an appalling waste. One or two beautiful bouquets are appropriate and comforting. It does not follow that because one of a thing is good, a hundred are a hundred times as good—rather, they are a hundred times too much. Ostentation is nowhere in worse taste than at a funeral: no one with a sense of the eternal fitness of things desires it for himself or for one he loves. Yet the way to have an unusually large number of flowers, I am told, is to put "Please omit flowers" in the obituary notice.

Florists, like the rest of us, must live. We should be poorer without them. Moreover, they need a market for flowers which are no longer quite fresh—which is why they read the obituary notices so eagerly. But funeral flowers on the present scale are a racket. The money spent on them could be used to honor the deceased person and at the same time do some good: for example, a check to his favorite philanthropy with the request that the family be notified that a contribution has been made in his memory.

AS FOR the funeral service itself, there has been marked improvement during the years covered by my ministry. The habiliments of mourning, the heavy black veils and display of crepe are largely a thing of the past. Undertakers are less officious. The good ones no longer parade up and down the aisles as though they were the chief mourners as well as the chief functionaries. The best ones are adept at keeping themselves out of sight.

In the little town where my ministry began, a minister was expected to preach a sermon at every funeral. Indeed, his professional ability was rated by his funeral sermons. The data and text were often supplied by the bereaved family, sometimes beforehand by the deceased person. Vocal music was provided by a soloist or quartet, who usually sang unaccompanied

—something only highly competent singers should attempt to do. The selections were lugubrious or sentimental or both. "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere" and "Safe in the Arms of Jesus" were favorites. Their effect on me was excruciating; on the mourners (even though they may have requested them) it was harrowing, sometimes bringing them to the verge of hysterics.

Funeral sermons and vocal music are no longer heard in the circles with which I am familiar. Occasionally, when some good and great soul is buried from the church, the congregation sings a strong hymn of faith, such as "How Firm a Foundation" or "O God, Our Strength in Ages Past." This is comforting and gives the congregation a chance to express itself. Sometimes hymns or other appropriate compositions are played on the organ as the people gather and as the casket is carried out; but even this is less common than formerly. The ministers of the "ritualistic" communions and some ministers of the "free" churches confine themselves to the burial ritual. This has advantages; it is unemotional, it avoids the risk of eccentric or outré language, it is the same for all, rich or poor, prominent or obscure. But to some whose feelings must be taken into account, it seems cold and impersonal. Said one man of such a service, "I came away disappointed. I thought this was a case where a few good words should have been said."

My own practice is to follow the wish of the family, as nearly as I can ascertain it. Sometimes the service consists only of carefully chosen Scripture, an extemporaneous (though not unprepared) prayer, and the benediction. More often I speak briefly, not delivering a eulogy but endeavoring, as the one privileged to be the spokesman, to voice our appreciation of the finished life and what it has meant to us and to thank God for it. I do not attempt to marshal the arguments for belief in immortality but try as simply as I can to bring the consolation of our holy faith. It is not an easy task, especially where my own feelings are engaged.

and the home, if the home is large enough to accommodate those who wish to come. If neither of these conditions prevails, funeral "homes" are available. The best of these have the atmosphere of a commodious and well-ordered home; the worst are a poor imitation of a church or chapel, from which (why, I do not know) all sunlight is excluded. The custom of keeping the casket closed is growing. This does away with the practice of "viewing the remains." Undertakers do not favor it, for it gives no opportunity for people to admire their artistry; but it is far better for us to remember our friends as they looked when the spirit still informed and animated the body. Sometimes a photograph of the deceased person is placed near the closed casket. Where cremation is used, the body is sometimes cremated before the service, and the urn placed upon a table where the casket would otherwise be.

The shock of the interment has been cushioned by such refinements as a device for lowering the casket by tension instead of by ropes or straps and a carpet of artificial grass for covering the gashed earth. Nevertheless, it is an ordeal for the bereaved family and a health hazard in inclement weather. Moreover, a procession of cars impedes traffic. A reform many ministers advocate is the completion of the service at the place where it is held by the use of the committal formula there instead of at the grave. Then only the pall-bearers need accompany the undertaker to the cemetery. An argument against this was given me by a cemetery superintendent, who said that when people visit a cemetery they are reminded that they ought to buy a lot; and that it is better for them to make their selection when they can do it carefully than to be obliged to make a hurried choice after death has come. But I do not believe that this consideration offsets the emotional strain on the mourners and the exposure of those in frail health to a driving rain or a frigid temperature.

III

THE two most fitting places to hold a funeral are the church, if the church meant anything to the deceased person,

AS I READ over what I have written, it sounds at some points pontifical or supercilious. This is not my attitude. I

could write another article on the mistakes clergymen make in their conduct of weddings and funerals. Many of them I have made myself. Most of what I know I have learned by trial and error, by trying to put myself in the place of the family concerned, and by remembering my own feelings when weddings and funerals have occurred in my own family.

The two immortal themes of poetry are love and death. We celebrate the consummation of love in the wedding ceremony. Its solemn words remind those joined together that it does not concern them only, it concerns them and God: "Whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." At a funeral we celebrate the universal fact of death. To those who hold to the religious interpretation of life, death is not a full stop; it is a transition. This earth is inexplicable save

on Keats' surmise that it is "a vale of soul-making."

There is nothing we need so much today, when through the tragic devastation of war life has been cheapened and brutalized, as to restore the dignity of the human spirit. Animals mate without the formality of a wedding, die without the formality of a funeral. Man is related to the animals, but he dares to believe that he is something more, that his true kinship is not with the brute or the dust from which he springs but with God. He may sometimes forget this. He may even live on the brute level. But he comes back to it and asserts it in every significant experience of his life. It is because the dignity of the human spirit is involved that we must not degrade but rather elevate and ennoble the occasions when we celebrate the overpowering facts of love and death.

The United States and Russia

THERE are at this time two great nations in existence, which, proceeding from different points, appear to be advancing towards the same end:—I mean the United States of America and Russia. . . .

All the other nations seem to have reached very nearly the bounds which nature marked out for them, and have nothing farther to do but to keep what they already possess. These two only are still in progress. These alone are marching forward rapidly with giant steps in a career to which the eye can as yet discern no limit. . . .

The American depends chiefly on self-interest to effect his objects, and leaves the individual to act almost without direction. The Russian concentrates in one man the whole power of society. The main principle of the former is *liberty*; of the latter, *despotism*.

Their respective points of departure are different; they move in opposite directions; but each seems to be called, in the secret designs of Providence, to hold in its hands at some future day the destinies of half the world.

Alexis de Tocqueville, Democracy in America, 1835.

The Easy Chair

Bernard DeVoto

THE Easy Chair has been negligent in letting the publishing business go unsupervised for so long. There have been some odd developments lately.

Shortly after the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts fulfilled my prediction of last February by finding that *Strange Fruit* committed on the average one obscenity every five pages (and specifying that the phrase "pointed breasts" is obscene as far south as the Connecticut line)—shortly after the court announced its expected finding, a Boston radio station invited me to come in and be interviewed. Boston being what it is, that was a daring invitation. But though a broadcasting company may be courageous it has to use its head too, and it would not do to put the station in a false position, in any position at all. It had tried to get the secretary of the Watch and Ward Society, whose job is to keep impurity within bounds, to give his opinion at the same time, which would have forestalled suspicion that the station might be taking a stand. But the secretary would not come. Why should he? He was sitting pretty.

Naturally, the station had to be covered. Something like four and a half minutes in the middle of a fifteen-minute news broadcast had been allotted for the interview. As it turned out, I got something like a hundred seconds to make the hardly earth-shaking statement that I didn't hold with the court. First the station had to advertise its virtue in soliciting the expression of an opinion. Then it had to make quite clear that anything I might say was solely my own responsibility—maybe I was right, maybe I was wrong, but I could not commit the boss. Then

after I had said that I didn't hold with the court, it had to allow for anyone who might have tuned in late. Again it paraded its virtue in broadcasting the expression of an opinion, for the public was thereby brought in touch with a public issue, and added that the opinion must not be charged against the station. With the mob likely to break in at any moment, we mustn't take a chance unless we can present both sides. Somebody might write a letter.

I left the station feeling a little silly, a little soiled, and more than a little self-righteous. I was glad that the lines had fallen to me in less timorous places. The world of magazines and publishing houses that I inhabit seemed to be populated by forthright people, people who valued other considerations besides safety. When you expressed an opinion you didn't rush to issue an anxious disclaimer of it. If somebody wrote in objecting to what you said, well, what of it? The author was willing to take the rap and so was the publisher; both expected to. People paid three dollars for the finished product and part of what they bought was the privilege of disagreeing with it. Fresh from the radio station's resolute effort to dissociate itself from anything I might say, I liked the freer, more stimulating air of my own world.

HENRY HOLT and Company have lately published a book called *The German Talks Back*, by Heinrich Hauser. It is an amusing book, or an annoying book, or an infuriating book. It is full of wild distortions, fantastic misrepresentations, and above all the kind of fatheadedness that distinguishes German thinking. I happen

to think that Holt performed a sizable public service in publishing the book, for it contains a case history of a state of mind that has produced two world wars in our time and will produce another one if we let it, and I believe that the more widely acquainted the American public becomes with the state of mind, the better for the peace of the world. Still, there can be other opinions.

The publishers seem to have decided that, in view of these, they needed an out. First they hired an expert to point out in general and in particular where the author was wrong. No one can quarrel with that, though it does give the book an air of fighting off bees. But also they ran a prefatory five and a half pages of "Notice to the Reader" in their own person. Those pages exhibit some amazing contortions and sound a new note in publishing, a rather low note, preferably to be played on the bazooka.

The publishers want to get out from under but they want to look noble on the way. This book horrifies us just as much as it does you, they tell us, but we honestly believe that it's good for you to hear about these things. People tell us, they go on, that your minds may be poisoned by this book; we don't believe that for a minute, we think you have the enlightened sagacity of a free people, but all the same we've taken measures to keep you straight. People also tell us that we may be destroying Russian-American friendship by publishing Hauser, but phooey to the frail sensibilities of the Soviet, truth should be mightier than a mealy-mouthed foreign policy, so let's have a long cheer for the truth. Maybe you will think we were wrong to publish the book—in fact we are scared stiff you will—but remember that we are showing a lot of courage in publishing it and remember that we have obligations to freedom of the press. Look how many people we consulted first, too, and while we're on the subject, please realize that freedom of the press implies freedom to express opinions you don't like. This means, especially, anyone who may be thinking of writing in. Up goes the flag, the band plays what the radio has taught us to call the national anthem, and publishers are seen in the most admirable

light. If you feel like shooting the pianist, kindly remember that the proprietors of the joint are out of bounds.

And the Houghton Mifflin Company has published an exceedingly important book, Wallace Stegner's *One Nation*. This is an enterprise conceived and carried out by *Look*, which sent Mr. Stegner touring the United States to study our minority groups and the exploitations and persecutions that are inflicted on them, and sent photographers with him to drive the point home. Mr. Stegner's report is distinctly unpleasant; in fact it is appalling. It is also sanitary, the kind of shock that can have only beneficial results. You may want to get out of reading it, for the sake of your own quiet comfort, but you have got to read it and you had better pass it on to someone else. In short, this is a valuable book but it may provoke somebody into writing a letter.

The publishers are content to let the book stand on its own feet without apology, which was the old-fashioned way and is the more remarkable in that they breathe Boston air. But *Look* isn't. *Look* conceived an important job and had the guts to carry it through but appears to have broken out with second thoughts. At any rate it had the editor write a "Foreword" which amounts to a plea of don't get sore at us. The reader must understand that the book is not an attack on any person or any region. If *Look* seems to be advocating decency, justice, and the minimum guarantees of the Constitution, the reader must understand that over the years quite a lot of people have done the same, people who could not possibly be called radicals. *Look* thinks that the reader ought to be aware of the things Mr. Stegner discusses, but for God's sake don't get us wrong.

A PUBLISHER necessarily loses dignity when running for the nearest exit. Worse still, he calls to mind a species of newspaper story that wasn't too admirable. The head would read, say, ALLIED LANDING FAILS. Three paragraphs down you would find that Brazzaville had picked up the rumor from Berne, which had it from Ankara by way of Stockholm. And sure enough there would be an edi-

torial note cautioning you that enemy news might not be reliable. As for the headline, however, we have to sell the paper, don't we?

Back in the iron age a publisher used to begin by squarely facing the question whether there was any sound reason for bringing out a book. If he couldn't find one, he returned the manuscript with a form letter. If he found one, he published the book. Since it had his name on it he then stood by it. If the reviewers or the public started throwing vegetables, pop bottles, or dead cats at the book or at him, he went on pitching. He regarded a certain number of vegetables as a normal risk and he supposed that he was displaying business judgment, not courage, when he accepted the risk. He didn't expect reviewers to call him noble and he didn't think much of virtue that had to run an ad. In those days, too, he felt under some obligation to stand up beside the author.

Holt's new effort is to play it both ways but I don't think it succeeds. Holt could have returned the Hauser manuscript to the agent, or it could have decided that there were good reasons for publishing it and then stood on the hand as dealt. Either way it would have looked better than it does with a blurb in one hand and a disclaimer in the other. The next step suggests itself. Novelists usually run a note saying that we are wrong if we think they had their home towns or their mothers-in-law in mind. A publisher could also put himself in the clear. "Any appearance of editorial responsibility," his note might run, "is purely coincidental. If you think this book stinks, how do you know I don't think so too?"

IF THIS sort of thing represents a current anxiety of publishers, they have some splendid visions as well—like breaking up the British Empire for trade purposes, publishing all of Europe's books, and developing the vast domestic market which the Armed Services Editions are supposed to have opened. It is hard to tell whether the twenty-five cent reprints stimulate anxiety or vision. An intimidating aspect of them seems to be named Marshall Field but on the other hand most publishers are going into the business

themselves. That last fact highlights a point of view which, since three publishers have expressed it to me and I have found another one setting it down in print, I take to be the party line. Our trade union, the Authors' Guild, is trying to get writers a larger cut of the profits made from reprinting their books than the minute fraction they get under the present arrangements. Publishers view the Guild's efforts with distaste. They say it will not do at all: these impractical literary people are cutting their own throats. They got paid for the two-fifty edition and one profit is all they are legitimately entitled to, or at least all they have any right to expect. If someone makes an extra nickel for them, they should gratefully regard it as pure velvet. The authors ought, therefore, to call off their offensive. If they don't watch out it will hurt the feelings of the reprint executives who get ten thousand dollars a month for opening mail orders and the salesmen who get only half that for calling at drug-stores. If the Guild disturbs their soft pitch, they will quit cold and go into some other business, and what will that do to the velvet nickel? But I thought the publishers wanted them in some other business.

THE twenty-five cent pocket books, not all of which are reprints, are the most important recent development in publishing. I intend to discuss them at length later on but, since we're talking about editorial responsibility, let's raise one issue now. It is illustrated by a twenty-five cent anthology that appeared recently. I am not going to identify it here because I have already made my protest about this particular book to the publisher. I'm not concerned with the book but with the problem it poses.

It is a literary anthology. I think it is a bad one, meaning that the selections are neither very good in themselves nor very representative of the field. But anyone is entitled to back his choice and a reviewer who dissents may be saying little more than that his taste is different. But a historical and critical introduction is something else, and this anthology has one that is almost fantastically bad. It is packed full of alleged historical and literary facts that are wholly false, and it

passes critical judgments on the basis of assumptions that will not hold and in defiance of evidence which it seems never to have heard of. Anyone who accepts what it says is being misinformed; the publishers have sold him some attractively packaged falsification.

Remembering Holt on freedom of the press and remembering that publishing is always at the buyer's risk, what are the publisher's responsibilities? What are they, especially, when his print orders are by the hundred thousand? This anthology is not a reprint; it was "originated" by the publisher. He hired a man to write the introduction who was not qualified to write it with authority. Wasn't that an initial failure in responsibility? Furthermore, the errors in the introduction could have been corrected in a couple of hours by any office clerk and he would have needed no more than a standard history of the United States and a standard history of American literature, books which presumably every publisher keeps on his desk. Wasn't the publisher under some obligation to check the work of his hired hand?

Publish such a book at three dollars and maybe five thousand people will buy it, of whom maybe ten per cent will read the introduction and be misinformed by it. Maybe only two per cent of those who buy the twenty-five cent edition will read the introduction, but two per cent of, say, five hundred thousand makes a large bulk of personal misinformation. And that bulk gets bigger every time another print order goes in. Pretty soon a lot of people are going to have false ideas and grotesquely erroneous information about one area of American literature.

Nor is the publisher entitled to plead that this is just a two-bit book. In the first place, his case is that the two-bit books he publishes are standard goods. In the second place, the larger the public he deals with, the less his privilege of misleading them. When a food packer uses artificial coloring

in his product he has to say so on the label.

As I wrote to the publisher of this particular anthology, in the light of eternity it makes very little difference what people believe about the unimportant field of literature it deals with—except that it seems best to treat even unimportant matters with the maximum attainable accuracy. But this business of "originating" twenty-five cent books is spreading before our eyes. Just now there is one about the atomic bomb and another one about the history of the war, subjects by no means unimportant. Presently there are sure to be anthologies, with introductions, and original treatises that deal with Russian foreign policy, say, or the law of divorce, or the psychology of the unconscious, or veterans' legislation, or what happened at Teheran. Has the buyer, by the half million, got to beware? Is the publisher going to take the stand that he is a business man whose admitted purity of heart does not commit him to a guarantee, that any misinformation which results from his hiring someone who doesn't know what he is talking about is strictly the author's responsibility and reader's tough luck? Or is it his job first to hire somebody who knows what he is talking about and then to check his work?

The iron age publisher had his points. First he made sure that a writer was decently reliable within the meaning of the statute: he put into editorial service a lot of money that now seems to go into brochures about the nobility of publishing. That being attended to, he rather liked writers who spoke out. He liked to publish books by the Columbus Circle soapboxer, the village atheist, and the man who was agin the government. He expected that such books would start a few vegetables his way, and that was all right with him. He wasn't looking for the nearest exit, he wasn't afraid that somebody might write a letter. He was willing to climb right up beside the author and, if necessary, take it.

YOU KNOW HOW IT IS

A Story

SAUL LEVITT

WELL, it felt good around the shoulders, it felt free, that was it. You couldn't ever feel like this in the uniform. The little old man who had fitted him and tailored the suit now looked him over anxiously and with pride as if the man and the suit were one unit and he had fashioned it.

"The main thing is how it feels," said the little old tailor.

"It feels fine," he said, "that's all I can say."

The salesman and the tailor wished him luck. And they looked at him anxiously, like a new ship going down the ways. He went out into the sun. There wasn't a thing he felt like doing but just looking. New York was his town and let somebody else say it was just a place to visit. This was to his taste, like some people liking olives. The suit was light gray and the shirt he'd bought for it was a gray with stripes and a maroon tie. He felt absolutely free and that was the way he was supposed to feel, he guessed. Just gliding along and deciding which street to walk on, which restaurant to eat in.

He had promised to look into the office when he got the suit. Talk things over, make talk about this and that. Maybe to figure out if he was going back to the job. He went up there. They said they were glad to see him. They sounded as if they were. They tapped him and they said he was bigger around the shoulders.

"How do you feel?" said Mr. Walker,

the head of the drafting department.

"I feel fine," he said sincerely.

Everybody asked that, but that was the thing to ask and what he said was the thing to answer. It was 58th Street west. He could see the Hudson from the window and farther north was the George Washington Bridge. High up here the advantage had always been that you could feel a cool wind on the hottest day. And the Hudson was always there every time you looked up from the drawing board. He looked around to see Mr. Walker standing there and still wanting to know something.

"Well," said Mr. Walker, "what do you think, Joe? Any time you say the word."

They had a new lamp over his old drafting board and maybe his eyes wouldn't get so tired on dark winter days but otherwise it was the same layout. Not bad. He looked around the big room with the drawing boards, each board with the white light shining down—looking it all over like somebody who is going to buy something and wants to be sure of what he's getting for his precious money. Lord, oh Lord, how independent he felt. Free. Rolling his shoulders inside the suit. But he knew just what to say.

"I'd like a week or so just to—"

"Of course, Joe," said Mr. Walker. "Nobody's pressing you. At a time like this? We know how it is."

Mr. Walker took him into the little office and took out a bottle. "The best,

Joe," said Mr. Walker, raising his glass. "Right," he said, drinking it down.

Then he was downstairs again and on the street. He couldn't have felt better if he'd tried. He called up Amy whom he'd promised to call this afternoon. In the conversation now it was like the two occasions they'd been together since he'd got home. He just listened to her mostly. In everything she said she was only saying the same thing: that she was happy he was back. For a moment he could marvel, listening to her, listening to this feeling that had lived and watered itself alone for three years. ". . . and I know you're busy," she said.

He smiled through the phone knowing that he wasn't busy exactly. "Pretty busy," he said.

These phrases were wonderful because you could just trot them out and they said things even if you didn't exactly mean them. . . . *In a week, you know how it is, yes, we know how it is. I know you're busy . . .*

"Pretty busy," he said again, smiling to himself. "Couldn't we meet tomorrow for lunch?"

"Of course, Joe."

"I'll be there at twelve-thirty," he said, hanging up and then going out into this sunny day and smiling broadly because everything was so easy. Like pressing buttons. He felt as if he was gliding along effortlessly and he pressed a button and went this way and pressed another and went the other way. The crowds swept by him, with the nervous energy of people with places to go to, things to do. But look at the old lady run for the bus trying to beat the red light changing to green. A heart attack, sure. And missing it. Looking miserable there on the corner of 34th Street and Fifth Avenue. And the colors everywhere, the colors of the girls' dresses shopping for bargains on Fifth Avenue. Was there anything like this in the world? He just walked.

Two o'clock. What was wrong with a ball game? "Yankee Stadium," he said to the cabby. It was like a picture postcard, the stadium was. The diamond and the green grass and the bleacher walls hung with advertising color. And above the bleacher walls was the elevated track and the Jerome Avenue train like a toy train

on a toy track. It was all like a toy from the grandstand if you looked at it in a certain way. And he was looking at it in that certain way. It was Boston vs. New York but it could have been Chicago vs. St. Louis. It was down below him on the grass like a toy game and it didn't seem to matter who won so long as it was played well. At five o'clock he walked across the green grass, through the bleacher exit to the street, and got the train for home.

His mother kissed him and told him how good he looked in the new suit. He said, "It feels fine." He kissed her on the cheek. Supper was cooking and the aroma was good. It was an old aroma, a remembered aroma that he had thought about in all kinds of places in Europe. He sat down in the living room and felt relaxed. He wasn't thinking, wasn't grasping anything solidly but just letting things float along.

It was true he hadn't thought of Aunt Helen and Chicago since he'd been home but he should have thought of her. There had been a wire waiting for him when he'd arrived home ten days ago inviting him out to Chicago and then for a trip to Wisconsin with Uncle Ed for a week of fishing and canoeing "on a beautiful lake." Of course he'd wired back immediately saying that he'd do it as soon as possible and then he'd forgotten all about it.

But now he knew that he was going out there right away, that it was the one thing he wanted, and that he could do it easily enough. You could do almost anything you wanted now just by the way you said it. It was almost magic the way you could do these things that he'd never been able to do before the war.

"Mom," he said, "suppose I were to surprise Aunt Helen, I mean not wiring her or anything but just going out there. I might even do it tonight, come to think of it."

Of course he had every intention of doing it tonight but there was no reason not to let her down gently. He wasn't going to hurt her if he could help it.

"Tonight!" said his mother. "But Joe! You've only been home a week."

He sat very still and didn't answer. He knew that if he sat still long enough and didn't answer she would figure something

out. He knew that in her eyes he was now deep; he was complicated because he was a veteran of the war. He could almost see her working through all the points of the pattern and getting to the end: he was to be let alone and to do what he wanted. She just looked at him anxiously and then kissed him and said, "Give my love to Helen and Uncle Ed," and he was out of the house and walking along and feeling free. It was so easy.

THE girl behind the cage window said there wasn't anything in the way of a Pullman berth. He just said, "God, if I were still in uniform I suppose it'd be easy," and started to walk away.

"Oh," she said, "I didn't notice the discharge. Where were you?"

"Europe. The Ee Tee Oh."

"My husband's still over. Do you think he'll be coming home soon?"

"Sure," he said comfortingly.

She got on the phone twice before coming back and saying, "You're lucky. I've got you an upper for the train tonight. Now don't you be getting drunk and missing that train just because you're feeling good."

He laughed and promised he'd make it and then went out for a couple of drinks before traintime. He listened to the talk all around him in the bar. He could hear a man saying something about a contract to a woman and bringing his hand down with a genteel bang on the bar and the woman nodding as if it was all clear. It looked like an act. It was just a guy in a bar acting for a girl and doing it through this talk of a contract, that was all. That was the way he saw it as he got aboard the night train for Chicago.

When he awoke it was Ohio outside. Though he had felt very relaxed he hadn't fallen asleep at once. Because he knew the Hudson was flowing there on the left, the big river of his childhood. And he remembered it glittering underneath the Palisades cliffs of the Jersey shore where they used to make their summer evening fires. Tonight he was a free man in clean pajamas lying between white sheets on a train that was going through the night into tomorrow morning. And he could feel the big river of his childhood

lying like a strong arm along his head as he fell asleep.

And now it was Ohio outside. And he dressed and he could feel the flush that still came with morning in the United States, which was the flush of knowing that you are alive and that during this day your life is not to be involved. As he shaved among other men shaving and making talk while they shaved, he was still in this flush of being alive. He put on the gray jacket and had breakfast in the diner among people smiling while they toyed with grapefruit and pondered ham and eggs or two boiled eggs. Two women with small children sat at a table nearby, and the children were being cajoled and told stories in order that they eat. They were being treated carefully and luxuriously as if life really could be that careful.

He smoked watching Ohio outside the window, Ohio with the gently rolling luxurious land spreading away somewhat like the fields of France about sixty miles south of Paris. He rolled his shoulders inside the suit which was a size forty, a measureless and infinite size forty. Wonderful, wonderful all right.

Watkins used to have a way of talking about Ohio. He had worked in Cleveland, commuting every day on the bus. He was always just making that bus after all kinds of adventures involving his kid, the alarm clock, and his wife's cooking. And it was always this way with Watkins in the Army: he was always making his jokes about that bus, commuting daily, all the way to Omaha Beach, all the way to an exact point in France ten yards in from the waterline.

Ohio, Ohio which had raised Watkins and given him his humor, his wife, his bus, and his draft number. Ohio changing to Indiana through midday, through dinner which is a buck and a half.

It was cool in Chicago, cool and with a clear light everywhere. He drank in a bar off the station, just two drinks, that was all. And then he walked all the way to Michigan Boulevard and across the Boulevard onto the green parkway that touches Lake Michigan. There was something bold and free about this layout along the lake, open to the lake, with the light blinking off a thousand windows.

He awoke into the dusk that was advancing on him from the lake, his heart pounding with something that he couldn't remember. He was awake on a park bench with his eyes looking right into the dusk coming down on him across a blueness of water turning gray, not knowing where he was or why or how he had got here. He lit a cigarette and it came back to him as he smoked—Chicago.

Why was he here? A soldier and a girl came along the walk past him. They walked slowly advancing to the immemorial rite of a couple finding a bench in the park. By now he felt calm again. He felt fine but he was wondering just what he was doing here in Chicago. He got a cab to the station and walked around the waiting room, trying to figure out what to do now.

He picked up a timetable and its schedule was for trains moving westward. His finger stopped at Sioux City. He had been there three years ago in training. The more he thought of Sioux City the more it seemed like the place he ought to see. In that town it used to be that you could go into bars that stayed open late and end up with girls whose names didn't mean anything the next morning. He thought that if he went there now he would find one of those girls but this time he would know her name. Besides, it had been pleasant in Sioux City because people didn't look at the violent loneliness of soldiers through eyes that seemed to peer from behind barricades. And a melody came into his head, the melody that was in all the jukeboxes of Sioux City three years ago.

He was humming "I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas" when the ticket agent asked, "Where to?"

"Sioux City," he said.

AS SOON as the train made that beginning lurch forward he felt much better. As soon as the train was away from the lights of Chicago and there was the darkness of countryside outside the window he felt much better. And suddenly he remembered why it was that he had decided to go to Chicago and how he had explained it to his mother. But Aunt Helen had been around a long time, she'd be around a long time more and he'd cer-

tainly be seeing her one of these days.

Sioux City as he saw it the next morning was all there and not something he'd made up. He had a drink at the Hotel West bar but he didn't recognize anybody here. He kept humming the White Christmas song automatically and without thinking about it.

He used to stay at the Mayfair when he'd be on the two day pass from base. Today he registered there and said he would stay two days and would they put a radio in. He put out a clean shirt, a white one, with which he was going to wear a blue knitted tie. He kept remembering the faces of girls whose names he never knew the next morning.

After a shower he felt fresh and happy and wonderfully detached. He discovered that he was very hungry, hungrier than he had been in a long time. He ordered ham and eggs, coffee and pie. But he was still hungry after that and he thought the man might think him nuts if he ordered another meal on top of that. There was another place he used to eat in and he went around the corner and ordered steak and french fries. That did it. He recognized the counterman, a young fellow who had kept telling the soldiers about his hernia whenever he could, in those days when it seemed important if a young guy stood behind a counter instead of behind an M1.

"Haven't I seen you around here before?" asked the counterman.

"I've never been to Sioux City before in my life," he said. He walked out and down to the station. Maybe he would have met one of those girls and found out her name this time. He just felt he was gliding effortlessly past people like in a rowboat whose oars are still. You just half-close your eyes and pretty soon everything is moving by you. The boat seems to be gliding and the shores glide by the boat—

"Denver, please," he said to the ticket agent.

AT NIGHT when the moon is up the mountains of the Far West show from a train like a high-running sea. The train moving through the rock puts the land into motion making it into a black sea with a long swell.

HE HAD never been in the Southwest. In the Alegria restaurant in Tucson the girl who served him spoke perfectly good American but she looked like someone who ought to wear combs in her hair and walk out of an opera dancing. She was very slender, with black hair plaited on her head and dark blue eyes. He thought her eyes should be black but they were dark blue. She was competent and her voice was impersonal but not unfriendly. She looked cool as if to deliberately modify her obvious natural warmth. He didn't kid her but he couldn't help looking at her very directly. He just felt curious and detached. He smiled at her because he didn't want anything from her. He remembered enough of his high school Spanish to say something to her when he was through. And he said it with a grin and in the same way a man says "I love the sun." Everybody understands that all he is saying is that it's good to have the sun around after the long winter and that he is grateful for its being around. That was the way he said it.

He just changed the word "sun" to the word "you" and it came out all right.

"*Muchas gracias*," she said gravely. And then in English: "Would you like some more coffee?"

"Sure."

He drank another cup. And this was in Tucson, Arizona, where the light is different and at dusk the wind blows over the Southwest cool, dry, and filtered clear of smells; and this wind seems to have blown a hundred thousand miles and seems slated to be a hundred thousand miles farther on by morning.

"How do you call yourself?" he asked her in Spanish.

"Maria Boyle."

"Could I walk you home after work?"

"I get off early tomorrow night," she said, cleaning the table in front of him.

"I'll be around," he said, going out. He could feel that dry evening wind pushing the warm daylight gently off the stage for the evening performance of a high, dark sky full of stars.

The late train for Los Angeles seemed to be waiting for him as he got aboard. And he felt that pull-pull of the engine gripping the rail like a horse digging in

for the first pull on the load. And he slept lying back in the coach chair, feeling himself going all through the night again, all through another night into another morning.

He was walking through the Union Station in Los Angeles with his hands in his pockets when he heard the announcer bawling "San Diego" and he had about three minutes to make it and just did make it, puffing and laughing as he got aboard.

THE way the train skirts the Pacific shore going from Los Angeles to San Diego is like a game of hide and seek. The sea is there and then it isn't there. He kept looking for it after a first flashing glimpse of the western ocean about an hour out of Los Angeles.

Getting off at the station he walked along Broadway, turned up Fourth Street climbing past the stucco houses and the hoses spraying front lawns until it was full in his eyes, the bay and the shadowed headland of Point Loma, the indestructible western headland standing out to sea. The farthest west. This was the end of it all right, the end of the hunk of mother earth called the United States. And the rest was ocean. Point Loma didn't move, it would never move no matter what else moved—you could see it had been built to last.

It was warm in San Diego but not humid and at the other limit which is the Atlantic it was night now. He could see night falling over the eastern coast, falling over the Battery and the upper bay, and all the miles of houses in Brooklyn twinkling into light. And Amy coming home from work walking the way she walked to the subway station at 42nd Street, walking faithfully in a crowd.

He was turning around and going down to the station because he thought that he ought to be going home now. He ought to be getting into whatever it was that he was getting into from now on. And maybe he'd be a commuter, a guy buried behind a paper all the way to Grand Central. There was a new light over the old drafting board which would make it easier on his eyes on dark winter days. It was going to be day after day from now on, day

after quiet day falling like fruit from a tree.

He was getting aboard a silver train that really shone in the sun. It looked almost too good for rails, something that ought to take off into space, a train like a plane. As he sat down it was curious that he should think of his sister suddenly. Paula had written when he came home, inviting him out to see her, see the new baby. The train was moving under him and he felt very good and relaxed. He was

going back to Amy and they had a new lamp over the board now which would make it better on dark winter days.

But first he was going to see his sister in St. Paul. For there was still time. For another hour, another day, another week you could still get by, you could still say the words to cover it.

"You know how it is," he would say.

And they would think: "We know how it is."

Journalist and Diligent Reader

IN FORMER times almost everybody who could was accustomed to contribute in an active way to the formation of opinion. Men evolved their own political ideas and drew forth the ideas of their friends by keen oral discussion. . . . But gradually, and following somewhat slowly upon the invention of printing, there came to be introduced a new division of labor. . . . What had been an intellectual exercise practiced in a random way by thousands, was turned into a branch of industry, and pursued with great skill by a few. People soon found out that an essay in print—an essay strong and terse, but above all opportune—seemed to clear their minds more effectually than the sayings which they heard in conversation, or the letters they received from their friends; and at length the principle of divided labor became so complete in its application to the forming of political opinions, that by glancing at a newspaper, and giving swift assent to its assertions and arguments, many an Englishman was . . . dispensed from the necessity of having to work his own way to a conclusion.

But to spare a man from a healthy toil is not always an unmixed good. To save a free-born citizen from the trouble of thinking upon questions of state is to take from him his share of dominion; and, although it be true that he who follows printed advice is under a guidance more skillful and dexterous than any he could have got from his own untutored mind, he is less of a man, and, upon the whole, is less fair, less righteous than one who in a ruder fashion contrives to think for himself. . . . Moreover, the readers of public prints were slow to understand the new kind of duty which had come upon them. They were slow to see that it became them to look in a very critical spirit upon the writings of a stranger, unseen and unknown, who was not only proposing to guide them, but even to speak in their name. . . . The blessing conferred by print will perhaps be complete when the diligence, the wariness, and, above all, the courageous justice of those who read, shall be brought into fair proportion with the skill and the power of those who address them in print.

Alexander William Kinglake, The Invasion of the Crimea, 1863.

OUR FAILURE IN GERMANY

WILLIAM HARLAN HALE

EVER since the end of summer, the generals at American Military Government headquarters in Berlin have been talking about shutting up shop and coming home. It's not that they don't like their job of making Germany behave. It's because they feel they have about completed it.

The confidence which headquarters in Berlin feels in its record and in the consequent good behavior of Germans was expressed in its announcement on October 8 that "the removal of Nazis and those associated with the Nazi ideology and form of government has been accomplished to the extent that additional responsibilities may now be placed in German administrative machinery." As of mid-November, therefore, control of city and county administration in the American zone of occupation has been handed back to Germans, thus releasing our local and district Military Government specialists from further duty.

This step is only one in the accelerating process of MG's self-liquidation. In early September—to take an example—the Deputy Military Governor, Lieutenant General Lucius D. Clay, told my chief, Brigadier General Robert A. McClure, who is charged with the control of press, radio, and publications in the American zone, that he wished him to "get out of operations" quickly and to shut down within two months the newspapers which

he was publishing for Germans, turning all such activities over to the Germans themselves. This indicated that General Clay felt, as early as four months after Germany's surrender, that the work of cleaning up the house and the mind of Germany had already been pushed along so far as to make further close supervision of the German printed word unnecessary. And today it is the intention of the MG chiefs to get out of business entirely before the middle of the coming year, at which time only a small central staff of American civilians is to be left behind to supervise the German official hierarchy by a kind of remote control, with occupation units of reduced strength serving as their policemen.

So passes the first and determining phase of American occupation.

It was just eight years after Germany laid down arms in 1918 that the Allied occupying powers declared themselves satisfied with German disarmament and withdrew their Commissions of Control. This time, in spite of the far wider-reaching goals we have set ourselves in Germany, our rate of withdrawal and of viewing with satisfaction appears to be many times faster. "No need to worry any more about Germany; what remains now is to work things out with our Allies," was, in effect, the policy thought passed down the line inside MG from General Clay's office last August. There was bright relief in this

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for the war-weary. But as they pile aboard the homeward-bound planes at Tempelhof or Frankfurt, our officials may remember how the Washington policy-makers enjoined them on going into Germany not to relax their controls over German life until the main American objectives toward Germany had either been attained or were within safe prospect of it.

To what extent have they been attained?

THE objectives themselves are pretty clear. They were set forth in April in a directive to General Eisenhower drafted by representatives of the State, Treasury, War, and Navy Departments and issued by the Joint Chiefs of Staff with the OK of the White House. The document was kept secret from the American public until mid-October; but every ranking MG official carried his copy of it into Germany, knowing it by its famed serial number, JCS 1067/6, and often referring to it as "The Bible." The paper was presented to the Potsdam Conference as embodying the American position and, with certain omissions and minor modifications, its substance was written into the Potsdam Agreement.

To recapitulate its substance: The directive states that our prime objective is to prevent Germany from ever again becoming a threat to the peace of the world, and that in order to achieve this General Eisenhower is to disarm the country, to remove its war industries to Allied nations or else destroy or demilitarize them, to keep German heavy industrial production down to a minimum, to break up Germany's cartels, and to root out of German life all surviving Nazi and militarist influences, permitting no compromises to be made in the interests of expediency or convenience.

Specifically, the directive tells General Eisenhower that except insofar as may be necessary for meeting Allied reparations or minimum German subsistence needs, he "will take no steps (a) looking toward the economic rehabilitation of Germany, or (b) designed to maintain the German economy." It tells him to take no action that might give the Germans basic living standards higher than those existing in any neighboring country which they had over-

run. Finally it tells him to permit free trade unions and otherwise to prepare for the reconstruction of democratic life in Germany.

These were the orders—later to be reinforced by the Potsdam Agreement—with which we went into Germany.

II

DURING the final weeks of the campaign I traveled by jeep in the wake of the Seventh Army's push from the Rhine through Württemberg and into southern Bavaria. What amazed me almost more than anything else about this lightning drive was the speed with which our men were already putting trunk lines of the heavily bombed and battered German railway network back into working shape. Alongside the armed motor convoys streaking eastward from the Rhine bridgeheads I could see long freight trains, whose German box-cars had already been relabeled U. S. ARMY TRANSPORTATION CORPS, hauling Army supplies forward through the Neckar valley.

In order to get jobs like this done, it had been necessary for our transport officers to seek out German railway officials and get vital operating data from them. Most of the officials obliged. The most obliging of all was a high-ranking Nazi—Dr. Julius Dorpmueller, director general of the German State Railway, and Hitler's Minister of Transport besides. It was Dorpmueller who had planned the rail-borne part of Hitler's surprise attacks against his neighbors in the East and West, and who had then looted the rail systems of the occupied countries. For this—and for having planned the rail movements of German divisions in the West last December in such a way as to catch American commanders off base in the Battle of the Bulge—Dorpmueller had received high decorations from Hitler. Yet he proved so helpful to our transport chiefs at SHAEF that they invited him in to act as an adviser on German rail reconstruction. A month after the war was over, I found him still buzzing around them. Then in July he died. When I went around to the headquarters of our Transport Division in Frankfurt, I found the railway officers

there affected by a strong sense of loss. Next week they printed in their headquarters bulletin a two-page obituary on him in which they reviewed his "unflagging energy"—in Hitler's cause, that is—and concluded, "Dr. Dorpmueller was both a master railwayman and a profoundly patriotic German."

There's a pattern here. First we had been faced with a military necessity, and in order to cope with it had had to deal with anyone who could be of help—even if he smelled to high heaven. Then the immediate necessity passed. But the need was still felt for some efficient Germans as helpers, and, whatever else one might say about him, Dorpmueller was efficient. But before long Dorpmueller and others like him got to be fixtures around the place. People began to forget what the original basis of using them had been. People began to "understand" them. Dorpmueller, for instance—no less than any good American railwayman—hated to see a lot of good rolling stock and machinery standing around idle. A man like this could make things in Germany hum. And he certainly could do it much better than some new anti-Nazi fellow who didn't know the business.

But do we actually want things in Germany to hum, and if so, what things, and who is to run them? The gist of the instructions which we took in with us was that we want goods and services to be produced only to the extent that they are needed either for our occupation forces or for reparations or for the maintenance of minimal German living standards. The instructions clearly emphasized that we were not going into Germany in order to put German heavy industry back on its feet or otherwise to recondition the German economy. And they also decreed that we were not to keep any of Germany's former management around, in any way, shape, or form.

Yet I remember Colonel Brisbine, the deputy chief of our Transport Division, telling me last August how valuable this same Dr. Dorpmueller had been in helping the division to get an impressive number of passenger trains in the Rhineland going again for the benefit of German civilians.

THE mentality of our Transport Division cannot be called an isolated phenomenon. It finds its echo in the halls of Brigadier General Clarence L. Adcock's Civil Affairs Division and of Brigadier General William H. Draper's Economics Division. All these divisions are made up in large part of officers recruited directly from American business life. They are specialists at making things go. Early in the fall General Clay's deputy, Major General Oliver P. Echols, frankly told several of us that the top industrial men on the staff were by nature imbued with the spirit of building up rather than tearing down. And the word around headquarters has been that our technical and economics staffs are embodiments of the "War Production Board mentality"—meaning a mentality bent on turning the stuff out quick.

The Civil Affairs field detachments, in addition, contain many veterans of American city administration—ex-mayors, fire chiefs, social service workers, sanitary engineers. These, too, were chosen not on the basis of their knowledge of Nazi Germany or of the ways to cure it, but because they were experts at keeping civic machinery going. Anyone who visited Brigadier General Cornelius W. Wickersham's training school for Military Government officers at Charlottesville, Virginia, or the finishing school conducted at Shrivenham, England, with Brigadier General Frank J. McSherry as the senior American officer, must have been struck by the low priority given to the political indoctrination of trainees. Generals Wickersham and McSherry were both known down the line as conservative and "non-political" in their views. They had called for technicians, not for leaders against Nazism. They seemed to see their job less as one of uprooting Germany's Old Order than of quickly restoring some sort of civil order out of chaos. As one watched their teams go into city after city, attempting above all to bring back normal life to a devastated area, one got the impression of a large number of welfare workers whose approach to the Germans resembled that which they might have made to the victims of a great flood on the Mississippi.

This emphasis on sending in non-politi-

cal technicians rather than men who could effectively command a German political housecleaning backfired when we found (a) that the German public had come to lean on us to run their plant for them, and (b) that we had come to lean on the Germans to show us how to clean their house. The following colloquy, held before the Subcommittee on War Mobilization of the Senate Military Affairs Committee between Senator Harley M. Kilgore and Major General John H. Hilldring, director of the Civil Affairs Division of the War Department, states part of the problem:

Sen. Kilgore. Every person I talked to [in Germany] who had examined the situation was worried about that, because it looked like they [the Germans] were going to lean back in the collar and let us do all the work they possibly could. We saw evidence of that on every hand. We are going to have to make them do the work if we are going to be successful in the job.

Gen. Hilldring. We intend to make the Germans do what we want and not do it ourselves.

Sen. Kilgore. It is a situation which has me worried because of the temptation to take over and run things for them.

Gen. Hilldring. It is. The temptation is there . . . and I believe we will be able to handle it.

But General Hilldring didn't say how he would handle it. He may have wondered how he could handle it with the staff he had. The date of this hearing was June 29, 1945, which made it too late for him to be able bodily to replace his team of American operators with a genius for running things by a staff of politically wise American administrators able to pick the right kind of German operators and to decide what they should be allowed to run and what they shouldn't.

IT WOULD seem then that—with all respect to their devotion to duty—a great number of the men whom our MG chiefs picked were either the wrong men for the job or had not been properly trained for it. To an observer on the scene the result looks like a gradual and inevitable erosion of American policy. It is taking place in the interests of efficiency or of "administrative necessity" or what have you; but that does not make it cut less deep.

American policy is being eroded when, for instance, we let our love of efficiency run away with us to the extent of rebuild-

ing German roads by the use of American engineer companies such as the one I ran across on a hot August afternoon along the minor and little used highway between Bad Homburg and Hoechst, stripped to the waist and sweating over pickaxes and steamrollers, while a score of German men sat under the roadside apple trees, smoking their pipes and watching our efforts. American policy is being eroded when we show ourselves so innocent of the survivals of Nazism that we allow—as we did in Frankfurt—the unreconstructed local Chamber of Commerce to pass on all license applications of local businessmen before they can be submitted to us. Our policy is being eroded when we show ourselves so keen on "getting things going" again at the I. G. Farben pharmaceuticals and dyes plant in Hoechst or the Fuchs automotive works in Heidelberg that we have to be reminded by anti-Nazi Germans in the local Labor Office that we have left notorious Nazi plant managers and superintendents about the place.

I think policy was being eroded this fall in the Henschel und Sohn automotive plant in Kassel, where as early as June a committee of shop stewards had formed itself under the leadership of an oldtime anti-Nazi trade unionist named Kurt Fischer. This committee had commandeered the plant management's records and personnel files, with the result that it had accurate information on the Nazi affiliations of several hundred Henschel executives and employees. This information was turned over to American authorities. But in the meantime the plant had been given railway and motor vehicle repair jobs to do for the U. S. Army Transportation Corps. Our officers spoke highly of its efficiency. Perhaps that was the reason why the Transportation Corps, as of late September, was still taking no action in removing its Nazis.

The final stages of erosion are reached when a situation occurs as in the case of Bremen. When we took over that city as a supply port from the British occupants last summer, the local MG detachment confirmed in the office of lord mayor a character named Vagts. Vagts' record showed that he had served as the Berlin representative of the Nazi provincial gov-

ernments of Bremen and Oldenburg right up until last spring. Once assured of MG support, Vagts surrounded himself with an official family that included a former "patron member" of Himmler's SS (Dr. Muellershausen), the former Nazi defense administrator of the district (Senator Wenhold), and a former member of the SS police (Major Schloemer). As director of education he retained one Dr. Kurz, a former Nazi schoolteacher and speech-maker and the holder of three Party awards. Thus surrounded, Vagts rode roughshod over Bremen. If the local MG detachment sensed something amiss in all this, it did not show it until after its offices had been bombarded with petitions and protests from every anti-Nazi civic group in Bremen—including a delegation of thirty-six members of the reformed Chamber of Commerce. Then at last MG bestirred itself and fired Vagts.

III

THE defense which Military Government puts up is that these and similar incidents were, so to speak, the errors of adolescence, and that the lessons have since been learned. Thus in his report for the month of July, General Eisenhower assured the Joint Chiefs of Staff that "Although progress [in denazification] in the field of industry was slow, recent action and removals indicate a more vigorous program." But an admission that in September all was still not well with the program was made by General Eisenhower when he declared in a sharp letter to General George S. Patton, Jr., that "the discussion stage of this question (i.e., denazification) is long past and any expressed opposition to the faithful execution of the order cannot be regarded leniently by me."

The unfortunate Patton has been soundly trounced, both officially and in the American press, for his stewardship of Bavaria, and there has been a tendency to assume that with his removal our troubles with recalcitrant officers would be over. But the content of General Eisenhower's letter suggested what people on the scene had known, namely that there had been widespread opposition in high American

quarters in Germany to the policy of denazification as set forth in JCS 1067 and the Potsdam Agreement. This opposition extended well beyond General Patton's Bavarian bailiwick, and many of the officers who voiced it still hold their jobs at this writing.

More than that: there has been distinct reluctance in several circles inside MG to carry out the policies of disarming German industry, of delivering reparations to our Allies, and of encouraging anti-Nazi political and social forces inside Germany. Here we pass from the field of more or less accidental erosion of United States policy to that of conscious attempts to modify it. The chief individuals from whom these impulses stem are still, at the time of writing, present on the scene.

Here are cases in point:

1 *Denazification.* On July 7 a directive was issued by headquarters of United States Forces, European Theater, in the course of which commanding generals of military districts were instructed how to apply denazification principles. The directive derived from JCS 1067, but it departed from the parent text. The Joint Chiefs of Staff paper had listed several categories of public, semi-public, and private enterprise from which "all active supporters of Nazism or militarism" and even non-Party members who had "voluntarily given material support or political assistance of any kind to the Nazi Party or Nazi officials" must be excluded. The Joint Chiefs had emphasized: "*No such persons shall be retained in any of the categories of employment listed above because of administrative necessity, convenience, or expediency.*"

The paper issued by Theater headquarters, however, in listing the same categories of employment, did not make removal of these types of persons mandatory at all. Instead it declared: "Below is a list of categories of persons who may prove hostile to Allied purposes. . . . The decision to remove or retain with respect to these categories is left to the sound discretion of the supervising Military Government officer who can weigh all the relevant factors in each case. It is suggested, however, that the employment or retention of such persons be based only on the

non-availability of other suitable personnel and continue only until other suitable personnel becomes available."

Then came the list. It included:

Persons who have benefited by acceptance or transfer of property incidental to spoliation of occupied countries, "Aryanization," or confiscation of property on political, religious, or racial grounds;

Persons who have had exceptionally rapid promotions in civil service, education, and the press since 30 January 1933;

Persons who have made substantial contributions to the Party.

Persons of these and similar categories could, at the "sound discretion" of the local MG officer, be retained in their public or private jobs.

One of the staff divisions pointed out to General Adcock, chief of Civil Affairs, the "apparent divergence" between the two directives. General Adcock replied that he didn't see any divergence. But the upshot was that MG officers all along the line felt that our standards of denazification had been considerably relaxed as of July 7. Subsequent orders, such as General Eisenhower's of September 27 making it mandatory for German business to purge itself of Nazi managers and supervisors, have served here and there to reverse the process, but the original impression of a "softening" is still there.

2 *Industrial disarmament and reparations.* At what point does the impulse which Senator Kilgore described as "the temptation to take over and run things for the Germans" become transformed into a conscious desire on our part to make things run so well that the great industrial plant of western Germany will be maintained or even rebuilt? The process is gradual; it seems to steal over men's minds; motives become mixed; at headquarters one hears ever new rationalizations of what is being done; it is hard to say at just what point men reach the conclusion that the declared American policy toward German industry should be modified. But there can be no doubt that, especially in General Draper's Economics Division, key men have reached that conclusion.

Last summer, when I asked at headquarters what the reason had been for

putting back into early operation such plants as Mauser (arms), Opel (military vehicles), and Bosch (airplane and automobile magnetos), the answer was, "Chiefly because we need their output to help us win the war against Japan." (A natural question at this point was, whose output had we been winning the war with up to then?) In September, the war against Japan being over, some of us asked how many German war plants had now been dismantled and turned over to the Allies as reparations in accordance with the provisions of the Potsdam Agreement. The answer was, "So far, none." And the reason: "If we are to maintain a living standard in Germany equal to that of the neighboring nations, we'll have to send food in, and the only way for Germany to pay us for that food is by delivering finished goods from the kind of factories you mention." (But who had ever said that we were bound to guarantee a German living standard equal to that of its neighbors? All that the Joint Chiefs of Staff had directed was that we were not to let the Germans enjoy a better standard than their neighbors.)

The final argument which I got this fall at American headquarters was simply an echo of the widespread British view: "The survival of heavy industries in Germany is essential to Europe's prosperity." (To that one could reply, "Then why do the freed peoples of Europe keep demanding that these German industries be dismantled and turned over as reparations?")

THIS general course of headquarters thinking came into the open in October, when publicity was given to a report drawn up by a committee of General Draper's economic advisers, headed by Professor Calvin B. Hoover. This report, arguing for the survival of a large portion of German industry and thus for alteration of the provisions of JCS 1067 and the Potsdam Agreement, has been accepted by General Draper as a "starting-point" for discussion with the Allies.

The thinking that went into this report has been applied in practice to certain German factories in which there is an American financial interest. A case reported in July was that of the reopening of

the Sueddeutsche Apparaten Fabrik in Nuremberg (an affiliate of the International Telephone & Telegraph Co.) after its plant had been augmented with equipment brought there by our Army from other affiliated plants which lay in the path of the Soviet armies. The Opel works in Darmstadt (a subsidiary of General Motors) were reopened in September, after the Russians had asked that they be turned over to them as part of the reparations settlement. It may be unjust, but it certainly is natural, for adverse critics to see a connection between these activities and the fact that the man who formerly ran the Opel concern for General Motors, Mr. Peter S. Hoglund, is now in charge of German industrial reconversion under General Draper, while key War Department assignments in Germany have been given to three high I. T. & T. officials, Messrs. Kenneth Stockton, Frank Page, and Mark Sundstrom. The unbombed Ford plant in Cologne has been operating since April.

3 *Encouragement of anti-Nazi political forces.* When we occupied the city of Mainz, the local MG officer spotted an ardent anti-Nazi Social Democrat named Steffan and put him into the job of police president. Steffan, operating in a community that is 85 per cent Roman Catholic, combed it for staunch anti-Nazis among clergy and laity, told them that his program was "no quarter to Nazis," and enlisted their support in the style of an American reform-party mayor arousing all "decent elements" in the community to help "drive the rascals out." It worked. The secret of the success was that Steffan, admittedly a firebrand, had been given full backing by a keen local MG detachment.

But American correspondents in Germany have reported scores and probably hundreds of cases where nothing of the sort has worked—where the German officials whom we put into office either didn't have the impulse to try to make it work, or if they did, didn't get our backing. I shall not try to recount here the cases of Mayor Adenauer of Cologne, a right-wing Center Party man who made it his special effort to keep liberals, leftists, and labor men out

of local office; of the recalcitrant Mayor Holbach of Frankfurt, who had been in office for more than three months when an American government agency reported, "No significant steps toward the denazification of business in general have as yet been undertaken in Frankfurt"; of Mayor Siebeke of Marburg, a very tame Social Democrat, whose influence our local MG detachment nevertheless felt it necessary to curb by surrounding him with an aggressive group of reactionary German Nationalist officials headed by the county councillor, Bocksberger; of Mayor Scharnagl of Munich, who protested to us against any rigid exclusion of former Nazis from public office, ingeniously quoting Holy Writ to the effect that there is more joy in heaven over one sinner who repents than over the ninety-nine who need no repentance.

Men like these or like the former Bavarian Minister President, Schaeffer, who flourished during the Patton regime, are cautious, conservative, generally of that side of the Roman Catholic community that made its peace with Nazism, and can be counted upon now not to upset the civic applecart; and the record shows that up and down Germany these have been our first choice. Such choices were not dictated in Washington. They represent a significant local gloss on the text of the directive—a gloss which time and time again in effect has said, "Let's not go too far, boys. What do you want? Chaos?"

"Safe" as such preferences on the part of MG officers may be, their cost is high in terms of the growing disillusionment and discouragement of those anti-Nazi forces in Germany which had awaited our coming and had dedicated themselves to building a new democratic and peaceable Germany. I talked to some of these anti-Nazis inside the stockade at Dachau concentration camp, the morning after our troops had freed it, and I talked again to many of them months afterward at their homes; and I believe that these forces, although never strong, were stronger when we came than they are now. And I cannot forbear in passing to remark that, for one who had seen veterans against fascism arise from their sufferings in the stench of Dachau, it was not pleasant to read, in a

recent higher headquarters report, the statement that "There are numerous reports of petitions and requests from anti-Nazi organizations, whose impertinence seemingly grows in geometric progression with each new member."

IV

TENS of thousands—by now probably more than a hundred thousand—of Nazis have been arrested; great war plants, like I. G. Farben, have been sequestered; criminals are being tried; arms dumps and submarine pens have been blown up. Let us not minimize this work. But I cannot escape the feeling that we have only begun the job, that we have tried to do it largely with un-indoctrinated people, that we have gone about much of it half-heartedly, itching to get home, and that we have let ourselves be deflected into notions of the profit or the fancied security which might accrue to us from preserving our part of industrial Germany as a machine-shop for the Western world. I would feel surer that our required tasks would be carried through if I had seen more evidence that the faults and aberrations on the scene were being emphatically corrected on what is called the policy level.

That these aberrations are coming to the attention of the competent authorities there is no doubt. In June, for instance, several officials of the Information Control Division of our occupation establishment went to see Ambassador Robert Murphy, General Eisenhower's political adviser, and told him of evidences of failures at denazification and demilitarization which were coming to the attention of their men in the field. Mr. Murphy said that while he was convinced that all our MG officials "meant well," it would be of vital interest to him and to others at headquarters to be informed about any mistakes that were possibly being made. The Information Control Division at once went about placing before Mr. Murphy and others the evidence which its men were gathering. A detailed weekly intelligence report was distributed to all higher staff sections as well as to the War Department, and a special edition of twenty-five copies on high-grade paper was run off, in order

to make easier reading for tired generals' eyes.

On these copies, especially significant passages were pencil-marked by the Division's chief, General McClure, and forwarded to our top officers in Germany for their personal attention. But although, for instance, the facts about the fantastic rule of the MG-appointed Mayor Vagts in Bremen were set forth in the report of July 5, nothing was done about the situation for nearly a month thereafter.

KNOWING of the existence of widespread aberrations from basic American policy, it would seem to be the function of the Political Division which Mr. Murphy heads in the name of the State Department to take action. In spite of his ambassadorial rank, however, Mr. Murphy's prerogatives—or else his inclinations to make use of them—have remained limited. His division has not stepped forth before the economics and industry chiefs at headquarters to remind them that they are in Germany for the purpose of building down, not up. His division has not impressed upon MG the unwisdom of scorning the Left and appeasing the Right in a nation where the Right was the author of aggression. When MG officers who have learned in the field that there is a difference between an anti-Nazi German and a merely non-Nazi German have looked to the Political Division to tell them to go ahead and choose the anti-Nazi as against the non-Nazi, they have looked in vain.

If there is policy, it had better be master. Yet I have watched Mr. Murphy's office allow itself to be persuaded by headquarters generals to drop a stand it had taken on matters on which it was the authority. Thus when General Clay one day proposed a purge of all Nazi or militarist books contained in German private homes, Mr. Murphy's office at first pointed out that such a book-burning would be repugnant to American conceptions and would, besides, suggest to the Germans that we were merely practicing Nazism in reverse. But within a few days Mr. Murphy's office reversed itself and supported the Clay proposal, privately explaining that "We've opposed the general on a couple of matters this week, and we think

we had better let him have this one." (As it turned out, some other staff sections got together and succeeded in stopping the book-burning.)

Again, when the Potsdam Agreement called for the granting of a large measure of freedom of speech to anti-Nazis, a directive was drafted which went to the extent of permitting duly licensed German newspaper editors to criticize German local officials appointed by MG (but not, however, to criticize MG itself). Mr. Murphy gave this his warm support, believing that it would help prepare the German public for political responsibility. However, when General Adcock of Civil Affairs opposed it on the ground that German editors might thus inferentially criticize his MG officers, Murphy at once dropped the idea.

SUCH incidents, however minor, may help cast light on the root of our troubles in Germany. We have prided ourselves on sending into Germany a galaxy of non-political officers and specialists, assuming that somewhere on the way they would acquire political wisdom, and

that in any case they would be closely watched over by high policy authorities who, if need be, would lead them by the hand. But this wisdom has remained elusive, and the high policy authorities are the ones who have been led around.

Under these circumstances it is inevitable that up to now we should have fallen tragically short of achieving those main objectives which we set ourselves when we went into Germany. Where we said we would be implacable, we have shown ourselves seized by inhibitions; when we promised a revolution, we have let ourselves tinker with reaction. And the underlying change from militancy to expediency reaches its natural end-point in the decision of MG to shut up shop and call it a day.

But before we do—before we relax our hold on Germany any further—it would appear to be a matter of general concern that public and official stock be taken of just where we stand in Germany. What has happened so far is not irreversible. Our aims can be re-applied. We need not ride the drift out of Germany, so long as we are still its masters.

An Editor's Lot Is Not a Happy One

FURTHER NOTES ON THE FUNCTIONS OF INDEPENDENT JOURNALISM

I HATE to think whin a gr-reat iditor has settled th' currency question an' th' sthrikes an' partitioned off China an' handed instructions to th' crowned heads iv Europe, an' rivolutionized th' packin' business, an' tol' th' ladies what kind iv a hat to wear with a lavender skirt, he has to go home to his wife an' confiss that he f'rgot th' baby's carredge. I think I wudden't like to be an iditor afther all. I sometimes wondher they don't come out with a line printed acrost th' first page: 'We don't know annything about it an' we don't care, an' what business iv ye'ers is it annyhow?'"

"I shud think th' wurruk wud kill thim," said Mr. Hennessy, sadly.

"It does," said Mr. Dooley. "Manny gr-reat iditors is dead."

Finley Peter Dunne, Mr. Dooley's Opinions, New York, 1901.

The Controlled

INEZ SHELL

THIS was the looked-for reaction:
after sufficient closing of the doors
of taxicabs or street cars or buses even,
(Both doors! Both doors!
No standing upstairs! Stand behind the white line, please!)
the subject burrowed underground,
always going down the same way, running the familiar, the known maze,
and coming up later at a run,
as had been predicted and accurately recorded on a chart.
Then he entered the room where the temperature was kept constant,
and presumably relaxed.

He returned in the evening to the female,
remembering habitually a liquor door,
the maze, and the cubicle where the female waited.

But at certain times when the air was warmed
or the ceiling in the experiment chamber painted a different color,
(He can distinguish light from dark—
it is known that the white subjects bite the black,
and being vicious in undetermined cycles,
slaughter each other—
although it has been established that he is color blind,
mistaking red for green and the reverse)
some rhythm of light affected him, as at sundown, or under the moon.
He was animated, rising at times to his hind legs.
He gathered with others of the same pressure area,
squeezed into the smallest box, appeased his thirst,
and embraced the female with occasional, audible sounds of pain!
And under these conditions he was restless,
exchanged his own female
for others not observably more healthy
although, according to statistics, younger.
And for definite short periods he absented himself from the maze.

As the temperature rose
he turned to salt water
(environmentally removed from him for aeons)
and then, although the food and drink remained constant,
and the female waited as always,
and no condition of maze or cubicle was altered,
(and while the Assistant drew on the graph the rising solstice curve)
together with numbers of his fellows, all
male and controlled in like manner,
the subject plunged into the sea
and last was observed swimming
West.

CAN SCIENCE SAVE US?

GEORGE A. LUNDBERG

THE idea of a moratorium on scientific development was advanced long before the atomic bomb. Even scientists, appalled at some of the social results of their handiwork, have in times past come out for a moratorium. More frequently the thought is advanced by writers living in New York apartments who would not know how to get downstairs if the elevators stopped running. Actually, very few people seriously question the importance of the continued advancement of science. They readily agree with Dr. Vannevar Bush that, when put to practical use, scientific advances may mean more jobs, higher wages, shorter hours, more abundant crops, and more leisure, as well as higher standards of living, prevention or cure of diseases, conservation of natural resources, and defense against aggression. I am not here concerned with certain questions that have been raised about details of the program which Dr. Bush has outlined in his report to the President, such as whether the research should be centrally directed or be left to the judgment of each institution receiving the funds. Whatever may be decided in this respect, the principle of federal aid to research is a sound one, and I hope Dr. Bush's general proposals will fare well at the hands of Congress.

But granting all the arguments for more industrial, biological, and medical research of the type contemplated, one

crucial question remains: Will it solve or even facilitate solutions of the problems of human relations?

There are many thoughtful people who hold that the very type of development, the great extension of which is advocated in Dr. Bush's report, far from alleviating social conflict, has greatly aggravated it. "The world," says Dr. Hutchins of the University of Chicago, "has reached at one and the same moment the zenith of its information, technology, and power over nature and the nadir of its moral and political life." Let us neglect for the time being whether this is an overstatement of fact. Let us also pass over the logical implication that if two events occur together or in sequence, one is necessarily the cause of the other. It remains true that whether or not our social relations are at an all-time low at present, most people would agree that research of the type referred to above has not notably contributed to solving the really outstanding problem of our age, namely, the problem of human relations.

It simply cannot be shown that improvements in industrial products, in prices, and in the purchasing power of workers, has resulted in more peaceful and friendly employer-employee relationships. It simply is not true that the mere rise in standards and planes of living, better health, abundant crops, or improved transportation and communication have made com-

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munities or nations peaceful and friendly. It does not follow that these developments are not in themselves admirable. We merely have to admit that they do not of themselves provide the road to peace and amicable human relations.

Where, then, shall we turn for help regarding social problems?

II

IN HIS long career on earth man has tried with varying degrees of success numerous methods of coming to terms with his world. It is unnecessary to review the story. Its main outlines are familiar. Suffice it to say that the scientific method as developed in the physical sciences during the past four hundred years has turned out to be incomparably powerful in solving certain age-long problems of cold, darkness, famine, epidemics, distance, communication, transportation, and a thousand other needs which man has suffered throughout the centuries. Ironically, he finds himself today, perhaps partly as a result of his technological triumphs, engulfed in difficulties with his fellow men which threaten to despoil him of his enjoyment of the choicest fruits that science has placed within his reach.

Why does he not turn in this predicament to the methods which have proven themselves so potent in other fields?

The principal reason is undoubtedly a matter of simple tradition. Human relations are not yet generally believed to be proper subjects for serious scientific study. The conspicuous triumphs of science thus far have been in such fields as health, fertilizer, and improved mechanical gadgets. These are therefore deemed the only proper provinces of scientific research.

To be sure, there is much talk about "social science," "scientific" attitudes in human affairs, and various "scientific" reform movements. But a little examination will usually reveal that nobody, including many so-called social scientists, really takes science seriously in such connections. The word "science" has mainly honorific significance as applied to human relations. Science means to most people a remarkably reliable magic in certain physical fields. As such it is a prestige

word of great potency. It is therefore attached to all manner of social programs in order that they may shine by the reflected glory of the neon light and the radio tube. Indeed, very few accredited social scientists in the sense of practicing economists, sociologists, psychologists, anthropologists, and above all "political" scientists, are really convinced that science can and should mean in their fields the same impersonal, rigorous, and non-ethical discipline that the word implies in the physical world. Science is a relatively new thoughtway and the idea of looking to it for solutions of problems of human relations has not yet penetrated very far.

A second reason why we are not interested in social research is that most people feel they already know the answers to problems of human relations. What are some of these solutions? Why—"an honest day's work for an honest day's pay," "the Ten Commandments," "the Golden Rule," socialism, free enterprise, communism, co-operation, another World Conference, and so forth. This idea that the expression of an ideal constitutes also a means for its attainment is simply a survival of magical thinking. Science is not a substitute for ideals. It is the most effective instrument for their attainment. The fact is we do not know how feasible or effective these programs might be under various conditions. Neither do we know how to estimate or demonstrate their value. To show these things is one purpose of social research. Some will contend it is not so much a matter of more research as of applying what we already know. Why don't we apply what we do know? This is itself a legitimate subject for research. We have no positive knowledge about these matters—no verifiable generalizations of the type that we have in the other sciences and by virtue of which they perform their marvels.

As a result, the solution of social problems is sought elsewhere. Considerable numbers still lift their hands for help to the sky. This may take the form either of looking for a savior or of reading the stars. Others, who feel very superior to the sky-gazers, but who closely resemble them, believe instead in the appearance of the Great Man—the Great Leader. Recent

history has afforded striking examples, in more than one country, of the congeniality as well as the absurdity of this belief. A minor variant of this view is the doctrine that, whether or not the voice of the people actually is the voice of God, *vox populi* is in any case just as good or better. "Fifty million people can't be wrong" is regarded as a conclusive refutation of any scientific finding about social or economic questions. We would consider it absurd to decide the efficacy of sulfa drugs by popular vote. Yet we feel very proper, democratic, and enlightened when we decide the relative validity of proposed solutions to social questions by precisely that method.

The question as to *whether we want to employ* either sulfa drugs or particular social remedies after their nature and efficacy are known may properly be settled by popular vote. Failure to grasp this distinction between the proper place of scientific authority and popular will in human relations is today a major source of difficulty especially in countries that try to maintain democratic institutions. The confusion is also largely responsible for the failure to make the same provision for scientific guidance in social as in physical matters. In the meantime, we may as well recognize the superficiality of the democratic variant of the fundamentally authoritarian mentality and emotional craving of our time. What sort of a social order do the overwhelming majority of men, even in "democratic" countries, dream up when they give free play to their aspirations and longings? Is it an order in which truth is determined by the laborious methods of science and applied by democratic methods? It is nothing of the sort. The social structure of heaven, according to all authorities, is an absolute, albeit a benevolent, dictatorship.

III

TRADITIONAL views such as we have reviewed above are doubtless chiefly responsible for the failure thus far to take the social sciences seriously. It would be unfair to imply, however, that all skepticism regarding social science is of this character. Many thoughtful people, including scien-

tists of distinction and unquestioned competence in their own fields, genuinely feel that there are certain differences between the subject matter of the physical and the social sciences which preclude the applicability of the same general methods to both. I do not refer here to the lapses of the great and near great in physical science, literature, and art who frequently make childish pronouncements on the social order. I have in mind rather the serious student who has given some consideration to the matter.

For example, one distinguished scientist has urged that a basic difference between the physical and the social sciences is that in the latter "the investigator is inside instead of outside his material." This is supposed to be so self-evident as to require no analysis. It turns out on examination to be little more than a figure of speech designed to call attention to the danger of biased observations and interpretation—a danger which is present in all science and which can in any case be circumvented or reduced only through the use of scientific instruments and methods of procedure which are part of scientific training in *any* field.

When an anthropologist goes to a remote savage tribe to study its social behavior, why is he any more inside his material than when he studies a colony of anthropoid apes, beavers, ants, the white rats in the laboratory, an ecological distribution of plants, or, for that matter, the weather, the tides, or the solar system? When a biologist studies his own body or takes his own temperature he is presumably very much inside or part of the phenomena he studies. At what point exactly in this series does the mysterious transition from outside to inside of one's material take place? I can give as objective and checkable a report on some of the social events that take place in the community where I live as I can on the meteorological events that take place there. Both involve problems of observing and reporting accurately the events in which I am interested.

In doing this, we need to use instruments as far as possible to sharpen our observation, to check it, and to report it accurately. These instruments and skills

do not exist ready-made in any field. They have to be invented. They may be quite elementary as yet in much social investigation, consisting of little more than a pencil, a schedule, a standardized test, or the recording of an interview. But we also have at our command the movie camera with sound equipment with which social behavior can be observed in its cruder aspects with the same accuracy as any physical behavior is observed. When I use these instruments I am no more "inside" my material than when I photograph an eclipse.

The invention of units and instruments with which to systematize observation is part of the scientific task in all fields. Neither calories nor calorimeters came ready-made in the phenomena of physics. They had to be invented to apply to the behavior in question, just as units of income or standard of living and scales for measuring them have to be invented. I am not making light of the difficulties involved in inventing either such units or appropriate instruments of scientific observation. Nor should we minimize the problems of interpreting the data which we observe. But here again we have at our disposal the same rules of logic, statistics, and scientific method that we apply to observations of physical events.

MOST people's acquaintance with science has involved laboratories and controlled experiments. Indeed, the word "science" probably conjures up to most people the image of a man in a white coat looking critically at a test tube. Accordingly, another insuperable obstacle to social science is usually urged. How can a piece of society be put in a test tube?

The importance of laboratory experimentation in the advancement of certain sciences cannot be denied. But the matter of laboratory control varies greatly with different sciences. The solar system has never been brought into any laboratory. Astronomical laboratories do contain very ingenious symbolic and mechanical representations of the astronomical aspects of that system and remarkable instruments for observing it. These every science must unquestionably develop. Beyond this, the question of laboratory conditions becomes

one of convenience and mechanical ingenuity. Statistical devices which permit the observation of two or more variables while the influence of others is held constant, in the sense of their influence being measured and allowed for, are already in common use. In any event, actual experimentation in the social sciences is not impossible.

We have hitherto lacked boldness and an adequate vision of the true task of social scientists. Research in this field is today for the most part a quest for superficial remedies, for commercial guidance and for historical and contemporary "human interest" stories. Everybody recognizes the importance of bookkeeping, census taking, studying the condition of the Negro, and predicting the number of girdles that will be purchased in department stores a year from now. But there are types of research the immediate practical uses of which are not so obvious, yet which are essential.

Shall we or shall we not assume that we can formulate laws of human behavior which are comparable to the laws of gravity, thermodynamics, and bacteriology? These latter laws do not of themselves create engineering wonders or cure disease. Nevertheless, they constitute knowledge of a kind which is indispensable. The present argument is obviously handicapped in its most crucial respect, namely, its inability, in the space here available, to lay on the line laws of social behavior comparable to the physical laws mentioned. Yet there has been considerable progress in formulating such laws.

IV

FINALLY, we come to what is regarded by many people, including scientists, as the most fundamental difference of all between the physical and the social sciences. "To understand and describe a system involving values," says one scientist, "is impossible without some judgment of values." "Values," he goes on to say, "are deliberately excluded from the purview of natural science."

It would be difficult to find a better example of confused thinking than that offered by current discussions of "values" and their supposed incompatibility with

science. A principal cause of the confusion is a semantic derangement which is extremely common in the social sciences. In this case it consists of converting the verb "valuating," meaning any discriminatory or selective behavior, into a noun called "values." We then go hunting for the *things* denoted by this noun. But there are no such things. There are only the valuating *activities* we started with. They are clearly inferences from behavior. That is, we say a thing *has* value or *is* a value when people behave toward it so as to retain or increase their possession of it. It may be economic goods and services, political office, a mate, graduation, prestige, a clear conscience, or anything you please. Now since valuations or values are empirically observable patterns of behavior, they may be studied as such, by the same general techniques as we use to study other behavior.

As a matter of fact, everybody is more or less regularly engaged in such study of other people's values. It is quite essential to any kind of satisfactory living in any community. We try to find out as soon as possible what the values of our neighbors are. How do we find out? We observe their behavior, including their verbal behavior. We listen to what other people say about them. We notice what they spend their money for, how they vote, whether they go to church, and a hundred other things. On a more formal and scientific level, opinion polls on men and issues are taken to reflect the values of large groups. Economists, or course, have been studying for years certain kinds of evaluations through the medium of prices.

There appears to be no reason why values should not be studied as objectively as any other phenomena, for they are an inseparable part of behavior. The conditions under which certain values arise (i.e., the conditions under which certain kinds of valuating behavior take place) and the effects of "the existence of certain values" (as we say) in given situations are precisely what the social sciences must study and what they are studying. These values or valuating behaviors, like all other behavior, are to be observed, classified, interpreted, and generalized by the accepted techniques of scientific procedure.

Why, then, is the value problem considered unique and insurmountable in the social sciences?

The main reason seems to be that social scientists, like other people, often have strong feelings about religion, art, politics, and economics. That is, they have their likes and dislikes in these matters as they have in wine, women, and song. As a result of these preferences, both physical and social scientists frequently join other citizens to form pressure groups to advance the things they favor, including their own economic or professional advancement, Labor, Capital, Democracy, the True Church, or what not. To do so is the right of every citizen and there is no canon of science or of civil law which requires scientists to abjure the rights which are enjoyed by all other members of a community.

The confusion about values seems to have arisen because both scientists and the public have frequently assumed that when scientists engage in ordinary pressure group activity, that activity somehow becomes science or scientific activity. It is not surprising, perhaps, that the public should be confused on this point, because it may not always be clear when a scientist is expressing a scientific conclusion and when he is expressing a personal preference. But it is unpardonable for scientists themselves to be confused about what they know and say in their capacity as scientists and what they favor in religion, morals, and public policy. To pose as disinterested scientists announcing scientific conclusions when in fact they are merely expressing personal or group preferences is simple fraud.

But is it possible for a person to play two or more distinct roles such as scientist and citizen without confusing the two? The answer is that it is being done every day. It is the most obvious commonplace that the actress who plays Juliet in the afternoon and Lady Macbeth at night does not allow her moral or other preference for one of these roles to influence her performance of the other. In any event, her competence is measured by her ability to play each role convincingly. During the same day she may also be expected to fulfill the roles of wife, mother, etc. Like-

wise, the chemist who vigorously campaigns against the use of certain gases in war obviously cannot allow that attitude to influence in the slightest degree the methods of production or analysis of these gases. Science, as such, is amoral. There is nothing in scientific work, as such, which dictates to what ends the products of science shall be used.

In short, it is not true that "to understand and describe a system involving values is impossible without some judgment of values." I can certainly report and understand the bald fact that a certain tribe kills its aged and eats them, without saying one word about the goodness or badness of that practice according to my own standards, or allowing these standards of mine to prevent me from giving an accurate report of the facts mentioned. The only value judgments which any properly trained scientist makes about his data are judgments regarding their relevance to his problem, the weight to be assigned to each aspect, and the general interpretation to be made of the observed events. These are problems which no scientist can escape, and they are not at all unique or insuperable in the social sciences.

HAVE scientists, then, no special function or obligation in determining the ends for which scientific knowledge is to be used? As scientists, *it is their business to determine reliably the immediate and remote costs and consequences of alternate possible courses of action*, and to make these known to the public. Scientists may then *in their capacity of citizens* join with others in advocating one alternative rather than another, as they prefer. To the extent that their reputation and prestige is great, and to the extent that their tastes are shared by the masses of men, scientists will, of course, be influential in causing others to accept the goals the scientists recommend.

In this sense, social science will doubtless become, as physical science already is, an important influence in determining the wants and values of men. That is, men will not want impossible or mutually exclusive things. But there is still an important difference between (a) a statement of fact and (b) the dictation of conduct. It is one thing for a physician to tell a

patient: "Unless you undergo this operation, which will cost so much in time, money, and pain, you will probably die in one month." It is another matter to say: "Science, for which I am an accredited spokesman, says you shall undergo this operation." The latter type of development has not accompanied the rise of physical science and it need not result from the full maturity of the social sciences. This needs to be kept in mind especially in these days of much worry about brain trusts and whether, with the development of atomic fission, scientists must become a priestly class dictating all public policy.

Finally, this view seems to some people to do away with what they call "the moral basis of society." Obviously it does nothing of the sort. The question is not about the moral basis of society, but about the social basis of morals. We merely advocate a scientific basis for morality. Presumably all will agree that morals exist for man, not man for morals. Morals are those rules of conduct which man thinks have been to his advantage through the ages. Why should we then not all agree that we want the most authentic possible appraisal of that subject?

V

CAN science save us? Yes. But we must not expect physical science to solve social problems. If we want results in improved human relations we must direct our research at these problems. We cannot expect penicillin to solve the employer-employee struggle, nor can we expect better electric lamps to illumine darkened intellects and emotions. We cannot expect atomic fission to reveal the nature of the social atom and the manner of its control. If we want results in improved human relations we must direct our research at these problems.

To those who are still skeptical and unimpressed with the promise of social science, we may address this question: What alternatives do you propose that hold greater promise? If we do not place our faith in social science, to what shall we look for social salvation? We review above the principal sources to which man has looked in the past. The dominant current

faith is a moralistic-legalistic thoughtway, sharply at variance with our analytical attitude toward the rest of nature. The pathetic faith and hopeful trumpetings about so frail an instrument as the San Francisco Charter provides a perfect example. Millions have been led to attach an entirely absurd significance to it as a preventive of war.

Most thinking people admit that the remedy for world discord lies quite elsewhere, namely, in discovering and altering the conditions that produce wars, and, by inference, in the scientific analysis which is indispensable to such discovery and remedy. It is true, also, that a social and economic council is provided presumably to look into such matters. The crucial consideration is the degree to which that council will be in a position to undertake research comparable to that which produced the atomic bomb. We shall see whether two billion dollars and the ablest scientific talent, unhampered by political controls, are allocated to such purposes.

To put it bluntly, in the present state of development of the social sciences, centralized administration of large national or international societies can be carried out only by precisely the methods that have thus far characterized such regimes,

namely, ruthless suppression of all opposition and wholesale starvation or other deprivation when the success of a "plan" takes priority over human life. A leader, however admirable in ability and intentions, attempting to administer centrally a large society today is somewhat in the position of a pilot trying to fly a B-29 without an instrument board or charts. That is to say, it cannot be a very smooth flight. If he succeeds at all, it will be at the expense of much wreckage of men and materials.

Successful piloting depends directly upon the adequacy and accuracy of the instruments in the machine, the charts by which a course can be pursued or modified, and the training of the pilot to read both aright. Only as a result of the development of the basic physical sciences can a B-29 either be built or flown. Only through a comparable development of the social sciences can a workable world society be either constructed or administered. These sciences can and must provide the instrument board and the charts by which properly qualified social pilots may navigate with assurance in all weathers and toward *whatever* goals seem to each generation worth pursuing in the light of human experience.

From a Park Bench

BEN RAY REDMAN

THAT you and I, that wits and flanks and married lips
Should die, to be a globule in a monkey's eye,
Or chlorophyll to spur a fern, is very strange.
But stranger why, than that the lines of time and space,
Of all past time, extension infinite, should range
And run into this moment, here, to hold that face,
That noon-hour face, in just that light, that halo-light,
For you and me to see in flesh, from this park bench,
What painters meant and sunlight said, in Italy
Those years ago? Or stranger why—close mystery—
Than that this wood, this iron, this very bench should be?
How then cry miracle, when all is so?

WESTERN HALF-ACRE

THOMAS HORNSBY FERRIL

THIS time of year I like to think up reasons for running up to our mountain glen fifty miles from town. Maybe hunters have broken into the cabin or I ought to bring down some kinnikinnick or a Christmas tree. The urge begins in the late autumn. Instead of going home from a football game I'll sometimes hit out the Morrison road and up Turkey Creek, entertaining myself by trying to guess which notch in the ranges the sun will choose for sundown. Mountains make excellent sundials, but guessing the time of day is small punkins; it's more fun to pretend I can tell what day of the year it is by the quality of the light. I should have been a druid, only druids didn't cheat with exposure meters. I'll guess on the late sloping November light, then check on myself with a Weston meter. I envy a light sense in a person as I envy absolute pitch in a musician. And I like people who feel seasonal comradeship with the sun and constellations. There's an architect in Denver who never overlooks a solstice or equinox; he'll call up his sister. It's like a cosmic birthday party. Many happy returns of the sun! Whether the sun's coming or going—*Aloha!*

The dark glen is noisy because the brook is frozen tight. Every sound I make thunders with my own identity. For a moment I'm lonelier than I like to be and I don't know why. I light my gasoline lantern and prowl the premises, my giant shadow swinging over the treetops. The football stadium is far away and long ago. Have I come up here to be ostentatious to myself? Do I secretly want that howling mob to be

thinking about me? I refer the question to St. Simeon Stylites, the flag-pole sitter, or Admiral Byrd, the South Pole sitter. Yet the crowd must have something to do with it. All our ideas are crowd ideas.

In summer it's simpler. Nearly everybody—myself, of course, excluded—goes to the wilderness to join crowds rather than get away from them. It gives variety to gregarious ambitions stifled in city congestion. They dress loudly, they paint their roadside cabins hemorrhagic red or traffic yellow; the trick names and colossal initials they put on their gates are personal advertising totems. "Happy Ours!" "Art and Lou Welcome You!" Some John Burroughs actually toted a yellow streetcar to a mountaintop above Conifer so he could commune with Nature. Actually, it seems to me, the axe, the gun, the rod, the walking stick, the paddle have become pretexts for calling in hordes of people to drink and play bridge, each romanticizing the specious repristination the wilderness is supposed to give. At dude ranches you have to be organized into platoons and told what to do, otherwise you'd go mad. Nor do children "camp out" any more, they "go to camp" in a supervised pack. We finally achieve the loneliness we thought we wanted only when we pack away the blue jeans and ten-gallon hat and traipse back to town where it's far more difficult to be somebody we aren't.

I GET my buffalo robe from the car and unlock the padlocks on the log lean-to. The new part of the cabin was built in

1898. My pitch fire soon dispels my loneliness, but there's no life; no spiders, no coyote cries. In the morning I'll be lucky if I see a bird or rabbit. Chipmunks and Abert squirrels may be around, but I don't see them this time of year.

There's implication of life in the abandoned nest on the ledge outside where I keep my trout basket. The day Cherbourg fell a pair of solitaires had four babies in the nest, about to fly. I soon found two dead, one near the brook, the other huddled against a piece of aspen on the woodpile. Did the other two survive? What ecologists call the balance of Nature is still well preserved in our glen. As nearly as I can make out, the summer population of everything is very stable, just as the population of mankind used to be; always about the same number of flies, birds, chipmunks, mice, squirrels, rabbits, wood ticks, mosquitoes. I can only speculate on the enormous excess population, particularly among the insects, that has to meet some inevitable doom in order to maintain this seasonal balance of life. Nature will not permit overcrowding; if she did, spiders alone would overrun our planet in a snap of your fingers.

A hermit for the nonce, by rights I ought to be munching parched lentils and black bread, but fortunately my pilgrim's pouch made a T-bone compromise with a butcher near the stadium. I pumice the steak with flinty garlic the mice have rejected and wash it down with an icy bottle of California Chablis. More pitch on the fire and I stretch out on the buffalo robe, trying to equate this balance-of-Nature business with that mob in the stadium. My mind fights its way through stadiums, subways, city crowds, mountain crowds, Berlin crowds, Moscow crowds, Tokyo crowds. Everybody hollering for room—a place in the sun, *lebensraum*, a greater East Asia Co-prosperity Sphere—all but my chipmunks and spiders who haven't upset the balance of Nature. Thank God, I haven't a radio or it would be moaning "Don't Fence Me In" or "Give Me a Home Where the Buffalo Roam" or a thousand blue songs about hopping the first choo-choo to get out of this mess and back to some idyllic countryside that never was on sea or land.

This mob! It's all come about so recently: men have been men for a million years but this frenzied congestion is only 150 years old—during which split second, world population has more than doubled, European population has nearly tripled, and American population has gone up like a kite. Ancient folks did, of course, join a crowd occasionally but they didn't constitute one incessantly. How can I represent what has happened? Maybe man is as old as my stone chimney is high, a million years, but this crowd is only as old as the thickness of one pine needle I might put on top of the chimney. Probably understatement at that. And all because we got control of Nature, by science, by industrial revolution, by outwitting environmental checks. Draw up your fireside, Malthus, while I tell you that in my own lifetime, in my own country, your ancient pressure of man on his food supply has turned about-face to pressure of the food supply on man, and hell to pay! All the farm boys going to the good life in Detroit!

ANOTHER log on the fire and the last of the Chablis. Too many people! The people, yes! Don't worry, says Sandburg, they're always right! They're always wrong and have to be told, says Hitler. Spengler and Teddy Roosevelt bemoaning the passing of the enormous family, the Planned Parenthood people wanting fewer and better children. And now the magazines viewing with alarm the prospect of a declining crowd: western Europe and America are slipping, going up slower and slower, in fifty years we may be standing stock-still or going down while those dirty Russians and Orientals—perish forbid—will be jumping through the roof! I didn't even know there was such a word as "demographer" until I lately began bruising my nose on it. I was all set to turn into an ecologist—an ecologist of the spirit, I might add—but now we've all got to be demographers too.

But I won't break with some of my ecological profundities lifted from some of the British scientists. They suggest that men are still animals of sorts and that, during the past 150 years, mankind has been going through a "flood of life" or "breeding storm" such as overtakes locusts, mice,

or lemmings when they get too many breaks from Mother Nature. (While it all adds up to the same super-horde, the expression "flood of life" is perhaps more applicable to us human beings than "breeding storm," since a sizable part of our increase is due to a declining death rate and to a plethora of elders sexually preoccupied with little more than committing adultery, as it were, to memory from approved literary sources.) Naturally we don't think of ourselves as a plague of locusts because our generations are slow: we have no fruit-fly perspective on ourselves. As the fellow said on the radio, "History is what happened ten years ago," and our biological memory is hardly longer. But if we could look at ourselves as we look at love among the lemmings, telescoping 150 human years into four lemming years, it might give us pause.

The Scandinavian lemming is the favorite example of a "flood of life"—a little nozzle-nosed, rugged individualist who hates crowds, requires a good deal of browsing space, and is surly about intrusion. But unfortunately, every four years or so, some favorable combination of meteorological circumstances, analogous, perhaps, to our recent mastery of Nature, brings a fantastic explosion of lemming population. They gang up in hordes, starve, get sick; they wander aimlessly across rivers and farms and finally drown in the sea. Some are eaten by foxes, even by reindeer and codfish. They haven't sense enough to blame anybody, they have no Hitlers to lead them. Just a grisly break that creates too many lemmings. Some survive and soon it happens all over again.

Those who suggest a human parallel give a silver lining to the breeding storm: in western Europe and America we're well over the crest of the storm and the mob is decreasing. We should be thankful, very thankful!

WE ARE, on the contrary, not thankful at all. Weary western Europe, now asking for billions and bread for the people who can't care for themselves, demands more people in the same breath. De Gaulle wants 12,000,000 babies in ten years. The September White Paper urges a multitude of British babies—and no questions asked

about legitimacy—because "the numerical strength, even the survival of the nation" is threatened. More people is the answer to every problem. A decline in anything but golf scores, operating costs, or blood pressure is insufferable to the mercantile mind and catastrophic to politicians, archbishops, and military brass hats. We hold bigger and better mobs to be a universal good. New York wants to be twice as big; so do Denver, Chicago, Los Angeles; and you have the final absurdity in the mountain ghost town lately attracting tourists. Owing its entire success in life to playing dead, the ghost town howls to heaven for better roads, more cheeseburger stands and, finally, bulldozers to whack out additional parking space from which additional multitudes can stare sadistically down Main Street at the last survivor of Necropolis.

This notion that we've simply got to have more people is as new as the mob itself. Far be it from me to question our solid dogmas of expansive competitive prosperity, but isn't it just possible that we've got something wrong side to? In glorifying and aping the top lemming who survives, aren't we doubly glorifying the predicament of too many lemmings? Don't we beat the tom-toms for 60,000,000 jobs simply because it's thoroughly impractical to demand 30,000,000 fewer people? At any rate, it seems to me that human congestion, wherever you find it, is a down-right evil thing and you don't need to prove it, just look at it: wasted life, corrosion of the spirit, everybody confusing transportation with destination, everybody trying to get away and stay put at the same time, everybody praying for an increase in suckers with no increase in his particular competition.

Our glen, I thank the last flicker of the log, doesn't want any increase, not even of pack-rats. The cabin is getting cold and I turn in, hoping against hope that our population boom, now tapering off, will run down fast enough to outdistance the mob philosophies that run with it. Actually, we're getting out of the population woods; but mentally and politically, because of the lag between fact and recognition, we're way, way back, just approaching the most violent crest of the breeding storm.

Those nineteenth century ideas of pack salvation that rose so plausibly from the slums of European congestion now strike us with cumulative impact. They are out of phase with our own potentialities. Yet all notions of living the good life with what is already attainable through our incredible scientific resourcefulness are overbalanced by the mass appeal of pack therapy. We haven't killed off Economic Man at all; every experiment toward the Social Man and the Humane Man simply resurrects the Economic Man hollering for more of what he's already got enough of if he only knew how to use it. For another fifty years I think we'll be going whole-hog on pack therapy, however irrelevant the actual need may be, with one political crisis after another and perhaps war, because when a pack can't make sense to itself it pounces on somebody else.

PACK therapy is a curious thing. Today, as in the nineteenth century, we all agree that the pack has ailments that must be cured but it's dynamite to come out and say that the pack itself, because of excess population, is the chief ailment. We weed our gardens, cull our flocks, thin out our sugar beets and chop out the cotton crowding the row; nowhere do we permit competitive congestion. Commonly observed among animals is something one of my friends has confirmed by controlled experiments with his homing pigeons. Twenty cocks and hens lead a utopian life in a flying pen of a given size; they are healthy, monogamous, quiet, and perform admirably on flights up to 500 miles. But if he slightly increases the number of birds, with proportionate increase in food, the whole society begins to break down. The homers become nervous and quarrelsome, they steal each other's mates, kill each other's squabs, and their flight performance deteriorates. Congestion alone has done it. And I'd certainly be one to argue that while war still turns out to be the same old bloody mess that it was in the days of Attila, we are sorely mistaken if we think the same old causes still deserve the same emphasis. I'm convinced that in our time this congestion, this demanding more room for everybody, has been the dominant theme in the orchestration of war.

with our myriad older excuses playing second fiddle.

But, as I say, we can't weed ourselves out, we can't cull the flock, we shy off from admitting that the problem exists at all, simply because it's our nature to side-step unanswerable problems, however real, in favor of treating collateral symptoms, however misleading. The problem is unanswerable because our thinking wanders aimlessly between Hindu mysticism, where all life is sacred, and some program for preventing or destroying life—even to Belsens and Buchenwalds. The Nazis, seeking more room for the super-bred best in a fantastic illusion, undertook to destroy the worst, which must always mean the unpopular. Thank God, there's more Hindu than Nazi in us. We'd rather give every lemming a quart of milk than kill one off.

Our biologists, bless them, are not practitioners of their dreams. They give ivy-clad seminars about the evils of excess life, but not one of them would whisper an abortionist's telephone number to a moron's bride.

They are accused of being anti-humane specialists in assembly-line society, but what harmless fellows they are at heart is shown by their dismay over the atomic bomb. They all agree: "Now we've got to be good or else!" But if there were a devil's advocate among them, seeking improvement in men as he'd seek improvement in hybrid corn or chinchilla rabbits, he'd welcome the bomb for restoring to war—and very short wars at that—not only Malthusian checks on surplus population but Darwinian selectivity as well. A completely logical biologist would argue that the bomb would be far less destructive to the flower of mankind, those splendid young men and women dispersed in the armed forces, than to those people that he would want to get rid of anyhow—the unfit left-behinders huddled in cities from which the children would, of course, have been evacuated. Kindly folk, our biologists, and let's keep them that way, because in mob reduction we're going to muddle along as we are—education, contraception, black market abortion, some venereal disease for a while, and psychological sterility—which is a big-city phe-

nomenon of the pack itself. (Manhattan sterility usually vanishes in the pastoral dells of Connecticut.)

Meanwhile, with pack philosophies getting bigger and better as the pack itself tapers off, some of us mutter wistfully about overcoming the evils of overcrowding by decentralization. I'm not too gloomy but I fear that shunting a branch of General Motors into the deer-licks of Kaibab National Forest would only make matters worse if everybody were still hell-bent for Megalopolis every night by plane, jalopy, and sunburnt thumb. We won't make much progress until we put in a word for spiritual decentralization—something to scatter our recognitions of why we live at all.

Unless we can learn that the world is rich and full of color wherever we happen to be, we'll continue to live vegetable lives and our material gadgets won't help. We've got to run the economists out on a rail unless they learn a little spiritual ecology, the relationship of man to his total environment—everything outside him including his alimentary canal (which is outside him too, since ecologically man is built like a doughnut). In a simple instance he's got to decide whether Ex-Lax makes him feel better than Brahms' Third. And our Dow-Jones indices of the good life must be weighted for dahlias and François Villon.

If I seem whimsical—though I don't to myself—let me be practical. Until we learn better how to live as components of a pack, selective controls are necessary. We're hanging Nazis for taking the wrong course and let it be a warning. Our only course, whether it ever works or not, must depend on fullest exploitation of our best

minds to offset if possible the damage our worst mob thinking does to us. School must be a place where the student will be obliged to learn much that he doesn't like about the long, long faring of mankind on the million-year road that led to the modern mob 150 years ago. He must be compelled to reconstruct what some of the old-timers like Jesus Christ or Leonardo would be saying today if they'd had the experience of Niels Bohr. If the Jukes children can't take it, let their only penalty be our refusal to lower our educational standards to their level. Let them hew wood and draw water while we go ahead with the children who can take it. The Jukes themselves will profit. Robert Hutchins of the University of Chicago must be on the right track, it seems to me, despite the contrary notions I get from his radio round tables. Hutchins seems to have the guts to want to make education hard and worthwhile for teachers and students alike. He puts education above training, he's against "trivialization," against disintegration through specialization, against "the uneducated expert." He's accomplished something if no more than frightening some of his competitors out of the idea of letting each student choose the prettiest candle to light his own way to the great big world beyond the football stadium.

The stadium! That's where I came in, I mean out—and so, winding my buffalo robe about me, to pleasant dreams, mulling over a sentence from Amiel's ideas of how to behave in a mob: "Wisdom consists in rising superior both to madness and to common sense, and in lending one's self to the universal delusion without becoming its dupe."

DEATH OF THE JAPANESE FLEET

The Great Victory of Leyte Gulf. Part II

FLETCHER PRATT

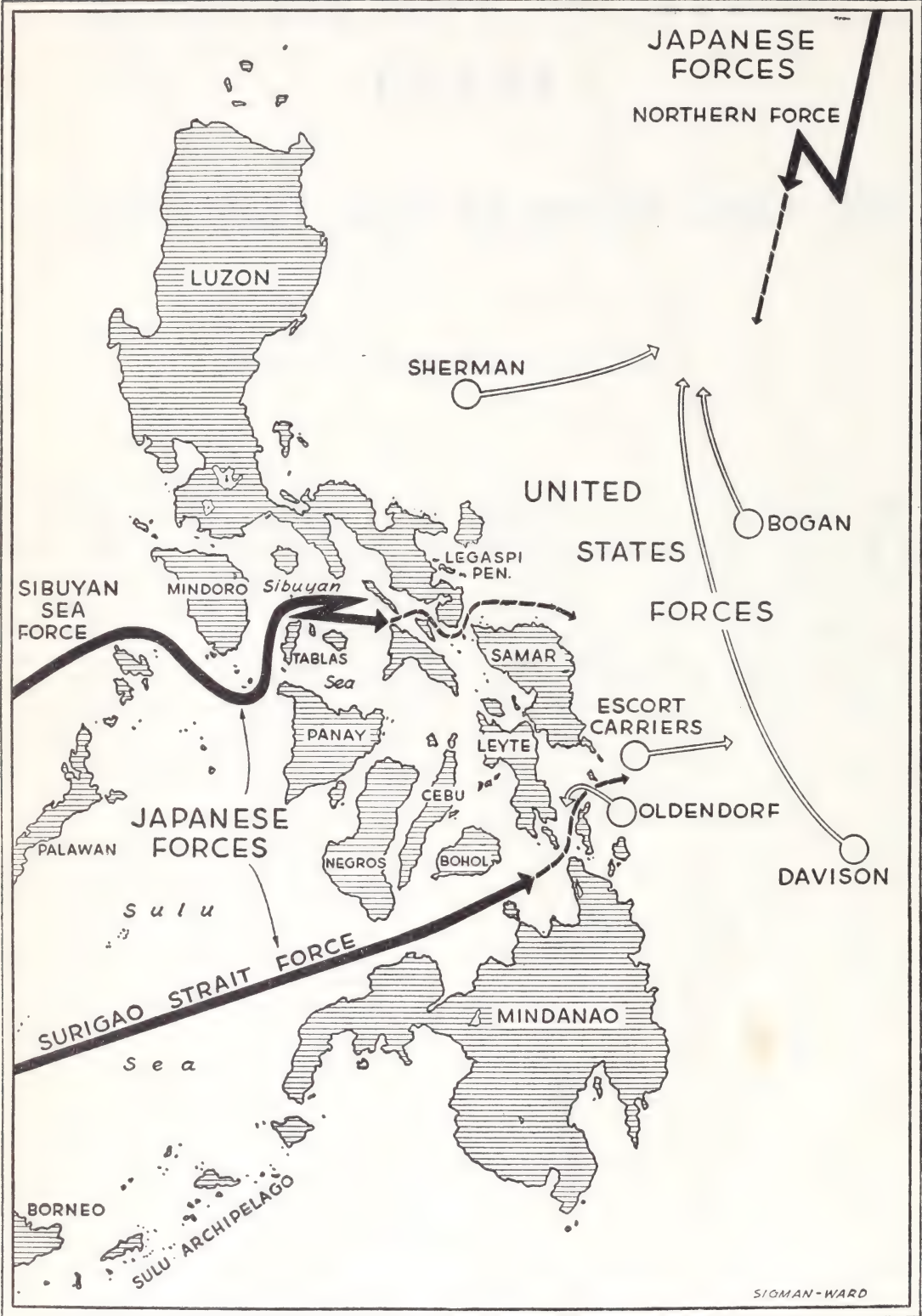
A GOOD deal of victory or defeat in a naval battle depends on the point of view. The British had the heavier material loss at Jutland but wrote it down as a victory because they achieved a strategic objective. The Germans likewise listed it as a victory on the ground that no strategic objective was involved and the material count was in their favor. So at Coral Sea the loss of the *Lexington* was probably more serious to our Navy than that of the *Shoho* (or *Ryukaku*) was to the Japanese. They were in some position to claim, and did claim, a victory. The question of who really won the battle was determined by later events.

The same thing was true at the end of the first day of the battle for Leyte Gulf. During that day—as we saw in last month's article—two Japanese naval forces headed eastward among the Philippine Islands, and a third force of carriers came down from the north, with the aim of converging upon—demolishing—our fleet in the waters east of Leyte, where it was supporting General MacArthur's landings. Our carrier planes hit the first two Jap forces hard among the islands; one of our carrier groups was then hit in turn, first by Jap land-based planes from the

Luzon airfields, and then by planes from the third Jap force coming down from the north; whereupon our ships turned northward in the hope of striking this third force while at least one of the other two was still reeling. As twilight on the night of October 24, 1944, closed over the seas that reached 1,200 miles from Okinawa to Mindanao, the enemy had some reason to believe that although their material losses had been severe, they had played us into a position which could result only in a victory for themselves.

In the northern part of that enormous battle line they had lost many planes but had seen two of our carriers burning, and their snoopers detected Admiral Sherman's group making off to the north and east. It is probable, indeed it is the only way of accounting for what afterward happened, that they thought these ships, except for the cripples, were pulling altogether away from the field of action. They had made no contact yet with our other three carrier groups and would therefore have very little to contradict the primary assumption on which their whole conduct of the battle was based—that *those other carriers were out of existence*, sunk in the Formosa action of the 13th, when Halsey

In this article Mr. Pratt, civilian student of naval affairs, reaches the climax of the Trafalgar of our war against Japan.



had left McCain's carrier group in the neighborhood of Formosa to simulate the remnant of a badly smashed fleet. The energy with which our carrier planes had attacked their Sibuyan Sea battle fleet among the islands must have been rather a surprise, but, as we have seen, the attacks had come *seriatim* and from only one carrier group at a time, which is to say that with extraordinary luck and technical skill Sherman's carriers and the escort carrier groups might just have managed the whole business.

The Japs knew about those escort carriers and knew they would be back in Leyte Gulf at dawn. Presumably they knew we had no kind of force in San Bernardino Strait or near it. On the other hand, they had the best of reasons for being aware that our submarines were lurking off Mindoro Strait along the road back; and with as many damaged ships as the Japs had, submarine opposition at night was a serious problem.

The bold course, then, was for them the safe course. Some time during the night this central force in Sibuyan Sea once more reversed course and—now made up of four battleships, four heavy cruisers and one light, with eleven destroyers—began steaming toward San Bernardino at its best speed. All the heavy Jap ships had been hurt, and the damage to fire control instruments around the upper works seems to have been particularly serious. But even with their guns in local control they should have been able to butcher the armorless escort carriers, the destroyers, and light cruisers which alone would be protecting MacArthur's transports.

The planes on the Luzon fields, both those originally based there and those flown in from the Jap carriers, were to make a co-ordinated attack on the same target, the carrier planes continuing back to their decks in a reversal of the previous afternoon's shuttle. The Jap carriers had steamed slowly toward the north and somewhat westward during the early part of the night in order to keep well clear of what the Japs conceived to be Halsey's fleet making eastward. Toward dawn they reversed and came back at full speed to pick up their planes.

It will be observed that the Japanese

plan was essentially similar to that for the first day's battle and that it was one for a concentric attack which demanded the most exquisite timing; three fleets and two air groups arriving on the point of a pin, precise to the second. The attack on Sherman's carrier group in the bight of Luzon had failed through faulty timing, but it did not occur to the enemy that there was anything inherently wrong with their scheme, which was essentially still a maritime version of the old Napoleonic land tactic of concentrating on the field of battle.

The Jap Surigao Strait force, very little damaged, pressed right on toward its destination. A certain amount of mystery attaches to the question of what this squadron or the Japs in general expected to do about the six old battleships and the cruisers of Kinkaid's Seventh Fleet under Oldendorf. It seems incredible that the enemy could have been unaware of their presence. They had been shelling the shore for days. It seems implausible that they could have thought them put out of action, for they had been subjected only to the usual sporadic twilight attacks of torpedo-carrying Bettys. Possibly the Japs thought that their magazines contained only bombardment ammunition—we do not know. We only know that by some process the enemy succeeded in arguing these ships right out of existence as they had previously argued away the carrier groups of McCain, Davison, and Bogan.

II

BUT those old ships of Oldendorf's could not be argued out of existence. They were physically present as darkness fell, steaming down to the mouth of Surigao Strait—*West Virginia, Maryland, Mississippi, Tennessee, California, Pennsylvania*. All but *Mississippi* were veterans of Pearl Harbor, where the Japs thought at least three of them had been destroyed. Around them were the cruisers—*Louisville* with Admiral Oldendorf's flag, *Portland, Minneapolis, Columbia, Denver*, that had seen all the hard fighting up the ladder of the Solomons; *Phoenix, Boise*, and the Australian *Shropshire*; two squadrons of destroyers under Captain Kenneth McManes including the

Australian *Arunta*. Out ahead of them, thirty miles in the strait, were two squadrons of PT's.

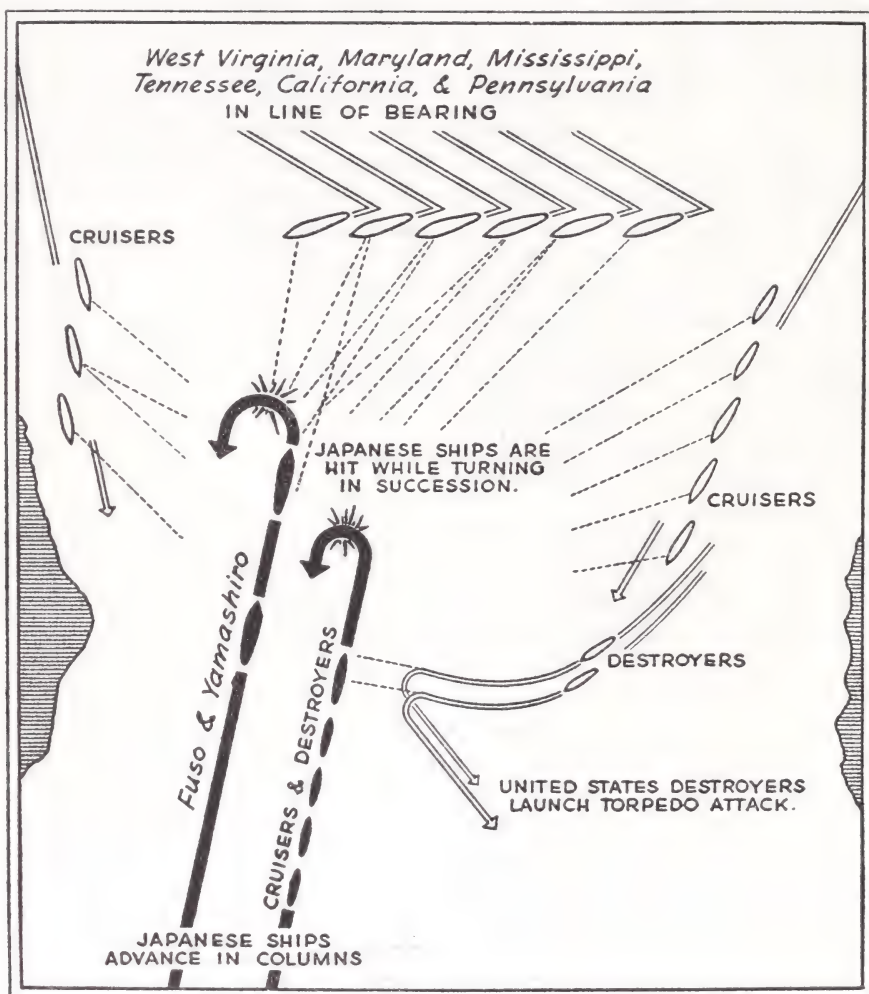
The petes had gone in when night fell; their mission was to identify and report, attack if possible. Lieutenant Weston C. Pullens commanded one group; his flagship had a number but her crew named her *Lakacookie*. A heavy mist lay on the water like a blanket; on the little petes and aboard the battleships behind they wondered if they could find Japs or anything else in that, and tensions built up almost unendurably as the dark hours ticked by with no sign. Or were they really coming?

At 2300 it was still murky where the battleships were, but down with Pullens' petes the mist lifted like a cloak thrown back and he found himself looking the Japanese *Fuso* right in the eye. "It was a battle wagon all right," said Lieutenant Eddins, the boat's skipper, "but I just couldn't make myself say so and in my first report

I wrote her down for a heavy cruiser."

"Close for attack," ordered Pullens. *Lakacookie*'s radioman opened up with "I have an urgent message for you," but that was all the admiral ever got, for as the motors screamed crescendo, the Jap ships all spotted the little boat, the radio channels were jammed, and a crash of gunfire came down. The range was too long for good torpedo work; Eddins swung round to get out of there with his news, one of the accompanying PT's firing on the turn.

Lakacookie was hit forward, the bow-gun knocked overboard, the whole forecastle set afire; but the splash of a near miss put out the blaze. Number two boat was hit by an eight-inch that incredibly gouged out part of a torpedo to leave the detonator hanging without setting it off; number three boat was hit and went down—and all that Jap armada, cruisers and destroyers, came pounding after the petes as they



raced up the shore of Pintuyan. The Japs were lighting up the whole night with their starshells and *Lakacookie's* radioman was pounding his key like mad, trying to get the message through.

The chase lasted three-quarters of an hour and both petes were pretty well wrecked when they got alongside their tender, which was next morning. They did not know then the two most important facts about the curtain-raiser to the main show—that number three boat had paid for herself with a torpedo hit on one of the Jap cruisers (it seems to have been *Mogami*); and that *Lakacookie's* message had been picked up by a PT of the other patrols and sent through.

The Japs were coming; Oldendorf could make his dispositions. The battleships he placed across the exit to the strait in a line of bearing (see map) and set them steaming slowly to and fro. The cruisers he slid forward on either flank where the strait was only seven miles wide, himself leading *Louisville*, *Portland*, *Minneapolis*, and the two lights in on the east side, while Rear Admiral Berkey took the other three cruisers down the western flank. Rear Admiral Weyler had the battle line; behind each formation of cruisers was a destroyer squadron. Fire distribution patterns were worked out and we waited.

WAITED till nearly dawn; then the Japanese fleet came on, straight into the textbook position every admiral dreams of but none had ever seen till this moment, the position of the stem of a crossed T. The Japs were in two columns, one staggered a bit behind the other. The two battleships formed one alone; the other was led by a cruiser or a *Teratzuki* with the destroyers along behind, a formation which would occur only to a Jap or a lunatic. Oldendorf released his destroyers and they rushed from both flanks, laying a cross-fire of torpedoes. Nobody knows how many of those fish hit or what they hit. Two minutes before they were due to strike the Japs spotted the destroyers and put up starshell, with a sharp crash of their secondaries following. The starshell showed our destroyers clear; it also illuminated the Jap battleline and was the signal for which Oldendorf was waiting.

"Commence firing," he said as *Louisville* did so at 0355; and before her shells had reached their target there burst upon those Jap ships such a storm as had never been seen in a naval battle before. *Mississippi* and *Tennessee* were firing on the Jap leader; *Maryland* and *California* on the second battleship; the ships at the ends of our line shooting farther down theirs; and the cruisers from the flank firing at everything. The range from the battleships was over ten sea miles; *Tennessee* at least missed with her first salvo, but the second raked right down the deck of *Yamashiro*, as did the third and more.

Under that concentration the Jap battleships got off exactly two salvos—one that struck raggedly in the water beyond *West Virginia*; one that fell at least 5,000 yards short of *California*. Then *Yamashiro* was slewing around as though trying to turn, with flames coming out all over her; from one of our destroyers they saw the door of an admiral's cabin fly open and a bright light within as the big ship hung on the turn, taking salvo after salvo, her armor crumbling like cardboard. From another American destroyer they caught sight of *Fuso's* number two turret, all 500 tons of it blasted loose and slammed back against the bridge, while from the barbet beneath flame jumped up as from an oil gusher. "It was like Saturday night at a county fair, all the colors of the rainbow." Astern, the Jap destroyers were all burning; one of them blew up in a funnel of fire, and whatever guns they still had were shooting wildly in all directions as though manned by crews without heads. "Cease firing," ordered the admiral; and Captain Heffernan of *Tennessee* looked at his watch to find that the battle, if battle it could be called, had lasted 12 minutes and 50 seconds!

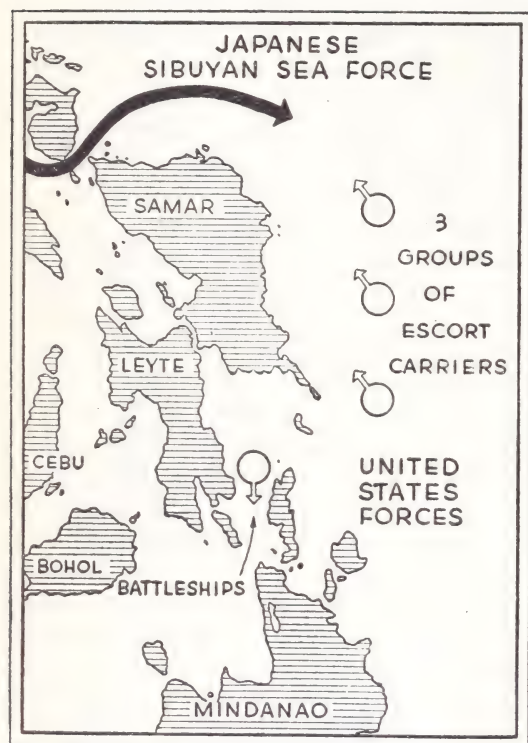
Oldendorf had called it off because amid the flash and thunder he had detected the presence of one of our destroyers, *Albert W. Grant*, lying badly hit and without power between the two lines—and also because he had not wished to leave his ships quite out of ammunition and in those few minutes of action they had every one fired more shells than any British battleship fired in the long evening of Jutland. *Grant* had been our only cas-

ualty; the Japs had been wiped out. When dawn came a little later and our PT's and destroyers started quartering the area, there the hulks were, still afloat and smoking, with survivors clinging to them.

III

OLDENDORF initiated a dispatch that he was pursuing the beaten enemy and the phrase went into the communiqué that General MacArthur, as over-commander of the Seventh Fleet, issued later in the day. It is not likely that the pursuit was carried very far, since Oldendorf had to wait for dawn and the destroyers to clear the track for him against anything Japanese that might be waiting with a torpedo; and when dawn came, so did news that kept him where he was, in spite of the fact that he had almost no fuel and several of his ships had no ammunition. The central Jap fleet—the Sibuyan Sea force—had worked through San Bernardino Strait.

What did they find?



Up off Samar's eastern capes we had a group of six escort carriers—*Fanshaw Bay*, *Gambier Bay*, *Kalinin Bay*, *Kitkun Bay*, *St. Lo*, and *White Plains*—under Rear Admiral C. A. F. Sprague, "Alphabet" Sprague,

"Ziggy" Sprague, a smallish man with a humorous cock to his eye, who walked with a slight list to port. These escort carriers had a considerable variety of automatic weapons, overgrown machine guns, to protect them against dive bombers, and one five-inch gun apiece. As cover, plane guard, and anti-submarine watch they had three big destroyers—*Johnston*, *Hoel*, and *Heerman*—and four destroyer escorts—*Roberts*, *Raymond*, *Dennis*, and *Butler*—of considerably less speed and gun-power. South of them, far enough to be out of sight, was a second group of the jeep carriers under Rear Admiral Felix V. Stump—*Kadashan Bay*, *Manila Bay*, *Marcus Island*, *Natoma Bay*, *Ommaney Bay*, *Savo Island*—similarly protected by three destroyers and four DE's. Farther south still, at the entrance to Leyte Gulf, were four more jeeps—*Petroff Bay*, *Sangamon*, *Santee*, *Suwannee*—with their escorts, commanded by the other Sprague, Rear Admiral Thomas L., who had general command of all the escort carriers. The last three of these were converted tankers, rather larger than the rest.

The day had come in bright behind a curtain of overcast, and very hot. There were rain squalls across the ocean and the ships of Ziggy Sprague's group were steaming slowly northeastward after having launched the support missions for the troops with small fragmentation bombs in the hour just before sunup. They had secured from GQ; it was the moment of relaxation, with coffee in the chiefs' quarters and cokes at the geedunk stand. The time was 0656. Aboard *White Plains* one of the torpedo pilots, whose name had not been on the board that morning, stepped to the forward edge of the flight deck to get a little air when—crump! something landed in the water 300 yards ahead of the ship and a tall column of spray climbed up.

The pilot looked aloft toward the big black cloud of a rain squall. "They must be getting pretty desperate to try an air attack in the daytime," he remarked to a yeoman beside him, when crump! the second salvo landed a hundred yards nearer and "Jeez Christ!" cried the yeoman, pointing and grabbing his arm, "that's a Jap battleship!"

The same discovery had been made by

one of Ziggy Sprague's fliers not five minutes before, who got through an urgent priority message which the admiral found difficulty in believing, but he ordered all available planes up to check. One of them got over the Japs and reported—four battleships, seven assorted cruisers, and nine destroyers coming along at thirty knots—and as he finished his message the guns began to shoot.

SPRAGUE "didn't think anything could save me" but swung his ship to course 090, which is due east, to get sea room; ordered them to launch every plane aboard (what wind there was came from 070 and made launching just possible); recalled his support strikes over Leyte (even fragmentation bombs are some help, they will smash optical glass on the upper works of a heavy ship); ordered the destroyers and destroyer escorts to make smoke astern of the squadron; called Kincaid for all available help.

The rainsquall and course change gave him a few minutes' respite; the destroyer *Johnston* provided more, zigzagging straight toward the Japs with a long ribbon of oily smoke rolling from her funnels. Nearest her was a line of four heavy cruisers, led by a *Tone* class ship clearly recognizable by the skislide aft, with the battleships over beyond headed by *Yamato*. They all opened at the audacious midget and the water round her churned with the explosions of heavy shell that went up in pillars of red, green, yellow, and purple from the dye used by the Japs for spotting. Some were so close that the officers on the open bridge were splashed to a mad likeness to clowns.

Commander Evans knew they could not continue to miss that way; at 0720, though the range was long, he laid all his torpedoes in a fan across the bows of the onrushing Japs, whipped his ship around and came back toward the tail of the U.S. formation, still smoking. The fish ran hot and straight; as *Johnston* turned, there were two dull muffled explosions from the enemy line and they saw the *Tone* class cruiser stagger. Then the *Johnston* was hit by three 14-inch and three 6-inch simultaneously, wrecking the steering gear, killing or wounding every officer on the

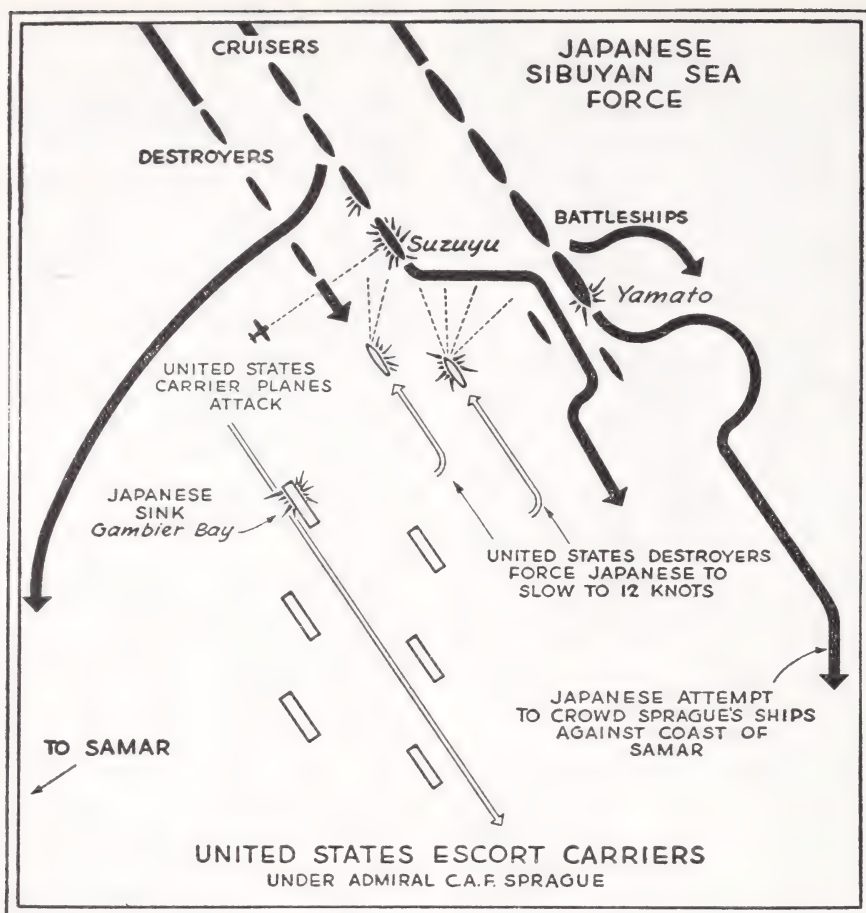
bridge, smashing one engine room all apart.

It was now 0730 and the jeep carriers were at the limit of their protecting rain-cloud. Admiral Sprague ordered a course change southward, fully expecting that the Japs would cut corners on him and that he would be blown right out of the water as soon as he was in the clear; but smoke, *Johnston's* lone attack, or some peculiar Oriental thought-process took them the long way round, and as the two fleets emerged into visibility the enemy were no nearer. Near enough, however; where they had been firing somewhat sporadically through the uncertain air they now opened up with fast, close-pattern salvos.

"My God, they are firing at us in technicolor," said someone as the brilliant patches spread across the sea; and on *White Plains* the old chief who was talker for the fantail five-inch gun watched a salvo from *Yamato* straddle the ship perfectly, three overs, three shorts. Flinging down his earphones he began to tighten his lifebelt. He had been on the old *Maryland* in battle practice and knew what that meant—namely, that the next salvo would come right in.

It did not. A few moments before, Captain Sullivan of the carrier had called for smoke. Something had gone wrong with the gear and just as the Jap salvo straddled the ships smoke came bursting out in a big black puff, not from one set of funnels but from both, and the shorts of that straddle had been so very close that their splashes only came up under the overhang of the ship's flight deck. Aboard *Yamato* they must have seen that outburst of smoke and counted only three splashes where they had fired six guns. "We have cooked that one," they undoubtedly said to themselves, and on their next salvo they shifted targets—while *White Plains'* bridge talker, testing circuits after the shock of those near misses that had racked the whole ship's structure and would send her to dock, was murmuring into his phone, "Dear God, can you hear me? Testing, testing, dear God."

The Japs were now pestered by another torpedo attack, for as Sprague came through the squall he had ordered his



"little boys" in—*Hoel* and *Heerman*, followed by the destroyer escort *Roberts*, pounding along at a lesser speed, and with the sorely damaged *Johnston* turning to bring up the rear at the fifteen knots left to her. They saw five torpedoes splash from *Hoel*'s side, and then a salvo of big Jap shell hit her on the bridge and it wasn't there any more; her guns fired twice and another salvo took her amidships that sent her down right there. *Heerman* fired her fish and got away; *Roberts* fired one, was hit and blew up.

Maybe there were torpedo hits from this attack, maybe not. The Jap admiral, apparently warned by the damage to his cruiser from the other rush, slowed suddenly to no more than twelve knots and took avoiding action, which was time borrowed from eternity for the jeeps. But as the clock turned to 0800 the enemy clearly began to gain toward the accomplishment of his purpose. Two of our covering force

were gone now, one was a floating wreck and none had any torpedoes left. *Dennis* had been hit, and *Fanshaw Bay* was hit and in bad shape internally. *Kalinin Bay* had been hit several times, including one hit from a battleship fourteen-inch gun that appears to have been an armor-piercer, since it went right through her without doing anything but giving the ship a pair of new portholes. Worst of all, *Gambier Bay* had taken a hit in the engine room, had lost speed, and had dropped back into the middle of the Jap fleet with smoke pouring out of her. From the other carriers they could see how the Jap cruisers and destroyers were all shooting at her; she was on fire, listing, and finally went down at about 0850.

In spite of the delay caused by our destroyer attacks, the Japs were beginning to get level with our ships to seaward, the first step in crowding them back against the coast of Samar.

IV

BY THIS time the Jap admiral was also having his troubles. His ships had taken a good deal of punishment from Bogan's and Davison's planes the day before, especially in the region of their sensitive fire-control instruments and range-finders, which probably accounts for the fact that after nearly an hour of being shot at, Ziggy Sprague could still radio cheerfully, "The Japanese shooting is very poor. We have been straddled for the last half hour." The enemy took still further damage topside from Sprague's bombers with their fragmentation missiles and his fighters that went in to strafe during the first stages of the action; and now they were beset by the planes from all the other escort carriers, which had asked permission to load with torpedoes when news of the attack on Sprague came through, at 0737 had got that difficult and heavy job done, and at 0745 had launched planes.

There was an ensign named Curtright with the *Petroff Bay's* fighter unit in that strike. In the course of a confused battle among the clouds with Jap Zeke planes coming from the Luzon airfields, his plane had been hit twice, forced down into the sea, and then demolished by gunfire. Curtright dived out of it just in time, turned over, and floated. As he moved on the swell, now all spotted and strewn with debris, he could see coming down on one side of him the line of four Jap battleships, on the other that of four heavy cruisers, now led by a *Mogami* class ship which must have been *Suzuyu*. He had fallen into a grandstand seat for the best show of the day. Now our planes began to appear aloft, there were three tremendous explosions from the *Yamato*, and clear against the overcast he could see outlined the bursts of the sixteen-inch she had fired at our TBM's, "each burst big enough to fly a couple of squadrons through."

Our torpedo-carrying planes drove right past it and a whole squadron of them, nine in a row, flung itself at the leading Jap cruiser. Curtright remarked that her AA fire was late and out of line as the planes dropped their missiles. She corrected, one of the American planes was

hit, and an American torpedo arrived at its destination. The swell was carrying him up and down so that he could see only in flashes, but through every nerve and muscle he could feel six heavy explosions, and when he rose on the swell after they were done, *Suzuyu* was perceptibly lower in the water and didn't seem to have either bow or stern left. She went down rapidly on a perfectly even keel, the last thing visible being her stack and upper bridge, over which hung the fragment of a broken mast.

Curtright put out his dye and waited for rescue. All above and around him now a confused series of air attacks and pseudo air attacks was going on, planes making runs till they were out of ammunition, then joining up with any formation they saw to make more, anything to distract the enemy. The mist had closed in thicker now and all through it were floating long ribbons of smoke that hung and swirled and shifted undissolving, like a spiritualist ectoplasm studded with planes.

MOST of the Japanese ships had been damaged by this time and their shooting was by no means improving, but two of their cruisers had been detached to swing around the flank of Ziggy Sprague's carriers, which were being crowded remorselessly back toward the coasts, and one of the Jap battleships pushed out far enough so that she had Stump's carriers under fire from long range. "Isn't the situation getting a little tense, sir?" a young quartermaster asked the skipper of one of the carriers.

Out to the south Tom Sprague's carriers were defending themselves desperately against the big Japanese air attack from Luzon that had crossed the one that Curtright rode with, and most of those jeeps had been so severely damaged that they could not for the moment land or launch planes. The fliers got orders to land on any deck that would take them and at about 0900 began to come in on Stump's carriers and on the field at Tacloban. Stump's ships had to turn northeast toward the enemy battleship to take them in but one of *Ommaney Bay's* planes piloted by a lieutenant named Clark Miller, which still had its torpedo, went in all alone on

that battleship and sent her back to join the main formation.

A little later one of the detached Jap cruisers worked up energy enough to try to close Ziggy Sprague's carriers, and Sprague sent his destroyer force out to engage her with gunfire. By this time "destroyer force" meant *Heerman* alone. The Jap cruiser began pitching salvos (still well calibrated) at her, walking them 100 yards with every fire till one landed forward and amidships, putting the destroyer down by the head with number two gun out of action and the forward funnel uptake draft wrecked. The thing to do was to turn away fast, but that would let the cruiser go on to the jeeps. Commander Hathaway held course and speed, firing back, and the next salvo dropped a hundred yards over as the Japs stuck rigidly to their system. The cruiser was being hit too, she turned her prow north and away; and as she did so the mist lifted from the sea in one of its uneven pulsations, and far on the horizon the men of the battered *Heerman* could see *Chikuma* with a great mushroom of smoke coming out of her vitals.

Closer in, the Jap destroyers and cruisers suddenly launched a whole shoal of torpedoes. That device did not succeed either; the jeeps dodged and a fighter pilot from *St. Lo* actually exploded two of the torpedoes in the water with bullets from his machine guns.

Then in all that area of sea the ships of the Japanese battlefleet, one after another, began turning north, away from the scene of action. The sound of firing that had carried clear to the foxholes of Leyte died away. A signalman on *Fanshaw Bay's* bridge turned to the admiral: "Damn it sir, they're getting away from us." It was 0937.

The peril was eased, for the moment at least. But where was Oldendorf? And where the hell was Halsey?

V

WHEN he turned north and east to find the Jap carrier force, the previous evening, Halsey had sent back night searchers from his own carriers to keep track of the enemy's Sibuyan Sea expedi-

tion. A little after 2300 one of them reported the Japs were in the region of Tablas Island, headed west. At midnight they were still approximately in the same place, and it could be figured that after one extremely trying experience with our submarines in Mindoro Strait they were not anxious to try that passage again in the dark and with damaged destroyers. At 0200 another searcher reported that they had turned east and were steaming toward San Bernardino, but at only twelve knots. Conversation in flag plot was to the effect that after the battering they had received, this was probably the best fleet speed the Japs had left, and that the purpose of sending the damaged ships eastward at this time was probably to draw our carriers away from their true target, the enemy carrier force.

As we have seen, this overestimated Jap intelligence and underestimated their persistence. They did not know our carrier groups were still in existence and they had by no means abandoned their plan to run through the straits of San Bernardino. But there was no opportunity to correct this error, for Halsey was making a fast run and by time the 2 A.M. report came in was already at a range from which no other effective search could be flown. Moreover, at almost the same hour one of the long-range night search planes from the Marianas found the Jap carrier force.

Radio reception that night was bad. The distance was considerable, something went wrong with the search plane's radio after it got through with the first preliminary message giving the enemy's position and the fact that his fleet consisted of battleships, carriers, cruisers, and destroyers. There was nothing in this to alter the conception that here was the main and most menacing Japanese force. Halsey flung his own searchers out in the direction given, overriding the objections of some of the other officers, who said the Japs would spot our searchers and get out of there.

The enemy did in fact spot them when the search made contact an hour or so later and did turn back north toward the empire. But they were bound by invisible chains to their air groups on the fields of Luzon, so after a short northerly run, they turned once more to a course south.

Meanwhile, our own fleet night searchers, having made the contact, immediately lost it again when Lieutenant Steward Crapser was harried away by Zeros. The total effect of this shuffling was that as dawn drew near the two fleets were steaming on opposite courses in a way that would carry them past each other at a distance of some 50 miles, which is point-blank range in carrier war. The men on our ships expected to be attacked by the full air strength of the Japanese Navy at daybreak. Not only were combat patrols flown off but also strike groups—to clear the decks and to permit our bombers to follow the Japs home and come in on them while they were landing planes. This took place before the usual hour, as soon as there was light to see by; and presently the day came up with smooth sea, a northeast wind, and long streaks of stratus overcast high above, across which rain squalls ran occasionally. Commander MacCampbell, who had shot down nine planes the day before, was chosen by Mitscher to direct the air strike.

But there was no sign of the Japs. Our ships moved easily through the blue sea, the planes circled in the bright air fifty miles ahead, and no word came from the scouts. Our planes had been up an hour or nearly two, and the scouts were on the return leg back to the carriers, when word came through: seventeen Jap warships, sixty miles to the north and slightly west, where they had no business being. The planes of the strike group were already low on gas but the distance being so short and the opportunity so good, Mitscher sent them in anyway.

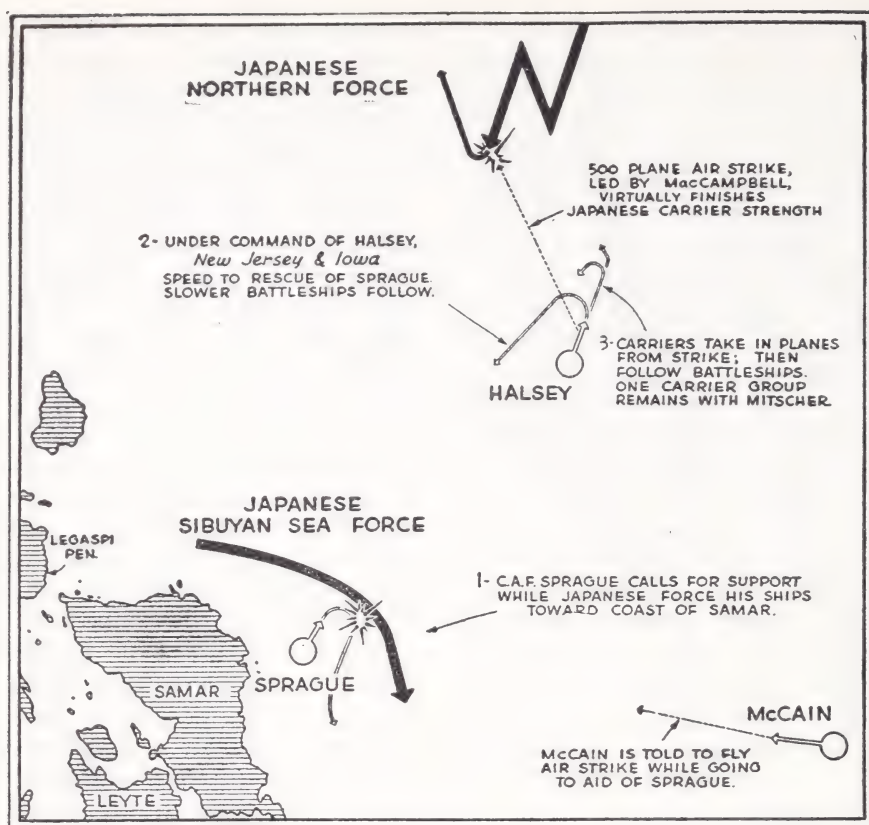
AS HE rode above that vast formation of American bombers and torpedo planes—the heaviest carrier air strike ever yet flown in war (there must have been not less than 500 planes in it)—MacCampbell was dumbfounded to see only 21 Zekes come up for the defense; and probably not less dumbfounded to discover that there were only four Jap carriers below him with those flight-deck battleships. The miserable contingent of Jap fighters was dispatched in a manner almost incidental. MacCampbell put his own now unemployed fighters onto the

destroyers of the Jap screen. The Jap ships broke formation and maneuvered in a frantic individualism as they usually did under air attack, forgetting everything but themselves; and now the heavy ships had no protection but their own AA fire.

There was enough of that so that as one pilot put it, "It was solid; we just slid right down in it, like you would down the slope of a rollercoaster." But there were some badly upset Japs down at the end of the ride (this torrent of flames from the heavens instead of their own planes that they expected back from Luzon!) and no fighters to disturb the aim of our pilots. It was a picture-book attack, nineteen dive bombers and nearly as many torpedo planes attacked *Chiyoda* alone, for instance. As she wove in her pattern of maneuver seven of the bombers hit her along the deck and at least three torpedoes. She stopped; explosion after explosion ran through her, she was shrouded in smoke, and when our pilots came on that fleet again later in the day, was no more to be found. The big *Zuikaku* appears to have got it more from the torpedo men than from the bombers in this attack. *Zuiho's* flight deck was buckled, she had at least one torpedo in her stern and bad fires. The pictures showed *Chitose* with a series of bomb holes; all the other ships but one cruiser were hit with bomb or torpedo. As the planes made back for the carriers after that deadliest single strike of the war many of them were spattered with oil and some had holes you could throw a dog through, but their loss was light, they were laughing and whooping in the sky. The Japanese carrier force—what was left of the Japanese carrier force—that had been such a menace since Pearl Harbor day, had been virtually finished at a single blow.

VI

BUT back on the flagships, Mitscher's and Halsey's, they were neither laughing nor whooping. For they had learned how hard beset were the escort carriers and jeeps off Samar. About the time that MacCampbell's men were making their first runs on the destroyers of the Jap screen a communications officer silently laid before Marc Mitscher a dispatch from Alphabet



Sprague (of the escort carriers) that the latter had not even bothered to encode: "Am being engaged by enemy battleships. Urgently request support."

Mitscher laid it before 31-Knot Burke: "What do you think of that?"

"I think it's bad, sir."

Both men turned to look at the fleet flagship, *New Jersey*, out toward the limit of vision, already swinging her high, bottle-shaped prow. No comment was necessary. They and Halsey too knew that the jeeps could get no help from Oldendorf in time; they had noted his triumphant dispatch in the early morning hours; and knew that his position in pursuit, deep in Surigao Strait, would leave him four or five hours' steaming (of slow old battleships) from the scene of action. Besides, they knew that Oldendorf had been in close support of the Army for days with little opportunity to fuel; that probably his tanks were nearly dry, and that he was likely to be low on ammunition, though there is no record that either Halsey or Mitscher had exact information on these points at the time.

Halsey himself wasted no time in conference. He started back with his two fastest battleships (*New Jersey* and *Iowa*, the behemoths) at emergency flank speed. He had no objection to taking on the whole Sibuyan battlefleet with them. The other battleships were to follow at their best speed (it is said that Mitscher pleaded for two of them to be left with him to settle the hash of the Jap carrier force, but Halsey would not). The carriers must wait to take in their planes and with that northeast wind most unfortunately must run in the wrong direction while they did it. They were to follow at their best speed, all but one group which should remain with Mitscher. McCain, out to the southeast, must be finished with his refueling; he was to come on and join the others off Samar, like them flying off a strike as he came, for at the speed those carriers would be traveling it would be possible to neglect the factor of wind direction in sending the strike away.

It was nearly 1100 before the carriers that had been with Halsey in the north

could get their planes in and be well started on the road back. They put out their normal combat patrols at once, which ran ahead and made contact with McCain's patrols somewhere east of Leyte Gulf. By this time all the battleships were well along the road and several other things had happened.

THE event of immediate importance was that the Jap planes from Luzon (land-based and carrier planes together) came out on their repeat of the shuttle raid that had sunk *Princeton* the day before, expecting to find their own carriers at the end of the run. Apparently this group took off before it could be advised of the disaster that had already overtaken the Jap carriers. It was one wing of this big flight that had crossed the fighters from Tom Sprague's ships and been engaged by them at the time when Ensign Curtright went down and Sprague's ships were damaged. The Japs lost something in that encounter; it was a touch-and-carry-on affair with them, they were looking for other game.

They found it all right. Beyond where those planes had expected to pick on crippled American ships, at about the point where they intended to meet their own carriers, they ran head on into the entire fighter complement of three American carrier groups. The Japs were by no means equipped for an air fight of the intensity this represented and they wanted no part of it. For the only time in the battle they panicked and ran for home. Our fighters piled all over them, shot down over thirty of them; "and the rest, we hope, ran out of fuel en route" back to the Luzon fields. Some of them certainly did, for they had come far.

The second event was that Tom Sprague's escort carriers counterattacked the Jap battle fleet—the Sibuyan Sea force—as it retired northward. A good many of the planes aloft had run out of gas and gone off to Tacloban or Dulag to land, but there were plenty still up and as soon as the Jap gunfire ceased these got orders to land on any deck that would accept them. The orders were to load everything that would fly with torpedoes and armor-piercing bombs and get after the enemy in

his retreat. (Among the planes that came in on that order was one flown by Lieutenant "Snuffy" Smith of *Ommaney Bay*, who had gone on a search mission west before the trouble started. He now reported that his mission had borne fruit; near Bohol, crawling up Camotes Sea, were *Mogami* with two *Teratzuki* class destroyers and a light cruiser. *Ommaney Bay*'s strike went for that lot. They hit *Mogami* with three 500-pound armor piercers, laced the destroyers with 50-calibre tracer and left them all burning.)

The attack that now hit the main Jap fleet was popularly known as "the 10:30 strike" as though there had never been another in the world at that hour. The Japs were now far less co-ordinated. Their defense was poor; *Haruna* fired at our fliers with only a single gun and *Chikuma* was already abandoning ship. They put her out of her misery. It seems that at least one of the destroyers was sunk at this time while the other heavy cruisers were hit.

NOW it was noon; the air above the escort carriers and jeeps was confused with clouds of smoke, our fliers returning in no sort of formation were shouting for decks to land on, when into the tangle were precipitated dozens of Jap planes. Some of them were the outriders of the great air strike that had been intended to put the finishing touches on the destruction of Halsey's fleet, fleeing from that unexpected and fatal contact with his fighter squadrons.

But some, arriving just too late, as everything the Japs did in this battle was too late, were the Kamikaze. They at least knew what they wanted; they wanted Ziggy Sprague's escort carriers. The bugles had just blown chow down and the lines formed; men dropped their trays and ran for the gun walks as the enemy came in, suicide planes, fighters, and normal bombers together, two or three to each of the jeeps. *White Plains* shot one down; he blew up with immense violence just off the stern, showering the whole deck with debris and fragments of Japanese meat; *Kitkun Bay* shot down three in succession. *St. Lo* was not so lucky; a Kamikaze "sailed over as though for a landing, then dove into the carrier."

She had taken in more planes than any of the other jeeps and a good many were still aboard, down in the hangar. The bomb set them off with a series of explosions whose violence was simply incredible; it seemed impossible that anyone survived them but the majority of her crew did, and when they were picked up, at least one of the officers was found lying on his back in the warm water, chewing a cigar and swearing gently. While the rescue work was going on there was a lull in this part of the battle.

BUT out to the north where Mitscher's carriers were, there was no lull. The scouts left behind after the early strike reported that the Jap ships had separated into two groups; one of cripples—apparently to be thrown to the wolves—and one of ships still very little hurt. He passed the word to Halsey and got ordered back to concentrate on the undamaged ships. *Zuikaku* was one of the latter, not undamaged indeed, but a very big and tough ship now trying to get away; she had been three times under our bombers already and had come through. She is the one with the large "island" which can be seen in pictures of the battle—in one of them, with smoke coming out of her and listing heavily; in the next, unable to turn and already so far down in the water that her hangar deck is level with it. In the early afternoon she went down, turning over; and *Chitose* too slid down, her stern the last to go.

All told there were three strikes after Halsey left, and the last one was a freak, toward twilight. Commander Hugh Winters of *Essex*, who was acting as air control over the Jap fleet (MacCampbell had returned after seven hours aloft), found one of the old three-funnel cruisers still showing a good turn of speed. The admiral only reluctantly granted permission for sixteen fighters to go out with 1,000-pound bombs (it was so late and he remembered the night at Philippine Sea) but when he did give the permission all the pilots on the flight deck took off their caps and cheered. The first eight all put their bombs into that cruiser and down she went. Winters diverted the rest onto one of the flight deck battleships, which moved

away into the gloom with four of those bombs in her on top of three or four torpedoes she had taken before.

But that was positively the last air attack, and the last word was that the *Zuiho* was still afloat. So our cruisers formed line of battle and closed, *New Orleans* leading. As she bore down, her captain was struck by a brilliant idea and radioed for permission to capture that Jap carrier and tow it home as a present for the Smithsonian Institution. He got a negative; and anyway, as the big cruiser closed in there were still some Japs aboard who opened fire rather plaintively from a forty-millimeter, so she had to be sunk.

The flagship's band paraded across the flight deck playing "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight" and "Stars and Stripes Forever" as the ships made south to join Halsey. However the men of the escort carriers might congratulate themselves on living on borrowed time, however the men of the sunken *Johnston* might wonder if they had not seen a defeat, aboard the carriers in the north they had no illusions. They knew that this was a great victory.

VII

CURTRIGHT found that his life jacket would not support him without swimming in the freshening breeze and the sea that was running, so he pulled it off, put his feet in it and began to paddle with his hands. The whole horizon was hung with smoke; far to the north he could occasionally glimpse a mast top or something similar but they presently went away and he was much alone. His allegedly waterproof watch had died on him but from the state of the sun he judged it to be about 1500 when SB2C's began to streak over and he knew that Halsey's planes had come. Off to the north there were two heavy explosions that he could hear all those miles away; from each smoke shot up the sky like rocket trails.

One of them would mark the end of *Noshiro*, the new light cruiser that had tried to keep company with the heavyweights of the Jap Sibuyan Sea force. The other was either a destroyer or the heavy cruiser *Kumano*. One of the heavies got it

during that strike, which did as much damage as any, with three American carrier groups in it, the Japs disorganized, and their AA batteries in bad shape. Halsey's planes ranged on far into Sibuyan Sea; found the badly hurt *Chokai* and killed her off with dive bombs, hit the battleships again and again. Darkness put an end to it; darkness and the distance back to the carriers, still hurrying on.

All along the coast of Samar and into San Bernardino Strait the remains of the disordered Jap fleet were now concerned only with getting away. Under the starshine of that tropic night Halsey was ranging along the coast with his battleships; he found a crippled ship which would be a *Teratzuki* or one of the *Aganos*, and disposed of her with three quick salvos.

Under that same twilight of despair and glory the senior surviving officer of *Johnston* was trying to keep his men together, very bitter over the lack of rescue craft. The survivors of *Gambier Bay* were wondering why they were still alive and why the Jap destroyer that passed them had only photographed instead of shooting. All over that sea LST's, LCI's, and anything else that would float were looking for them and others; they picked up 1,819 men before the next noon.

Far in the north our submarines had fallen on the trail of the defeated Jap carrier force; they got more torpedoes into one of the flight deck battleships and sent another of the cruisers to the bottom.

Over at the beaches of Dulag and Tacloban there was maddest confusion, with bulldozers still working on the fields and engineers laying Marston mat under flares, while every few minutes another American plane would try to come in where there was no room for any more. On the command ship *Wasatch* communications were hopelessly jammed, the officer in charge ordering again and again that circuits be cleared, only to have some wildly excited young pilot break in that he was damaged, out of gas, must have space at Dulag at once. Carrier planes that could not make the fleet, escort carrier planes that could not make their decks, and P-38's of the Fifth Army Air Force were all screaming for space. Thirty-five of the hundred landings at Tacloban were

crash landings though not a pilot was lost; at Dulag the figures were about the same and the field commanders were frantically trying to get things organized, for they could foresee a Jap air attack on those crowded strips in the morning.

"But the most dismaying event of the day was when some Army B-25's came in and reported they had sunk *Mogami* and we found out it was true. What the hell were they doing in the biggest naval battle of American history?"

VIII

FOR this was Trafalgar; it was Tsushima and La Hogue and Aegospotami and Salamis and all the other utterly crushing victories, after which an entire war is changed. Seldom enough in history before had an entire navy been brought to a single battle. Never before had an entire navy lost so great a proportion of its strength as the Japs had done.

They had come to that battle with thirteen capital ships—nine battleships and four carriers. Now three of the battleships and all four carriers were gone. Our submarines were still lurking off the western Philippines; when the Japs gathered themselves and ran north a few weeks later *Scalion* sank the battleship *Kongo*, now without destroyer cover. That made eight capital ships out of thirteen. They had come with eleven or twelve heavy cruisers; six at least had gone down and the one hit by the submarine off Mindoro Strait on the night of the twenty-third was caught by Halsey's planes in Manila Harbor a few days later and sunk there. They had lost four light cruisers; they had lost something like fifteen destroyers and—at a conservative estimate—392 planes.

Not even Trafalgar had cost the losers so much; and as at Nelson's battle, it was not alone the material loss but the morale that counted. When the Japanese Admiralty was next heard from, it was announcing that its new head had "converted the entire navy into a Kamikaze corps."

The invasion of Okinawa, the invasions of Mindoro and Luzon, could hardly have been attempted with the Leyte Gulf Battle. If the Philippine Sea engagement in June had set free the American fleet to go

where it wished in the Pacific, the October action liberated our transports to go where they would among the barrier of islands that stretched from metropolitan Japan to Borneo. It removed the threat of a Japanese fleet in being and especially that of a carrier fleet in being. There were to be interruptions from Japanese air in all those operations and they would be dangerous, particularly when the Kamikaze attained the proportions they did in the Okinawa campaign. But it was now past the power of the enemy to deal that massive, concentrated, and surprising blow that is the special characteristic of carrier aviation. The staging fields for their land-based planes could be watched and were watched.

FROM this point of view—and if one considers the Jap carrier force in the north as the number one danger to any progress we might make beyond Leyte—Halsey's action in turning from the Sibuyan Sea force (the key point of the battle and the one that will be debated as long as Jellicoe's turn-away at Jutland) was fully justified. As it turned out, one or two carrier groups could have done the job in the north since the Jap carrier force was smaller than expected and its planes were on the fields of Luzon. But Halsey did not know this at the time and military decisions have to be made on present information, not with reference to an abstract ideal. Whether he was so well justified in taking all the fast battleships with him on the run south is another question; Nelson once said that if he had taken eleven of the enemy's ships and allowed a twelfth to escape he would never call it well done, and it does seem as though with a couple of those ships Mitscher might have finished *Ise* and *Hyuga*, against whose fourteen-inch guns the cruisers hardly dared run in. Down the inverted telescope of history it is this that will probably keep Halsey from ranking with Nelson and set Leyte Gulf down as the Navy's battle rather than that of any one commander.

But to make such a complaint is perhaps to set up a counsel of perfection, to overlook the true fog of war that hung over the Western Pacific during those forty-

eight hours of conflict. To appreciate that, one has only to contemplate the action of the Japanese, how their timing missed again and again in a plan which depended on timing. There was excuse for some of these failures, for American planes were continually throwing sand in the machinery. But there was very little excuse for the failure of the Luzon planes and those from the carrier fleet to co-ordinate their attack on Sherman on the morning of the twenty-fourth, when they might really have had that commander in serious trouble. There was no excuse at all for the late arrival of the Kamikaze on the twenty-fifth, when an attack coinciding with that of the battleships might have demolished Ziggy Sprague and kept Stump's carriers from helping him.

Indeed many of the Japanese actions in the battle are explicable only on the basis of some fundamental misconception, at whose origins we can only guess. Why did the Surigao Strait force run into that storm of fire from Oldendorf? They knew he was around, they had snooped him for days. Did they think he had been called north or was in no shape for battle? Either theory seems very weak.

Why did the Sibuyan Sea force turn away at 0937 of the twenty-fifth, when it had Ziggy Sprague's carriers in its grasp? All the escort carrier men insist it was because of the damage received from their planes, but at the time the Japs left they were not getting very much damage any more. They must have known an hour or two before that time that the Surigao Strait fleet had been wiped out and that Halsey's carriers had not been sunk off Formosa but were up in the north pounding theirs to pieces. Perhaps they feared his return or the appearance of some other force of which they were yet ignorant.

For over them lay the legacy of other defeats, "the souvenir of the Nile." They entered the battle in the spirit in which doomed and desperate losers have always entered battle—*Ave Caesar morituri te salutamus*. It was a moral breakdown that in all the other great defeats by sea from Salamis to Trafalgar has preceded the physical collapse of a naval service.

MUST WE TELL THE WORLD?

FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN

ANYONE who has been closely associated with many members of that Congress-battered but indispensable wartime organization, the Office of War Information, must have noticed one striking fact. With almost complete unanimity, the men and women who have represented the OWI in foreign parts believe strongly that in peacetime the United States should continue to operate abroad a vigorous governmental service of news and information about America.

So far as I have been able to make out after talking with a great many of them, they believe this regardless of their political affiliations and regardless of whether they themselves intend to stay in the government employ. (Nearly all of them came from private concerns and are going back to private concerns.) Even when one makes allowance for the natural tendency of any person to feel that the sort of work he has been doing is admirable and should go on, and the natural tendency of any organization to cling to life (there are few Kamikazes among human institutions, governmental or otherwise), the strength of their conviction is impressive. Here they are, the men and women whose wartime assignment was to spread American news and guard the reputation of America in Britain, France, Russia, Italy, Sweden, Turkey, India, China, and many other lands. If with one accord they say that they found the United States scantily

known and grossly misunderstood abroad, that they made some headway (or thought they did) in combating the ignorance and misunderstanding, and that it would be tragic to abandon the effort in this post-war period of international jealousies and cross-purposes, their testimony carries weight, for it is expert.

Their argument runs somewhat as follows: Before the war, they say, most foreign countries got most of their news of America through British, French, and German news services. The Germans, of course, deliberately falsified it; and even Reuters, the British agency, while not hostile, skimped American items, presented them with British coloration, and often succumbed to the temptation to play up incidents which put us in a misleadingly unfavorable light. Instances of such slanting of the news have continued during the war and since the surrender. To cite one among many, a dispatch distributed in Greece this fall by the Anglo-Greek Information Service, a British outfit, and marked "Source Reuter," began as follows:

LONDON. 11 September: A government spokesman in Washington announced that it is possible that all meat rationing will end by the first of next month.

Meanwhile, Britain's busy housewives are fearful that the ending of Lend-Lease will make their lives more drab than ever and are growing restive as they read of the dreamland conditions in the United States, where rationing is ending and even nylon stockings are in prospect.

The editor of Harper's here examines the arguments for and against United States information services abroad in peacetime and proposes a program.

Uncomplaining throughout the war, they face now a food situation which is harder than when the war was on and they are objecting to the fact that queues are growing instead of shortening.

The facts of that story are correct; the contrast that it describes is one which makes many Americans very uncomfortable indeed; yet clearly the dispatch was phrased so as to interpret the British situation but not the American one.

Our own news agencies, the Associated Press, United Press, and International News Service, had built up before the war departments for the sale of American news abroad. But—the argument continues—they had had a shorter experience, reached comparatively few foreign newspapers, and in some areas reached none at all. They were unable to compete in price with government-subsidized or indirectly-aided foreign services. They did not handle their outgoing news as conscientiously as their incoming news, and for profit's sake tended to play up the sort of items which would be printed because they confirmed local prejudices about America. If, for instance, an AP man found that race riot stories got a big play in race-conscious India, the UP man would try to outdo him and Reuters would join in the game, until minor brawls that our American papers dismissed as of scant significance were magnified into major events—with no agency at hand to set the record straight.

Similarly, what foreigners heard over the radio about America was filtered through foreign government-backed radio services and either played down or distorted. Few American publishers took more than a casual interest in foreign sales of books and magazines that would throw real light on the United States. And as for the movies—those ubiquitous American ambassadors to the peoples of the world—they too misrepresented us: to men and women who had no prior knowledge of the United States against which to check the Hollywood version, they pictured us as a nation of almost universal wealth, where the stenographer was waited on by a Southern mammy in an apartment with a forty-foot living room, where cowboys were perpetually chasing hard-riding desperadoes, and where city life was a noisy battle with gangsters.

DURING the war the OWI did a three-fold job. First, in enemy and occupied countries it conducted psychological warfare (in a tie-up with the Army). Second, it dispensed everywhere—except in Latin America, which was similarly covered by the Office of Inter-American Affairs—a quick service of spot news, just as little slanted as possible; this was sent both by Morse code bulletins beamed by radio to OWI outposts (where the stories were translated and distributed free to the local press) and by short-wave voice radio in over forty languages. Third, it added expository and interpretive matter through news features, news photographs, magazines, pamphlets, books, filmstrips, documentary films, and picture exhibits, trying not simply to advertise American achievements but more often to provide honest background information for an understanding of how things worked here. For instance, when a political campaign was on in the United States, it explained the unique American electoral system with its conventions and electoral votes; when international negotiations were afoot, it explained our odd division of authority between the Executive and the Senate in the making of treaties. Curiosity about America was widespread; the OWI material, being prompt, honest, on the whole well prepared, and presented free of charge, was used in quantity; and the men and women in the OWI outposts said they were constantly amazed to find how many of the people who consumed it—whether in Stockholm or Istanbul or Cairo—were hearing true things about the United States for the first time in their lives.

“Must such a service stop altogether after the war?” the OWI people asked themselves. “Can we rely on unsubsidized private business—press associations, publishers, radio systems, movie producers—to fill the vacuum, or even to refrain from sensationalizing and distorting their product for profit's sake? Can we expect Reuters, however friendly its intentions, to refrain from submerging American news or giving it a slant dictated by official British policy? And how about Tass, the Russian agency, which twists everything to follow the Soviet line? Are there any private organi-

zations in America with the zeal, technical ability, *and funds* to provide a more accurate and responsible projection of America? The cost—if we include foreign outposts, a minimum service of news to supplement what the private agencies send, and an international short-wave broadcasting service in only a few key languages direct to the peoples of the world—would run to perhaps fifteen or twenty million dollars a year. We see nobody who can swing it but the government. And it will be sorely needed; for the United States, as a great power in a jealous world, cannot properly play its future role, however beneficent, if it blindly refuses to do anything to make itself understood.”

Thus the affirmative. I have put it into the mouths of the men and women of the OWI, but it appeals powerfully also to many other citizens whose ability to back it up with first-hand evidence is less impressive. And of course they are joined by others whose motives are mixed: people who were helped by government business during the war and would like more of it.

II

BUT there is a negative too, and it is expounded by people of equal loyalty and concern for the good repute of the United States—as well as by interested parties who want to have the field of foreign news and information all to themselves. Before a decision is taken—and the moment for it is crowding close—let us hear the arguments of the skeptics.

Their first three arguments seem to me readily answerable and I shall therefore comment on them as we go along.

1. *Do we want more bureaucratic competition with private business?*

Comment: No. Any program, to be acceptable, must confine itself to what, in State Department lingo, are called “supplementary and facilitative” functions.

2. *Pity the poor taxpayer.*

Comment: A sound warning. Any program must be pared to the bone. But the taxpayer can afford to pay from ten to twenty millions a year for a minimum program—about as much as General Motors or Procter & Gamble pays for advertising—if this makes the way easier

for American business abroad and especially if, by allaying unfounded suspicions of us, it enables us to reduce the huge appropriations for national defense.

3. *With the war over, the ablest and technically most experienced men in the foreign information field are leaving the government. A service manned by the timid souls who cling to government jobs and by the gentlemanly youths who infest the State Department would probably do a slow, routine-bound, overcareful, dull, and altogether negligible job.*

Comment: Not a reason for doing nothing, but another sound warning. Attention State Department.

NOW we confront a series of arguments which seem to me more formidable. I shall reserve comment on them until later in this article.

4. *The enthusiasts exaggerate the need.* The other team’s cheering section always sounds louder. Every traveler, of whatever nationality, always is dismayed to find his own land so little understood abroad. On the whole America has enjoyed a pretty good reputation. And on the whole this reputation has been enhanced even by such admittedly misleading interpretations as those of the movies. When one recalls that young British girls fell for American soldiers the more readily because of their romantic accents, so reminiscent of Clark Gable and Humphrey Bogart, and that North African natives crowded eagerly around GI’s in the hope that these generous millionaires from the fabulous land of skyscrapers would disburse some of their wealth, one may argue that part of our difficulty abroad is in living up to Hollywood’s glamorous portrait of us. Besides, the sort of publicity which a diplomat might regard as “unfortunate” may have an unexpected effect—as when the Patton soldier-slapping incident added to American prestige among the Chinese, who marveled that any country would get excited about an indignity to a common soldier.

5. *Propagandists, and many others, overestimate the potency of propaganda.* Most of the alleged triumphs of propaganda might better be interpreted as triumphs either of force or of statesmanship. The chief reason why German propaganda scored so

heavily between 1933 and 1942 was that Germany seemed so unbeatably on the march; after Germany began to slip it had few if any successes. Actions speak louder than words, and personalities than propaganda lines. In 1940 and 1941 Winston Churchill, as the eloquent embodiment of unflinching courage, was worth a dozen Ministries of Information to Britain's reputation—though of course it helped to have an agency to spread his words widely. Likewise the contagiously friendly and resolute personality of Roosevelt, the wisdom of Marshall, the tact of Eisenhower, the miraculousness of American production, the affability of our soldiers and sailors, and the victories they won were the chief builders of good will toward America; and the chief underminers of that good will were not lapses in our propaganda but lapses or apparent lapses in our foreign policy (as in North Africa, Spain, and various liberated countries). The international reputation of the United States in the years ahead will depend on the behavior of its people at home and abroad and above all on its statesmanship—whether it shows itself wise, firm, conciliatory, and ungreedy. Propaganda will cut very little ice by comparison.

6. *A government service, too, may misrepresent America.* Suppose it wants to counter the impression in India that race riots abound here; won't it be irresistibly moved to produce an equally misleading picture of complete racial amity? How much space will it give to a Detroit riot? To the remarks of a Bilbo? And anyhow, any reporter's selection of facts is bound to be affected by his political or social beliefs. Which is it most important for foreigners to know about—the TVA, the du Pont Company's research, or the CIO? Whichever of these a government service chooses to emphasize, there will be howls of dismay on the Hill. Do we want to spend the taxpayers' money to disseminate news and ideas which may be colored by partisan or personal predilections?

7. *Official propaganda, if it makes a slip, always kicks back harder than unofficial reports do.* A description of American policy by a private organization or individual doesn't commit the government; but if a government release says, for example, that we in-

tend to feed the Italians, and then we lack the ships to do so, there is trouble ahead.

8. *There is also the danger of indirect censorship* in the activities of an official unit which according to some proposals will "co-operate with" and "advise" private agencies. This magazine printed last spring a warning against "co-operation" with the movie producers (in improving the quality of American films for export) by a government which had the power to facilitate or fail to facilitate export. It would be all too easy for the government to give an inside track—licenses, facilities, purchase of material for official use, etc.—to those whom it regarded as good boys, and to make things rough for the bad boys. Believers in freedom of communications beware.

BYOND all these counsels of caution there is another consideration. We live in an era of still rising nationalism. National censorships and national news services increase a worldwide tendency to substitute for the search for the truth a choice between rival national propagandas. A blind nationalist isn't interested in what happened or who was right in a dispute; he holds to his own country's version of it, whatever the facts. We Americans have traditionally preferred a state of affairs, outside our borders as well as within, in which any reporter could go anywhere and report the facts as he found them; we have believed that though individual reporters had their limitations, it was through such a free and full traffic in news and ideas that the truth was best served. *Is it possible that the United States, as the richest and most powerful nation in the world, is the nation best situated to scoff at the battle of propagandas, to use its influence always toward opening up the channels of international communication to private agencies and individuals (forlorn though the cause may seem today), and to refuse to issue any government propaganda itself, no matter whether it is understood or misunderstood by its neighbors? As an American expert in foreign affairs said to me, "I'm sick of these rival national versions of the facts. Let's throw the whole notion out the window. If anybody can afford to, we can."*

The negative rests.

III

MOST of the arguments of the negative, you may perhaps have noticed, are not so much arguments against doing nothing at all in this field as arguments against doing the job intemperately or short-sightedly. They are red flags marking holes in the road ahead—holes which the OWI did its best to dodge during its wartime assignment, but which may be harder to steer round under more normal conditions. They remind us that any program which is adopted must involve as little competition as possible with private business, or subsidy of private business; must be economical; must be professionally competent; must be kept in its place, and not thought of as a substitute for the wise determination and straightforward official declaration of American policy; must be far more careful even than the OWI had to be in wartime not to color its report or trespass on debatable ground; and must not involve even the most indirect censorship of private communication.

Only the last argument for the negative calls the whole idea in question; and this one seems, to me at least, a little quixotic—like proposing unilateral disarmament by the United States. Surely as things are in the world today it is no offense against truth for our government to see that its own policy—among others—is made known, provided its news service is conducted in full realization that, important as it is for America to be understood, there is something even more essential: that there be as free an exchange as possible, internationally, of news and opinions, not simply by governments but by private organizations and individuals.

The question, then, is whether a service can be set up which can accomplish anything of real value without wrecking itself in any of the holes in the road marked by these red flags.

It is a question which presses for an answer. For months it has been debated around conference tables in Washington, and now it is before Congress. For on September 15 the OWI, as such, expired; its domestic operations were terminated and its foreign operations, along with

those of the Office of Inter-American Affairs, were dissolved into what was quaintly called the Interim International Information Service, the remnants of which will on January 1 be absorbed into the State Department. There—along with certain informational and cultural services of the department's own—they will be under the supervision of William B. Benton, a new Assistant Secretary of State.

Mr. Benton, though usually referred to as an advertising man because he was once Chester Bowles' partner in Benton & Bowles, hasn't been one for ten years; more recently he has been vice-president of the University of Chicago, chairman of the Encyclopedia Britannica, chairman of Britannica Films, owner of various companies including Muzak (the concern that pipes music into restaurants), and chief advocate of the idea of subscription radio. Presumably he was chosen Assistant Secretary of State, not simply because he is an able executive of terrific energy, and is familiar with the media of instruction and persuasion, but also because it was felt that his former isolationist leanings would probably make him a good salesman of the Administration's program among the to-hell-with-the-rest-of-the-world element on the Hill. By the time this issue of *Harper's* appears, Mr. Benton may already have presented some sort of program to Congress; anyhow Congress will soon face the decision. Meanwhile, it may be just as well for the rest of us—neither evangelists of America nor growlers—to take a hand in the discussion.

AFTER listening to the arguments pro and con, I believe that a modest government information service should be set up somewhat as follows (for these proposals I claim no originality; every one of them has been put forward at one time or another by some official or student of the problem):

1. At present the State Department sends a daily radio dispatch of several thousand words (rather arid) to its various embassies and legations abroad. This service should be expanded and changed to include:

- (a) Fast transmission of the accurate text of presidential messages and addresses,

official statements, etc., for instant translation and delivery to the foreign press. (b) Background material, such as an account of preceding events and of the situation which called forth the official statement—the sort of thing that newspapers here include in their news stories to orient the reader; this material not to be officially distributed but to be unofficially shown to foreign newsmen on request. (c) Prompt factual reports needed by our embassies abroad to check up on dubious press reports or to spike rumors—as when Tass carries stories from the United States about resolutions passed by Slovaks in Pittsburgh, or there is a wild rumor in France that the United States has leased the port of Antwerp for ninety-nine years. And (d) an informal account of events and conditions in the United States, not for official distribution but simply to keep our foreign representatives—who become astonishingly ignorant of their own country—in touch with home.

This service must be run by experienced newsmen, preferably with foreign experience, not striped pants boys, and must operate at press speed, not red-tape speed. If it officially distributes only matter which both Colonel McCormick and *PM* would acknowledge to be true, and otherwise operates only for the informal guidance of our foreign representatives, and through them, unofficially, of the press, it can dodge the pitfalls of propaganda.

2. Each embassy and legation should have one or more experienced newsmen as information attachés, conveniently located (preferably outside the embassy) to translate and distribute official material at top speed, and with a knack for enlisting the confidence of the local press so that their unofficial background stuff will be sought after. These attachés could have no better motto than the following sentences from the 1944 report of the OWI's British Division:

First, the Division . . . does not exist to . . . boast about America. It exists to make available, for those who desire to learn about America, the most exact facts possible and the most responsible interpretations. It is a service department, not an advertising agency. . . .

Second, the Division is not a good will agency. It does not try to persuade people to like the United States; it tries to help people to understand

the United States, on the assumption that the more the truth about America is known, the more the nature of American culture is understood, the better for all concerned.

3. In each city where there is an American embassy or legation there should be a conveniently located American reference library, competently staffed (with interpreters, too) and stocked with government reports, standard reference texts, and American newspapers, magazines, books. Wherever there is already an adequate American library or exhibit—such as the display rooms which will be opened by the U. S. International Book Association, a new non-profit organization sponsored by some seventy American book concerns—the government library should presumably be curtailed accordingly. But such collections should be centrally located. (For instance, the American Library in Paris is in an inconvenient location for ready reference.) The government objective should be simply to supplement private efforts so that in each foreign city there is a place where people who wish to find out about America may do so, without having anything thrust upon them.

During the next few months, or even longer, our official news representatives may be allowed somewhat more latitude than this, but for the long term there should be no government news service except as described above; and there should be no government-published magazines, government-produced propaganda pamphlets, or government-produced commercial films.

4. *For the present* the government should continue its short-wave broadcasting abroad in a few key languages (even if this costs a few millions more for the time being), for three reasons: because until communications are better established there are still regions—such as the Balkans—which can get accurate reports from America in no other way; because our valuable government telecommunications system—developed mostly in wartime, extensively used by the OWI, and of great potential emergency value—must not be allowed to fall to pieces; and because at present no private broadcasting service can operate widely abroad without loss. Meanwhile Congress should wrestle with the long-

term problem. This is too intricate to go into here because it is bound up with the complexities of the telecommunications problem (which will probably be the subject of a future *Harper's* article).*

THE task of improving the output abroad of American press association news and American movies, magazines, and books should be left strictly in private hands.

This does not necessarily mean a return to "normalcy." For instance, the movie industry is considering setting up an export review board to operate somewhat like the Hays-Johnston office in scanning exportable films. Good; and there is no reason why they should not accept State Department advice if this is given without authority—not even a club in the closet. Robert Riskin has suggested that the industry should organize a non-profit corporation to produce American documentaries for export. Good (though some wartime documentaries have been so self-conscious, patronizing, and patriotically blatant as to produce the comment that when Hollywood was bad it was very, very bad and when it was good it was horrid). At any rate, Hollywood should be given a chance to grow up to its power.

* The best proposal to date seems to be that of Messrs. Leigh and White, in their admirable report to the Commission on the Freedom of the Press: that the government's wireless facilities (except what are needed for military use) and our private wireless and cable services (except Press Wireless and for the present radio telephone) should be merged into an American telecommunications system run by a mixed corporation (part governmental, part private) with government majority control of the stock; that this system should serve as a common carrier for dot-dash messages and facsimile and radiophoto transmission, and also as a vehicle for international short-wave broadcasting; that this broadcasting should be done by private concerns, at rates set low enough (by way of subsidy) to make it commercially feasible; that these broadcasts be co-ordinated and supervised by a federated, non-profit corporation representing all the private radio concerns in the field and headed by an executive from outside the industry; and that the Federal Communications Commission should exercise only such licensing powers (without censorship) as it now exercises over our domestic radio system.

This seems to me a reasonable compromise for short-wave broadcasting, in a situation where a minimum of subsidy and of regulation is apparently the only alternative to having the voice of America quite inaudible abroad.

The same is true of the press associations, which are under a heavy obligation to increase the length, proportion, and restraint of their news files and to continue trying to reach more parts of the globe. The government should confine itself to seeing that, whatever disposition is made of American telecommunications, the press will have the best possible opportunity to get fast, inexpensive telecommunications service and to helping them in their negotiations for facilities abroad. The rest is up to the associations themselves—which might well consider setting up an export advisory board of their own.

Other parts of the foreign information field are wide open for responsible activity by other industries and by private organizations. The U. S. International Book Service, to which I have already referred, may be a good model to follow. It plans to combine a business operation with a cultural service, on a self-sustaining but non-profit basis: to provide a contact between American publishers and foreign publishers, booksellers, and readers, by opening display rooms in important foreign cities, taking orders for American books, helping to arrange for translations, and in general becoming a channel for international communication by means of books. Some people have suggested the formation of an American Council, patterned on the British Council, to send abroad interpretative news, information, exhibits, filmstrips, non-commercial documentary films, etc.; this work to be financed by American corporations and patriotic individuals (who might contribute much as they contribute to foreign missions or the Red Cross). Good, if it can do a decently straightforward job *without government subsidy*. There may be room for a number of new organizations of this sort; the field is now wide open.

For if, as citizens jealous of our freedom, we limit what the government may do, we thereby limit its share of responsibility for the good name of our country and for service to the truth. And our own share inevitably increases.

TWO ON KUMAON

A Story

JOSEPH GEORGE HITREC

First Day

THE ALARM clock at his side woke him up. It was still night and a stiff breeze was sweeping down the Deori saddle, chill and cutting in contact, and fires were already burning in the village below, and the dark shadows moving in front of them were muleteers. He got out of the warm blanket and leaning over his wife's bed called softly: "Ann, time to get up." She rolled over druggedly.

He went to the rear of the bungalow, roused Jaloo and the dandy-men, then went into the house making a great deal of deliberate noise. He lit the primus stove, dressed, and packed. When Jaloo brought the cocoa-pot and the plate of boiled eggs he returned to the bed and found her still asleep.

"Darling, you must get up now; chotta hazri's on the table."

She sat up holding the blankets around her shoulders. "Why should I? It's the middle of the night."

"We want to be on our way before the sun's up."

"Why should we?"

But she rose and went into the house, and when she joined him in the front room she was creamed and dressed. They ate silently, then filled the thermos-flask with surplus cocoa and took the luggage out on the veranda where the pony-men tied it into harness. The east had begun to bleach and a small crowd of villagers had assembled to watch their departure.

"Will you walk?" he asked her.

"You know I'm blistered," she said.

"All right, darling. I'll walk behind you."

Before they had gone a full mile from the village the dawn broke and ranges bobbed up all around. The tallest suddenly flamed up. Down below, more than a thousand feet below, he thought, the river lay under a pad of lava, stagnant against the cloud formations rolling eastward as though following the course of the river. The northern sky was still clear, but, he kept on thinking, how much longer?

Chiseled into the ridge, the path led steadily upward, open on three sides, swept by the wind. When it cut through a deodar wood the wind became articulate, but at other times it just rushed over them in powerful gusts, blotting out the sound of animals' hoofs and the tramp of the Englishman's shoes. Mostly it tickled the necks of the men or crept down their backs or made flapping flags out of the coolies' dhoties. It made the air crisp and alive, it tingled in the lungs.

Then the valley became shallower, joining the mountain by a ravine, and afterward there was no more valley, only the main mountain splitting into two diverging ridges that rose gradually until they, too, met other ridges ahead. The white forest merged with deodar and the bush by the roadside grew scraggy, but the grass freshened up, green and springy. Walking behind the dandy he tried to catch glimpses of her face and read it, but she slept through the march and only

woke up at Der-La where they paused to buy milk. He saw that the blueness under her eyes was worse than on the previous day.

"You can take my pony from here and I'll walk," he said to her.

She splashed the remaining milk against the ground, returned to the dandy and got into it. She said, "I might as well freeze completely without hard work."

"There's a good house at Bal-Lekh," he said. "If it really starts raining we might wait there. Cheer up, darling, you're supposed to enjoy the trek."

"I haven't had much opportunity," she said. She looked cold now.

He paid the villager and they moved on, while the clouds spanned the ridge on the left and their own mountain, and the sun grew diffused and later vanished altogether. The sudden disappearance of shadows under the men and animals made their progress ghostlike. The wind thickened the dust-devils and the scene grayed and became unfriendly. Far echoes of thunder reached them from time to time. He mounted his pony and pulled another sweater over his head. The coolies began to dispose of their wind and he saw her put the scarf to her nose.

"Shall I advise restraint?" Jaloo said in Hindustani.

He waved him away. The dandy-coolies picked up speed and shortly afterward he saw her only as a speck of light blue moving across the slope, and then he thought of her only spasmodically and his mind returned to the journey and Das-singh, and he pondered over India and the future. And while the clouds sagged over the ridges he looked around wondering where this strong, proprietary feeling of his about the country came from, as if he were a guide passionately wanting to impress a stranger, and then he wondered if he could ever explain that to her. The snows might do it better, he thought in the end, they always did; that was why he had dragged her up here.

AMONG the fast oozing streaks of fog the ridge came to a three-pronged halt and Jaloo said they were in Bal-Lekh. The shikari came and told him of a panther in the nearby forest. Perhaps life was made

up of little things after all, he thought.

He found her in the hut; she had changed into fresh clothes, and glowed from crisp air. He sat down in the only other chair and watched her arrange the jars on the small table and massage her face.

"We'll be in Champawat before dark if it doesn't rain."

"What's Champawat?" she said.

"We were supposed to be there this afternoon, but not if it rains. We'll eat now and then you can rest. It'll make a lot of difference."

"Weren't we supposed to eat and rest? And there's only one bed anyway."

"I shan't need it. I'll stroll along after food and see about that panther."

"I don't like the idea of being left alone with these savages, Peter. Leave the other gun here."

He looked at her unbelieving and said, "Jaloo will stay with you. This isn't Borneo, Ann."

She was staring at the ceiling and her face was drawn.

"All right," he said. "You can have the gun."

Jaloo brought the food and then they opened a new tin of cigarettes, and she lay back in the chair and covered herself. And he thought: The experiment is now four years old; when did the change start? He remembered the chairs littered with pink underwear for the first time, and lipstick marks on the napkins, and the servants wearing clean clothes and knocking on doors before entering, the brief preciousness of new things—oh damn, was it really four years? He saw her closed eyes and the first hopefulness of that first bungalow receded quickly. He made no effort to hold it.

"Better sleep now," he said. "You've got two clear hours."

Outside the shikari waited with two guns and a field-bottle. He took the smaller weapon, returned to the house, and laid it at her feet.

THEN the three men set off. They climbed the steep top of the saddle and walked level until the forest got denser and more varied. They found the woodchopper by a fallen tree and the

shikari took over the roped goat. Then the path narrowed to a faint track and the forest closed around them. They watched the tree branches and when they stopped to listen to a sudden rustle the Englishman tautened and gripped his weapon with both hands. Later, it began to drizzle and the goat bleated and fought the rope. They crossed a clearing and he could see the way they had come; he found the clouds had broken in the south; it was a long time since the last rumble of thunder had rolled down the mountain.

Then the shikari stopped and they chose a patch of grass overlooked from the slope, and driving a peg into the ground the Indian tied the goat to it; he gave the animal sufficient rope to set him off against the dark undergrowth. They withdrew, found a forked tree, and climbed into it. Toward two o'clock the goat, frightened, began bleating again. Trust the goat, the Englishman thought. The drizzle had stopped. He looked over his shoulder and saw the shikari crouched in the tree.

"He is coming, huzoor."

They saw the goat tug and stand erect alternately, and they knew that the animal was right even if they might be mistaken. He raised the gun, conscious of the sudden rush of blood in his ears; quietly slipped the safety off and listened, in tense mouth-drying concentration, for the crackle of brushwood. When it came it seemed to be behind the goat. He felt the Indian's hand on his shoulder and followed the direction of his finger, and he saw murky bush on the fringe of the glade and then the bush came apart and the panther stood on the grass. He made no sound, but the red of his mouth showed in quick spasms. The goat retreated stiffly and the shikari whispered, "Now."

Still fascinated, he took aim and fired; the panther grabbed the air and toppled over, while the forest shook in an earthquake of crashing trees and reverberations. For an indefinite time he felt his legs and arms grow limp, then the shikari said, "Got him, huzoor!" and his breath came back and at once the drumming in his temples abated.

"Good shot, huzoor, but we must wait."

After ten minutes the goat recovered,

and they slipped to the ground and cut a young tree. They whittled it clean and tied the panther's front paws around the thicker end and the hind ones at the thin end; they tucked its long tail between its legs to prevent it from dragging. The shikari loosened the goat's rope and bound it to his waist. Then, lifting the bar to their shoulders and padding it with gunny, they began walking back. They met the woodchopper, who had heard the shot and come up to help. From there, the two Indians carried the bar and the Englishman led the goat. The way to the house seemed shorter. He walked up to the veranda proud and a little self-conscious.

"What will you do with it?" she asked. She looked fresher.

"Take it down to Champawat, of course, and ask the divisional officer to skin it for me. If he isn't eight feet from tail to whiskers I'll eat my topee."

She came down the steps and prodded the panther with her stick.

"Shouldn't we go, Peter? Jaloo thinks it might get dark sooner now that it's cloudy."

"All right, let me eat something first."

AFTER he had washed and eaten he felt fine; the men had by then slung the panther over a pony.

"I'd like to ride for the rest of the day," she said. "Will you take my dandy?"

"I feel like walking some more," he said. "Don't ride without a cushion; these are very small saddles."

She mounted the pony and they passed down into the narrow gorge that led the stream east. The coolies swung the empty dandy and took things easy, and the smell of their hookas mixed with that of the forest flowers and decaying wood. Through the thinning forest on both sides they saw the tea-gardens on the other mountains. The stream became a river. Then the sun reappeared and the shadows blued more deeply, and the oblique light picked out the watered rice-fields and corrugated iron roofing, painted bright red and green.

At the dak bungalow the chowkidar and his wife came to meet them. They washed and sat down on the front porch.

As the sun sank the entire valley came into clear-cut relief. Later, he went to the village and saw the district officer about the skin and when he returned it was dark and the food was ready. They had a large meal of meat and fresh vegetables, and then she creamed her face and went to bed.

They discussed the day's march and the midday shoot and she made him promise they would not rise before the sun was up the next day. Outside, the low singing of the coolies grew indistinct from the baying of donkeys, and once or twice a jackal howled above the bungalow. They fell asleep to the wheeze of the wind that swept the voice of the valley away east.

Second Day

THE PONY-MEN had piled the luggage on the porch and were drinking their cha. The valley's awakening had become a mounting clamor. He took a cigarette and narrowed his eyes toward Nepal.

The violet ranges had already begun to shimmer. He remembered her face, turned to the wall, pallid under the layer of cream, the kind of face that came from indigestion and bad dreams; he had looked at it, fascinated at first but later unseeing, and though the face was still there he saw another one, the one he wanted to see, but it was already far and undefined, and the only sensation it gave him was that of something important missing.

He thought of the Heat once more. Astonishing how one came to it again and again. The Heat was the Main Theme throughout, with a character and behavior of its own. And he thought of that night four years ago: "Don't touch me, I'm dreadfully hot—"but of course he had perspired for years, it was accepted like sleeping or drinking and doctors said it was normal; so you were never quite conscious of it until she said, "Is it worth the trouble, dear? You're soaking wet as it is."

Quietly, you put it down to whatever came to your mind, strangeness, reserve, discomfort, but never took it in hand because you knew not how. What was the use, you said; being rational about it was an embarrassing business; you too had joked about Somerset Maugham's Ele-

ments and the tropical passions running amuck; you hated fussiness and stopped discussing it; why make it worse? And you carried it in you, which wasn't constructive either because the Heat remained throughout, impish and malicious, whatever you thought or said or refrained from saying; and a time came when you were unable to distinguish it from other trouble, and the more you tried the harder you hurt yourself.

Where was the energy? you said; the office took all you had. And when she said, "Let's go to the club before I choke," you went; what was unreasonable about that? And you sipped your gin and biters and discussed the latest film outrage or the dog-show at Simla or Poona, and time flowed between rounds of drink, reminding you of the cook at home, and you got up again and drove back, all the way to the starting point, only there was acceptance in it now. No one else seemed to have a better formula. Tomorrow the paper might write about a revolution in Peru, now that would be something; or you might send a letter to the editor about the mail delays, or hear another one about the young Parsee sailing to Europe for the first time; always anything but you and she; that was the point, you made it into a fine art and you practiced it continuously. And now you were on holiday and alone; where did it all go? There was so much you wanted to say, but when? And time went no matter how much you wanted it to stay put, and every day you said, *A la mañana*, but it went somehow, smooth and crafty, you couldn't hold it. This wasn't the office, you said, you made no laws here.

He returned to the house and found her dressed. Under the two patches of rouge below her temples the blue tiredness still showed. When they came out of the bungalow grounds it was already half-past eight.

The village children shouted *Salaam* and women stood at the small windows and giggled; they were fair and good-looking, with big, rosy cheekbones and smiling eyes. The sub-divisional officer was at the gate of his garden waving them goodbye. He was a small, delicate Brahman.

The intonation of the coolies' chatter took on some of the rhythm of their pace; they moved in regular spurts and their voices rose and fell with the ground. He prodded his animal and came nearer.

"They do talk, don't they?"

"Can they be human?" she said. "Look at these faces and this hair."

"The dirt is only a difference of standard, Ann. What matters is that they are kind and that they sing and laugh in spite of the dirt."

"It's always the same, they eat with their fingers. I couldn't have kindness interfering with my stomach."

"I think you're just making it harder for yourself. Your life is here and you might as well make it pleasant. I don't think you've ever tried. When we are where we are, only you and I can make the mistakes, not they. I wish you could see that."

"Don't talk rot, please."

Now, he thought, it could have sounded convincing, why didn't it?

But the rise in the path made the talking difficult. The men had stopped singing; they were watching the ground for fine-cut slabs of flint. As the sun rose the whiteness of the path pained their eyes; it was intense and glowing; the mountain was the only bare one around. Every time they reached a new turn in the path the solitary tree on the ridge seemed a little nearer, and he was glad to think of it and imagine that life went up to it and not further. Back of that saddle and that tree, he thought, may be another opportunity; shouldn't I think of it? He found he didn't.

Instead, he thought of the Mutiny Museum in that large fort, and saw her walking from etching to etching, forgetful of his presence, her forehead wrinkled; and he remembered thinking, "It's the wrong beginning," and taking her arm and saying, "Let's go back"—as if avoiding it was any cleverer. But she wouldn't stop before she'd seen all the pictures.

The art of etching wasn't high at the time of the Mutiny, and there was one of a sepoy holding a white child turkey-wise, before a white woman kneeling in a litter of gory clothes, and the sepoy's belt carried an assortment of daggers, against a back-

ground of burning houses and ransacked furniture; the picture was awfully lurid and sensational, it had no right to be there except as an instrument of self-acquittal; there'll always be those without understanding but with the need to articulate it. And then her mouth hardened, worse than he expected; she was new and impressionable then. A terrible mistake of course, life was more than the Calcutta Hole or the Midnapore shootings, and Fe-fi-fo-fum was only a line of emotional poetry; where was the point? and you decided there was none. That was simple enough. Where were the simple words to give it meaning?

A MILE from the saddle the coolies stopped in a small gully; they perspired heavily. Standing on his feet he felt the heat of the rock around his head like a hot dry towel. The breeze had ceased completely. The part of the valley visible from the defile lay remote in the haze. She took off her shoes and looked at the blisters. She said:

"I shouldn't have listened to you in the first place. Look at them now."

He drank the water which Jaloo gave him and said, "I told you to take a pair of walking shoes."

"You also said we'd be taking it easy."

"We are, Ann. Pitoregarh is fifty miles away and we've got to be back by the twenty-second."

"You're your own manager, aren't you?"

"They're expecting me; I left a lot of work behind, you know that."

"That's not a valid reason, Peter. No filthy Marwari could push me around like that, I assure you. The first fortnight in four years—and you're glad of it. For heaven's sake, what can you show for it?"

"I've got work to do. It's got to be seen to by somebody."

"But it's always you. Thompson gets a month every year and I know dozens who get that. You're the only exploited lamb."

"Should we talk about it, Ann?"

"Damn the words. It's true and that's all that matters. And when you become too expensive they'll get somebody new on the basic salary."

"There'll be something else then."

The unhappiness returned. He looked at her and saw a stranger with familiar features, and he saw the boat come alongside, and the white figure on deck B and a white handkerchief in the air above the figure, but it was like looking at a snapshot in an old album; the picture was there, but you only saw the old-fashioned dress and the stiff pose.

"It's time you look around and decide," she said. Her voice was calm now. She put her shoes on and laced them. "I am no longer young nor are you. Have you thought of that?"

"Go ahead," he said.

"I've been here four years and you seven. You've had one home leave and you can't be sure of getting another. I look at myself in the morning and I know I've got a hard line around the mouth and I know my complexion is awful. Every morning I stand before the mirror and want to cry because there's nothing I can do about it."

"We all age," he said. "Women think about it more, that's all."

"Try to see my point, Peter. Have you watched the faces of these women? You might try once. I simply haven't got the courage to go through with it. If I think I'll never leave I should go crazy. Can you understand that?"

"Yes," he said.

He thought of the humid nights and the way perspiration tickled his ribs. They said every man bathing in the river had fungus in his ears. In the last analysis, one never got away without paying anything at all.

"I can't leave now. Apart from everything else, the war's still on."

"But you can make up your mind," she said. "One or two years won't make a vast difference. But you've got to make up your mind right now. I won't stay a day longer."

"I haven't got the money yet."

"You'll have no more in five years. How can you fool yourself so long?"

"You wanted it straight, Ann. I don't think I want to leave."

In the silence that followed, he watched the valley and the range of mountains and he traced the course of the river that glimmered through the valley until it got

to the foot of the hills. The heat was unusual for that altitude. A shower was in the offing. Perhaps.

"Is that final?" she said.

"I think so."

She rose and stood before him slender and shadowy against the blue immensity. Her dark glasses looked down on him. She seemed to stand there like someone before departure and he suddenly realized that for a long time he had done nothing to keep the two sides from ripping wider open.

"You are a fool, Peter," she said. "After four years of doubt I am convinced of it."

Her outline grew softer in the gathering haze and he found it easier to watch her than to think.

"Remember I warned you," she said.

He rose too and looked towards the saddle. The first white cloud, blown from the nothingness behind the ridge, framed the solitary tree like a halo. It swelled fast, dwarfing the tree. It filled the immersion of the saddle and its edges grew ragged and each little bulge swelled into a big bulge and then each of them became a separate cloud, swelling independently, poised over the ridge like Leghorns. He saw that their bottoms were gray and pregnant.

Third Day

THEY stopped at the Lohaghat daktar bungalow that night, on the fringe of a tall deodar wood, and she told him she wouldn't go further. They lay on hard camp-cots before a fire and heard the wind in the chimneys. She was unexcited and he saw that she had carried the idea for some time.

When he came to lie beside her he wasn't sure what made him do it, but she was small and brittle in his hands and bent to his pressure without thinking, and he softened and felt generous.

"Let's not fight. There's nobody but us."

"I don't want to fight, Peter. You make me."

"It's hell having a stranger around. I'm not that kind of man."

Even while he said it he knew it wasn't always true. Now she was confused and

the satin gown was smooth and good to the touch, and being emotional and a fool was almost satisfying.

"We must stick it out a little longer."

"How much longer? I am tired."

He hadn't seriously thought about it, but it seemed to make little difference. "A year or two," he said. "There's a lot we haven't done yet."

She came back then and he sensed the change at once.

"I've forgotten how you are, Peter."

"I know. It's hell."

"I didn't want you near for ages. Why was that?"

"Let's try again," he said. "Christ, there must be other things."

The first year was now near, assembling the loose ends into a strong cord. He stopped thinking of himself as a liar.

"Is there anything?"

"There must be."

"I don't know what it is. I don't want to be old at thirty-five."

"Try to forget that, can't you?"

"I can be weeks without you and never notice. I didn't think it'd be like that."

"It's all right now, darling."

"I'm not sure."

"For God's sake, Ann, I can't help you if you don't try."

It was one way of pinning down all that nearness and warmth, of stepping out of oneself, clean and purged, and he bid for it roughly and hurriedly, with the cool thought that it was probably the last time and he would either carry it off or lose all nerve forever.

They stayed awake late and he talked her out of staying at Lohaghat and promised they would go slowly. He heard her mention home and talk of the future, and then he thought: A home is where all of you is in one piece and nothing essential is missing.

THEY rose at nine the next morning, and began the slow climb to the Abbot Mount ridge.

Already the range was piled up with clouds that looked increasingly baggy and rose with little volcanic bubbles. The north was a horizontal tricolor of green, white, and blue, and as they went toward it the blue stripe narrowed and the white

mounted higher. Once more the abdomens of the separate formations were gray and roundly weighted.

They had not yet seen the snows. Reaching the top of the saddle yesterday they had found the open space between the saddle and the peaks in the north stuffed with clouds, and even the immediate views appeared distant through the haze. He had ridden up to the saddle in excitement and the disappointment was hard to bear. Four days of trek seemed an awfully long build-up for the brief moment of disappointment. And now he thought: Will this one be the same as yesterday? Nothing was ever good without a little luck.

There were white houses on top of the Mount, their red roofs sharply defined against the green mountain. Higher up, the mountain's edge was clear-cut against the white-gray mass of clouds. To the left were the unbroken ranges of Almora; he tried to count them. The sixth was already a part of the mist. Beyond it Almora, the base of the last expedition to Nanda Devi.

Jafoo came up and his face was anxious.

"Plenty rain, huzoor. Also plenty wind."

He remembered the maps he had borrowed from Fox and all the snapshots he had seen in the last six months and he found that memorizing the peaks and their shapes and knowing their names could not help him now. And if I don't see them? he thought.

"Another fifteen minutes," he called out to her. He could kick himself for the stiffness with which he said it.

"I've been thinking, Peter," she said. "This is really no fun. I'd be much happier somewhere in a chair. You could leave me here and go on alone. Don't let me spoil it for you."

He couldn't think of anything to say. He thought of last night; the three hours now stood apart, vivid and good but of a different family from the rest; and he knew that that was the result of trying to hit out of the circle in which you moved, because it was clear you never came out of it, you just hit at it and chipped yourself and the chips lay about you for all the time after, isolated and ends in themselves.

On the ridge, they came up against a wall of clouds.

Fog was creeping up the slopes and the boulders on the fore-mountain were ripping it open, and through the rippings they could see the terraced rice fields in the valley below. The water in some of them made white stains against the field ribbing. The wind brought up sounds of dogs and bells; it rushed up suddenly and skimmed the saddle, gathering dust and dry leaves. They dismounted and sat down on the grass. She avoided looking at him as she said:

"To think that we could have gone to Naini for ten days."

"If it breaks today it'll clear tomorrow," he said. "Let's not start that again."

She put on her tweed jacket and pressed the collar around her neck.

"Let's be reasonable. We can still have five days at Naini. I want a hot bath and a real bed. I don't want rain and fog."

"There's a risk in everything."

He felt the weariness come over him like a temperature. "We can wait until morning, can't we?" he said.

"I am going down tomorrow, Peter."

"All right," he said.

He looked at the wall of clouds and wanted to walk through it and come out on the other side and face the white pinnacle of Nanda Devi. He thought of the other peaks and the open space around them and then he thought that returning to the plains would be like sleeping in a hotel room in which somebody had died the previous night.

THEY rose and he helped her into the dandy. As they went along the bulging slope, there were no trees, only low bush and boulders. Kites surged up with the wind and their call sounded like the call of the partridges.

They marched for an hour and a half and then the sun vanished for the day and the landscape crinkled up grayly. The thunder came nearer and from time to time the lightning lit up their faces greenish violet. Streaks of fast-traveling fog stuck to boulders until the wind ginned them to little particles. The end of the path came nearer with every furlong.

"This storm, huzoor," Jaloo said. "Last days very hot."

"Get to the village before?" he asked him.

"Maybe, huzoor. Two miles."

"All right, Jaloo. Tell them to go faster."

He found the raincoats and helped her into one. For a while they trotted along glancing over their shoulders, putting their hands out for the first drops, but the storm beat them to the village. The rain began to fall heavy and pebble-like, it thickened into long, slashing sticks of water that sent the small stones flying on the ground. The flashes quickened too and their noise echoed as though space itself had suddenly been shut in, and the world became a shriveled patch of mountain, fifty yards square, still growing smaller and lonelier. He rode to the wet dandy and poked his stick into her arm.

"Chin up, old girl."

The sting of the rain increased. The dandy and the luggage smoked with wind and spray and the men closed their eyes and bent forward. He knew then that the storm was not an ordinary one. He tried to think of the village and the banya's house, but all he could think of was his luck. Then he checked himself. He pushed against the wind now coming straight at him, and muffled the crash of thunder by sticking his chin into his chest, and he wondered what the coolies were saying to the animals.

At last the leading coolie shouted back, and looking in the direction of his hand he saw a hut on the horizontal ledge above the path. They climbed up and went in. There was a lean-to in the rear of the hut where it almost touched the slope, and the coolies crept into it on their knees. The pony-men took the suitcases into the hut and tied the animals to the poles of the lean-to. There was a large bunk in one corner, a table and two broken chairs in the other. The single window faced south but the shutter wouldn't close. They spread the blankets over the bunk and opened the cocoa thermos-flask.

"Thank God for making the British sportsmen before anything else," he said to her.

She had taken off her raincoat and changed into a dry blouse and cardigan. She wiped her face with a towel and creamed it. The rain now pounded the roof and the wind, rushing over the hut in long shrill whines, beat in between the corrugated sheets, and forced some of the atomized spray through the eaves. When the lightning struck it made the twilight of the room and their faces greenly luminous. "That's that," he said. He saw her take out a cigarette; her fingers trembled. He wanted to be sorry, but he was only tired and mad and it took him all his strength to hold himself back.

"You wanted wide open spaces," she said. "Aren't they giving us all they have?"

He kept quiet.

"You didn't need the hotels and the cars. You didn't need a roof and you wanted to eat off the country. Tell me if it could have been different."

"It may be over by this evening."

"Let's be optimists, too."

"This won't help you, Ann. Come off it."

"Let's be strong and silent. We love the great outdoors."

"Oh shut up."

She heeled around, went to the bunk and sat down hard.

"All right, go ahead and be a beast," she said.

They sat in the diminishing dusk and smoked cigarette after cigarette, with the gravel rolling on the slope outside. Then the grating became scraping; the single stone had become an avalanche. When the thunder hit the boulders above them the planks on the floor rattled. She lay down and pulled the blankets over her head. At five, Jaloo told him the men refused to go until the wind abated. "Plenty stone flying, huzoor," he said.

The men brought in the rest of the luggage. He told her about them.

"Do what you like," she said. "I have no hand in this."

He had been turning the idea over in his mind for the last half hour and wanted to be fair.

"The village is not far. It's up to you. I won't mind going or staying."

"In this weather?"

"It may last all night."

"Then I'll stay here all night."

"You won't like it, Ann. We can always return if it's no go."

"I am not going to move."

"All right, but don't blame me afterwards."

Always he was able to see it well ahead, hours and days, as if someone had mapped it all out on the table, complete with the pattern and the main episodes, but thinking about it never got him anywhere, and now he no longer cared.

The day darkened and dribbled out of the hut altogether. The wind became a permanent howl outside the room. They had an evening meal of canned meat and the remainder out of the thermos, and then Jaloo asked if some of the men might come in for the night. They rolled themselves into their rugs on the floor, ignoring the woman, and their food-bags and wet clothes filled the room with the smell of decay; they fell asleep quickly. The load made the cabin less buoyant in the wind.

He lay beside her on the bunk, straight and stiff, listening to her cough and wondering if she was going to sleep. In the end, he couldn't keep it any longer.

"It doesn't work, Ann, does it?"

Under the blanket all was warmth and comfort and he realized how tired he was.

"Don't tell me," she said. "Let me guess."

He drew the blanket tighter. "I think you should know," he said, "that I can't go back. I have thought about it very often but it's never any different."

"I knew it. I knew it the day I saw the people you were working for. I still hear it said that Europeans preferred to starve at home than slave like you."

"If there's anything to say, Ann, you might as well say it sensibly. I have no home, that's all. It's different for you."

"Well?"

"You can stay or go after the war, whichever suits you better. I've been on the ground floor once and I don't want to go back. I don't ask you to understand it, but try to accept it. It's hard to explain if you don't feel it."

"The fraud is now too big for a single person. I've always wanted to go back

and made no bones about it. *You are the cheater.*"

"Don't talk foolishly."

"And don't you be abusive. Do you think that saying 'Go home' makes everything dandy? You can't bog me down in this hole and tell me to get out when the four years are over."

"Look, Ann," he said with an effort.

"I want to make it painless. I'll do anything you want me to but this kind of thing makes me want to go around and murder people. Is that honest enough?"

"I'll make you pay for all these years."

"All right, but decide one way or the other."

After that his head lightened. He remembered wondering whether you could really end things by talking.

"I am sorry for everything," he said. He meant it.

"Oh shut up and let me go to sleep."

She lay quiet against the wooden wall and only the lightning proved she was there. His talk then struck him as the talk of a man trying to prove that the bodies in the morgue are dead.

"Good night," he said at last.

He drew the cover over his chin, too lazy to stretch his arm and fumble for the pillow behind.

He slept like dead through the first part of the night and when he woke up it was like waking from a blow on the head. His ears were still full of the crash but he was at once completely awake and what he saw registered at once.

She had sat up on the bunk with the blanket around her knees, looking wild, watching the lightning come in swift flashes. The shadow behind her framed her like a ghost. When the rock exploded above the hut he felt the bunk move under him. The men on the floor stirred and one of them mumbled indistinctly.

"What's the matter?" he said.

Some of the horror on her face passed over to him and he stretched his hand out and touched her shoulder. "Lie down," he said, "don't look at it." But she looked at him instead and her look went past him, glassy with hysteria.

"Come on, Ann, lie down. Let me help you."

"You can't help me," she said.

The mountain's broadsides were close at hand and parts of the slope came down in noisy avalanches, missing the hut by yards. He only saw the movement of her lips and he supposed the words to be what they were. He took her shoulder and pressed it down gently.

"Let me go!"

The men on the floor stirred again and Jaloo lifted himself from behind the large suitcase, then sank down again.

"Lie down, don't be a bloody fool."

"Don't touch me," she screamed.

He pressed her down, still gently, but when he reached for the covers with his free hand she shook him off and sat up again. "Ann, for the last time," he said.

"This was your idea," she said. "Don't touch me or I'll scream."

"ANN!"

When the next crash came, for a split second life was no more than a tingling in the ears and then unspeakable deafness. In the shiver that went through her she dropped her hands and lay limp.

With his arm around her, he brought her down under his own weight. Sprawling over her and keeping out of the reach of her slashing hands, he found the end of the blanket and pulled it over her. He felt her convulse in a cramp. Then she threw her head back and caught his thumb with her teeth. The jerk of the withdrawal made him lose balance and roll over on one side. She was up before he could stop her and then she was stumbling over the sleeping men and groping for the door.

"Come back, you fool!"

She opened the door and for a moment he saw her silhouetted in the green-white bleakness of the door frame. The wind rushed into the cabin and inflated the men's blankets. His mind cleared.

"Jaloo," he shouted, "get memsahib!"

He got into his windjacket and found the torch and then pushed the servant out before him. "Get the hell out of here," he said to the pony-men.

Outside, the lightning was lifting the mountain out of the night and the boulders grew gigantic and dwindled among shooting shadows. He cupped his hands and called out, but the voice collided with wind and returned in a swish around his

neck. He went forward flashing his torch, mistaking rocks and shadows for her, and then, pushing hard against the gale, he shook the rain out of his eyes and began talking to himself. He said: "Bitch!" several times, then drew a finger across his face and shook the water away again and again, and he picked his way around loose stone and the rain came through his windjacket and pasted the cold shirt to his chest and arms. He looked all over the slope but she wasn't there. She'll be on the path, he thought then. The fool of a woman!

He lost his balance in a small ravine and when he stopped rolling he found he was on the path. The flashing cut it clear and deep, and he could see it disappear behind the next bend, toward the village ahead. And she won't even have her shoes on! He got wetter and wetter and his matted hair flew into his eyes and made him furious. But behind the curve, on the lee side of a rock, he found her sitting on the path, holding her head in her hands.

"You bloody fool," was all he could say.

He pulled her up and felt her pullover sleeves oozing water. "You want to commit suicide?" he shouted at her. "You want to get soaked and catch a death of cold? Don't fight now, come on!"

When the beam of Jaloo's torch swept them from the distance she began to struggle.

"You'll pay for every day of this! You lousy fraud!"

"Shut up, Ann, the men are coming."

"You cheap, lousy fraud. Take your hands off me!"

"Ann, for the last time," he said.

Jaloo's torch came nearer and he saw the men coming along too, bending against the wind. She won't remember it, he thought. He edged himself away and slapped her with his free hand. He felt the smack of her wet skin and the head giving way, but he couldn't hear the sound. His fingers, numb with cold, began to tingle. "Now will you come!" he said.

She slipped through his hold and fell. The beam of the torch painted the heap of her figure brightly.

"Take her under the left arm," he said to Jaloo. "Lift slowly. Tell the men to go back."

She was heavy and her hair fell over her face in thick water-matted plaits. "Easy, Jaloo," he said.

Back in the hut, they laid her on the bunk. He told Jaloo to make tea and ordered the men out. He undressed her, dried her with a towel and put her in dry clothes. She came to but didn't open her eyes. He laid her down and covered her with blankets.

When the servant brought the tea he made her drink it. She lay back once more, without a word, and all he could see in the light of the torch which Jaloo left on the table were the tears coming out of her closed eyes, trickling down her neck, vanishing in the woolen muffler.

Fourth Day

WHEN Jaloo came in with the tea-kettle, he was a dark outline against a day of bright sunshine and a blue sky. Behind him came the voices of the coolies and pony-men.

He dressed and went outside on the ledge. He drank his tea slowly and watched the snow-line rise out of the mist; except in the south, there were no clouds and the air was crisp, and he inhaled it deeply. Look at them now, he thought.

His eyes passed over the range, pausing on each separate peak, until they came to the shimmer of the Nepal ice. Yesterday, he thought, they were there too. The wall before him was all whiteness and frigidity, astonishingly near, clean, and vivid. Full value for money, he thought. She can have all the luggage she wants. She can go to Simla or Naini or Ladakh, I don't care, I can still make Pitoregarh if I hurry. They say the path goes further.

He returned to the hut and stood over the bunk. The sun shone straight into the cabin.

"Ann, get up," he said.

With her face to the wall, she moved as in a nightmare. He knelt on the bunk and touched her forehead: it was burning. Everything happens to me, he thought. Then, as she turned on her back, he saw

her flushed cheeks and the sickly blue around her eyes. Her pulse ticked fast and irregular. A sudden wave of anger took his words away, and he stood silent for a few seconds, fighting to suppress it. When the wave abated he sat on the edge of the bunk and said:

"How are you feeling?"

"Go away and leave me alone."

Above Pitoregarh, he thought, the path would be lost in the first giant ravines and the air would be pure and it would smell of freshly melted ice. The ground would be clean and untrodden.

"You're going down today."

"Go away," she said again.

He left the hut, took another wet cigarette, and leaned against the corner of the box. His eyes worked their way up once more, range by range, up to the summit of the jagged line that towered above everything: Nanda Devi. Further to the right, Nandakot and Api, and farther still Simikot, pink in the distance. His eyes went back to Nanda Devi. Wasn't she a beauty! He traced the sharp, steep line of her shoulder and, climbing steadily along it, reached the conical peak. Getting there, his eyes narrowed from strain. "The magnificent cheat!" he said aloud.

Back in the hut, he found the teakettle still warm. He filled a cup and took it to the bunk.

"This'll do you good."

He held her head and found it again limp and feverish. "There's a doctor in Lohaghat," he added. "You must get up now."

"Why don't you leave me alone?" she said.

He made her get up and helped her dress. Her teeth chattered and when

she faced him her look went through him again. And still he imagined himself going through the snow, breathing the cold atmosphere of the pink-purple pinacles.

"Better have some more tea while I pack," he said.

He helped the men with the packing and when the suitcases were locked they strapped them into harness. He padded the dandy with a blanket and put another one over the back. When she came out of the hut and got into it, he wrapped her and put the topee on her head.

"All right," he said to Jaloo. "Back to Lohaghat. Let them go fast."

The coolies carried the dandy to the path and then swung it around so that she faced the snows. Still drawing on their hookas, they climbed the first serpentine on the bare slope. Only an invisible streak of raw tobacco odor remained behind them.

In the end he came down himself and followed the coolies. At the bend he stopped, turned around once more, and said quietly: "The beautiful one!" But the sound traveled only a fraction of the distance and he had no way of telling whether she got the message.

Half an hour later he was hurrying up the slope, after the dandy. The rising path brought his breath out in quick, labored gasps. He climbed with his back hunched, as if under a load, thinking hard and then giving up, coughing from too much nicotine and the chill, while the kites whizzed overhead and their brick-red flight provided the only sound beside that of his nailed shoes. Finally he forgot to turn back and make sure that the white wall was still there.

BLIPS ON THE CHRISTMAS TREES

BERNARD WICKSTEED

FROM September 1941 until April 1944 my job in the war was operating radar sets inside nightfighters over Britain and during the whole of that time, in fact until the war was over, I and a thousand or so like me were not allowed to breathe a word about it. We were not even allowed to intimate that such a job existed. Officially, nightfighter crews were men with eyes like cats who ate carrots to improve their night vision and wore dark glasses when they went into brightly lit rooms. Actually many of them, like myself, were astigmatic, rather fat, middle-aged men who found the British blackout just as great a trial as anyone else.

We were recruited in great secrecy and trained in an old stable in Scotland. From the roof and walls spouted strange aerials and inside, the mangers had been turned into laboratory benches on which stood what was then the latest and most secret weapon of the war. We hung our coats on hooks that had once been graced by harness and saddles. After each lecture our notebooks were collected and locked away and at the end of the course they were destroyed. Although this was before Pearl Harbor there were a few Americans around the place who had come to learn what the RAF knew about radar.

I went into the nightfighting business with the second wave. Those who went

before were a hurriedly collected, mixed lot. Some were the scientists who had helped invent the stuff and then volunteered to fly with it. The others were picked up on the airfields from which the first nightfighters operated. Any likely looking erk (enlisted ground staff) who was keen enough to fly all night and not let it interfere with his ordinary daytime duties was given a chance. At that time no one quite knew what qualifications were needed for the job. The scientists reckoned it was very difficult and used long words which made it all sound complicated. The pilots, on the other hand, thought anybody ought to be able to do it. Just sitting in the back of an airplane twiddling a few knobs and telling the pilot to turn left or right seemed to them too simple for anything.

ONE of the first operators to have any success was an ex-London costermonger with an enthusiastic wit and a great flow of words. He started as an AC2 (GD), which means aircraftsman second class, general duties, and is generally recognized as the lowest form of human life in the RAF. The pilots, however, liked his bright cockney humor and, as he seemed to know how to work the box of tricks in the back as well as anyone, he was encouraged. He would fly with any-

Bernard Wicksteed, until the war's end a squadron leader in the RAF, was a radar operator in England during the early experimental stages of its use

body. Sometimes he went on three patrols in a night, stepping straight from one plane when it landed into another about to take off. No one took much notice of him, except the station warrant officer who complained that the man was always so sleepy during the day. In the eyes of an erk the station warrant officer is nearer to God than the C.O., so the ex-coster-monger was somewhat surprised when that august being came to him as he was sweeping out the barracks one morning and the conversation went thus:

"You bin flying all night agin?"

"Yus."

"You in the aircraft that got that Hun last night?"

"Yus."

"Well, gimme that broom and I'll finish sweeping. You oughta be asleep."

After that there was no trouble with the SWO and the cockney was able to devote all his time to flying. The squadron began to pile up successes. Several pilots had knocked down two raiders apiece and others one each and they felt pretty pleased with themselves. Then someone suddenly woke up to the fact that because he had flown with so many of the successful pilots, the erk that no one bothered about much had been in at more kills than anyone. When they checked up they found that he had helped in the destruction of five German raiders, more than twice as many as anyone else. So they gave him the Distinguished Flying Medal and a week's leave. He put the medal ribbon on and went off to Whitechapel, where he was promptly arrested by the MP's, who said: "See 'ere. Erks don't win no D.F.M.'s. They's for aircrew types, pilots and the like. You come along of us." And he had to go along because the job was so secret that he couldn't give a convincing explanation.

Another of these early recruits, who was later in my squadron, had much the same trouble. He flew at night and drove a truck in the daytime. MP's searching his truck found his flying boots under the seat and put him under arrest for stealing government property. They said drivers had no right to flying boots.

This system of recruiting did not last long. It was hit or miss, with too many

misses. For every erk that made good there were twenty who didn't. Most of them were very bad and the pilots, clinging to the idea that knob-twiddling was child's play, blamed the radar sets and not the operators. Many began to lose confidence in the whole idea and wanted to revert to visual methods of interception, carrots and all that.

The Air Ministry held conferences on the subject and in the end decided that the scientists were right—the apparatus *was* difficult to operate and a special type of mind was needed. What type of mind that was they were not quite sure, as there had been no job like it before, but scientists had it and most erks did not. There weren't enough scientists to go round, and anyway their services were more urgently needed for developing the new applications of radar that were becoming evident every day. So the powers had to cast around in other directions, and that is how notices began to appear in the press saying that though the ordinary upper age limit for recruiting aircrew was thirty-two there were vacancies for a few men with special qualifications up to the age of forty-one.

IN THEIR anxiety to get the right type of mind the Air Ministry were not fussy about what kind of a body went with it. The ordinary physical standards were relaxed and applicants could be short-sighted, long-sighted, astigmatic, or even plain color blind. That is how I came to get into the racket. At the time I was 36, spectacled, and soft with good living, so no other aircrew category was open to me. They sent me to be interviewed by a newly formed selection board which consisted of one flight lieutenant and his lady secretary.

On the wall were a lot of charts and graphs. One was designed to show which professions provided the most suitable types for this new job. Another was to show which age groups seemed the most promising. When I called there were no entries on any of them, for the board had only just got going and had no facts as yet to work on. There was the usual form to fill in, asking for particulars of breeding and schooling and when I had completed it

the "board" shook his head. I had no science degree; in fact I had no degree of any kind, which was bad. At least he thought it was bad, but he had not been at the job long enough to find out for sure, so he would let me take the written exam. We were quite conversational because I was in the RAF already, in an administrative job, and held the same rank as he did.

On the examination paper there were thirty small numbered diagrams which were in reality crude reproductions of the "picture" shown on an airborne radar set under varying conditions. The candidates were not supposed to know this, and I doubt whether any of them did, but I was at an advantage from the outset for a friend of mine in the business had already illicitly explained to me the elements of the new weapon. At the bottom of the paper it said: "If the first diagram represents 'Above and to the left' what do the others represent?" The candidate had sixty seconds to grasp what it was all about and write down the twenty-nine answers. Without the prior knowledge I possessed, the whole thing would have seemed like hieroglyphic gibberish. As it was I was able to get about twenty of the twenty-nine problems done in the time, which was good, according to the board, and made up for my lack of a degree.

Then there were oral questions, with two seconds allowed for the answer. One was: "If an object weighs ten pounds plus half its total weight, how much does it weigh?" I guessed it could not be fifteen and hazarded seventeen and a half. It was not until I worked it out with a pencil and paper later in the day that I realized how I'd been had.

Another question ran something like this: "You are in an aircraft heading west at ten thousand feet with a speed of two hundred fifty mph; you turn ten degrees port, climb two hundred and fifty feet, and reduce speed by ten mph; after five minutes you climb another two hundred fifty feet, increase speed fifteen mph and turn twenty-five degrees port; you then turn another fifty-five degrees port and find the sun is directly in your eyes; what is your height, speed, and heading, and what is the Greenwich Mean Time?" A further question ran: "A bear hunter

leaves his camp and walks due south for five miles, then he turns west and walks until he finds a bear, which he shoots; he then turns north and after five miles reaches his camp again. What was the color of the bear?"

On our ability to deduce in a couple of seconds that the bear was white (because the hunter's camp could have been pitched only at the North Pole) we were chosen as embryo nightfighters and packed off to Scotland for a hurried training.

II

IN MY group there were twenty others, I who had presumably all guessed the right color of the bear. I do not know how many failed. I was told it was hundreds a week. The other twenty included an English professor recently returned from a university in Spain, a classical scholar, the managing director of a haberdashery firm, an actor, a printer, an ex-London policeman, and a bookmaker's clerk. The rest were lawyers, teachers, and bright boys who had just left school. The professor is still alive, for I saw him in London the other day as he was about to leave for a lecturing tour in South America. The rest, I am afraid, are mostly dead.

There wasn't a man among us who knew anything about radio and little attempt was made to teach us. We were told the limitations of the apparatus we were to use and how to spot elementary faults that could be remedied in the air, and that was about all. They said: "The less you know the better it will be for you if you fall into enemy hands."

For the main part our training dealt with the interpretation of the picture on the radar screen and how to convey this information to the pilot. In those early days the picture we got rather resembled two Christmas trees, one standing up and the other lying down. It was traced on a green fluorescent screen which flickered and shimmered incessantly and was rather trying on the eyes. If the trees had a pimple on the stem it indicated that there was an aircraft within range of the set. The position of the pimple on one tree showed how far away it was and whether it was to the left or right and that on the

other tree whether it was above or below. The size of the pimple, officially known as a "blip," was a rough indication of how far to the left or right the target was. The information that the Christmas trees did not give us was what the other aircraft was doing—flying toward us, across our bow, or away from us. That had to be deduced from the changing positions of the pimples over a period of seconds, and it was the ability to make this deduction speedily and accurately that really mattered. German pilots died because an ex-lawyer or a teacher, gazing at a flickering green picture, divined its hidden meaning correctly.

IN WORKING a radar set on the ground the operator has the movements of the target only to consider. He himself is stationary. But in the air both the target and the radar station are hurtling through the sky at several hundred miles an hour. On the ground the radar masts stand perpendicular and remain so all the time, but in the air they may be tilted backward, forward, sideways, even upside down, according to the attitude of the aircraft on which they are installed, and every change in the attitude of the masts (or aerials) means a different picture on the screen, quite regardless of what the target is doing. As one instructor put it, an operator must be able to think in six dimensions, the three in which he is moving himself and the three of the other fellow too.

After the first few practice flights, made in daylight so that our instructors could give us a running commentary on what was really happening, as opposed to our Christmas tree deductions, we understood why the selection board had put such emphasis on quick thinking. We found that two airplanes approaching each other at two hundred forty mph have a closing speed of a mile every seven and one half seconds. In such circumstances the pimples might first appear when the planes were two miles apart. It then took us several seconds to decide that the pimples were of the right kind and not some species of false echo, several more seconds to deduce if the other airplane was coming or going, and more seconds to decide what was the best thing, in the circumstances, to do—by

which time the instructor was making rude noises and telling us we were too late, for the target had already passed us and gone. We learned later that this was more of a demonstration than a test, for at that time it was considered impossible to deal with a head-on interception such as this. Our instructors knew little more about the subject than we did, being merely the top-ranking pupils in previous classes who had been kept on to instruct their successors. There was only one of them who had ever used radar in combat. Eighteen months later, when I myself was instructing, technique had so far advanced that any pupil who could not deal with a head-on interception was thrown out of the class.

In due course when our practical tests in the air had been completed we sat down, at improvised tables set out in the stable coach house, for our written paper. It made the questions given us by the selection board look simple, but by then we were nearly as seasoned as our instructors and we took it in our stride. One question gave us all a good laugh. It ran something like this: "If a casual acquaintance asks you what you do, which of the following would be the best reply? (a) I operate highly secret equipment in a nightfighter, (b) I fly in a nightfighter and tell the pilot what to do, (c) I navigate a two-seater aircraft. Alternatively can you think of a better reply than any of these?" Fully half the class answered "Yes, tell him to mind his own business," which shows how security conscious we had become.

III

WHEN we passed out from the school and went on to different nightfighting squadrons, we were given flying badges to wear on which were the letters "R.O." Though they might have stood for Radar Operator we were instructed to tell people they meant Radio Observer. This led to endless trouble, because few of us knew anything about radio and we were always being asked to repair somebody's radio set. Later on, the badge was changed for one with "N" for Navigator, and to give this description some semblance of the truth, we were all sent on a three-months

navigation course. This was rather unnecessary, we thought, because by that time we had discovered that we could navigate anywhere on the darkest night entirely by means of radar. The sets we used were not designed for navigating but they served so well that in two and a half years I never used a sextant nor worked out a course except as a matter of interest.

My squadron was stationed in Cornwall when I first joined it and my pilot, a Cornishman born within five miles of the airfield, had a cigarette and tobacco shop at Falmouth, fifteen miles away. When he was not flying he was behind the counter in civilian clothes, selling cigarettes. On our first night sortie together we shot down a Heinkel 111 and on our second flight we shot down another. After that we flew together for two years before getting another chance to fire our guns in anger. We flew in all weathers and over all parts of the British Isles and the seas around them, but somehow we just did not happen to be in the right part of the sky at the right time; or if we were, we always found the other fellow had an airplane that was faster than ours.

We flew in Beaufighters, which have since been superseded in the RAF for night-fighting by the Mosquito. I sat fifteen feet or so behind the pilot and there was an armor-plated door between us. When I was working the radar set I sat facing the tail. Going home on leave by

train one day a lady asked me if I would mind changing seats with her as she did not like traveling with her back to the engine. I said I would not mind as long as the train did not exceed three hundred miles an hour. The back seat of a Beau-fighter was warm, but very unpleasant when the pilot started throwing the aircraft about, for the centrifugal force was much stronger than in the front of the machine. Sometimes I was pinned to my seat by the force of gravity, unable to move hand or foot for several seconds.

Methods of interception changed greatly after 1941. New sets were designed that were easier to interpret and gave a better performance, and before the war ended the graphs on the wall of the selection board office were no doubt filled with useful information concerning the right type of man needed in the business. By that time most of the over-age men who went into it when I did were either dead or back at their desks, and their places had been taken by youngsters whose training took a year to eighteen months instead of the few hurried weeks that we had been given.

Being fat and forty I was back at a desk myself by 1945; it is well over a year since I went on my last patrol. But I must say it was a great relief when at last I was able to tell people what I did in the war without having to pretend that I knew anything about navigation or radio.

